

CASSELL'S MAGAZINE.

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NEW SERIES.—VOLUME VIII.

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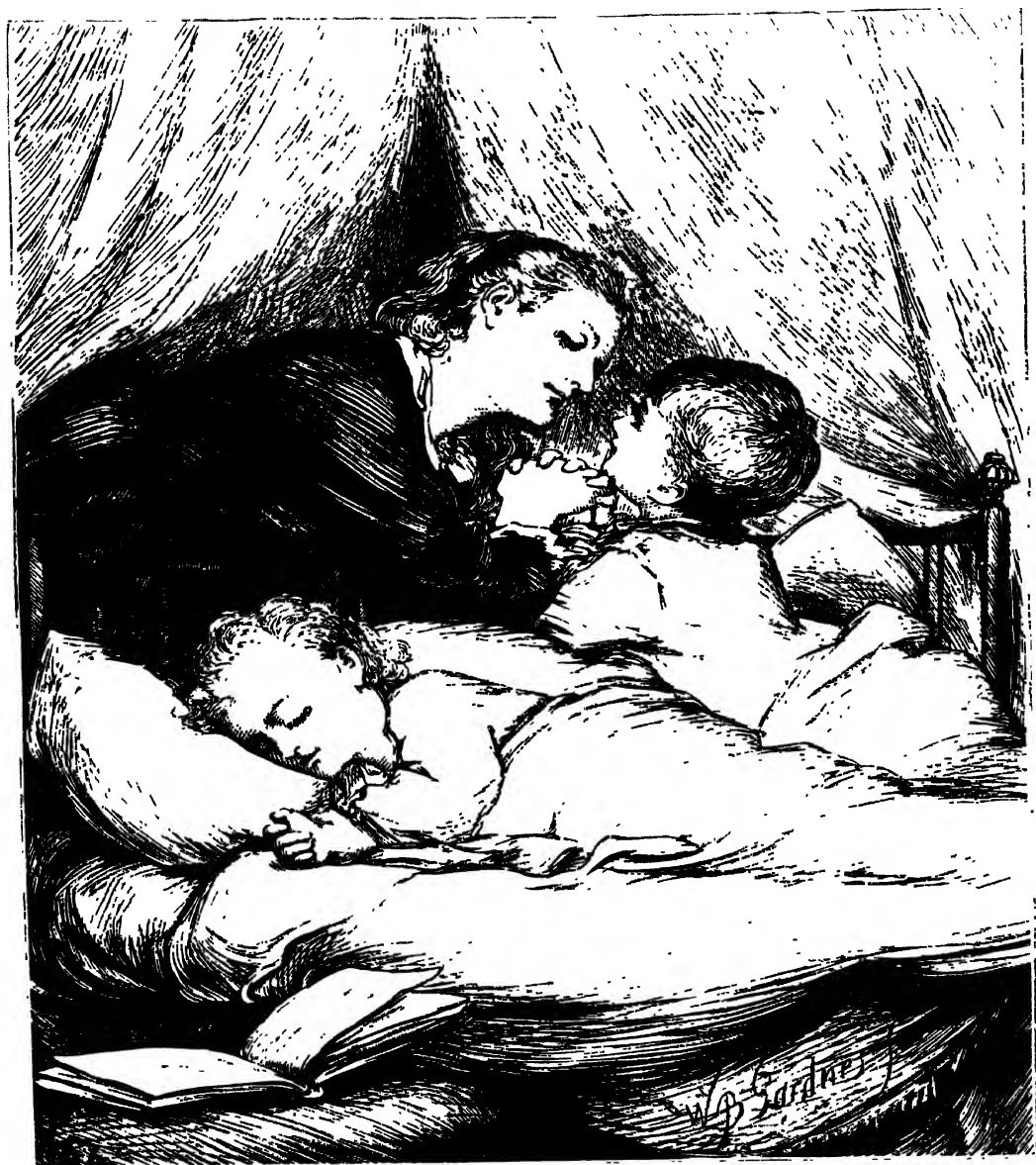
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
"FOLD YOUR HANDS, LITTLE ROBIN, IN MINE."

See "FOR THOSE AT SEA"—p. 176.

SCARLETT'S THREE HUNDRED.

[Charge of the *Heavy* Cavalry at Balaklava, Oct. 26, 1854.]

"FASTER, MEN, FASTER, OR SINGLY HE'LL CLOSE!"

 O horse, trot, gallop, and out with each blade !
 To-day, Eads, we ride on a dare-devil raid ;
 To-day, win a glory that never shall fade.
 Old England for ever, Hurrah !

VOL. VIII — NEW SERIES.

An Army o'erhanging us, in the death-hush,
 Massed, like an Avalanche crowded to crush !
 Up at them, pierce them, ere on us they rush !
 Old England for ever, Hurrah !

Chariots of fire in the dark of death stand,
With crowns for the foremost who fall for their land:
My God, what a time ere we get hand to hand!
Old England for ever, Hurrah!

Stick to old Scarlett, Lads. See how he goes
In, for a near-sighted look at our foes:
Faster, men, faster, or singly he'll close!
Old England for ever, Hurrah!

Spring to now, wedge thro' now, cleave crest and
crown;

All one as a mowing machine, cut them down!
For each foe round you strewn now a wreath of
renown.

Old England for ever, Hurrah!

O the lightning of life! O the thunder of steeds!
Saddles are emptied, but nobody heeds:
All fighting to follow where Elliot leads.

Old England for ever, Hurrah!

There's fear in their faces; they shrink from the
shock;

They will open the door, only loud enough knock;

Keep turning the key, lest we stick in the lock.
Old England for ever, Hurrah!

Right to the heart of the Bear we have dug—
Heapt on his hinder legs trying to hug:
Stop grinning at me with your vile ugly mug!
Old England for ever, Hurrah!

Well done! Soul and steel alike trusty and true!
By thousands they faced our invincible few:
Like sand in a sieve you have riddled them thro'.
Old England for ever, Hurrah!

Charge back! Once again we must ride the Death-
ride,
Torn, tattered, but smiling with something of
pride:

Charge home; out of death; gory-grim: glorified!
Old England for ever, Hurrah!

One cheer for the living! One cheer for the
dead!

One cheer for the deed on that wide hill-side red!
The glory is gathered for dear England's head!
Old England for ever, Hurrah!

GERALD MASSEY.

THAT BOY'S ADVENTURES.

A TALE FOR THE CHILDREN.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

WHO IS BOB?

IT is quite clear we shall make
no progress with these ad-
ventures, till we answer the
important question at the
head of this chapter—who
is Bob? Therefore, kind
reader (I believe that is the
correct expression), be good
enough to step into this fly.
Sit with your face to the
horse's tail, and look straight
in front of you. Now don't
speak without thinking. Are you ready?

What do you see?

"The horse's tail."

Good. What else?

"The back of the driver."

Good again. What else?

"Nothing."

Nothing? Look again. A small object, I
allow, but surely something. There, on the seat
directly before you. What do you see?

"Ah! now I see him. A boy."

Quite right; that is Bob. He is the only child
of highly respectable parents. His father has been
for many years usefully employed as the husband
of his mother, while his mother gains an honest
livelihood entirely as his father's wife. Bob's

parents are well-to-do. If his father has had all
the money, his mother has had all the family,
which in this case consists of one son Bob.
Moreover, as his father often sagaciously remarks,
even if he were to lose all his money in the
Wheal Doem Mines, he will never be without at
least five shillings as long as his wife lives, for
a virtuous woman is always a crown to her hus-
band.

But what is Bob doing in the fly, with his pumps,
and his gloves, and his little black coat, and a
penn'orth of violets in his buttonhole?

He is going with his dear, dear mother to an
evening party in the "hubbubs" of London.

Bob is a boy who has likes and dislikes.

"What do you like, Bob?" says his father.

"Oh," says Bob, looking hard at the ceiling, "I
like cake, and ma, and gingerbeer, and Twelfth-
night, and those three-cornered things with jam in
them, and—and—let me see—oh, and pa, and
jumbles, and buns. But I don't like powders, or
French, or cook, or bedtime, or frogs, or brimstone
and treacle, or subtraction."

Bob is nine, and is considered forward for his
age; some think him very forward. But he is
undeniably small. He is only as tall as a piece of
wood, and does not weigh more than a smallish-
sized big piece of lead. The whole of the top of his
head is covered with a kind of hair, and I under-
stand from his mother that he was born with a



curious formation of the eyes, that enables him to see out of both of them at the same time.

But here we are at the Hon. Mrs. M'Stuffinchild's.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

WHERE IS BOB?

THE Hon. Mrs. M'Stuffinchild was very fond of children. She had six of her own—all girls, and they were named in regular order—Prima, Secunda, Tertia, Quarta, Quinta, and Sexta. The advantage of this system was obvious. There was no trouble about the selection of a name. As soon as there was a little M'Stuffinchild to be christened, the Latin Grammar was opened, and the thing was done. The Hon. Mr. M'Stuffinchild said he didn't mind if there were a thousand children. Indeed, he should rather like it, as he was so fond of the name Milly. Prima was about twelve, and Sexta was about one, and the rest were about as noisy a set of chatterboxes as you could find in all the hubbubs of London. Prima was in decimals; Secunda was in the country; Tertia was in irregular verbs; Quarta was in disgrace; Quinta was in bed, and Sexta was in short clothes. The party, therefore, was given entirely for the benefit of Prima and Tertia. Miss Sticks, the governess, on receiving a pressing invitation, excused herself on the ground that she was preparing an analysis of Rollin; but she was ultimately induced to postpone this for one night only, and to join the young people.

Bob and his mother got out of the fly, and giving the driver nothing for himself, ran into the house before he could get off the box and catch them. When at last he did roll himself down and began to thump at the door, a very big footman with a bone in each leg opened it, and said—

"Be horf now, or I'll summons the perlice."

So he went off, growling among his capes, and the big footman slammed the door; and then they had a very uncomfortable cup of tea in Mr. M'Stuffinchild's study. After that, the big footman ushered them up-stairs, and there they found Prima and Tertia in white frocks with pink sashes, and Miss Sticks in green silk with black mittens, and a red nose.

Very shortly the rest of the company began to arrive. There were the Piccadillies, and the Piccaninnies, and the Daffadownillies, two knights from the City, Sir Somebody Something, and Sir Nobody Nothing, with a little host of Somethings and Nothings, and then there was the great Dr. Shufflebotham, B.A., M.A., LL.D., I.O.U., Q.E.D., etc. etc., with all his young gentlemen, and two ushers, Beatham and Cheatham.

Bob danced a great deal and flirted tremendously. His affections were at first evenly divided between Penelope Piccadilly and Dora Daffadowndilly. These, however, had soon to yield to charming

Sarah Something and pretty Nelly Nothing. But shortly before supper two of Dr. Shufflebotham's young gentlemen completely cut out poor Bob in the good graces of the civic knights' daughters, for Bob could not dance the "Lancers," though he was nine last birthday, and neither Nelly nor Sarah could overlook such a gross want of polite education. But Bob didn't care. He sucked a bit of liquorice furtively concealed in his waistcoat-pocket. Then he had a little fling at Priscilla Piccaninny, and ultimately devoted himself heart and soul to the irregular-verbal Tertia.

"Oh, Tertia," he said, "when will supper be ready?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Bob. Are you hungry?"

"Hungry! I could eat an elephant."

"Oh, Bob!"

"I could, trunk and all. I say, Tertia, tell me one thing. Will there be a trifle?"

"Oh, yes, and all sorts of things. But just look how that Miss Sticks is carrying on with Mr. Beatham."

"Bother Miss Sticks! Is there a tipsy-cake?"

"I should be ashamed to make such a figure of myself."

"Won't I just pitch into the sandwiches, that's all!"

"And she can't dance a bit, I declare."

"Of course there'll be crackers?"

"Well, Miss Sticks, if I don't tell ma, my name is not Tertia."

"Do you have the new kind of crackers, with foolscaps and things inside?"

"A pretty example to set me and Prima!"

"Oh! here he is. Here's long-legs to say supper's ready."

"Yes, go down, Miss Sticks, with your beau, and eat some cold plum-pudding to settle your love. Only there isn't any, so there."

"Isn't any what?" asked Bob anxiously.

"Any cold plum-pudding for Miss Sticks and her Beatham."

"But there's a jolly good supper, isn't there?" said Bob coaxingly.

"Oh, yes. Come along. Let us go together."

Bob had no objection to this, though he had a kind of confused idea that the proposition ought to have come from him. But there was no time to spare, for everybody was hurrying down-stairs, and those Shufflebothamites, who did not get much to eat at the doctor's, were terrible fellows when they got the chance.

Bob first looked after Tertia, who soon forgot Miss Sticks in the delights of custard. Then he made a good supper himself. Indeed, he made a very good supper. I am not sure that he did not make too good a supper.

"Bob," said his mother from the other end of the table, "take care, my dear."

"Yes, mother," said Bob, "I'll take care," and he took cake at the same time.

"That boy, sir," said Sir Somebody Something to Sir Nobody Nothing, "that boy, sir, has to my certain knowledge had eleven helps of trifle."

"Come, Something," said Nothing, "boys will be boys, eh?"

"I'm not so sure of that," replied Something, who felt it due to his dignity never to admit anything."

"Oh, yes, you are," said Nothing. "Don't pretend, you know, eh?"

"Pretend! Explain yourself, sir," said Something.

"No, I shan't," said Nothing.

"Then you're a——"

"What?" said Nothing. "Come, come, Sir Somebody, you know I'm nothing. A glass of wine?"

"With all my heart," replied Something.

Bob at this moment unfastened two buttons of his waistcoat.

It had been arranged that Bob and his mother should sleep at the Hon. Mrs. M'Stuffinchild's in the hubbubs of London, and return to their own home in the morning. So while Beatham and Cheatham were leading off the disconsolate Shufflebothamites, Bob was left in quiet possession of the supper-table.

He immediately unfastened another button.

What took place during the next ten minutes will never be known.

At the end of that time Bob heard his mother calling.

He tried to stand up and button his waistcoat.

Awful moment! It refused to be buttoned.

"Oh, mother," he said, "I think I should like to go to bed."

They put him to bed. That fact his mother, the Hon. Mrs. M'Stuffinchild, and Miss Sticks are all prepared to swear to. They tucked him in, they drew the curtains, they took away the candle, and they shut the door.

The next morning he was nowhere to be found, and all the household were hunting right and left, and asking, "Where is Bob?"

"This comes of having parties," said the Hon. Mr. M'S.

"I cannot possibly continue my analysis of Rollin till the young gentleman is found," said Miss Sticks.

"Bobby, Bobby!" cried his mother, "come, there's a dear, if you're hiding anywhere. Here's a new kind of bullseye, just discovered."

"What fun!" cried Tertia; "I wish I was lost."

"Vere can the hinfant be?" said the tall footman.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE "AIRY BELLE."

BOB distinctly remembered eating an apple-fritter with two hands, but he could remember nothing more till he found himself in the middle of a large crowd of people laughing, chattering, and cheering round a huge balloon. He had seen a balloon once before, when he went with Prima M'Stuffinchild to a children's afternoon at Cremorne; but he had never seen anything like this. The car of the balloon was about the size of a large emigrant steamer, and it was fitted up like a steamer with accommodation for some hundreds of people. The balloon itself was about as big as the dome of St. Paul's, and the name was in such large letters that even Bob himself could read it—"THE AIRY BELLE."

"And how long, capt'n, do you expect to be a makin'g this voyag?" said one of the bystanders, to a dapper little man, in a pea-jacket and son'-wester.

"Depends entirely on weather, sir. If we have a fair wind, and don't meet any airbergs, we may do it in three days; but what with meteors, and shooting stars, and comets, and one thing and t'other, to which b'lloons is subject, I'd rayther say four."

"Which it's fast," replied the other.

"Now then, fust bell," cried the captain.

Whereupon an immense bell was set in motion, and began to make a deafening noise.

A large number of people now began to go on board the car, having first taken an affectionate leave of their friends.

"Good-bye, old fellow. Mind you wire to let us know if you've arrived all safe."

"Now be sure you write, Joseph, whatever you do. I shall be in high stericks till the letter comes."

"Well, I suppose we must part, Mary. Take care of the bairns. If I find I'm getting on pretty well, you know, I shall send for you all to come out."

"Well, thank goodness, I'm leaving this world at last. Perhaps I shall have better luck in another."

Here the second bell rang, and there was a general rush. Bob, impelled by that spirit of curiosity that he inherited from his mother, felt an irresistible inclination to follow the crowd. Being very small and slight he managed to slip in almost unperceived, and soon forgot everything in the excitement of the scene around him.

"She's off! she's off!" cried a hundred voices.

Slowly and steadily the immense balloon rose into the air. Then soon the pace grew faster and more fast, and Bob, leaning over the side of the car, found he was sailing away from the earth beneath him at the rate of about sixty miles a minute.

"Tickets, gents!" cried a rough voice behind him.

Bob saw every one fumbling in his waistcoat-

pocket, and he began to feel a little frightened, for he had no ticket and no money.

However, he hoped as he was so small perhaps they wouldn't see him.

But they did.

"Your ticket, young cockorum."

"Haven't got one," said Bob boldly.

"Then pay up, or I'll chuck you over."

"How much?" said Bob.

"Three-farthings."

"Three!" said Bob; "why, you're very dear."

He thought he would have his bit of fun as long as he could. His father was particularly fond of fun.

"Yes," replied the collector, "a farthing for voyage, a farthing for wittels, and a farthing in case of air-sickness."

"What's air-sickness?" inquired Bob.

"Do you know what sea-sickness is?" said the collector.

"Yes," said Bob. He had been on the Serpentine twice.

"Well, then, this is air-sickness."

With which lucid explanation he was obliged to be satisfied.

"Now then, where's them three-farthings?"

"Haven't got any," said Bob. He felt he was in for it now.

"Not got any! Cap'n, here's a burglar, a Fenian, an Irreconcilable, a Thug, a dissenter, a radical, an individual, a——"

"Stop, stop!" cried the captain, coming up at the moment; "what's all this about?"

"This 'ere boy, sir," began the collector.

"Well?"

"He's no ticket, and no farthings, and no nothing."

The captain eyed Bob sternly.

"Bring him to my cabin."

"Yes, sir."

So Bob was led off amid the jeers of the bystanders, for by this time quite a crowd had collected, and he was taken to the captain's cabin.

"So young," said one solemn-looking old humbug, on deck, to another more solemn-looking and still older humbug; "so young, and yet so immersed in sin."

"Ah! yes," replied the other, "very sad, very very sad! Let us have a little more gin-and-water."

"Now, prisoner," said the captain to Bob, "what are your effects? Empty your pockets."

So Bob dived into a very disreputable-looking pocket, and with some difficulty extracted therefrom a broken-bladed knife, a small piece of sticking-plaster, a nib, a jujube, a catapult, and a crumpled bit of valentine.

"Is that all, sir?" inquired the captain sternly.

"It's all but a bit of hardbake," said Bob, "and that's sticking to the lining."

"Cook!" roared the captain.

A monster in white appeared, with a paper-cap on his head.

"Bring your largest carver, and cut out prisoner's lining."

The cook retired, and presently reappeared with an enormous carving-knife. With a tremendous flourish that nearly took Bob's little nose off, the lining was skilfully cut out, and, with the piece of hardbake sticking to it, solemnly deposited on the table before the captain.

The captain carefully examined the contents of Bob's pocket, and then sent for the first mate.

The two put their heads together for some time, and then the captain delivered judgment.

"Prisoner, we find these productions of your pocket totally beyond our comprehension. They appear to be all more or less connected with some warlike purpose, and at the jujube we are especially alarmed. Still in themselves they would not justify your detention. But the ungetoverable fact remains that you have no ticket and no money. You are, therefore, clearly transgressing a bylaw of the Royal Balloon Company, Limited, and I direct that you be kept in chains till we reach the Moon, when you shall be dealt with as the law directs.

"Hear, hear!" cried the first mate.

"Where, where?" said the captain anxiously.

"Why, there," cried a common airman before the balloon, "there's the first gasman's assistant overcar!"

Then there arose a loud cry of "Man overcar! man overcar! Cut the life-girls! Man the parachute!"

The captain and first mate rushed from the cabin on deck, and as nobody was paying any attention to him, Bob took the opportunity to rush too. Following the crowd to the side of the car, and looking over, he could just see a poor fellow struggling in the air, vainly endeavouring to save himself by striking out with his wings. Whether he was really sinking Bob could not tell, for the balloon was going so fast, that before they could let off the gas and stop it, the unfortunate first gasman's assistant was left some hundreds of miles below. However, they cut the life-girls, and manned the parachute with wonderful rapidity, and there was the most intense excitement to see if he would be saved or lost.

"Ease her, stop her, back her!" cried the captain, and back went the great balloon at a splendid pace. Meantime the parachute, manned by eight experienced airmen, was searching for the poor fellow.

"I see him," said the first mate, who was looking at the parachute through a telescope.

"Is he safe?" asked the captain.

"He is—no—yes, yes! Jiggers has him by the whiskers."

MONEY-MAKING.



HE origin of the coin of the realm is to many as remote and mysterious as the source of a great river. Most people, indeed, have an idea that money comes from the Mint, but as to where the Mint is, how the coin is made, to whom it is issued, what is given

in exchange for it, and how the Mint authorities originally become possessed of the materials for making it—upon all these and a great many other matters connected with the subject, even tolerably well-informed people may often be found to betray the most surprising ignorance.

Even to those who have a fair amount of knowledge on the subject, a visit to the Royal Mint would probably afford a somewhat novel impression. Inside the Mint, wealth lies about in heaps; to coin money is not felony, and poor men do not, apparently, toil and struggle for it. They drag and toss it about with a philosophical indifference which strikes the unaccustomed stranger as really sublime. Here is a little truck with gold upon it to the value of thirty or forty thousand pounds. You of the outside world, probably, could not drag that little truck about without more or less of a grin upon your face. You would be sure to make funny little jokes about the estate you were going to buy, or the particular stock you were going to invest it in. Not so, however, with the Mint operatives. Ordinary-looking working men though they are, they seemingly treat with supreme contempt wealth which to the uninformed outsider appears to be simply untold, and to which, at least so far as meets the eye, there is nothing to prevent them helping themselves.

Before arriving at the workmen's department, however, the "Mint Office" should be visited. This is the counting-house of the establishment. It is here that accounts are kept and correspondence conducted, and that all metal is received and coin delivered.

Legally, any one possessing gold of not less than standard fineness may bring it here and have it coined, not only without charge, but even with the compensation of whatever necessary loss may be incurred in the various processes. As a matter of fact, however, no one is found to exercise this right. The coinage of course occupies some little time, and as, within three-halfpence an ounce, the same may be realised by taking the metal to the Bank of England, and no delay incurred, owners usually prefer to do so, and practically all the gold "im-

ported" at the Mint comes from the vaults of the Bank.

It is brought to this office in the shape of small bricks, each little shining block, or ingot, as it is called, weighing about two hundred ounces, and having a value of nearly eight hundred pounds. Each of them has a number painted on it, and on their reception at the Mint they are individually weighed by an officer, and as their weights are pronounced by him they are registered by a clerk in attendance from the Bank.

The question of weight having been settled with the "importers," the next step is to determine the quality of the metal. For this purpose a small piece is cut from each ingot and handed over to the assayer of the Mint. This testing is of course a very important matter, but for general readers a detailed account of it would probably have little interest. It is, however, curious to observe the great antiquity of at least one feature in the process of silver assaying, as performed at the Mint. In the prophecies by Jeremiah (vi. 29, 30) this passage occurs:—"The bellows are burned, the lead is consumed of the fire; the founder melteth in vain: for the wicked are not plucked away. Reprobate (or refuse) silver shall men call them, because the Lord hath rejected them." These words clearly indicate the process of removing the impurity from silver by means of a blast of air, and lead, and this method of silver assaying is the one pursued in the Mint to this very day.

The degree of accuracy to which the assayer's work is carried is really very astonishing. One of the instruments used by him is a tiny pair of scales, protected from the dust and from any motion in the air by a glass shade, which, by a very simple contrivance, may be closed while the weighing is performed. So delicately adjusted are they that a piece of hair an inch or so in length placed in either scale will immediately carry it down. Now the metal cut from the ingot for the purpose of testing is equal to the eighth part of a sovereign, and if in this amount of gold the assayer detected impurity equal to the weight of that hair, he would reject the ingot of which it was a sample. Some idea of the immense amount of labour involved in the attainment of such precision as this may be gathered from the fact that during the year 1872, 119 tons of gold and 137 tons of silver were coined at the Mint, and that the number of separate assays made during the year was upwards of 30,000.

Quantity and purity having been decided, we now pass on with the gold to the operative department, first, however, looking into one of the strong rooms of the establishment, in which is discovered

a pile of gleaming bars, representing somewhere about a quarter of a million of money.

The first of the mechanical departments of the Mint to be visited, is that in which are sunk the dies—little engraved metal blocks—to be used presently for stamping the coins, or rather for stamping the “blanks.” The die-sinking, however, is merely such as may be witnessed elsewhere, and the only interesting feature here is the large stock of dies used in the production not only of British money, but also that of Jersey, Newfoundland, Jamaica, Canada, etc., together with “Maundy” money and medals of honour.

We now proceed to the melting-house, where the ingots from the Bank are being melted and cast into bars about an inch and a half wide and half an inch thick. This department has a particularly primitive, old-fashioned look about it. Indeed, throughout the establishment there is a certain air of antiquated respectability, forcibly suggesting the idea of an old and well-established firm of comfortable means, and no great liking for modern innovations. But such an impression is not exactly a correct one. The heads of the establishment have every disposition to move with the times, and have long urged upon Government the desirability of certain improvements in their appliances. The expediency of removing the Mint from its present site, however, and altogether remodelling it, has for some time been under consideration, and hence perhaps nothing has been done in this direction. A good deal of the machinery about the place is a generation or so behind the times, and in this melting-house in particular there is apparently nothing which might not have gone on just about as it goes now for the past two or three centuries. Along one side of it is a range of simple brick and iron furnaces, and in the middle of the floor a number of moulds are stood on end. From time to time, one of these furnaces is opened, and two burly fellows lift out a plumbago crucible full of gold in a fluid state. One side of the crucible is hooked to a chain suspended from the ceiling, and a little stream of what appears to be liquid fire of dazzling whiteness is gently poured into each mould.

As soon as the metal has had time to cool, the moulds are taken to pieces and the solid bars removed. It is now “standard” gold, and consists of twenty-two parts pure metal and two parts copper, which is added to the gold in order to harden it.

Upon examination, it will be found that the ends of the bars have shrivelled up a little, and if coins were made from this part of the metal, although they would be good gold, they would be “dumb”—would not ring like good coins. These ends are therefore cut off and returned to the melting-pot. This operation is performed by a machine like a

huge pair of scissors standing in a corner of the melting-house, and the gold, having been again assayed, is passed on to the rolling-room.

In this department the bars, half an inch thick, are passed between revolving cylinders, until they are reduced to broad fillets of gold of the thickness of sovereigns or half-sovereigns. The rollers are driven by steam. The operation is performed slowly, but the pressure is very great, and the metal is rendered so hot by it, that the workmen are compelled to wear thick leather gloves.

The bars having been rolled out as nearly as possible to the required thickness, a piece is punched out of each and its weight carefully examined. If this proves to be satisfactory, it is passed on to the “drag-room.”

In this department is a machine which is rendered necessary by the fact that the rolling does not make the bars quite uniform in thickness. The edges of the gold under pressure naturally give a little more than the middle, and consequently become a little thinner. The machine in the drag-room is intended to correct this. The ends of the thin fillets of gold are thrust between two fixed cylinders, and then seized on the other side by a part of the machine closely resembling a dog's head, and forcibly dragged through.

The next process is to cut out the “blanks.” This is performed in an adjoining room, where a large and old-fashioned machine is making a terrible clatter. The thin strips of gold are placed beneath little circular punches, which are brought down with a force which cuts out a clean shining little disc of metal, more like a button from the coat of a livery servant than a sovereign.

The various processes through which the gold has passed, have by this time rendered it so hard, that it would be scarcely possible to impress upon it a clear, well-defined “image and superscription” of Her Majesty. It has therefore to be annealed, or softened. This is done by enclosing it together with charcoal in copper vessels, and exposing it to the heat of a furnace.

The “blanks” are now ready for “marking”—the technical term for the operation by which the edge is raised round the coin. This is not produced by the final stamping, but is the result of a separate operation. The “blanks” are forcibly rolled down a channel which is rather too narrow for them, and which consequently flattens out the edges a little. This machinery is very ingenious, and works with wonderful rapidity, the metal discs pouring out from it in a perfect cataract. Penny pieces are “marked” in this manner at the rate of 600 a minute.

Nothing remains now but that Her Majesty shall convert these “blanks” into coins by setting her stamp upon them. When this is accomplished—supposing it to be of the right weight and com-

position—the bran-new money will be tied in little bags and delivered to the “Mint Office,” thence to be handed over to the Bank of England, in payment for the bullion of which it is composed.

We have, however, to visit the stamping-room. A raised floor occupies the centre of this apartment, and on this a number of large unwieldy machines are thumping down upon the little bits of metal, as one after another they are placed in position. There are, of course, two dies requisite for stamping a coin—one for each side. The bottom one is fixed in the bed of the press. The blanks are piled up in a little spout, so placed that the lower one of the pile may be seized between two steel fingers and pushed out into the fixed die, the second die coming down upon it the next instant with a pressure which not only produces the embossing on each side, but forces out the edges of the metal into a notched “collar” which surrounds it. Thus, when the coin is pushed from between the dies by the blank next in the pile, it is found to be not only stamped on both sides, but there has been produced also the milling round the edge, which counterfeit coiners usually imitate so imperfectly by their process of casting in moulds.

The visitor who eyes the little gleaming temptations, as they tinkle rapidly into the metal trays beneath the presses, will probably feel that he could now be perfectly satisfied with them, without any further time or attention being bestowed upon them, and that he would be quite willing to take them “for better, for worse.” Once more, however, they have to be tested both as to quality and weight. The metal is once more dealt with by the assayer; every coin is weighed, and then they are

taken one by one and rung on a piece of iron, to make sure that there is no crack or flaw in the finished coin.

As it has been stated, much of the machinery of the Mint is out of date. This, however, is not the case with the whole of it. The mechanism by which the coins are weighed is not only quite modern, but is perhaps one of the most beautiful and ingenious contrivances ever devised. The extreme nicety with which this weighing has to be conducted, may be gathered from the fact that the “remedy” allowed by Act of Parliament—that is to say, the difference between a sovereign which is too heavy and another which is too light to be circulated—is represented by a particle of gold less than a halfpenny in value; nevertheless, if a pile of coins be placed on this wonderful little machine, it will take them at the rate of about twenty-five a minute, weigh them one by one, and with unerring precision divide them into light, heavy, and good. This is perhaps as near an approach to intelligence as mechanism has ever yet attained.

To a casual visitor to the Mint, it would seem that all who are engaged in it need be persons of exemplary honesty, since nothing would apparently be easier than to perpetrate petty thefts, either of coins or, what would be just as good, scraps of gold and silver. As a matter of fact, however, few things would be more difficult. Each of the various departments of the Mint is placed under a responsible official, to whom a certain quantity of metal is weighed out every morning, and by whom it must be returned in some form or other at night. The smallest deficiency would be the subject of a rigorous investigation before any one was allowed to leave the building, and theft would in all probability be detected.

GEORGE F. MILLIN.

SECOND-COUSIN SARAH.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF “ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER,” “LITTLE KATE KIRBY,” ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

THE RETURN.

REUBEN CULWICK rose to greet his second-cousin, and to introduce her to John Jennings, who was filling in some Roman candle cases for Mr. Splud's benefit, which was to take place in a fortnight's time at the Saxe-Gotha, after which a faithful settlement of accounts was solemnly promised to all those whom it might concern, and it concerned Mr. Jennings very much indeed.

“I am glad that you have come,” said Reuben heartily.—“John” (to the firework-maker), “this is my Second-cousin Sarah.”

“How d'ye do, marm?” said Mr. Jennings, with a solemn bow.

Sarah Eastbell was very like Sarah Eastbell's ghost, as she looked from one to another, and tried hard to raise a smile, without success.

“Can't you find the girl a seat, instead of staring at her?” said Lucy sharply to her brother, who immediately tendered her his own chair, and began to put away his fireworks.

“You have been ill,” said Reuben to his cousin, as she sat down wearily; “how's that?”

“Not ill exactly. A little weak, perhaps,” answered Sarah; “I shall be better in a minute.”

“I am very glad that you have found her, Lucy,” said Reuben to Miss Jennings, who was untying her bonnet-strings in rather a violent manner; “you

will let me thank you for all the trouble that you have taken?"

Lucy shook her head emphatically.

"I never cared for people's thanks," she answered.

"She has been very good to me," Sarah Eastbell murmured; "I made a mistake when I thought her very hard—but my life's been pretty well all mistakes, I think."

"There's plenty of time before you," said Reuben; "why, life is only just commencing—you're

"You can't think of anything but whiskey," cried his sister acrimoniously; "lock your poison up and be quiet."

"Mr. Reuben, perhaps you——"

"No, thank you, John."

"Well, as it is out, perhaps a thimbleful will not do me any harm," he said, as though some invisible being had pressed him very earnestly not to put it away without tasting it. He filled a small glass, and drank off its contents, and Sarah Eastbell turned to Reuben.



"A BATTLE TO FIGHT WITH BRAIN FEVER."

not an old fellow like me, who has worn out life and all his hopes in it."

"Don't mind him," said Lucy Jennings, as the great dark eyes were upturned to Reuben with much wonder in them, "he talks like that at times, and for no reason."

"Perhaps it's a way that I have," said Reuben. "And now, how did Miss Jennings find you?"

"You are not going to worry her into a long statement to-night," said Lucy, interfering; "can't you see that she is ill?"

"The young woman would like a drop of whiskey, perhaps," said John, suddenly producing the bottle from the cupboard in which he had put away his Roman candles.

"I don't want any money," she said with sudden alacrity.

"Well, I haven't asked you to take any," he answered laughingly.

"She wants rest," muttered Lucy Jennings.

"I don't want rest—only a few hours, that is," said Sarah, correcting herself, "and then I hope to set off."

"Set off!" repeated Reuben, "where?"

"To Worcester," answered Sarah. "I have been thinking of what you said to me at Potter's Court, and when Tom and his wife left me in the lurch—they went away in the night whilst I was asleep, as if they had grown suddenly afraid of me—I came to this place, and——"

"And I sent you away," added Lucy, as Sarah Eastbell paused. "That was one of my mistakes. We all make them. Go on."

"I wanted you to take me down to Worcester, then," she said to Reuben, "to stand by me, as you promised that you would, being a good man."

"My dear girl, I am a very bad man. Ask Lucy."

Miss Jennings frowned, and would not see the joke.

"And if you will take me to-morrow—early—I should like it," she continued, speaking with some amount of difficulty; "I can't do very well without you, sir, or else I would. Besides——"

"Go on."

"Besides, I want you to have the five pounds."

"What five pounds?" asked Reuben; "that I gave your grandmother when——"

"Oh, no—not that," said Sarah, "but to pay that one back, and part of which we were obliged to spend. There's five pounds reward offered for me, you know, and you must claim that, for it's through you I'm giving myself up. I shall say you have caught me, and——"

"Here—hold hard—that will do—no more of your highly coloured fictions, Cousin Sarah; it's time you gave *them* up, at any rate," he cried; "and as for the blood-money, upon my honour, you turn me to gooseflesh at the thought of it."

"Why shouldn't you have the money as well as anybody else?" said Sarah reflectively.

"Suppose we argue the case in the morning?"

"As we go to Worcester?" said Sarah—"very well. This good woman who traced me to-day thinks it would be right to tell the truth, but, oh! I can't tell grandmother. You will break it to her, in your best way, won't you?"

"Well, yes."

"And I may rest here to-night?" (turning to Lucy Jennings again).

"You will share my bed," said Lucy.

"And in the morning—"

"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," quoted Lucy solemnly, "and the evil thoughts, the evil judgment born of this day we will keep from the better days to come, with God to help us in the effort."

She looked at Reuben, as if he had had a share in the evil thoughts and judgment of that day, and was not wholly blameless, and then passed from the room to a little kitchen beyond, where she was heard striking matches so energetically that her brother stood upon tiptoe, and peered through the glass door which divided them.

"Be careful, Lucy," he called out, "there's a tub of preparation under the dresser, and you might blow us all up in a minute."

"Didn't I say the next time you put your rubbish here, instead of in the powder-shed, I'd throw it into the garden?" cried Lucy.

"You certainly mentioned something of the kind, but as it was late, I thought—By George, she's done it!"

The opening of an outer door, and the clattering of something heavy along the gravel path beyond, was significant of Lucy's being as good as her word; and John Jennings, with his mouth half-way open, listened for awhile, and then moved towards the kitchen.

"As it may rain in the night, I think I'll put it under shelter, if you'll excuse me for a moment," he said with great politeness, as he withdrew.

Reuben turned to his second-cousin.

"You are not well, Sarah. How have you been living since we met last?"

"I have been starving almost," said Sarah; "Tom deserted me. He was afraid of me, and ran away, after that night."

"When you saved my life, perhaps."

"Oh, not so bad as that," said Sarah; "Tom would not have hurt you, he's only talk! But that coining gang down-stairs—I was afraid of them."

She shivered at what might have happened, Reuben thought, until she kept on shivering, and put one thin hand suddenly to her chin, to stop her teeth from chattering.

"You are cold."

"A little cold—it's the damp cellar, where a poor old woman let me rest last night, that's done it. I shall be better to-morrow."

"You must have food."

Sarah Eastbell turned pale at the suggestion.

"Don't talk of food, please. That good friend of yours made me have something to eat and drink a little while ago, and it has nearly killed me. How good she is, sir!"

"Yes, I begin to think so," muttered Reuben.

"If you knew how they love her down the dark streets where such as I live!"

"Used to live," said Reuben, correcting her; "that's all gone by now."

"This is beginning again—isn't it?"

"Yes—a new beginning!"

"Opening with a prison, that's the worst of it," said Sarah; "for they won't believe me, it isn't likely. And then afterwards—and it's not long for the first offence, I have heard Tom say—there's life again at St. Oswald's, if the committee will let me go to grandmother."

"And then Tom again—sneaking round for money, when he thinks that you have any."

"Poor Tom!" said Sarah, to our hero's surprise, "he only came when he was hard up. For he has a high spirit, Mr. Reuben."

"Very. I am afraid that it is high enough to hang him presently. There, don't look angry; it's only my private opinion, and he's not worth defending. Hasn't he run away from you?—thank Heaven."

"He couldn't trust me," she said despondently—"not even Tom!" she cried.

"Haven't I trusted you—always?"

The girl looked at him strangely.

"Ah! I shall be never able to understand you, sir. And yet I have tried hard too."

"Well—do you trust me?"

"God bless you—yes!"

She would have seized his hands and raised them to her lips in a spasmodic burst of gratitude, but he evaded the compliment, and began walking up and down the little room.

"You must remember that we are relations, Sarah—that you have a claim upon me," he said lightly; "it's no use looking at this seriously. I'm a comic sort of man—fond of my joke, and with an objection to sentiment."

"You tell a great many stories, like me," said his cousin sadly; "I suppose that it is in the family, and we can't help it."

"If you were not looking so woe-begone, I should set that down for 'chaff,'" said Reuben, pausing.

"Just now you said you were a bad man. As if I didn't know better than that!"

"Ah! you are a knowing young woman."

"Grandmother told me all about you—and your father."

"What do you know about my father?"

"That you and he didn't agree very well, though you were both excellent men."

"It's an excellent world when you thoroughly know it," said Reuben, "but then we never thoroughly know it, I am afraid."

Lucy entered at this juncture, with a basin of gruel.

"How you two have been talking! Didn't the doctor tell you to keep yourself quiet?" said she.

"I have so much to say now," replied Sarah.

"What do you mean by the doctor?" asked Reuben.

"She fainted away in the street, and I took her to the nearest doctor's," Lucy explained.

"I am used to fainting—it's weakness caused by growing too fast, they say," said Sarah.

"Yes—I remember; you do faint," said Reuben with a laugh, but the big dark eyes only regarded him gravely. That was the second joke of his which had fallen flatly that evening.

"Bid your cousin good night," said Lucy, "and we'll go up-stairs."

"And in the morning we must leave early, please," said Sarah.

"In the morning we will arrange that," Reuben replied.

"Thank you. Good night, sir."

"You need not 'sir' me quite so much, cousin," said Reuben; "it's a deferential method of address that makes me blush—and blushing is not good for me." Good night, Sarah. Good night, Lucy."

"I shall be down again presently," said Lucy meaningly.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST. WARNINGS.

REUBEN took this last remark of Lucy's as a hint to remain, and went into the garden to see what had become of John Jennings. He found that gentleman reclining in an angle of one of the most tumble-down summer-houses that had been ever constructed, placidly smoking his long pipe apart from the turmoil of Hope Lodge.

"I have been looking for you, John," Reuben said as he took a seat near him.

"How is she now?" asked John.

"She is very weak and low, but a night's rest will do her good."

"I have known twenty nights' rests only make her worse."

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"Lucy."

"Oh!—Lucy."

"If she was only a little bit more patient—if she took things easily and smoothly—what a difference it would make! She has upset half that preparation, Mr Reuben."

"You should not have kept it in the kitchen," said Reuben, siding with Lucy for once.

"Who would have thought of her lighting a fire at this time of night?—but then that poor girl was ordered gruel, certainly. Will you have some whiskey?"

"What—have you brought the bottle out here?"

"No—but I can soon fetch it. So far as I am concerned, I limit myself strictly to one glass after supper—unless I have a friend with me—and yet Lucy says I'm a fuddler."

"Lucy is a trifle hasty, that's all," said Reuben, "but I'll never say a word against that brave woman again—never in all my life, John, if I can help it. She's a sister to be proud of."

"Ah! and she'd make a good wife too," said John mildly and suggestively.

"That she would."

"A very good wife. I should be glad to see her married to a respectable young man."

"Yes—or an elder of her chapel—or the minister—or somebody that's very good to match. So should I."

"Ahem!—would you indeed?"

John Jennings was quietly surprised. It was one of his idiosyncrasies to consider that Reuben was secretly fond of his sister. This idea was constantly receiving a severe shock, which, however, he recovered from speedily.

"And now, John, to business."

"Business—what business?" asked John.

"How much ready money can you lend me till next Saturday, when the 'screw' from the *Trumpet* turns up?"

"Ready money, did you say? Bless my heart!" exclaimed John, "I haven't seen any for weeks."

• "That's awkward. I'm going to Worcester to-morrow with my cousin."

"There's a great-coat of mine, I shan't want till the winter, Mr. Reuben—and there's six silver teaspoons up-stairs," he added—"and you are very welcome to the eight-day clock, which they'll always lend five shillings on—and there's—"

Reuben Culwick's hand fell like a thunderclap on John Jennings' shoulder, and startled the pipe from his mouth to the ground, where it shivered into fifty pieces.

"I thought as much, you secretive old tortoise," cried Reuben; "you're hard up, and keeping it to yourself, and I can only get at the truth in this way. Now, how much can I lend you?—for it's no use going on like this any longer."

"Then you're not hard up?"

"I'm as rich as a Jew. I have got an account at the Lambeth Savings Bank—I am positively rolling in wealth. What shall it be? A hundred thousand pounds till I see you again, or three or four sovereigns till the Saxe-Gotha stumps up?"

John Jennings was silent for awhile, although he sat and sniffed at the night air in a curious and excitable way. Presently he put his arm before his eyes with a faint "Excuse me," and finally said in a low nervous treble—

"It's like you, Mr. Reuben. You are always thoughtful of us, when I try hard not to think. Times *are* slackish, and I'm a baby in them. I know I am, but I can't very well help it. If three pounds will not inconvenience you just now, it will be something like a God-send."

"Here they are."

"I get plenty of credit in my own particular business, of course, for I am a well-known man," said John, after thanking his lodger heartily, and stowing the sovereigns away in his pocket, "but Lucy *will* pay for everything for the house. It's a good habit too—I don't blame her in the least."

"No—I wouldn't."

"Mr. Splud's benefit will fetch me straight again; I am the first man he will pay, he says."

"That's kind of him, if he means it."

"Splud's a very well-meaning man," asserted Mr. Jennings.

"And keeps on ordering fireworks—eh, John?"

"He has given me an excellent order for his benefit," said John cheerfully, "and he tells me that he has sold a heap of tickets."

"Then I would ask for my money before the fireworks are let off."

"Oh! I couldn't do that," said John, "that—that would only lead to words, and hurt the man's feelings. He will pay—depend upon it, Mr. Reuben, that he will pay me every farthing."

The figure of Lucy Jennings emerged from the shadows, and came towards them.

"What have you two men to arrange so confi-

dentially between you, that you get away from the house?" said Lucy querulously as she advanced.

"I came here for coolness," said John in reply, and Reuben Culwick did not offer any reason for his change of locality.

"I suppose you had something to say that you did not wish me to hear," said Lucy; "you need not trouble me with excuses, John—I know what they are worth."

"How is Sarah Eastbell now?" asked Reuben by way of diversion.

"I have left her trying to sleep, but she will fail."

"A good night's rest is necessary before her journey."

"To Worcester, you mean?" said Lucy.

"Yes; I shall take her down to Worcester to-morrow. I think that it is the best and wisest step, and that it will be easy to get her off when the facts are clearly stated."

"You don't see that she is going to be ill?"

"Ill!—did the doctor say so?"

"He said that she was very weak, and that I must be careful of her."

"What is the matter with her?"

"She has undergone great mental excitement and endured much privation," said Lucy, "and it is an utter break-down."

"I don't see it," cried Reuben.

"We will wait till to-morrow. I thought that I would warn you to-night—as you are so very fond of this cousin—that you cannot go to Worcester yet awhile," said Lucy.

"As I am so very fond of this cousin," quoted Reuben—"poor second-cousin, with only my immense affection to rely upon at the turning-point of her miserable existence."

"She can rely on her God," said Lucy.

"I wouldn't, Lucy—I really wouldn't to-night go on in that kind of way," pleaded her feeble brother.

"She can rely on you too, Lucy, unless your interest in her has died out with your rescue," said Reuben.

"We shall see," said Lucy evasively.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

ALL THE NEWS.

MISS JENNINGS was right in her judgment. Sarah Eastbell did not go to Worcester the next day—did not remember her promise to accompany her cousin Reuben—did not know even the man with the big beard who leant over the bedside and called her by her name.

The crisis had come, and Sarah Eastbell had a battle to fight with brain-fever, or with a strange delirium which was akin to it. When she came back to herself, she lay as powerless as Grandmother Eastbell at St. Oswald's, of whom she

first thought, along with the fleeting fancy that she was in one of the wings of the almshouses, and that the old woman was not far away. A fortnight had passed then, and the face of the nurse had almost died out of her memory.

"How—is—grandmother?" she asked with difficulty, and pausing at each word.

"She is well."

"Will—you—tell her—that—I'm—better, please."

"Yes."

Sarah Eastbell remained satisfied with the promise, and was silent for awhile. She slept a great deal that day and the next, and ate but little, and it was doubtful whether the complete prostration which followed would not terminate the odd life of Second-cousin Sarah.

The woman who attended upon her, and who she began to recollect was the firework-maker's sister, was kinder than she had ever been, and watched her with great gravity of interest as she hovered on the border-land of life and death.

Lucy talked to her also with a strange earnestness of those divine truths which are not to be dwelt upon in the pages of a story-book, and Sarah Eastbell listened with reverence.

"You think that I am going to die?" she said once.

Miss Jennings never evaded a fact, but she was more considerate than it was her habit to be when she replied—

"I would be prepared, at all events."

"I'm not afraid," said Sarah Eastbell; "I have not done any one harm, and this life is not worth stopping in—is it?"

"I don't know," answered Lucy; "life's a mystery, Sarah."

"You don't value it, I think."

"If I could change places with you, I would."

"And yet you have a brother to look after, just as I have my grandmother," said Sarah. "Oh, poor grandmamma! I wonder how you are, and if you think of me at times."

"You will know all about her soon. Your cousin Reuben returns to-morrow."

"Has he been there?"

"Yes."

"What a good man he is!" exclaimed Sarah; "it isn't like men, I fancy, to think of other people so much as he does."

"He is strange."

"I said that he was good," said Sarah persistently.

"I hope he is," answered Lucy Jennings.

"Oh, I'm sure he is," cried the invalid with enthusiasm. "I wish that I could be suddenly very beautiful and very rich."

"It is not a good wish," said Lucy; "but why?"

"I would marry Cousin Reuben."

"You lying there, and talking of marriage!"

"If I died he would have my money; if I lived I would try—oh, so hard!—to make him happy."

"You're not fit for him, and never will be," said Lucy, more snappish than she had been hitherto; "and this is very foolish talk."

"What is very foolish talk?" said a deep voice without the door; and both women coloured, and the elder one rose from her chair in her surprise.

"May I come in and see the invalid?"

"He is back a day before his time," said Lucy; "may he come in?" she said to Sarah.

"Yes, to be sure," answered the sick girl.

Reuben Culwick advanced on tiptoe into the room, and walked to the bedside of his cousin, whose face brightened at the sight of him.

She was very weak, and could not reach her hand towards him, but there was a faint smile of welcome on her wan face. There was a great contrast between the vigorous ruddy health of the man fresh from the country, and this fading, fluttering life before him.

Reuben Culwick regarded the invalid intently behind the smile with which he masked the shock that her weakness gave him. He had been compelled to leave London to report on a stormy election in the country, and he had hardly expected to find her strong and well, though he had been more sanguine of ultimate results than he was at that moment of his return.

"Well, Sarah—better, I hope?" he said in the cheeriest voice he could assume.

Sarah smiled faintly, and shook her head.

"Oh, yes, you are," said Reuben confidently; "you have got your wits back, although you have been talking foolishly to Lucy. May I inquire the subject of conversation?"

"No, you mayn't," answered Lucy.

"I will tell you to-morrow, if I am worse," said Sarah; "to-day you have news for me."

"To be sure I have. What a blockhead I am!"

"Is it good news?"

"Do you think that I would bring bad news all the way from Worcester?" he said laughing—"that I wouldn't have left it behind me, or dropped it out of window before reaching Hope Lodge?"

"Go on, please," said Sarah anxiously.

"I went across country after writing my article for the *Trumpet*—by the way, the *Trumpet* is getting on in the world, Lucy, and there are signs in the air of an increase of wage for R. C.—and reached Worcester yesterday afternoon."

"And saw grandmother?"

"Who was as lively as a cricket. By George, if she wasn't toddling about the courtyard, and bullying Mother Muggeridge for not putting her kettle on to boil!"

"Who had dressed her then?"

"Miss Holland, I hear."

"That is another friend I had almost forgotten," said Sarah. "Well?"

"Well—I told her that you were staying at Hope Lodge with me and the Jenningses, for change of air—that you had not been very well, but that I should bring you down to Worcester shortly."

"You should not have said that," said Sarah—"and yet I should like to be taken to Worcester if I die," she added thoughtfully.

"But you are not going to die," said Reuben quickly; "don't get that into your head, for Heaven's sake!"

"For Heaven's sake it may be as well to think of it a little," said Lucy Jennings gravely.

Reuben Culwick did not dispute the assertion, but he moved about the room uneasily, as if disposed to do so. Suddenly he stopped.

"Yes, you are right, Lucy," he said, "Sarah is a brave little woman who will not fret herself to death over the worst, and who will get strong if she can."

"What do you call the worst?" asked Lucy.

"I'll tell you some other time—this is not a place for argument," answered Reuben evasively; "besides, I haven't quite done with my news yet.—Sarah, do you remember that bad sovereign Tom asked you to change at the grocer's for him?"

"Ah, yes!"

"Well, I have been to the grocer's—I have stated the matter with lucidity and eloquence—I have appealed to the grocer's feelings—I have made him shed tears over his own sugar—and he says that rather than prosecute, after my gentlemanly explanation, he'll see the authorities at the—Ahem! how very warm it is to-day, Lucy!"

"Mr. Giles does not think that I tried to pass bad money, now?" cried Sarah.

"Not a bit of it. And after my statement, Sarah, I went round to the police-station, and threatened everybody, from the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the inspector on duty, with libel, if they did not take down their absurd bills about you. I told them that the grocer had discovered his mistake in making the charge—that he withdrew it—that it was even a splendid sovereign, considering of what stuff it was composed—and the inspector made a handsome apology, and asked to shake hands with me."

"I don't see the necessity for this gross exaggeration," said Lucy severely.

"But I do. Why, Second-cousin Sarah's laughing—almost.—Aren't you?"

"I am very grateful for the trouble that you have taken," said Sarah, "and I feel very happy now."

"Then I'll leave you with those sensations, to get strong upon."

Lucy followed him from the room.

"You are in high spirits to-day, Mr. Reuben," she said, "is there any reason for it?"

"Only that I am at home again—that the *Penny Trumpet* is blowing itself into public favour, and knowing people say it's my doing—that all's well everywhere,"

"Even there?" asked Lucy, indicating by a gesture the room which she had quitted.

"Yes, I hope so."

"I think that she will die."

"I'll not believe it."

"It is best for her that she should, rather than face the cruel world again."

"The world may change for her—we have helped to change it in our little way already," said Reuben.

"You have gone a strange way to work, at any rate."

"Ah! you don't admire my style, that is all."

"You should keep your flippant style of narrative for the novel that you can't sell."

"Now, confound it, Lucy—"

But Lucy had gone back into the room after that extremely ill-natured remark, without waiting for Reuben Culwick's protest.

Reuben went into his own apartment, and walked up and down with his hands in his pockets, and his hat on the back of his head.

"What an ill-tempered, aggravating, sharp-tongued, good-hearted Christian porcupine that woman is!" he muttered. "For the novel that I can't sell, indeed!—that is the unkindest cut of all. Something must be wrong down-stairs, or Sarah has tired her too much, or Tots has been up to her larks whilst I have been away. Now, where's my little fairy who brightens up this fire-work establishment, and never gives a disappointed man a hard word? What have they done with Tots to-day, I wonder?"

He went down-stairs, where was John Jennings up to his eyes in powder, and coloured fire, and "lengths," the picture of a busy man.

"Well, weren't they glad to see you?" exclaimed John, without leaving off his work.

"Glad to see me—they have been laughing their heads off, especially Lucy. What is all this work?—for Splud?"

"Yes."

"Hasn't his benefit come off then?"

"Oh, yes, with immense success. This is for a repetition fête. The big devices and the fiery pigeon business were very much admired."

"And you got your money?"

"What a man you are, Mr. Reuben, to think about money!" said John, with a cracked little laugh; "I have some of it."

"How much?"

"He paid me seven pounds off the account, and he will settle for the lot presently. And that reminds me that I owe you—"

"We'll talk of that in a day or two," said Reuben impatiently; "where's Tots?"

"Tots—why, up-stairs."

"I haven't seen her."

"She doesn't go into the back room, for fear of disturbing your cousin. But she plays in your apartments, and Lucy looks in, and makes sure that she is not up to mischief."

"She is not in my room," said Reuben, turning somewhat pale at the mere possibility of a new trouble approaching him.

"Perhaps she is in mine."

"Go and see," said Reuben peremptorily.

"Certainly," said John Jennings, "and I'll bring her down with me. Keep an eye on the shop, please; and you'll find some whiskey in the cup-

board, if you would like a little refreshment after your long journey."

Reuben did not answer. When John Jennings had gone, he, without any regard to the business interests, took a turn round the back garden, then walked to the front of the house, and stood looking up and down the street with grave intentness. Presently John and his sister came out together, white and scared, and joined him on the pavement.

"She's gone! By Heaven, you have lost her!" he exclaimed.

"It's—it's very strange," said John, "but we can't find her anywhere."

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

OUR PHYSICAL EDUCATION.



AITSWORTH is a middle-class colony; there is not a householder here but earns his living and insures his life. With the exception of the clergyman and the doctor, we all go to London by train every morning, and return every evening. Tradesmen?—

They have their shops a

mile or so off, in the town of Boulder. Labourers and mechanics?—There are no cottages but ornate ones of six rooms within our borders.

For Aitsworth did not grow up in the old-fashioned style; it sprang into existence from the office of a Building Society. It seems quite a curious provision of Nature that landed proprietors should exceed their incomes, and have to part with their estates in proportion as the well-to-do population expands.

One year Aitsworth was the private park of a nobleman who had a horse likely to win the Derby; the next it was a conglomeration of mansions, halls, priories, villas, lodges, and a church. No—that is an exaggeration; the church was not built till five years afterwards. The clergyman who has it deserves it, for he found the money for its completion. He is a good-looking and powerful young man, and he believes in Kingsley to any extent. Not content with the burden of our spiritual interests, he has taken our bodies in hand.

One evening about a year ago he met me walking home from the station, and informed me that he had been thinking, and—

"You are very flabby," he said.

"Beg your pardon," I replied, perhaps a little

haughtily; "the liteness of an acrobat is not to be looked for in the father of a family whose business is of a sedentary nature. But when you are my age, Mr. Bowes, I very much doubt whether you will not measure considerably more round the waist than I do."

"Oh, I did not intend to be personal," he explained, "when I said *you*. I alluded to the whole colony of Aitsworth, of which you are a representative member. The book-club, the whist-club, and the winter Shakespearian readings, all emanated from you, and it is to you that I appeal for aid in an attempt to modify the prevailing flabbiness. It worries me on Sunday to look down on such a collection of pasty faces; I can see a sick headache in every tenth listener."

In truth there was some reason for the clerical remarks. Some of the inhabitants of Aitsworth were wealthy men—merchants, bankers, stock-jobbers; others were comfortably off—solicitors, secretaries, men in Government offices, who had supplementary incomes of their own, or with their wives; others were poor clerks, living on salaries of a hundred and fifty pounds a year, or so. But all were engaged in occupations offering little scope for physical exercise, which should have been taken after office-hours, had there been any inducement to do so, which there was not.

No river ran near Aitsworth, so that boating, bathing, and fishing were denied us. The nearest rifle-ranges being eight miles distant, the Volunteer movement touched us not. Some of the richest of us hunted occasionally in the winter; others got a few days' shooting; and one or two made autumnal excursions to Switzerland. But violent spasmodic exercise is of very doubtful benefit; it tries the constitution like fasting for a number of hours and then devouring ravenously. And the great ma-

majority of Aitsworth inhabitants did not even take that.

It was early in May that Mr. Bowes drew my attention to the general flabbiness of his flock, so that the immediate remedy was evidently cricket. We had a gathering at the Tomnoddy Arms, and organised a cricket-club accordingly. The movement proved to be a popular one, the entire male Aitsworth population subscribing.

A suitable field was obtained, a heavy roller invested in, and wickets were pitched within the week.

I had once been fairly expert at the game, and now discovered that my old cunning had not quite deserted me. Indeed, I was astonished at my prowess, until I found out how very very bad all my playmates were. For this, however, they cared little at first, their attention being almost entirely directed to the more important matter of costume.

I do hate this modern fuss about dress. In my young days we took off our coats, waistcoats, and neckties, and turned up our shirt-sleeves; and when the sun was exceptionally powerful, we wore straw hats instead of the customary beavers. However, I do not stem torrents, and raised no voice against white flannels; only when the discussion about colours came on, I stuck to green with a pertinacity which helped considerably towards the final choice of that appropriate tint. I never gave my reason.

Well, Mr. Bowes was right, and the cricket proved to be a good thing, with one important drawback—it upset all our meals. People dined at nine, till the practice brought about a strike of cooks; then they had an uncomfortable cold feed at that hour. And I had to fall in with the miserable custom; it seemed too absurd to take a prominent part in starting the cricket, and then devote the only hours during which my sons (in the office, sir, both of them) could play, to eating.

We improved with practice, and chose an eleven, and accepted a challenge from a neighbouring club. It was a one-day match, and, contrary to all expectation, we made a drawn battle of it. Good that for beginners, was it not? They went in first, you see, *and we never got them out.*

When the cricket season was over, the Aitsworth Club took to football, which was fought every Saturday. Of course, I only acted the part of spectator, which was sufficiently exciting, as the Rugby rules were in force, and I had sons in the fray. All Aitsworth, travelling daily by rail, is insured in the Accidental, which was punished that winter. After the third Saturday our doctor was so cheerful.

The spirit of athleticism spread. A neighbouring barn was rented and converted into a gymnasium, and our young men spent the winter evenings in fencing, sparring, springing like monkeys about the parallel bars, and flying like squirrels on the

trapeze. I went to see them one evening, and their agility astonished me; I should never have believed that there were so many youths in the parish who might have been brought up, with success, to the acrobatic business.

Before January was out, we were consolidated into a regular society, called the Aitsworth Athletic Club, with funds, and a treasurer, and rules, a crest, and a motto. Colours we had already, as I told you—green. The crest was a leg, *courant*; the motto (my own selection), *Dum perspiro spero*. For we poked our little bits of fun at one another sometimes, and indeed Montmorency, a clerk in the Treasury, carried his jests a little too far. He it was who proposed a Veterans' Race when the Aitsworth Athletic Sports came off in the spring, and who guilefully inveigled me into entering for it. I boasted, in a weak moment of after-dinner expansion, that thirty years before it was my belief that I could have shown the way to the best of the younger Aitsworthians; which was an absurd truism so far as those who were from a month to ten years old at the time mentioned were concerned; and then they fixed me.

A Veterans' Race, a quarter of a mile; handicap. For members of the Aitsworth Cricket Club, of forty years old and upwards. Men of forty to start at scratch; one yard allowed for every year between forty and fifty; two yards for every year between fifty and sixty; ten yards for every year over sixty.

"By Jove!" said our sporting Aitsworthian, "if one could only get an old boy of ninety who could doddle along at all, one might make a fortune! With three hundred and thirty yards' start in a quarter of a mile he could not lose."

"Enter one a little older, and he might sit in his chair a yard past the winning post, and win without starting," observed our mathematician. But our oldest entry was fifty-five, and the race was not spoiled in the way suggested. Though afterwards I regretted the folly of having consented to make an exhibition of myself, I would not confess that by a withdrawal; but I utterly declined to go through the tom-foolery of training; or to attire myself as the youths did. I positively blushed at the exhibition on that fine March Saturday afternoon, for there were many ladies present.

But what were my feelings when the bell rang for the veterans, and we six old idiots came out of the tent! I myself and two others, indeed, just wore our cricketing flannels, but the other three had been cajoled into imitating their juniors.

I was so ashamed of countenancing such an exhibition, that I derived no satisfaction from beating them, which I did.


I also eventually recovered my breath, which I despaired of for a long time. It was more than I deserved.

LEWIS HOUGH.

ALL-HALLOW EVE.



"FLAME-ILLUMINED FACES."


 COMES the hallowed even,
 Dear to maidens lone,
 When the veil is riven
 And the future shown.

In the swart November,
 In the gloom of night,
 Wrought 'mid flame and ember
 Is the mystic rite.

O'er the household altar
Rosy maidens bend,
Hearts and voices falter,
Hopes with fears contend.

Orchard chestnuts shaken,
Ripe and red of hue :
Each of these has taken
Two, and only two.

"Dark, be thou my lover."
"Light, burn thou for me."
So sweet lips con over—
Sweet as lips may be.

Where the flames are glowing
With a merry blaze,
There the twain bestowing,
At their fate they gaze.

Flame-illuminated faces,
Love-delighted eyes—
Eagerly each traces
What the rite implies.

If the nuts lie shining
Calmly side by side,
Each to each inclining,
Joy may well betide.

But if, hotly rending,
Each from each should start,
Harsh will be love's ending—
Heart will spurn at heart.

And if, in their watching,
Either chestnut burn,
At the portent snatching,
Much the maidens learn.

As the flame burns blue,
Or with whiteness shines,
Is denoted truly
Whither love inclines.

Cupid augur turning,
Thus reveals to-night
Fate in chestnut burning,
Fortunes traced in light.

W. SAWYER.

BACK TO HONESTY.

BY WILLIAM GILBERT.



IN that favourite suburban locality, Streatham, stands a large, old-fashioned red-brick mansion, formerly inhabited by Francis, Duke of Bedford, and afterwards by his auditor the well-known Mr. Macnamara. Since that time it has been tenanted by many different individuals, all of whom, judging from the appointments and conveniences to be found in the house, each bearing with it a certain date, must have been persons of fortune. The house, though somewhat of a style no longer adapted for the dwelling of a person of fortune in a locality of the kind, carries with it a certain stamp of ancient grandeur, which invests it in the mind of the beholder with considerable interest. It is situated on the declivity of the hill on which Streatham is built, and is separated from the church and graveyard by the high-road leading to Tooting.

During the last thirty or forty years, this formerly rural and somewhat secluded parish of Streatham has greatly changed in appearance, as well as increased in population. Many hundred private houses have lately been built in it, and several of them mansions of considerable pretensions. As these last increased in number, the tenants of the antiquated Russell House changed the more fre-

quently, and it was in consequence oftener to let, few persons being willing to give some three hundred pounds a year for a house of old-fashioned appearance, and with but little pleasure-ground.

On the departure of the last tenant the house remained empty for some time, till at length a report spread abroad that the owners had found another; and great curiosity arose among the inhabitants in the vicinity as to who it might be. Considerable interest also was elicited among the different tradesmen in the neighbourhood, and great anxiety existed among them to know who the fortunate individuals would be who were to be favoured with the forthcoming orders of the new tenant. A rumour, however, suddenly spread abroad, which, if it did not damp the highest hopes of the tradesmen, created great consternation in the minds of the other inhabitants—it was stated that the house had been taken by the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, as an asylum in which female prisoners were to pass the nine months' probation between quitting their prisons, and being liberated on a ticket-of-leave. On inquiries being made the rumour was found to be correct. A meeting was held by the residents in the neighbourhood, for the purpose of consulting what steps should be taken to oppose the threatened residence of such disreputable characters in so respectable a locality as Streatham. The result of the meeting was that a memorial, signed by all the inhabitants in the neighbourhood, was forwarded to the Society, re-

questing them to alter their decision, and to choose some other locality. With the wish to oblige the requisitionists, researches were made by the Society for some other building adapted for the purpose; but as none could be found, it was definitively decided they would carry out their previous determination. The house was then thoroughly arranged, and made suitable for its new occupants; and forty female prisoners, from Woking and Fulham, were located in it.

Having heard the circumstance much deplored by some of the inhabitants of Streatham, who appeared to feel the uses to which Russell House had been put almost in the light of a personal affront, I determined to visit it myself, and judge from ocular inspection whether any annoyance was really created, or any danger to be apprehended to the quiet and respectability of the neighbourhood, by the residence of so many indifferent characters in it. My first step was to apply at the central office of the Society, at Charing Cross, for permission to view Russell House. My application was not only immediately granted, but a letter of introduction was given me, to be presented to Miss Martin, the lady superintendent, asking her to afford me all the information I might require.

On arriving at Russell House, I must admit I was somewhat surprised at its appearance, as not one attribute about it could have led the keenest-eyed passer-by to imagine it was inhabited by any other than a private family of fortune. The house and grounds are surrounded by a wall some ten feet high, and the approach to the front door was by a well-kept gravel road. Moreover, there was not a bar to the windows, nor any appearance whatever tending to prove that so many women who had lately been under penal servitude were at the time residing in it. Even the front door was of glass, through which were to be seen the picturesque though somewhat limited grounds in the rear of the house. In a few minutes the door was opened by a respectable-looking woman in the dress of a female servant. The only feature to be seen about her, different to ordinary housemaids, was that she brought with her a large key to unlock the door. But this prison-like feature was again neutralised by her leaving the key in the lock after I had entered.

Having sent up my letter of introduction to Miss Martin, I was invited to take a seat in a large, neatly furnished room, in which nothing was visible different from what may be observed in any ordinary dining-room, with the exception of some forty or fifty Bibles on a side table. After remaining here a short time, I was ushered up into a handsomely furnished apartment, where I found Miss Martin, with the letter in her hand, explaining the object of my visit. She assured me that any information she could give was perfectly at my service, and that any questions

I wished to ask she would readily answer. To one of my inquiries she told me that after the prisoners had conducted themselves to the satisfaction of the governor of the prison and other authorities, two years before the expiration of their sentence they are allowed to leave the prison, and reside first for nine months either at Russell House, the Eagle House, Hammersmith, or other institutions of the kind, where, if they have conducted themselves in a becoming manner, they are liberated on a ticket-of-leave; the authorities of the asylum, and other influential persons connected with it, taking on themselves the onus of providing them with situations.

I now asked Miss Martin for what crimes the prisoners at present under her charge had been sentenced. She told me that a few were for infanticide, but the greater portion of them were for robbery, many of them with violence, from the person. The punishments for these offences generally averaged from five to ten years. She told me, further, that of the forty women she had then with her, the lowest sentence had been five years. When a prisoner arrived from the prisons there was sent with her a paper stating her age, place of birth, religion, crime of which she had been accused, and the duration of her sentence. That no imposition might be practised as to her identity, not only was her photograph sent, but a full description of her height, colour of hair and eyes, scars, and—what is frequently common among those of the lower orders—tattoo marks. Noticing that in the tattoo marks were frequently initials of names, I inquired of Miss Martin whether they were not those of men. She told me they were, and that as a rule, although the woman might have committed violent and even brutal assaults, under drink or other motives, it was difficult to find one who, in the commission of an act of dishonesty, either by larceny or open robbery, had not been instigated to the deed by some man. On inquiring whether any domestic servants were among those who had been committed for an act of dishonesty, she told me very few indeed, that such cases were extremely rare. Not only did she speak from her experience at Russell House, but when residing with her mother, who had been lady superintendent of the celebrated Female Prison at Brixton, they had always noticed the same thing; and in those comparatively few cases which came before them, on inquiring into the circumstances, it was generally found the prisoner had been the dupe of some man.

Miss Martin's reply powerfully brought to my mind the remarks made to me by a superintendent of police on the same subject. "We hear," said he, "a great deal spoken about honour among our merchants, and the general integrity of other classes, but from my own experience I have come to the conclusion that the most honest community in

England, without any exception, is that of female domestic servants. And this, too, is the more singular as an immense amount of valuable property is placed in their power, and that of a kind which offers the greatest temptation to the female mind, in the shape of personal adornments, jewellery, and objects of a similar description, frequently to an enormous value. Yet how rarely do we find any case of dishonesty among them; and, indeed, I never met with one offence of the kind where the theft had not been committed by the orders or under the instigation of a lover."

To return to Miss Martin. I inquired in what manner the prisoners were employed during the time of their probation in Russell House. She told me that all the work of the house was done by them, as well as cooking, and making their own clothes. They were also employed on such labour as might be profitable to the establishment, reducing to a certain, though perhaps limited, degree their own expense, the allowance from Government being far from sufficient.

"But you will have a better idea," she continued, "of the working of the establishment if you come round with me. You will then see that, quiet and orderly as the place looks, and with little appearance of movement about it, a very considerable amount of labour is performed here."

I asked Miss Martin of what sort it might be, and she told me that it was partly needle-work, but far more laundry-work. Many families in the neighbourhood and other places entrusted them with their linen for that purpose.

"Are you not afraid that sometimes portions of it might be missing?" I inquired.

"Never," was her reply. "One of the first principles on which I act is to tell the women when they arrive that I place implicit confidence in them, and that they in return must consider it a point of honour not to deceive me. To such a degree do I carry this out, that I keep nothing under lock and key, with the exception of wine and money. Even my own clothes are kept in unlocked drawers; and yet, during the whole time I have been in this house, I have lost nothing whatever. It would, of course, be unfair to place temptation of money or drink in their way, as the old habits of thought might come over them, and they might yield to it. But even here, perhaps, I do them an injustice, as the following little anecdote will show:—

"One afternoon, on making up my accounts, I found I was a half-sovereign short. At first I thought I must have made some mistake, and not set down all my expenditure. I went over the list again and again—still there was the same deficiency. You may imagine the circumstance caused me great annoyance, as I had not the most remote idea whom to accuse. Of the forty women residing in the house, some thirty-five had been

sentenced to at least five years' penal servitude for theft, and yet I had conscientiously believed them all to be reformed; indeed, I had frequently noticed that the most severe affront I could offer to any one of them was to appear to doubt her honesty, and I felt alarmed to mention the subject to any of the women, lest she should imagine I suspected her. At last, having in vain attempted to find out the manner in which I had lost my half-sovereign, I gave it up in despair, and remained low-spirited and annoyed all the afternoon.

"In the evening one of the women came into my room, and closing the door after her, said to me in a low tone of voice, as if fearing to be overheard, 'Oh, ma'am, I beg your pardon, but I wanted to speak to you. This morning I found on the gravel walk half-a-sovereign. As I didn't know who it belonged to, and as it had been lost, I thought if I kept it, it wouldn't be a theft; but I've felt miserable about it the whole of the day, and can stand it no longer, so there it is,' and she placed the money on the table.

"It would be difficult to explain," continued Miss Martin, "how great a weight of anxiety was taken off my mind by this circumstance, not only as it relieved me of the danger of suspecting some innocent person, but proved as well that perfect confidence might be placed in these women, after they have been subjected to a course of prison discipline."

Miss Martin now conducted me into the stables, which had been fitted up as a laundry, and in which were several women at work. We then went into the garden, where there were one or two groups, each containing eight or ten women, all in the dress of respectable maid-servants, sitting on the lawn plying their needles rapidly, and conversing amicably together the while. There was no attribute about them differing from ordinary respectable women of their class, and many of them had a positively amiable cast of countenance, while all were scrupulously neat and clean in their persons. I asked Miss Martin if they ever wore the prison dress in the house. She told me they did not, and mentioned a fact connected with the subject which tended far to prove the effect of dress on the female mind. When they first arrive the women have generally a downcast, depressed expression of countenance. They are docile, certainly, in their behaviour, but their docility seems rather the effect of discipline than of natural good conduct.

"As soon as possible," continued Miss Martin, "I purchase for them good print dresses, such as are ordinarily worn by servants, and these are cut out by the matron, and made by the women themselves. The effect of these dresses on their behaviour is very singular. The downcast expression immediately vanishes, and they become cheerful, obliging, civil, and respectful in their demeanour."

I inquired of Miss Martin what police-force she had to maintain order among them.

"Police-force?" she said. "None whatever. I have merely a matron with me, who superintends the whole of the operations of the establishment, and beyond that I have no need for police."

"But do they not frequently escape?" I asked. "True, there is a good wall surrounding the house and grounds, but not so high that any determined woman might not climb over it if she wished."

"Of that," said Miss Martin, "there is no fear. In the first place, most of them would not know where to go to; but their greatest safeguard is the knowledge that as soon as their probation time is out, they will be found respectable employment. Bad as their behaviour has hitherto been, I believe there is not one among them who would not now strive to maintain an honourable reputation rather than return to her old habits."

"What do they do on leaving your establishment?" I inquired.

"They generally enter domestic service," Miss Martin replied.

"But surely," I remarked, "you cannot get these women without characters into private families?"

"Indeed I can," she replied. "But, understand me, this is not done solely through my own recommendation. There are several ladies of fortune and position (whose names, however, it would be indiscreet to mention) who silently take great interest in these poor women, and much as they hold in horror the crimes they have committed, they are perfectly willing to take them by the hand, and find them respectable employment. Again, Government behaves to me with great consideration on that point. If, at the expiration of their probation, no situation has been found for them, they are permitted to remain here three months longer. Some are, of course, more easily disposed of than others. Women from twenty to thirty-five years of age, and who are handy, have but little difficulty in finding employment, while with the older ones it is not so easy. I am happy, however, to say that up to the present time I have been able to find employment for all by the time their probation had expired."

"But in what description of families do they get situations?" I asked.

"It is found safest," Miss Martin replied, "on their first entrance again into the world, to find them employment as maids of all work. In every case I should mention that a candid description of the previous history of the woman is given to the lady who employs her, and in no case that has come under my notice has the lady who took the servant into her house ever betrayed the secret."

I thought the common idea, that a woman cannot keep a secret, must certainly be a false one; but I said nothing, and contented myself by ask-

ing Miss Martin how the women conducted themselves in their situations.

"Generally speaking, unexceptionably," she replied; "at least, up to the present, I have not had one single complaint made to me of the behaviour of any of those for whom I have found situations. Some few have left those provided for them, but it has invariably been to better themselves."

I inquired whether the women, as a rule, had any education, or if they were of a low type of intelligence.

"Ignorance," replied Miss Martin, "at the time they were committed is very common among them; or rather, perhaps, I should better explain myself by saying that they were generally intelligent, but had received no education. A low type of intelligence is comparatively rare among them. At the present time there are none of the women who cannot read and write, and some of them fluently; but all this has been taught in prison. Domestic service is not the only occupation we find for them. Many of them obtain places in laundries, the technical training they have received in prison, as well as here, having well adapted them for it. Again, some of them emigrate. We have an agency in New York that has taken off a considerable number of them, and in America they do well, and are well paid for their labours."

We now entered the house, all of which I thoroughly inspected. More perfect cleanliness and good order it would be impossible to find in any gentleman's mansion. Everything was scrupulously clean, and I make use of the word "everything" advisedly, as I inspected the whole of the establishment, from the kitchens to the sleeping apartments of the women.

Altogether, Russell House may be considered as a model establishment of the kind, not only gratifying to examine, but pleasing to reflect on. It is interesting both to the psychologist and the philanthropist. To the former it shows the extraordinary change which may be wrought on the human mind, even in its worst and most degraded aspect. Strict discipline at the commencement, bringing with it a mode of life of excessive regularity; and the mind, thereon, further instructed by the teaching of the prison chaplain, will at last change the woman from a moral degradation scarcely less than that of a wild animal, to a good and useful member of the community. Again, another point is well worthy the consideration of the psychologist—the power one human being can exercise over the mind of another. In Russell House Miss Martin rules with perfect control over some forty women, not one of whom had been sentenced to less than five, and many to ten years' penal servitude, and this without the slightest use of severity or despotic mannerism. With abundant intelligence in her countenance, though without the slightest admixture of the strong,

mindful element, she reigns here without harshness, as supreme as the captain of a man-of-war over his crew.

It may, perhaps, be urged that she has the power, should she complain and her complaint be admitted just, to send back the disobedient to two years' penal servitude, yet, not in a single case has she ever had occasion to hold out even a threat of the kind.

To the philanthropist the establishment is also worthy of support and admiration. It is an excellent proof of how much good may be performed in a quiet unostentatious manner, and how many a being who otherwise might have been lost is, through its agency, restored not only to respectability in this life, but with a bright prospect of eternal happiness in the next.

THAT BOY'S ADVENTURES.

A TALE FOR THE CHILDREN.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

TELESCOPIC.

"GAZETTE Jiggers as rear-admiral of the fleet at once," said the captain.

"Hoorah!" shouted the crew.

Then the parachute came back, bringing the first gasman's assistant more dead than alive.

"Where's Surgeon Sawbones?"

"At the post of duty," said Sawbones, standing with a smile on his countenance, and a cask of castor-oil on his head.

He was a lunatic in large practice.

"Examine the patient?"

"No necessity. I can see what's the matter with him at once. I haven't been plucked twice for nothing."

"Well?"

"He is suffering from 'jugged air.' A bad case. There's also a good deal of wind on the stomach."

"The cure?"

"Plenty of red-currant jelly, and a spoonful of ginger."

"Gas ahead!" cried the captain, and dived into his cabin, exhausted with excitement.

Meantime Bob and his failings were quite forgotten. Now Bob had taken a decided fancy to the first mate, he had such a kind face and pleasant manner. But he did not dare to go near him, or to speak to him, in case he should be recognised, and taken prisoner again. So he wriggled off amid the crowd of passengers to the other end of the car, and creeping under a coil of rope, went sound asleep for several hours. When he woke the sun was still bright, as it had been when he went to sleep. Indeed, there did not seem to have been any night at all.

He saw two air-boys leaning over the side of the car, with long lines in their hands.

"I say, what are you doing?" said Bob.

"Birding."

"Birding—what's that?"

"Well, where was you riz? Did you never hear of fishing?"

"Certainly," replied Bob. "I've caught a snig myself."

"Well, then, we're birding."

"What do you catch?" said Bob.

"Oh, anything. Tomtits, skylarks, cock pheasants, jack snipe, and jenny wrens chiefly. But Fi here hooked an eagle last week on the passage out."

"Who's Fi?" inquired Bob.

"I am Fi," replied a sprightly air-boy, pulling his line as if he had a bite. "I am Fi, my hearty. I am one of four—Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum—and by Diana I've got him this time!"

So saying he pulled up his line rapidly, and landed a brace of partridges flapping and floundering on the deck.

"Two, Fi!" cried his comrade. "Oh, Fi!"

"Isn't it jolly?" said Fi, clapping his hands with joy; "one on each hook, only fancy!"

"What's your bait?" said Bob.

"Oh, seeds usually," replied Fi, "but I had bread sauce on when I caught the partridges."

"My prisoner!" said a deep voice in Bob's ear.

At the same time he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder, and looking round saw his old enemy the ticket collector.

"Where's them three-farthings?"

"You know I have none," said Bob pathetically.

"Then why ain't you in chains? Come into chains—come into chains. A very dangerous character. Come into chains. The capt'n's asleep. Come to the first mate."

Then poor little Bob was dragged the entire length of the *Airy Belle*, feeling very miserable, for he had hoped the air-boys would have allowed him to bird. However, when he saw the kind face of the first mate, he plucked up courage once more.

"What's this?" said the first mate; "you again?"

"If you please, sir," said Bob very humbly, "I've only been asleep. I'm very sorry not to have any money, but if you will trust me till we get back again, my pa will pay you ten times over."

"Well, my lad, I'll speak to the capt'n about you when he wakes. He'll be returning to Earth again. I shan't. When we reach Moon, and the b'lloon's paid off, I've a fine appointment ready in the P. and L. Company."

"What's the P. and L. Company?" inquired Bob.

"The Planetary and Lunar line of mails," said the first mate.

"Oh!" said Bob, and then he stared very hard at the telescope.

"Would you like to have a peep?" he said kindly.

"Please," said Bob.

So Bob had several peeps, and he saw the world he had left about twenty-four hours ago. They had been going very fast, and were now about eighty thousand miles off, and had made about a third of their journey to the moon. The earth looked like a large ball, suspended in space, constantly diminishing in size.

"Do you see a black line all round the middle?" said the first mate.

"Yes," answered Bob.

"Well, that's the 'quator. Now can you make out a number of lines crossing each other all over it?"

"Yes," said Bob.

"Well, then's the latitude and longitude. Now do you see another twisting about like a eel?"

"Yes," said Bob.

"Well, that's the 'cliptic."

"Thank you, sir," said Bob.

"Oh, never mind that," said the first mate good-naturedly. "Do you see a biggish blue patch to the left?"

"Yes."

"That's the 'Tlantic Ocean. Straight below, and a bit to right, Africa. Little bit o' blue above that, Med'trainian. Curious-shaped patch o' brown still higher, Europe."

"And what's that tiny dot on the ball, a little higher still?" said Bob.

"Oh, that's probably England," said the first mate. "But bless you, it's not a clear day to-day, and I've not got my strongest telescope, or I could show you something. Why, once when I was on ear a merchant b'lloon, we was trading in puppy-dogs between Sirius and Earth, and the capt'n he had two very large telescopes on deck, pretty close together, only just room for his nose between 'em. He had 'em fixed on rests on deck, and t'other ends (where the things you're going to see comes in at) he put about a yard apart. Then he goes and looks through one telescope with one eye, and t'other with t'other. There he sticks for half an hour, and never speaks. But at the end of 'that identical time he takes his eyes away, and claps his hand on his leg.

"Well," he says, 'that's dreadful curious.'

"What have you seen?" I says.

"Seen!" says he, 'why, I've seen one thing with one eye, and something else with t'other, and they seems to have met at the back of my head.'

"So of course we was all curiosity, and begged him to go on.

"I'll go on," he said, 'but it's dreadful curious. I saw the Indian mutiny with my right eye, and an expedition in search of Sir John Franklin with my left.'

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

THE STORM AT AIR.

BOB made great friends with the first mate.

"I must leave you for a bit," he said, "for I've my duties to attend to; but you can amuse yourself with the glass, I guess."

"Oh, yes," said Bob; and he did amuse himself for hours.

But what not only amused, but also puzzled Bob very much, was that the blue patch which the first mate called the 'Tlantic, and which was certainly at first to the left, was now as certainly to the right, while in about the same place where the blue patch had been, there was a large brown patch, narrow in the middle, and broad at the top and bottom.

"Go to bed," said the first mate when he came back, "you look quite tired."

"Please, sir," said Bob, "I've had a good sleep. Besides, it's not night yet."

"Not what? Oh, I forgot. You're a little earth-worm—eh? Been accustomed to the spinning trade—eh?"

"What do you mean?" inquired Bob.

"I mean you've been in the habit of turning round on your own axle-tree at the rate of no end of a number of miles a minute—eh?"

"The earth revolves on its own axis once in twenty-four hours," said Bob, quoting Miss Sticks.

"Exactly. Now we've no revolving up here, so there's no night. It's all day. I'll be bound that blue patch is to the right by this time, and Merriky's up. Soon you'll see 'nother blue patch—that'll be P'cific. Go to bed, and when you wake I'll show you Chincey and 'Stralia."

So Bob went to bed, and dreamed of Tertia and tarts.

But he did not sleep very long. About a couple of hours after he had gone to bed, he was aroused by a terrible noise on deck. He sat up and listened. The dapper little captain was shouting at the top of his voice, the airmen were running to and fro, making a great disturbance among the ropes, and the balloon was pitching so much as almost to make Bob feel a little air-sick.

To jump out of bed, put on his knickerbockers, and rush on deck, was to Bob the work of about ten minutes, for he was not quick in his movements.

Then he found they had been overtaken by a fearful storm. It was blowing a gale, and every other minute heavy waves of wind came beating

over the car, sweeping everything before them. Already the captain had ordered them to lower the gas, and take in a reef of the balloon; but it soon became evident that a vigorous effort with the air-pumps could alone save them. Already three common airmen had been dashed overcar by the violence of the wind, and although the captain was a humane man, he was obliged to leave them to perish, as no parachute could possibly live in such an air. Presently Bob saw the chief gasman come on deck, and touching his cap to the captain, report that the heavy winds had blown the fires out, and therefore they could get no gas—that they had only a few of Byrant and May's matches without the box, which had blown overcar, and therefore they could get no light—that the men were already up to their waists in air, and it was getting deeper every minute, and that they waited orders.

"Die at your posts!" roared the captain.

The man touched his hat and retired.

Bob was too excited to be frightened. He crouched into a safe place, and watched the captain's brave determined face with intense interest. What a terrible position! Three hundred people on car, and the balloon becoming every minute more and more disabled. The storm did not appear to abate in the slightest degree; indeed, if anything, it rather increased in fury, and at last things began to look very bad indeed, and the captain called the passengers and crew together in the grand saloon, and told them that in his opinion it was all up.

"You may try and escape," he said, addressing the first mate, "if you like, but I doubt if the parachute will carry you in this air."

However, the first mate seemed to think he would try. So he and a few more lowered the parachute, and having put in provisions for five days, asked the captain to give them their bearings. The balloon had been driven out of her course by the storm, and he advised them, if the parachute kept all right, to run for the Pleiades.

"You may possibly come across one of the Fixed Star Company's Air clipper-built, copper-bottomed balloons; and if so, they'll pick you up. Good-bye."

"Room for one more," said the first mate, looking round the deck; but no one would go; and it certainly did look very dangerous to jump off the side of the balloon into that little bit of a parachute tossing about in the stormy air. He was therefore just going alone, for there was no time to spare, when his eye caught sight of Bob still crouching in the corner. "Come along, my boy," he said.

So Bob went with the first mate, and they jumped off together hand in hand from the car of the balloon, which was rolling fearfully, into the car of the parachute below. The captain waved his hand with an heroic smile on his face.

The gasmen were still toiling at the air-pumps. The passengers were huddled into one corner, a terrified, helpless herd—at least, most of them, but there were exceptions. Two or three tried to help the gasmen; two or three stood by the captain, as though he wanted protection from the elements; one walked the deck with his portmanteau in his hand, and his travelling-cap exchanged for a more civilised hat. Nobody ever found out where he expected to land. Another amused himself with blowing up the cook's assistant because the greens were underdone the last time they had pork. Another was hunting everywhere for his toothpick.

The parachute was soon blown away from the balloon. In about two minutes after Bob and the first mate had jumped from the rolling car, the silk of the balloon gave a tremendous split, the gas rushed out with a noise like thunder, and the unfortunate *Airy Belle* turned head over heels.

The last thing Bob saw was three hundred people holding their noses (for the smell was atrocious), and gradually sinking out of sight.

The parachute got on better than they expected.

After a while the storm began to subside, and the prospect of safety seemed a little fairer. The first mate looked as if he wanted to address his comrades, so they all tried to look as if they were anxious to hear him.

"We are seven," he cried—"there's Rear-Admiral Jiggers, Surgeon Sawbones, Fi, Bob, and me, besides you two common airmen. We have food for five days."

"And seven times five is thirty-five," added Sawbones, the lunatic in large practice.

"And thirty-five pence is two and tenpence," said Fi, determined to relieve his feelings by doing something, even his especial hatred, arithmetic.

"Wrong!" said Sawbones sternly—"wrong, lad. I haven't sat with my legs under my own pence-table all these years for nothing."

"Well, at all events, there is plenty to last us several days, if there were only any shops."

But there were no shops, and the five days' provisions soon ran out. The furious storm was succeeded by an absolute calm. Of course they could see the moon, but there was no wind to carry them to it. No balloons were in sight, and they had no idea where they were drifting to. The sun was hot, and they were faint with hunger and thirst.

After a month they killed and ate the first airman. Surgeon Sawbones' feelings were so overcome that he wept bitterly for twenty-four hours, and the tears forming a little pool at the bottom of the parachute car, they were supplied with water for nearly a fortnight.

At the end of that time he rose and said sobbingly—

"I begeh to move an amendment."

SECOND-COUSIN SARAH.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

REUBEN CULWICK did not wait to hear any more, but ran at his utmost speed to the end of the street,

daughter, friend, companion, would never again be as sunshine to his home. He did not betray his thoughts; he went on with his search; he expressed a confidence in her discovery that he did not realise.



"A CUSTOMER!"

in the hope of overtaking the little feet that he thought might have strayed in the direction of the market-gardens where he had been accustomed to take her. But there was no sign of his adopted girl, and we may say at once that Reuben never saw her in Hope Street again. As suddenly as she had crossed his life, bettering and brightening it as by a strange influence for good, so suddenly did she pass away, leaving not a trace behind by which to follow her.

When he came back to Hope Lodge, baffled and heart-sick, when to all the inquiries which he made there was only one answer returned that no one had seen poor Tots, the stern consciousness came to him that he had lost her—that the little

He "billed" every dead wall in Camberwell with his "Rewards," he gave all the information that he had to impart to the police, he attended at the police-court to state her case before a magistrate, and to get the facts into the newspapers, but Tots returned not, and every effort was in vain. One or two scraps of information, real or false, came to the front to bewilder him, but there was no real clue obtained. A woman in the street had seen a well-dressed gentleman stooping and talking to a little golden-haired child in the Camberwell Road, and on her asking what was the matter, she remembered the gentleman saying that the little girl had strayed from home, but that he was going to take her back again, as the child had told him where she lived;

but whether this was Tots or not it was impossible to prove, and the woman begged so hard for remuneration for coming to Hope Lodge, that Reuben believed she had invented the story.

In three weeks' time Reuben Culwick had learned to despair. He did not know how much he had loved the child till the house was destitute of her presence, and the little chair stood empty in the corner, and he could only look at it through his tears. Sometimes he wished that she had died, and that he had seen her buried, rather than have lost her thus, and be left to wonder where she was, and in whose hands. He became a grave man, who did not care for intrusion on his thoughts, and who resented it with bitterness. He sat in his room and brooded on the mystery; he left his desk unopened for days together; he tried to read, and failed, and when a strange stroke of good-luck—in its little way—came to him, he took it grimly as a man whose spirits misfortune had crushed out. The novel which had drifted into many hands had found a patron at last, and the sum of twenty-five pounds was offered for it, the publisher taking on himself all risk. It was not a large sum, but it was more than Reuben had calculated upon, possibly more than he had been in possession of since his quarrel with his father, more than of late days he had thought the book worth. He accepted the terms, and pocketed his money, which did not make his heart lighter; he had rather have seen Tots back than his first novel in all the glory of paper and print, and that is saying an immense deal for this young man's love for the child.

Three weeks had passed, we repeat, and they were like three years to Reuben Culwick. His second-cousin was getting well then, although coming back to strength by slow degrees; and he was glad of that, if he showed but little sign of rejoicing in those dull days. The loss of one *protégé* appeared to have weakened his interest in another, although he was always kind to Sarah Eastbell. John Jennings and his sister he had not forgiven in his heart; he attributed the loss of Tots to their want of ordinary care, and when on one occasion Lucy would have sermonised upon his trouble, he turned on her with words of acrimony which she never afterwards forgot. In her own way she was sorry for the child's loss too; but he did not believe it, and he told her that she had never liked her, and was glad she was gone, and that at all events he would not have any homily or sympathy from her.

The three weeks had turned, and the fourth week had commenced with work on the *Trumpet* that there was no setting aside—which was all the better for Reuben at that time, and took him out of himself—when Sarah Eastbell found strength to walk down-stairs, supported by Miss Jennings on one side, and

by Reuben on the other. The two who had rescued Sarah from danger had each a share in her first great step towards convalescence. Reuben had been anxious to place his own room at her disposal, but Lucy Jennings had interfered at once.

"No, that won't do," she had said; "she must keep with me and John, until she returns to Worcester."

"I am not going to be in it."

"How's that?" asked Lucy.

He had always objected to be questioned, and he was disposed to be harsh and irritable at times now.

"Because I shall be a hundred miles away," he added sharply.

"On business?"

"Yes."

"I am glad that you are beginning to work again," she said very meekly.

"Why?"

"You are always at your best when you are most busy."

He did not reply, though her soft answers surprised him not a little. It was only when he was in high spirits that she was full of acerbity; in his trouble she was a gentle woman enough. They were like the two figures in the child's weather-house, and only one could come into the light at a time.

They took Sarah Eastbell down-stairs, and there she said to Reuben—

"This is one step closer to Worcester, cousin."

"Yes," answered Reuben, "you and I will be marching side by side into St. Oswald's presently."

Which they never did.

When he had left for town, and for his instructions from the *Trumpet*, Sarah turned quickly to Lucy—

"He is better to-day. The old self is coming back that made him so dear a man."

"Don't say that," cried Lucy, "don't let a man know, at any time, that any one thinks he's dear to anybody."

Sarah laughed at this inelegant summing up, and Lucy added sententiously, "It would spoil the best of men."

The next day Sarah was well enough to be of use a little, and she volunteered her services to John Jennings, who was still at work for the Saxc-Gotha. He had not done well with Mr. Splud, in whom he still had a certain amount of faith, despite the fallacy of many promises but the public came on fine nights to see the fireworks, and Mr. Splud doled out a sovereign now and then, and kept the pyrotechnist going—that is, going a little further down the hill each week.

Sarah found that she could manage "the lengths" better than John Jennings, and the long pipe-like strips which were filled with a thin vein of

gunpowder, and were afterwards twisted into a variety of shapes, grew under her hands more rapidly than under Three-fingered Jack's. John Jennings was struck with this rapidity, and pondered over it. An odd idea that had been in his head some days took action upon it also. He was an amazingly slow man as a rule, but he went off like one of his own rockets after Sarah had been assisting him for a week, and Reuben was back again, and oscillating in the old fashion between Camberwell and town. Sarah was stronger then; she had walked round the garden once that day before beginning work.

"You are very handy, Sarah," John said, dreamily regarding her, and leaving off his work to observe hers more attentively, "it is astonishing how quickly you have taken to the business."

"If I am of assistance, I am glad."

"What a comfort you would be to a man a week or two before November, when he doesn't know which way to turn."

"Why November?"

"Guy Fawkes season."

"Oh!" said Sarah, "I shall be a long long way from here before November."

John Jennings was about to say something very quickly in reply, but he paused and stared at her instead. Suddenly he got up, unlocked his cupboard, and refreshed himself with a small glass of whiskey behind the cupboard door, which he kept well between Sarah and the bottle. Lucy was upstairs setting Reuben's room to-right, and there was a fair field before him.

"You are not obliged to go away without you like," he said, as he came back and sat down.

"Oh, yes, I am."

"You are very handy," he said again, "and I'm not so old as you fancy by a good many years, and you are quite a young woman. When you are well and strong, we might make a match of it, Sarah. Why not?"

"Good gracious!" said Sarah Eastbell.

It was her first offer, and she took it with a fair amount of philosophy, despite her weakness. She was more astonished than confused, although there was a flickering of colour for an instant on her cheeks.

"I don't want you to hurry over it," he continued confidentially, "or to tell Lucy anything about it yet, or even to drop a hint to your cousin Reuben."

"They are my two best friends."

"Yes, exactly, but till you have made up your mind, I wouldn't. It will save a deal of bother."

"But I have quite made up my mind never to marry, thank you, Mr. Fireworks."

"Mr. Jennings," he said, correcting her; "artist in fireworks, which are very profitable things."

"I hope they are, for your sake," said Sarah, anxious to soften her refusal as much as possible, "and that you will make your fortune by

them presently. And if you will never talk like this again—for it is great nonsense, isn't it?—I will not speak of it to any one."

"Thank you; it might be as well," said John, beginning his work again; "but it was on my mind, and I thought that I would mention it."

"It was not worth mentioning to a poor bit of a thing like me, who has hardly got back to life."

"Wasn't it, though!" said Mr. Jennings, "I think it was. And you are not a poor bit of a thing, but growing a very fine young woman, by degrees."

"Oh, sir!—please don't."

"And you are very handy at the lengths, and so pleasant and good-tempered over them, and Lucy seems to like you so much, and to be less disagree—to be so much happier, I mean," he added very quickly, "with you in the house."

"What a good woman she is!" added Sarah, striving hard for a divergence, feeling half disposed to laugh, and then to cry.

"Yes, awfully good, isn't she? She's hardly my style," he added, in his confidential tone again, "but some people would be very fond of her. She's brisk, you see."

"Yes," said Sarah, "and thoughtful, and industrious, and good."

"You said good before," replied John; "but she is not lively, she does not brighten up a place as you do."

"If you are going to say anything more about me Mr. Jennings, I must find my way up-stairs. I'm very weak," she pleaded, "I can't bear to hear you talk in this way."

"I have done talking," said Jennings, "don't go. Lucy will be sure to ask what you have come upstairs for, and worm all the truth out of you. I haven't offended you?"

"No, I am not offended."

"I haven't jumped at this in a hurry. Ever since you have been here, I have been thinking how forlorn you'll be when the old lady dies at Worcester—how lonely I shall be when Lucy marries and goes away."

"Is she likely to marry soon?"

"I sometimes fancy that your cousin Reuben and she understand each other."

"That must be wrong," replied Sarah decisively, "I don't think she likes Reuben much."

"You are a bad judge, Sarah. You didn't think I liked *you* much."

"Oh, you are not coming round again to that foolish subject!" cried Sarah.

"No—only to say that I do like you, and that weeks ago I sent up my shells and maroons from the Saxe-Gotha with only half the quantity of bang in them, lest they should be too noisy for you when you were lying ill here. Wasn't that love?"

"That was considerate, but——"

"Shop!"

"A customer!" cried John Jennings, very much astonished. "Bless my soul, so there is!"

John Jennings peered over the little wire blind that screened the back parlour from vulgar gaze, and when he had regarded the customer sufficiently he went into the shop, and faced him behind the grimy counter.

"What can I have the pleasure of showing you, sir?" he said politely.

"Is this Hope Lodge?" was the query in reply.

"This is Hope Lodge, sir—Jennings's."

"Ah, I'm wrong," and the big man walked slowly and ponderously towards the door again.

"There is only one Hope Lodge in the street," John called after him. The broad pair of shoulders of the new-comer had blocked up the doorway in the act of exit, but there was a pause, and then the heavy face revolved once more in the direction of the pyrotechnist.

"Do you know any one in the street of the name of Culwick?" he asked gruffly.

"Reuben Culwick?" inquired John.

"Yes, that is the name."

"He lives here, sir."

"Then why the devil didn't you tell me so, instead of blinking your eyelids at me," shouted the man, so fiercely that John Jennings backed against a gross of rocket-sticks, and brought them rattling to the floor.

"This is the first time you have mentioned the name. Is it anything from the *Trumpet*?"

"Trumpet—whose trumpet?"

"Ah, I see you don't know," said John, laughing a little; "it doesn't matter. Mr. Culwick is not at home."

"When will he be home?"

"I can't say, sir, really."

"You don't seem able to say anything sensibly," said the impolite stranger, "but I may take it that Reuben Culwick lives in this den?"

"You may take it, or leave it, for the matter of that, sir," said John, put out by the man's observations. "Den, indeed!" he muttered.

"Can't you keep a civil tongue in your head?" was the next question.

"Can't you?" was the rejoinder.

The white face took purplish hues of indignation, and a thick yellow stick, with a big gold knob at the top like a door-handle, vibrated ominously in the hand of its owner. John Jennings stood a little further back from his side of the counter, and kept an eye on the irritable stranger.

"Do you know who I am," the new-comer said pompously, "have you any idea whom you are addressing?"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"I am Reuben Culwick's father."

"The deuce you are!" ejaculated John Jennings.

"Oh, good gracious!—Lord help us! What a

wonderful thing that you should come here! What will he say?—what will Lucy say?—what will he do?—what shall we all do?—Will you call again, sir?—will you walk in?—will you have a drop of *Trumpet*, and shall I send to the whiskey office for him, and tell him that you are waiting? Excuse me, Mr. Culwick, but I feel a little faint," and the pyrotechnist leaned against his back shelves, and clutched his forehead.

"You are not quite right in your head, young man," said Mr. Culwick, Senior, stolidly regarding him; "isn't there any one more sensible on the premises, to whom I can entrust a message?"

"Oh, yes, sir, one or two," said John modestly; "will you please to do us the honour of stepping inside?"

He opened the parlour door, and Simon Culwick, of Sbdge Hill, reflected for a moment, with his bushy eyebrows closing over his eyes. Then he followed Mr. Jennings into the parlour, where his grandniece whom he had never seen was still working busily at the "lengths."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

MR. CULWICK SHOWS HIS WEAKNESS.

SIMON CULWICK walked into the parlour and sat down, crossing two big hands (on which glittered half a dozen diamond rings) upon his stick. John Jennings closed the door, and whilst standing with his back towards it contrived to lock it and slip the key into his coat-tails. Reuben's father was captured; he must not leave till Lucy had seen him, or Reuben had come back, and he would make sure of him, at least, till he had stepped up-stairs and told Lucy what a distinguished guest was waiting in the parlour.

"I'll send my sister down to you, sir, at once. You'll find that she can talk to you better than I can," he said, before disappearing up the staircase, which came into the room inelegantly.

Simon Culwick muttered something that might have passed for assent to any one of an imaginative turn of mind, and then moved his head to and fro, as a mechanical figure might have done, and took stock of the home upon which he had intruded. The broad face retained its expression of stolidity, although there were little quiverings of the eyelids that seemed to suggest some faint interest, or some passing surprise, in things which came beneath his notice: the poverty, for instance, that was apparent in the worn furniture, and the old floorcloth from which the pattern had been scuffed years ago—the pale-faced lanky girl working at something which reminded him of macaroni unduly developed—the intensely black hue of the ceiling, the cracked condition of the looking-glass on the mantelpiece, and the murkiness and obscurity of a dull old picture hanging by a half-frayed blind-

cord above it. He was a man of observation, though he took in everything with extraordinary slowness and gravity, as though he preferred his ideas to filter through his brain. He did nothing in a hurry; he had done nothing in a hurry for years, with the exception of flying into a passion at the opposition that encountered him at times, despite the respect and reverence to which his wealth should have entitled him.

Sarah Eastbell, ignorant of the visitor's name and position, glanced furtively at her great-uncle when she was sure that he was not looking at her, and thought what an overgrown and ugly man he was, and wondered why he was so pale, and whether even in his own heart he could imagine that those big slabs of iron-grey whiskers—pork-chop whiskers—were any ornaments to his exterior man. There had been high words in the shop between the visitor and Mr. Jennings; there was money to pay away, and Mr. Jennings had gone up-stairs to find it, or, failing in his search, to send down his sister to explain the necessity of calling again. In her father's time she remembered very vividly *rencontres* of this character. This heavy gentleman with the broad face was the poor-rate, or the water-rate, or the man who meant to cut the gas off, and he was not going to stand any more of Mr. Jennings's nonsense. Then the glitter of the jewellery upon the fat fingers attracted her, and she thought he could hardly be the "rates;" he must be a Jew broker come to bid for the furniture, or to cart it away on account of the payments not having been punctually kept up.

Suddenly his deep voice bayed forth at her and startled her.

"What do you want for it?" he said, and she looked at him now, and discovered that he was staring at the picture above the looking-glass.

"For that, sir?" she answered; "I don't think that it's for sale."

"What's the good of it up there?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Nor any one else," he said scornfully; "the gas, and smoke, and flies have made a mass of dirt of it."

"It's not dirt—Miss Jennings scrubbed it last Saturday," replied Sarah, in defence of the family cleanliness.

"Scrubbed it!" cried Mr. Simon Culwick, betraying extraordinary animation now.

"Yes—with soap and water."

"Mercy on us!" ejaculated Mr. Culwick.

He was utterly amazed and thrown off his guard. The sudden announcement of the death of his son would not have prostrated him half as much; he breathed with difficulty, and the eyes in his head seemed more than ever disposed to come out of it. This was an exceedingly funny old gentleman, thought Sarah Eastbell.

Suddenly he composed himself, and all his ex-

citement sank a long way within him, and left him as heavy as before, even a trifle sleepy, if Sarah might judge by the drooping character of the thick eyebrows.

"Soap and water are not the best things for pictures," he said in a low growl, "although it smartens them up a little. But that's a poor daub, which nothing would hurt a great deal."

Sarah thought so too, but did not answer. Mr. Culwick looked round the room again, and gazed thoughtfully out of window at the distant summer-house, its acute angle towards total ruin interesting him a little. Suddenly the white face was upturned towards the painting again.

"If it were ever so good, it would spoil up there," he said.

"Indeed, sir!"

"I might make a bid for it before I went away, bad as it is, if your brother would not mind taking it down presently," he continued; "it's impossible to make out what it is like up there."

"It's a girl's head, I think."

"It might as well be a sheep's," growled Mr. Culwick. "Can't you get it down now before your brother comes?"

"He is not my brother—only one of those who have been kind to me in this house."

"Oh!—they are kind people here, then?" he inquired, still looking at the picture.

"Very good, and very kind."

"And very rich," he added scornfully, and with not too much good taste.

"No, sir; very poor. That makes their kindness and their goodness all the more grateful to me," she said thoughtfully, "and all the more precious to God."

"Eh—what?" said the big man, taken aback by the sudden earnestness with which his companion spoke.

"And if you have come to do them a bad turn, I—I—hope you'll think about it twice, sir," cried Sarah, leaning forwards, with the tears swimming in her eyes, "for they are honest, hard-working people, and deserving of your charity."

"I have nothing to give them," he said very firmly, in reply.

"If you have nothing to take away from them, that will do. They only wish to be left alone, to have time given them to turn round."

"Oh, do they?" and once more the eyes glanced up at the picture which had attracted so much of his attention, and even weakened the motive force that had moved this huge mass of man's flesh to Hope Street, Camberwell; "does Mr. Reuben Culwick want time to turn round too?"

"He, sir!" exclaimed Sarah with a musical little laugh, "why, no."

"I wish he did; he would be more tractable and respectful," muttered the father to himself.

"Mr. Reuben Culwick is a gentleman," cried Sarah, full of eloquence now, "a real born gentleman; the son of the richest man in Worcester."

"Has he told you that?" said Simon Culwick with more eagerness.

"No, but I know it for myself. I have lived for some time in Worcester, where Reuben's father is well known."

"I should think he was!" said the other conceitedly.

"He is not a gentleman like the son is—not a bit of a gentleman—but a proud, hard man, without a morsel of love for his own boy."

"You must have had all this stuff from Reuben. He talks against his father all day here, I see."

"He never mentions his name. Once when I spoke of his father he was very angry with me."

"And who are you?" he rejoined.

"A poor girl whom he tried to rescue from the streets—his second-cousin—very much below him in the world, who was first afraid of him and doubtful of him, but who has learned to love him very much for all his kindness. If I am ever saved," she cried enthusiastically—"and Lucy thinks I shall be—it will be Cousin Reuben who led me to the light, when there was nothing but darkness about my awful life. He want time to turn round!" she cried scornfully, "why, he's above all help from mortal man, sir."

"He saved you, and you are his second-cousin. What's your name?" he said sharply.

"Sarah Eastbell."

"The girl who tried to pass bad money down in Worcester?"

"Ah!—yes! That's true, sir, most of it."

"But not all of it," said the thin hard voice of Lucy Jennings, who had come down-stairs noiselessly "There was no guilty knowledge. The money was given her to pass by a scoundrel."

"It is the usual story—every one trumps up that excuse."

"Her story will be believed; it has been already believed," said Lucy.

"I don't care whether it is or not. It is no business of mine," replied Simon Culwick.

"Yes, it is," said Miss Jennings, flatly contradicting him, to his indignation and surprise, "for that child is your sister's granddaughter, and you have the honour of your family to consider."

"Confusion!" exclaimed Mr. Culwick, his face darkening as he spoke; "what's the honour of my family to me? I can't look after it—I don't know anything of my sister's relations—to my own sister I haven't spoken for years. Hasn't my son Reuben told you that? he seems to have kept you well posted up in my affairs."

"Your son has not told us much; his mother, who died in this house, was more communicative."

He started at the mention of his wife's name.

"Ay—I don't doubt it."

The bushy brows were knitted again ominously, and there was a suppressed emotion in his voice which he found it difficult to disguise, and which Lucy Jennings was quick enough to detect. She did not address him again, but took a seat near Sarah Eastbell, and left him to himself. He was a sufficient study for her, without breaking in upon his reverie. He was worth watching, and thinking about. A word from this man could change the whole future of another man's life—lift Reuben Culwick from respectable indigence to riches—set him apart from this narrow sphere for ever. What had he come for, but to clasp his son to that broad chest, and offer his forgiveness and forgetfulness for all the past wherein they had not agreed? This was the return visit to Reuben's at Sedge Hill some weeks ago; the old man was lonely, and remembered at last that his own flesh and blood had stronger claims upon him than the rest of the world. And yet she did not like his face; the more she looked at it the less she liked it, and him to whom it belonged. It was an apathetic and yet miserable face, into which no one would look for charity or brotherly love; there was a poverty of expression in it, that said very little; and there was an arrogance, or self-conceit, or something akin to it, that said too much.

His head began to move again amidst the creases of his thick black stock in its old mechanical fashion, and the eyes were upturned to the picture once more.

"Do you want to sell that thing?" he said to Lucy.

"What thing?"

"That old painting over the looking-glass."

"Is it worth anything?" asked Lucy curiously.

"A couple of pounds, perhaps, if it were touched up. I would not mind giving a couple of pounds for it, as a speculation."

"It's worth considering," said Lucy.

Mr. Culwick regarded Miss Jennings with more interest.

"I'll take it away with me, if you like," he said; and Lucy Jennings looked hard at him.

"My father used to talk of that picture," said Lucy, "but when I tried to sell it, there was only five shillings offered at Jones's."

"About its value; but still I don't mind a couple of sovereigns."

"It isn't mine to sell."

"What—whose picture is it then?"

"My brother John's."

"Will he part with it for two pounds?"

"He would part with his soul for two pounds, almost," said Lucy acrimoniously.

Mr. Culwick relapsed into silence, and Lucy looked at the picture instead of at him, as if curious to see where the gentleman had discovered two

pounds' worth of value in the article. Presently he said—

"Where is your brother?"

"Busy," said Lucy.

"Can't he take it down—can't you get it?" he went on with anxiety; "I'm too heavy to stand on these shaky chairs, or I would reach it myself."

The love of the man for pictures seemed affecting his mind; he woke up to so much interest and anxiety concerning John Jennings's one specimen. He had met with a surprise here, and it had taken the thoughts of his son out of his head, till Lucy recalled him to himself.

"If you will go up-stairs to your son's room, and wait for him, I will bring the picture to you."

"Doesn't he live with you? Has he apartments here?"

"To be sure. You did not think that he shared our troubles as well as his own, and made our home and our lives part of his?"

"I have never thought about it," was the answer.

He thought of little save himself, Lucy Jennings fancied, and she was about to tell him so, with that charming outspokenness which was one of her most forcible traits of character, when she restrained her tongue.

"Where's his room?" asked Mr. Culwick, after this.

"The first-floor front; up those stairs."

Mr. Culwick rose at once, and toiled with difficulty up the stairs, like a man anxious to be rid of objectionable company. He went into his son's room, where the appointments surprised him by

contrast with the room which he had quitted; where there was evidence of comfort, if not of luxury, and where there were many shelves of books. He walked to the table, and looked down at the letters and papers; he walked to the window, and looked out into Hope Street; he walked to the mantelpiece, and peered in a short-sighted way at a photograph, from which he suddenly bobbed his head back as though he had been stung. It was the portrait of his wife, reverently enshrined in a gold frame. There was a huge arm-chair in the room, into which he cautiously lowered himself, and set his hat by his side; but he rose with the alacrity of youth again as Lucy came in with the picture in her hand.

"I am glad you have got it down. Great heaven, what a state it is in!" he said, taking it from her hands; "you have rubbed it most infernally."

"I hope it will amuse you till your son returns," said Lucy, "and I give him the good news that you are waiting for him."

"Good news!" said the other in an ironical tone, as he stooped over the picture still.

"It will be good news, surely," said Lucy, "for you have come to this house in a contrite spirit."

"In a what?"

"In a spirit of peace and good-will—to forgive him, and to ask forgiveness in return for your own hardness of heart—to forget the past, and be friends."

"Pooh! Nothing of the sort."

END OF CHAPTER III. TWENTY-FOURTH.

LOVE-STATIONERY.



VALENTINES in December seem to be as much out of season as snow in harvest, or partridge-shooting on the 14th of February.

The blind little god who is specially charged with the management of these matters, however, is rarely inactive; and behind the scenes just now he has a great host at his command, making mighty preparations for his forthcoming campaign, which, judging by the nature and extent of his operations, threatens to be as mischievous as ever.

A stroll through a valentine factory is somewhat disenchanting. The dainty, delicate missives, "beautiful as love and fragrant as roses," with which the stationers' windows burst into radiance in the depth of winter, properly speaking ought not to be manufactured at all. They ought to be the creation of some magic wand, or at least should be the work of fairy hands, and should be imported from a region of moon-lit groves, pale flowers, perfumed fountains, and aerial lyres.

This, however, is not precisely the origin of valentines.

The inquisitive explorer who visits the premises of a manufacturer of these fancy goods just now, for the purpose of seeing the process from beginning to end, may perhaps be conducted, in the first place, into a barely furnished apartment, occupied by five or six silent individuals, who might as reasonably invoke the inspiration of Venus as Sophocles might that of Melpomene.

These are the artists of the establishment, and this somewhat cheerless apartment is the fountain-head of pictorial sentiment.

They are not a particularly sentimental-looking group either. It is of course impossible to say what silent raptures may be trembling beneath those white blouses of theirs; but viewed from the outside these artists have a decidedly sedate and matter-of-fact aspect, and, apart from special inspiration, might be supposed to have outlived the tender passion. At least one of them clearly has done so, and is devoting the experience of grey

hairs to the castigation of youthful follies by means of burlesques.

He has a sheet of white paper and a stick of charcoal, and is engaged in producing the rough draught of a very large young lady, with a very small bonnet, a crinoline, and an infinitesimal dog.

Another is engaged upon a very clever little water-colour sketch of an amorous subject, while a third has before him a similar sketch which he is lithographing—that is, drawing with ink or chalk on a slab of stone, preparatory to its being printed by the lithographic process.

In the next room this printing is being carried on. Brawny-armed mechanics are turning out a strange medley of lovers and bowers, flowers, birds, hearts and arrows, bachelors and pining spinsters.

Some of the sheets produced at the presses in this room are now cut up into sections, and handed over to the superintendent of the valentine-makers. Others have to be embossed. For this purpose the engraving of a steel plate is necessary, and this often entails a very serious expense. It is not by any means unusual for a plate, no larger than a sheet of note paper, to cost twenty guineas: The parts of the design to be brought out in relief are engraved in soft steel, which is then hardened and thus fitted to sustain a pressure of several tons.

In the next apartment these plates are being used. An operative sits in a hole in the floor, beside a very powerful screw-press, worked by means of a beam six or eight feet in length, at the ends of which are globular masses of iron, designed to increase its momentum. The picture to be embossed is laid upon the steel plate, and placed in the bed beneath the screw, which is then brought down with a terrible thump. There are several of these presses at work in this room, one or two being engaged in the embossing of lace-paper, which enters largely into the composition of valentines.

This lace-paper, however, as it leaves these presses, still requires to be perforated, and the way in which this is done is curious. The embossing plate is fixed upon a bench; a sheet of the paper which has been impressed by it is laid upon it, and carefully though expeditiously adjusted, and is then subjected to a vigorous rasping with a large flat file, wrapped in sand-paper. This rubs away every portion of the paper which is supported by the projections in the plate beneath, and of course, when the sheet is turned over, the parts of the design which were merely depressions have become holes.

Specimens of the entire productions of printers, embossers, and perforators, together with foreign importations in the shape of ribbons, feathers, shells, and ornaments of various other kinds, are now spread upon a table, presided over by one or two clever young women, upon whom devolves the duty of designing the valentines.

The object they have to aim at is, of course, the production of the greatest possible variety of striking and pleasing effects by the combination of the materials before them, and the most successful are adopted as patterns for the other hands.

Nothing, it is said, can be more capricious or whimsical than the selections of the public in any matters of taste, and in the case of valentines this is especially observable. Very frequently the particular designs which the most experienced of manufacturers would pronounce to be triumphs of taste and originality prove utter failures in the market, and the great hit of a season may be some production which barely escaped the waste-basket.

Only a very rash and inexperienced maker, therefore, will produce any great amount of stock until orders come in. Travellers and their sample-books are already abroad, however, and the production of goods now on order is being rapidly proceeded with. Here is a large room, fitted up with long benches, and occupied by some scores of girls of various ages. Each girl has on one side of her a pile of incomplete valentines, and on the other a heap of little objects of some one kind, which it is her duty to add—little bunches of flowers, or glittering mottoes, or aching hearts, or breaking hearts, or trusting hearts, or hearts transfixed by arrows, or it may be a heap of unfledged little Cupids. The audacious little god is unceremoniously picked up on the point of a gum-brush, thrust up into the brightest of blue skies, and the sheet is passed on ready for the next stage, each girl usually adding only one feature to the general design.

The poetry of valentines is a study, and so, perhaps, would the poets be if they could conveniently be got at. They, however, are not usually kept on the premises, and it is to be feared that they have not participated in the general progress of the business; for the experience of shop-keepers is rather against the effusions of the bard.

The longer the poem, the more time is occupied in reading it, and consequently the longer it takes to serve a customer. What with the study and discussion of artistic embellishments and poetical effusions, it is sometimes found to take no small portion of a day to serve a sixpenny customer. Condensed feeling, therefore, compact and concentrated emotion, combined of course with a sparkle and originality, is what is required of the "Seven Dials poet," and for such of his lucubrations as are accepted, threepence a line is the usual remuneration. Not such very bad pay either, one is apt to think, until it is considered what brain-cudgelling and paroxysms of poetic rapture have probably been expended in spinning unavailing yards upon yards for every line that finds acceptance, to say nothing of the time he may have to spend in seeking out those who are open to purchase lines of any kind.

MNEMOSYNE;* OR, THE RETROSPECT.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.



"THE MOONLIGHT ON HER CHEEK OF SNOW."

STILL were the azure fields, thick strewn
With stars, and trod by luminous feet ;
In the low west the wan white Moon

Walked in her winding-sheet—
Holding her taper up, to see
Thy cold fair face, Mnemosyne.

* The Greek name of the goddess of Memory.

And on that face her lustre fell,
 Deepening the marble pallor there,
 While by the stream, and down the dell,
 Thy slow still feet did fare ;
 Thy maiden thoughts were far from me,
 Thy lips were still, Mnemosyne !

I knew thee by a simpler name,
 Fit for a maid of English birth,
 And though thy beauty put to shame
 All beauty born of earth,
 Not till that night could my soul see
 Thy soul's dark depths, Mnemosyne !

At last thy voice thrilled soft and low—
 "Oh, blessed be the silent night !
 It brings strange life of long ago
 Back to the soul's sad night—
 It trances sense, and thought is free
 To tremble 'through eternity.

"Oh, thinkest thou this life we live,
 In this strange haunted planet nurst,
 So mystical, so fugitive,
 Could be the *last* ? or *first* ?
 Nay, I *remember* !"—Pale stood she,
 Fronting the west, Mnemosyne !

The moonlight on her cheek of snow,
 The starlight in her raven hair,
 Her eyes in one divine dark glow
 On heaven, she waited there—
 "Nay, I *remember* !" murmured she,
 The earthly maid, Mnemosyne.

And as she spake, it seemed I saw
 Before me, in the mystic light,
 That old Greek woman's shape of awe,
 Large, lustrous-eyed, and white—
 The twilight goddess, fair to see,
 With heavenly eyes—Mnemosyne !

The haunter of green moonlit tombs,
 The reader of old midnight lore,
 The glorious walker through God's glooms,
 Back looking evermore.
 I shook, and almost bent the knee,
 Naming the name, "Mnemosyne !"

"I can *remember* !—all the day
 Memory is dark, the past is dead,
 But when the light orb fades away,
 And from the void o'erhead
 Heaven's eyes flash open, I can see
 That lost life !" said Mnemosyne.

"Before this mortal sphere I trod,
 I breathed some strange and silvern air ;
 Ay, wandered 'mid the glooms of God,
 A living soul, up there ;
 The old lost life comes back to me
 With starry gleams of memory.

"I can *remember* !"—In a trance,
 O love, thou didst upgazing stand,
 Nor turned from heaven thy lustrous glance,
 While soft I kissed thy hand,
 Whispering that mystic name to me,
 "Mnemosyne ! Mnemosyne !"

And all the luminous eyes above
 Concentred one pale gaze on thine,
 While warm wild words of earthly love
 Poured in thine ears divine,
 Till, with thy soft lips kissing me,
 Thy soul saw mine, Mnemosyne !

A sense of that forgotten life
 Blew on our cheeks like living breath ;
 Lifted above the world's dark strife,
 Beyond the gates of death,
 Hand linked in hand, again lived we
 That starlight life of mystery.

Go by, bright days of golden blooms !
 She shrinks and darkens in your gleam ;
 Come, starry nights and glistening glooms,
 And deepen that sweet dream ;
 Let her remember ; let her be
 Priestess of peace—Mnemosyne.

O child of heaven, the life we live,
 In this strange haunted planet nurst,
 So mystical, so fugitive,
 Is not the last, nor first ;
 That lost life was, new life shall be—
 So keep thy name, "Mnemosyne !"

POVERTY PASTURES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EPISODES IN AN OBSCURE LIFE."

III.—THE GOLD-FISH DEALER.

"**B**LESS yer 'eart, sir, I don't call myself a poor man now. I'm goin' ahead like the Flyin' Scotchman, that's what I am. I mean to keep a banker afore I die. Any'ow, I'll 'ave a bird-shop, please the pigs. Precious 'ard up I've *been* in my time—'ad to buckle in my belt, as they say, when the chimes began to play, for I couldn't git no

dinner; an' now, jest you look at my room—ain't it fit for a gen'leman to live in? No, no, I hain't got a missis—if I had, it wouldn't be so tidy. My fish is my family."

So spoke a cheery-looking, bright-eyed, brown-skinned fellow, lightly attired in checked shirt, moleskin trousers, and "stocking-feet" (to borrow a Scotch phrase), who lolled in an old rocking-

chair, with his legs on the table, and a pipe in his mouth, in the little chamber which he praised.

It was a "first-floor back," in one of the dreariest parts of the great parish of St. Pancras. It looked out on a chaos of squat, grimy houses, and cramped back-yards, tall chimney-stacks, black gasometers—full or half sunk in their tanks—railway arches and metals crossing and converging, and a muddy canal almost blocked up by the big, clumsy, dirty, untidy barges, which lay alongside wharfs heaped with bricks, drain-pipes, lime, and dust. Its immediate outlook, however, was on a beautiful little oasis in that hideous desert. The tenant of the little room had turned the flat roof of the projecting kitchen or wash-house beneath into a little garden. In one corner he had piled up slag into a rockery, and planted it with ferns; mignonette, balsams, a bushy, small-blossomed, old-fashioned fuchsia, Tom Thumb geraniums, London pride, and wall-flowers, all thrived more or less on the flat roof. A potted arum curved its graceful stalk, and lighted, so to speak, the flowers beneath with its ivory spathe and golden spadix; and in the middle of the garden stood a washing-tub, with canary-plant twined about it, and gold and silver fish, the man's trade stock, noiselessly gliding round and round within. Inside the room were more flowers—a creeping-jenny trained on a fan-frame, and musk-plants cascading in green and gold over pots slung from the ceiling. The furniture had evidently been picked up second-hand, a chair and so on at a time; but, although worn, it had a "natty" look. On the top of the turn-up bedstead, which, when turned up, made a very fair substitute for a cheffonier, stood a canaries' breeding-cage. Outside on the window-ledge a lark fluttered its wings over a shamrocked sod in its bow-windowed home, and on one of the walls hung a framed coloured engraving (given at Christmas by one of the illustrated papers) of a mottled melon, green and purple grapes—all kinds of bloomy fruit, a massive chased goblet, wine blushing richly in the bulb of a slim-necked flask, and a tropical bird—I forget whether a parrot or macaw—of gorgeous plumage. My luxuriously lolling gentleman in the shirt-sleeves—Peter the Fisherman was the name he went by—had evidently an eye that revelled in colour.

"I'd allus a likin' for nice-lookin' thinx an' natur," he remarked in the course of conversation—"flowers an' birds an' sich. Flowers don't eat nuffink, but birds would come expensive, on'y, yer sec, I do a little in the dealin' line with them as well as the fishes. I allus like to 'ave a bird for my own like, though I'm allus a-changin'. Some I sell, an' some I swops, and then, yer sec, when I work the country, I'm bound to git rid on them, becos I couldn't trust no one to look arter 'em while I was away. No, my rent ain't runnin' on

for nuffink then. I can allus git summun glad enough to take my room, and it ain't everybody I'd let 'ave it. I've made it snug, and I want to keep it snug till I git my bird-shop I've set my mind on. But then, yer sec, I couldn't trust strangers like to look arter the birds. 'Tisn't as if they belonged to 'em. The flowers is different. If it don't rain, 'tain't much trouble to give 'em a jug o' water now and again.

"I was allus fond o' fishin'. 'Ampstead ponds, and 'Ighgate ponds, and the New River, and the Lea, I used to go fishin' in when I was on'y a bit of a boy. I've been so tired I could 'ardly drag my legs along comin' back. Up the river I go mostly now, when I've a chance. Last winter I caught a whoppin' barbel—ketched 'old on its tail, an' lugged it out with my 'and, I did—it was that numb with cold. Folks don't make much count of 'em to eat, but they ain't bad if you bile 'em with a bit o' bacon. I know when I should ha' been glad enough to git as good a dinner without the bacon.

"My gold-fish, in course, I buys. Well, I *have* bought 'em at a pinch in the Dials, but it wouldn't pay if I was allus to buy 'em there. There's the second profit, you understand. Mostly I buys 'em of the 'olesale men. Pretty nigh all we sell is English fish. They breed 'em in the country in warm water. Yes, I've heared that gold-fish come from Chaney. There's only one pond where they'll breed there, I've heared tell. They've bred pretty free helsewheres. Some comes in ships now, but not nigh so many as the English fish. The little uns is pretty nigh black, an' then they turn gold and silver. Sovs and Bobs I calls 'em. Yes, I've heared that they're a sort o' carp like, and them stories about carp livin' so long that they got blue-moulded. P'raps it's true, p'raps it ain't—who's to say? Any'ow, gold-fish don't live for 'underds o' years—lucky for us they don't; and I know I shouldn't like to git old like that. What's the good o' yer life when you're past enj'yin' of it? About the blue mould and that, it don't come from age. You'll see warts like on gold-fish sometimes. No, it don't cost me wery much in the way o' feed. The little uns can pretty well shift for theirselves, but the big uns wants bread-crumbs.

"Talkin' about carp, do you see that scar in my finger, sir—there, that white pucker like, inside? When I was a boy, father got a job down at Colchester, and we went to live there for a bit. I'd been bathin' in the river at a place they call the Sheafen Farm, and was a-lyin' on the bank dryin' of myself, when up swam a 'whoppin' carp. Precious sharp-set he must ha' been. I pulled out my boot-lace, and tied a crooked pin on, and stuck a bit o' bread on it, and let it down afore his wery nose, and blest if he didn't gobble it, and I lugged him out. And so when I got 'ome I must clean

my fish myself, and cut myself. Mother put some salt in, and stopped the bleedin' arter a bit, but jest didn't it smart!

"Poor old mother! Now as I'm gittin' on, an' could make her comf'ble, I wish I'd got 'er to live along o' me. She were a good mother to me, and it do seem 'ard that she should ha' 'ad all the downs, and none o' the hups. I'm not a marryin' man—I never cared pertikler for any 'ooman 'cept mother—I never 'ad ne'er a sister; but I should like to see old mother à-settin' waitin' for me when I comes 'ome. I should enj'y my lifé twice as much. It's lonesome like, 'avin' on'y yer hown self to fend for. Poor old mother! When father died—he'd 'ad a drop too much, poor chap, and slipped as he was a-comin' back'ards down a ladder—the hod as he was a-carryin' tripped him some'ow, an' down he come upon 'is 'ead—that was the hend o' my old dad. He wasn't sich a bad chap when he were sober, but when he'd got the beer aboard, he'd beat poor mother awful. Well, when he died, poor mother was left with a lot o' us boys. Some was big enough to ha' 'elped 'er, but they didn't. They went off on their own 'ook, an' left 'er and us little uns to git on jest any'ow. She was allus at work, or a-tryin' arter it. She'd never been a big 'ooman, but littler an' littler she got, till she looked as if she'd blow away if she didn't put a brick in her pocket for ballast. I can't downright say she died o' starvation, for she'd 'ad a bit o' bread to eat the day she died, but that's pretty nigh what it come to—'unger, an' cold, an' 'ard work, an' no work. It was a bitter day, the day she died. I borrowed an old broom, an' went out to sweep doorways.

"'Tom,' she says—for Peter's on'y a name folks 'as give me some'ow—'Tom,' she says, as I was a-goin' out—'Tom,' she says, 'give me a kiss.'

"An' she kissed me jest as she used to when I was a little kid. We 'adn't kissed one another afore for I don't know 'ow long. Bless yer 'cart, sir, when poor folks is a-starvin', they hain't no time for kissin'—that's on'y put down in the poetry-books.

"'You've been a good boy, Tom,' she says.

"It was a long time afore I could git a job that day, for the snow kep' comin' down, an' folks wouldn't 'ave their doorways done jest to be as bad as ever next minute. But at last I got three jobs all alongside o' each other, and as soon as I'd got the money I ran back wi' it to mother. We'd have a better feed than ordinary, I thought, if we had to go without next day. But when I got back, she was sittin' stooped over the fireplace—there worn't no fire in it, or her clothes would ha' been alight. It was gittin' darkish, an' I felt skeared—she sot so still.

"'Mother,' I says, but she never took no notice, and when I ketched 'old on 'er she was cold an'

dead as could be. That was 'ow poor mother came by 'er death. She's buried in old St. Pancridge Churchyard. Leastways, she was, but when the new railroad come along, she an' a lot more poor folk was dug up and carted away somewhere. I'm uncommon glad she kissed me afore she died, an' said I'd been good to 'er—though I don't rightly know 'ow, 'cept that I 'adn't been quite as owdacious as some o' the tothers.

"Poor old mother!—but frettin' won't do 'er no good, an' wherever she be, she 'oodn't want to keep me from enj'yin' of my life, poor dear, jest 'cos 'ers were a 'ard un. I'd allus a likin' for enj'yin' of myself. What else is your life guv ye for, if all thinx was ordered as they ought to?

"It's queer, but my luck turned a'mos' d'reckly arter mother died. I fell in with a very decent chap in the Brill—a còster, as took me about wi' him, an' I stayed along o' him till I could start for myself. He worked gold-fish sometimes, and I'd the lookin' arter 'em, an' that's what put it into my 'ead—let alone my bein' allus fond o' sich thinx—to work 'em myself when I started on my own 'ook. I goes about wi' a barrer in winter, but the fish an' the bird-fancyin's what I like, an' I hain't done bad at it. I should go in for pigeons if I'd the 'commo-dation for 'em 'ere; an' now an' then I pick up a tidy dawg, but I hain't 'commo-dation for them neither. I like to keep my place clean, an' that yer can't do if you've dawgs, an' no run for 'em. Hows'ever, I 'opc to 'ave my little shop afore long, an' then if yer want anythink in my line, sir, I'll sarve ye as reas'nable as you'd git 'em anywheres. If it's fish yer want, I've some real 'ansome fellers in my tub there—the Round Pond in St. Pancridge's Park, I calls it.

"Who's my customers? Well, I do tidyish all round about London—where there's willers with little tables in the front winders; a glass globe with silver an' gold-fish in it makes a pretty horniment for a parler winder. Yes, I sells globes as well as fish. In course, I can't cart a lot about wi' me, but I git 'em for them as wants 'em. Some queer customers I come acrost at times. One day I was in the 'Ackney Road, when it was a deal respectabler than it is now, an' gen'lemen as went to banks an' the like o' that every mornin' in the 'buses lived in them two-an'-two 'ouses wi' back gardings and a little bit in front, that's let off in rooms now, or else there's shops built out in front. Well, I was a-goin' along with a globe-ful, and a little boy and gal that was goin' in at the gate o' one o' them 'ouses wanted their mar to buy 'em a couple apiece, but she said as they'd die, an' she couldn't afford it; an' I couldn't prewail upon 'er, though the little uns was so disappointin' they looked fit to cry. Well, I'd jest got beyond Cambridge 'Eath Gate—there *was* a pike there then—when up there come peltin' arter me a sea-farin' lookin' gent—a jolly

chap, that looked as if he'd jest come ashore, in his best togs, to enj'y 'isself.

"Ah, you're the man," he says, and blest if he didn't buy the 'ole bilin' on 'em, glass and all. 'They're for my nevv'y an' niece,' he says, an' into a cab he whipped wi' 'em.

"He might ha' saved the toll, for there was a hempty cab standin' jest on the tother side o' the gate, but, bless yer 'eart, he didn't stop to think o' that.

"Go ahead, cabby," he sings out, when they were through the gate, an' off they went, with the water an' the fish bobbin' out hover his blue trousis, an' him pickin' the fish out o' the stror by the tails, an' larfin' fit to crack his sides.

"I met the cab comin' back, an' the cabman a-grinnin'. He chucks up 'is 'and to show me what the sailor gent 'ad give 'im for that bit of a ride.

"He's a good sort," says he.

"An' a good customer," says I; 'I wish I'd got some more to sell 'im.'

"When I went by the 'ouse, there was the fish on the little table in the front winder, an' the little gal hup in her uncle's arms, a-kissin' on 'im as if he'd been sugar-candy. No, he worn't a mite the wuss for liquor. He was jolly to git ashore, an'

'e'd done a kind haction, an' so he was enj'yin' 'isself. That's 'ow folks allus talk. They're so grumpy mostly themselves that when they see a cove enj'yin' o' 'isself, they say he's been drinking.

"I go country rounds as well, an' that's what I like best. The fish go off freer, an' I like walkin' in the country—when it don't rain; an' if it do, you can git under a tree. I like 'earin' the rain comin' down on a tree like a big humbereller. An' everythink smells so sweet in the country, an' there's the birds a-singin', an' the rabbits poppin' out afore yer wery feet, an' the cows, an' the country people. They're jest like the cows, they look so jolly sleepy—they're never in a drive like London folks. An' then there's the flowers—why, bless yer 'eart, there's gardings where they grub up them beautiful white convolvuluses, as if they was weeds. All over the 'edges they grows.

"Yes, there's queer customers in the country, too. There's one old gent I sarve out Ongar way. A lot I sell 'im every year, but there's none left next. It's my belief he eats 'em. Any'ow, he axed me once if they was best b'iled or br'iled. That's *his* way o' enj'yin' 'isself, I reckon. Seems queer, don't it, sir, when he could buy salmon every day it's in season? But everybody to 'is likin's my motter."

THAT BOY'S ADVENTURES.

A TALE FOR THE CHILDREN.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

DRAWING LOTS.

"DIKILIOUS!" said the first mate. "No time for amendments. Kill the second airman."

So he was killed.

"If you please, sir," said Rear-Admiral Jiggers, "I can't eat this man without Harvey Sauce; he's so tough."

"What!" cried the first mate, furious with anger, "will you never be satisfied? Hunger is the best sauce." (Hence the origin of this expression.) "Kill Jiggers—we shall want him soon—and let him hang to get tender."

A general rush was made at Jiggers. He was a philosopher as well as a rear-admiral. He merely smiled at the remaining four—the two men and the two boys.

"I'll have my revenge," he said, with a merry twinkle of the eye—"I won't keep."

And he didn't.

They were obliged to gobble him up fast, and this gave them rather a surfeit of food, so that for some days they did nothing but look out for a silk, and at Sawbones' suggestion hoisted a signal of distress, by fastening all the sticks they could muster to the end of a white pocket handkerchief. Atlength, however, the pangs of hunger again grew severe.

"Let us draw lots," said one.

So they drew lots, and the lot fell upon Fi, who, as Sawbones remarked, was not such a fat lot after all.

"If ever you get to Moon, Mr. Mate, sir, and see my mother, please give her my love. Tell Fe he may have my dominoes, Fo my knuckle-bones, and Fum my silver spoon and fork."

These were the last words of Fi previous to dying. In three days they drew lots again, and the lot fell upon Surgeon Sawbones. Now Sawbones, as everybody knows, was a perfect lunatic.

"I am resigned," said Sawbones. "I have only one request to make."

"What is that?" asked the first mate, brandishing his knife, while Bob stood close by to render assistance if necessary.

"That I may be soup. There's that within me which tells me I should make excellent 'potage.'"

"Dikilious!" replied the first mate; "there's no water, and no fire, and no pot."

Then Bob shuddered as he killed Sawbones, and he and Bob being uncommonly hungry, they fell upon him and soon ate him up.

And now things began to look queer, especially for Bob.

He was, however, rather surprised to find that both he and the first mate, in spite of their sufferings, had grown enormously since they had been in the parachute.

"It's very curious," said Bob, "but I'm more than double the size I was."

"Not curious at all," said the first mate. "We were at first seven. We are now two. Soon we shall be only one. Now what I want to know is, where is them five men? Where's them two common airmen? Where's Jiggers, Fi, and Sawbones? If there's seven men (or even boys) and six of 'em eats one, that one's divided among 'em somewhere. If five of 'em eats another, why, then there are two divided among five, because the five not only divide the second man, but they also divide his share of the first man which he has inside him, and so on it goes in what we called at college 'gobblecombt-rical progression,' till it comes to the last term. Well, we two have divided five between us, and so as a matter of course, allowing for wear and tear, we are each of us two and a half times as large as we was."

"That's it, no doubt," said Bob, "but what's to happen now?"

The first mate didn't answer that question for three days.

"What's to happen now?" asked Bob again, getting ravenously hungry, and thinking of the Honourable Mrs. M'Stuffinchild's supper-table with a sigh.

"Well, my boy," said the first mate, "if it comes to fighting, I'm the stronger. But hang it, I'll act fair. Lots it is."

So lots it was, and the lot fell upon the first mate.

"Cut away," he cried in the most cheerful tone, at the same time holding up his left leg. "This is the fattest calf. Cut away; you'll find it very tidy veal."

But Bob thought he would rather die than take even one bite.

"Choose a nice steak," said the first mate, handing Bob his own large knife. "You'll find me plump and juicy."

"I couldn't, my dear friend, I really couldn't. So kind and good as you have been to me!" and he began to cry.

"Oh! don't mention it. I'll promise not to disagree with you."

But Bob couldn't and wouldn't. So they sat and looked at one another for two days more, and then the first mate suddenly jumped up, and seizing Bob's hand, gave it such a squeeze that Bob almost squeaked with pain.

"Look behind you!" he cried.

So Bob looked behind him, and then for the first time he saw that they were within a few minutes' sail of the Moon.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH. THE LUNATICS.

THE parachute alighted on the side of one of the mountains of the Moon, and was instantly surrounded by a large and excited crowd of lunatics.

Bob, weak with hunger and watching, became quite confused with the number and vehemence of questions propounded to him.

"Who are you? Where are you? Why are you? Where are the others? Are there any others? If there were any others, where would they be? If not, why not? Where did you come from? Where are you going to? Who's your hatter? How are your poor feet? Is Queen Anne really dead? What did she die of? Was it of a Tuesday morning?" with many others too numerous to mention.

"Don't say a word," whispered the first mate, as he stepped out of the car on to *luna firma*, "these are only rustics. We will just walk down to the village, and take a trap to Hanwell Hatch. I know where we are. We shall not have more than a ten-mile drive."

So Bob helped the first mate to take the parachute to pieces, and folding it up into a comparatively small compass, they gave it into the hands of several lunatics, who seemed quite proud of the distinction.

Then they all started off, and walked down the mountain-side to the village below. Several of the lunatics kept running in front, and looking back as though they expected something fresh. The younger ones turned wheels and played leap-frog. A few, whose noses were redder than the rest, stopped at a road-side inn called "The Half-earth House," and drank a decoction of drugged poison and water over it, as though the arrival of two strangers was a very thirsty matter indeed.

"Want a trap," said the first mate, on arriving at the village inn.

"Then you can't have it," said the landlady.

"Why not?"

"Because there isn't one," she replied.

"Oh! come," said the first mate, "that's all earthshine. I'm quite sure you've a trap somewhere."

"Perhaps yes, perhaps no. Anyhow not for two common fellows like you," and the landlady's nose began to curl.

"Common!" exclaimed the first mate—"why"—and then he whispered something in the landlady's ear.

Immediately her whole manner changed, and a most accommodating smile spread all over her countenance.

"Oh! I'm sure if my lord would condescend to step into our 'umble abode, while the chaise is a-

getting ready, we shall be honoured, I'm sure." Then in a loud angry voice, "Here, Tom, get the chaise ready immediately to convey my lord Bob and his valet to Hanwell Hatch."

"Lord Bob and his valet!"

The news spread like wildfire among the villagers. There was quite a large crowd outside the inn in five minutes. The local reporter for the largest circulation in the Moon traced his family from a remote past to a distant future, at once commemorative and prophetic, after the fashion of reporters. The local photographer arrived to take his portrait, and as Bob refused to give him a sitting, he followed him about the village with the camera, on the chance of "doing him" if he paused one second to look into the general shop, and ultimately succeeded in producing a misty "carte" of his back parting, which had a tremendous sale. The local collector of autographs respectfully requested his lordship's signature, but as this also was denied, the collector evolved one out of his own consciousness, which did just as well, and was much admired for its novelty in B's. The local poet had two stanzas knocked off in no time, and was going in for a third.

"Bother the people!" said Bob to the first mate, "what on Moon have you been telling them?"

"Only said you was a lord, and me your walley. That's the way to get what you want. They thinks a deal of a lord here, but then they're only lunatics—eh?"

The trap arrived at last, and Bob and the first mate stepped in amid the cheers of the villagers.

"Good-bye, my lord," said the landlady, dropping a curtsy; "you'll not be in before night-fall, but there's a bright earth, and we've no clouds here, my lord, none whatever."

"We're in the spinning trade again now," said the first mate, "a rewolwing on our axle-trees again."

"Indeed!" said Bob, and then he held his tongue, and looked at the country.

The country was very precipitous and rugged. Some of the mountains were of a great height—higher, Bob thought, than any he had ever heard of on earth. The roads also were very steep, and what tremendous climbs for the poor animal! It may have been only ten miles to Hanwell Hatch, but it took over four hours to accomplish the journey. However, after the sun went down, there was plenty of earthlight, as the landlady had predicted, and the chaise at last rattled down the principal street of the town, and pulled up at the "Airman's Home."

The first mate went in, and saw the manager, whom he knew very well, and having borrowed some money of him to pay Tom, he dismissed that

young lunatic highly pleased with an extra tip. Then they had supper, which, although not of the choicest description, we may be sure they heartily enjoyed, as being the first really comfortable meal they had had for some time; and after supper they gathered round the fire, for it was bitterly cold, and they told the tale of their sufferings in such pathetic strains that tears rolled down the cheeks of the manager's wife, as she sat crouched in the chimney corner, and listened to their adventures by Moon and air. They told how a furious storm had destroyed the *Airy Belle*; how the captain, the crew, and all the passengers had perished in the air; how they had risked all in the parachute; and how, after many days' exposure and privation, they had landed on the mountain-side at last.

"And where's them as was with you?" said a stern voice, from a dark corner of the manager's room.

Bob and the first mate both turned suddenly round. They had not at first noticed any one in the room but the manager and his wife, but now they saw the figure of a dark fierce man. "Who are you?" said the first mate. But as he received no answer to this question beyond a deep grunt (which is not significant of any one in particular), he coolly walked to the end of the room where the man was, and pulling up the blind, allowed the full light of the earth, which was now shining very brightly, to fall upon his face.

With a shudder at the heart, they recognised the collector.

"Why, I thought——" began the first mate.

"Yes, you thought, you thought, you thought I was dead. You thought there was no one to ask questions. You thought you could come your tricks at Hanwell Hatch, and no collector to——"

"Hold your tongue," said the first mate; "as your superior officer, I command you to be silent."

"Tell me then, where's them as was with you? Where's Rear-Admiral Jiggers? Where's Surgeon Sawbones? Where's Fi? Where's them two common airmen before the balloon? And you young fellow, where's them three-farthings?"

Bob's hair began to stand on end, but the first mate maintained a wonderful equanimity.

"I reserve my defence," he said; "at the proper time, and at the proper place, I will offer explanations."

Then they all went to bed.

"Bob," said the first mate, as he wished him good night, "it's the greatest mercy you didn't eat me. We're too big as it is, especially you, but that long fast after we finished Sawbones brought us down wonderfully. Good night."

The next morning they were both in custody.

SECOND-COUSIN SARAH.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

A SERMON.

THE reputed wealth of Simon Culwick, of Sedge Hill, Worcester, his position in the county, or his opinion of himself, did not exercise any restraint upon the peculiarities of the young woman who confronted him; who leaned across the table, and unceremoniously snatched from his hands the painting that she had placed between them. There was no respect for persons in the mind of Lucy Jennings, especially when her blood was up.

"What do you mean by nothing of the sort?" she exclaimed, and at the ominous flashing of her eyes Simon Culwick's lower jaw dropped; "haven't you come in all humility, and kindness, and Christian charity to this house?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Culwick, making a stand for it.

"Not to take Reuben back to your home?"

"No."

"Not to reinstate him?"

"No."

"To wound him and his pride afresh, perhaps?"

"That's very likely."

"Sit down, please, while I talk to you," said Lucy very feverishly, and at the young woman's excitement Mr. Culwick glared in mute amazement. He subsided into the easy chair at her suggestion, however, and Lucy Jennings laid the picture on the table, took a chair facing him, and planted her thin hands on her knees.

"Have you ever thought what is to become of you, old man, when you are closer to the grave than you are now?"

"Eh?" said Simon Culwick.

"When you are dying, and all your pride and wealth are not worth that," she continued, with a quick snap of her fingers, so close to his face that he winced, and drew back his head with alacrity.

"When all the money which you have made will not afford you one moment's comfort," she went on, "and all the dark deeds of your life will rise up to appal you."

Mr. Culwick turned pale, and breathed hard. He was not prepared for this onslaught; he was wholly dumbfounded.

"When you will be alone, awfully alone, without one good thought of your life for a sinking soul like yours to rest a hope upon. Mercy of heaven, man, have you not given one thought to all this?"

"You—you wretched woman!" cried Mr. Culwick, finding breath to reply, and clutching the

arms of the chair with both hands, and shaking them in his rage, "how dare you speak to me? Do you know that—that I have never been talked to in this way in my life—that this is an unwarrantable liberty from one in your position?"

"I don't care for your position," cried Lucy Jennings; "I wouldn't change my position for yours for twice your money—for fifty times all that you have hoarded together, and hardened your soul with. What are you but a selfish old sinner?—who broke his wife's heart, and turned an only son out of doors, and who must stand before his God—ay, sooner than he thinks, perhaps," she added, with an angry bang upon the table that shook the whole house, and took Mr. Jennings down-stairs with a headlong plunge, under the impression that his stock had exploded—"to answer for both crimes."

"Look here," shouted Simon Culwick, "I have had enough of this."

"You will hear me out," said Lucy, backing against the door with her chair, as he rose from his seat; "you have come of your own free-will to this house, where no one is likely to be afraid of you. You are here boasting of your want of affection, bragging of the possibility of wounding one afresh whose life you have already darkened, and I will tell you what is to become of you hereafter."

"You are a fanatic. You're raving mad," said Simon Culwick, dropping into his seat again.

"My mission has been amongst much poverty and crime, and I have grown old and irritable in my efforts to preach and pray to those who hate to listen."

"I should think they did."

"But in all my life's experience," she continued, without heeding him, "I have not met a man so full of uncharitableness as you."

"You know nothing about me—you—"

"Don't interrupt me. Listen for a few minutes, and then say what you will."

Simon Culwick ground his teeth, but he did not interfere again. She was certainly mad, and it was wise policy, he had heard, to allow mad people to have their own way, so far as it was consistent with personal safety. He had chanced upon a spitfire, a terrible woman who shrieked at him terrible things; it was his own fault for coming into low neighbourhoods, and he must bear with it as best he might. The woman was a nightmare which he could not shake away; there was a fearful eloquence of description in her, too, that commanded attention, cut down his pride, and shook his own confidence in his great grand self. All this might

cling to his memory—though he would never own it, for her impudence—throughout all his after years, till he came to his grave, concerning which the woman raved so freely. It was a bitter sermon, with no quarter in it, and he shut his eyes, and feigned to be asleep—a weak attempt at imposition, for he shuddered visibly after every sentence.

It was his ruling passion ; success in business, present power, future happiness, were not upon his mind now in any great degree.

He went back to the picture, and knitted his brows at it, as a man might do intensely puzzled with a problem of more than ordinary difficulty ; he took it to the window ; he placed it on the



"A MAN POSSESSED BY ONE IDEA."

"There, I have no more to say," she exclaimed at last. "Now think of it, and do your duty, as I have done mine, before it is too late."

There was a slamming of the door, and he opened his eyes to find that his tormentor had gone. He rose at once, and took his hat.

"What a horrible creature !" he muttered ; "I will not stop another moment."

He was half-way towards the door when the picture attracted his attention again, and he stopped.

He hid himself in the curtain-folds, behind the light, to gaze at it ; he put his hat on the floor, and sat down with the picture in front of him, and began rubbing it carefully with the palm of his hand ; finally he thrust his hands into his pockets, and stared at it, forgetful of time and place, and of the main object of his visit. He was a man possessed by one idea.

There were feet ascending the stairs now, lightly and springily, and he might have remembered their

echo if he had listened, but he was past listening. There was a voice he should have recollected as belonging to old days, when he had been proud of his son, and almost loved him, but he did not hear it. It was far beyond his dream-world, upon which another "original" had dawned. It was only when the handle turned sharply, and the door opened that he awoke to the consciousness of where he was, and what figure had come into the room from the world that was so different to his own.

"Father," said Reuben Culwick, as he advanced towards him.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

THE OLD IDEA.

THE son went towards his father in the same cordial manner which he had adopted in his memorable Worcester visit, and offered his hand to him. The father half hesitated, as in the old fashion, and then shook hands with Reuben coldly and limply. It was evident that warmth of heart had not brought him to Hope Street; there was no regret for past mistakes—for long years of disunion—to be detected in the greeting.

"You have come to see me, then," said Reuben, "and I am glad."

"You haven't much to be glad about at present," replied the father; "I was in the neighbourhood, and I thought that I would call and see where you were lodging, and what you were doing. I haven't come from Worcester expressly to see you."

"It does not matter; pray don't apologise," said Reuben lightly, as he took his seat at the desk, opened it, and glanced carelessly at the letters and papers which had arrived.

"I'm not apologising. I never apologised to any one in my life. Why should I?"

"Why should you not, if you have done any one an injury?" was the calm rejoinder.

Reuben placed his papers aside, clasped his hands upon his desk, and regarded his father steadily. These two men never agreed; they seemed to have met even then especially to aggravate one another, thought Lucy, who had not been able to resist the temptation of taking her place on the mat outside the door. She was interested in the result of the interview. It was doubtful if Reuben would ever relate the particulars. It was not idle curiosity, but a deep concern for the welfare of her lodger, that placed her there as listener. Good might follow her full acquaintance with all the details, certainly no harm!

"I never did you an injury; you did all that you could to humiliate and defy me," said the father.

"It is hardly a clear statement of affairs, father, but I will not contest the argument. I called and apologised last May, if you remember?"

"Humph, it *was* an apology!" said the father ironically.

Reuben did not reply. There was a quick answer on his tongue, but he repressed it. He had no more to say until his father had explained the object of his unlooked-for visit. He had no wish to irritate him; on the contrary, he would be glad to make peace, and end the unnatural difference between them, at any sacrifice, except that of self-respect. If Simon Culwick had come of his own free-will, and in the fulness of his heart, he would be happy presently; but the nature of his greeting, the method of his address, warned him that it was not the father's love for a son that had brought them face to face. He had never been loved. The father had seen long ago his preference for the mother, and hated him for it; he was almost certain that Simon Culwick was without the power of loving any being upon earth, Simon Culwick, perhaps, excepted.

The father was not apparently in a hurry to state his business. Idle curiosity might have led him to the place, for he said, after a long pause—

"This is a very wretched hovel for a man like you to exist in."

And his mother to die in, sternly and persistently refusing to the last to make any claim for assistance to her husband, Reuben could have added, but he kept back the retort which came uppermost.

"I have grown used to it," was the reply.

"You were brought up like a gentleman—you might have been a gentleman now—and yet you are in this hole."

"And still a gentleman, if you will allow me to say as much as that," added Reuben Culwick significantly.

"You may call yourself what you like, but no gentleman would dream of living here."

"Some people have odd dreams."

"And as for that beast of a woman down-stairs—she preaching, canting fury with the hatchet face—I'd hang myself sooner than live within twenty miles of her!" cried Simon Culwick; "if I had seen a heathen, she could not have raved at me more."

The hatchet face against the outer panel of the door burned a little, but did not wince.

"Miss Jennings is a well-meaning but highly inconsiderate woman. What has she been saying to you?"

"What hasn't she been saying?" exclaimed his father; "I have been insulted—I have been treated with the grossest disrespect."

"Has she been pleading in my interest?"

"She has been making a fool of herself altogether."

"Has she been pleading in my interest?" he asked again.

"Yes—in her way."

"That was a grave mistake. It was officious and unwise, and I apologise for her intermeddling,"

said Reuben ; " she is a poor woman who knows no better, I assure you."

Lucy Jennings clasped her hands together, and sank her head upon her breast. He had not a good word for her even then !

" She is not the only champion you have in this house ; there's that girl Eastbell, too. Who on earth would have thought of her being here !"

" She's one of my clients. But she hasn't said anything to you ?"

" She has said a great deal too much."

" Now, bravo, Second-cousin Sarah ? What did she say, father ; what was her style of treating the question ?"

" Ask her ; you don't think I have recollected all the cursed nonsense that I have heard in this place ?"

" You cannot have forgotten it, yours is an excellent memory," said Reuben drily.

" Ay, for many things—for hard words spoken against me—for injuries committed, and for favours despised, especially."

" You never forgive them."

" Why should I ?"

" There is something about forgiving that kind of thing in a prayer my mother taught me," said Reuben, very bitterly now.

The bitterness of his father's words had brought about his own, and he was a man of no degree of caution. He knew that the mention of his mother's name would anger the sullen being from whom the mother had separated, but he spoke out defiantly.

" I don't care about your mother's prayers," Simon Culwick cried furiously ; " the result of what she taught you has been proved by your vile disobedience to me."

" What she taught me we need not discuss at this late hour," was the son's reply ; " tell me what has brought you here, Mr. Culwick."

Simon Culwick hesitated still. It was no easy matter to explain the motive which had set him down in Hope Street, and the big eyebrows lowered again over the eyes.

" I have been thinking a great deal about you lately," he said at last ; " you have bothered me."

" Indeed !"

" You came to Sedge Hill—you were the first to write to me—the first to make advances."

" Yes."

" And although calling on me only proved that you were as obstinate as ever—that we should never get on," he continued—" still I accepted it as an apology."

" Or in the spirit in which it was meant," said Reuben ; " say that."

" And it struck me," he added, without saying it, " that there was some amount of respect for me in your heart, possibly some regret for all that has parted us."

" Well ?"

" Well !" echoed back the father, " if so, we might get on after all. Who knows ? I don't say that I can ever forgive you—that I am ever likely to forget—that I have even an idea of altering my will ; all that depends upon yourself."

" Well ?" said Reuben, deeply interested.

" You remember what we quarrelled about ?"

" Perfectly."

" I wanted you to marry Miss Holland."

" Yes."

" That is the girl whom you saw at my house last May."

" Yes."

" Then," he said after a strange fighting with his breath, " marry her now, and I'll forget everything !"

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

VERY SUDDEN.

REUBEN was prepared for many strange reasons for his father's presence in Hope Street, but this one took him completely off his guard. He sat back and glared at his father.

" You don't answer me," said Simon Culwick, in his old sullen and aggrieved tone of voice.

" Not at a moment's notice," was the answer ; " it is hardly my way. But——"

" Go on," said the father impatiently, as Reuben paused.

" Why do you wish me to marry this lady ?"

" Because I made up my mind that she should be your wife five years ago. Didn't I say so then ? Haven't I said to myself a hundred times," he added between his closed teeth, " that you should do as I wished, or starve ?"

" Pardon me, Mr. Culwick, but I am not obliged to starve because your wishes and mine do not assimilate," Reuben replied with grave politeness.

" Your mother set you against her—out of aggravation because she discovered that I wished the match—for no other reason, I swear," said the father ; " now consider this and let me know. Take five minutes, whilst I look at this picture again."

" Thank you, sir," said Reuben very calmly, " I will take five minutes, as you suggest. It's a short grace, but I shall have made up my mind by that time."

The father did not, or would not, perceive the irony of the reply, and he bent his face over the picture whilst Reuben sat and regarded him. There was no doubt or anxiety on Reuben Culwick's countenance as he gazed at his father ; he only seemed to have made a study of the big man before him, and to be interested in him rather than in his own chance of aggrandisement. He looked at his watch, in a business sort of way, and when the five minutes had expired he said—

" You have no further reason to urge why I should marry Miss Holland ?"

"It was my wish years ago," the father said imperiously.

"Very well," answered Reuben, "then I must decline to marry the lady."

"You—you fool!" blurted forth the father.

"There are many who would be of your opinion," said Reuben coolly, "for you are a rich man whose crotchets are worth studying, and Miss Holland is a pretty young woman, and appears to be amiable. Still, sir," leaning across the desk again as in the early period of their interview, "I will not marry her."

"So much the worse for you," said the father.

"So much the worse for my worldly advantages—for my chance of your money," said Reuben, shrugging his shoulders; "yes, I see that, and the prospect does not dismay me. I have been flung too long upon my own resources to be alarmed at it, and it was you, my own father, who cast me on the world."

"For rank disobedience—remember that."

"For believing in my mother, who was a woman grievously wronged. Will you remember that, too?" he said.

"I will not hear a word about your mother. She was ——"

"And I will not hear a word against her in the house where she died," cried Reuben, so sternly now that the father held his peace, cowed, perhaps, for the first time in his life by the son's severity of manner.

"I don't want your money," Reuben continued. "I should have been glad once of your affection, but I don't see my way to that any more clearly than I have done. And as for my future, I will make it for myself. I have done without your help all my life, and, please God, I will go on without it to the end."

"Go," said the father.

"It is the road of my own choosing, and I have friends to wish me God speed," Reuben continued; "I shall be happier following my own pursuits than truckling to you for your money's sake. I never cared for your money, by heaven! I despised it."

"You have said that before."

"I can earn my own living."

"So can a carpenter," said the old man.

"I have no ties—I have lost one little girl who was very dear to me, and whom I found more desolate than I was—and my ambitions lie so far away from yours that they can never possibly cross."

"I am not paying any attention," Mr. Culwick, Senior, remarked; "will you marry Miss Holland or not?"

"I have already respectfully declined the offer of the lady's hand."

Simon Culwick rose, buttoned up his coat, and set his hat firmly on his head.

"Good morning to you."

"One moment. Is Miss Holland aware of your proposition?"

"Certainly not."

"I am very glad of it."

"I don't see anything to be glad of," said Mr. Culwick, as he walked towards the door, where he paused, and looked at the picture. "I had forgotten that," he muttered, as he returned to the table, and where Reuben was standing the instant afterwards with the picture in his hand.

"You will pardon me, but Mr. Jennings will not sell this portrait."

"He has already——"

"Mr. Jennings will not sell it, I assure you," said Reuben, with great urbanity of manner, as he bowed once more to his father, with the picture pressed to his breast.

The father's face grew very dark again.

"It is because you think that the picture pleases me, that you try to thwart me in a petty affair of his kind, even," said Simon Culwick; "you would oppose me at every turn if you could—you would kill me if you dared."

"Mr. Jennings will not sell the picture until he has taken advice upon it," said Reuben, without offering any defence to his father's reproach.

"Advice!"

"It appears to me a murky daub enough, but then daubs sell, if they're old," said Reuben, "and he desire of an eminent picture collector to add it to his gallery engenders a certain amount of curiosity respecting it."

"It would cost twenty pounds to restore. Where are these firework-makers to get twenty pounds?"

"I will lend them the sum if it's necessary."

"You?"

"To be sure. I am of a saving turn, and by next post I expect twenty-five pounds that I shall not know what to do with."

"And you will not let me take that picture away; you oppose me in this too?" he said, between his set teeth.

"It seems to be my mission in life to oppose you everything," said Reuben satirically, "and I have been particularly unfortunate this morning. I cannot take a wife of your selection at a moment's notice, and I cannot allow you to make a good bargain at the expense of my own friends."

"I don't believe you have a friend in the world; your miserable temper wouldn't let you have any."

"Ah! I have been of that opinion myself, more than once in my life."

"It's my belief that I hate you worse than ever did," said the father, as he walked down-stairs, followed by his son with the picture under his arm.

"I am sorry to hear it," answered Reuben.

Mr. Culwick, Senior, descended the stairs with extreme care, and passed through the parlour and

shop without bestowing any further attention upon Mr. Jennings or Sarah Eastbell. Standing at the shop-door was Lucy Jennings, who was studying the houses on the opposite side of the way with great intetness.

"Will you allow me to pass, madam?" he said gruffly to her.

Miss Jennings stood aside as requested, and as he passed her, she said in a low tone—

"Try to remember how close you may be to your grave, before you leave this house as wicked a man as you entered it."

He glared at her defiantly; his fingers even closed upon the stick, as if the idea of striking her with it had suggested itself, then he stopped and put his face close to hers, eagerly and confidentially.

"A ten-pound note for that picture, and I'll take it away with me."

"You will take nothing away with you but our contempt," said Lucy, banging the door behind him, and shutting him out in the front garden, down which he proceeded slowly.

He turned in the direction of the Camberwell New Road, but altered his mind, and passed the house again, looking up at the window of the first floor, and even hesitating, as if the idea of re-entering had struck him; then he went on to Walworth Road, where he lost himself, and where his irritation broke forth into sundry awful oaths when every fresh direction he received only bewildered him, and led him into a deeper maze of streets. It was very strange, but presently he could not attend to the directions which were given him; they made his head ache, and rendered him so giddy that once or twice he stopped to recover himself before he had the strength to proceed. He gave up asking the way to London Bridge after a while, and looked on in a purposeless fashion that was new to him, until he found himself standing by a lamp-post in a crowded thoroughfare, thinking of his son, and then of his dead wife—which was very strange indeed—and then of Mary Holland, down in Worcestershire.

A Hansom cab drew up in front of him, and the driver bent himself from his seat in his direction.

"Cab, sir?" inquired the man.

"Yes," said Simon Culwick.

He did not marvel at his own folly in not calling a cab before; he stepped into it with difficulty, and would have dropped off to sleep at once, had not the driver asked through the trap in what direction he should drive.

"I don't know," said Simon Culwick, taking off his hat, and putting one big hand to his forehead.

"Aren't you well, sir?" asked the cabman.

"I'm very well, thank you, how are you?" said Mr. Culwick absently.

"Oh, I'm all right. Where to, sir?"

"To my boy's."

"Where does he live?"

"I can't remember—oh, don't ask me to think!" said Mr. Culwick piteously, and with his thick lower lip quivering.

"This is a blessed rum start," muttered the cabman; "can't you recollect any place where I can take you?"

"No."

"Ain't you got no friends?"

"No."

"Then hook it out of my cab, old man, and ask a perliceman to take care of you."

Mr. Simon Culwick did not move, and the cabman was about to expostulate more forcibly with him, when he said—

"Sedge Hill."

"Sedge 'Ill—where's that?"

"Straight on."

"Oh, you mean Ludgate 'Ill."

"As fast as you can go."

"All right."

The cabman whipped his horse, and drove off.

"How drunk he is!" said the cabman

Mr. Simon Culwick had not touched wine or spirits that day. It was not he who had given way, but something at the brain of the man who had been so strong and hard only that morning, and whose strength and obduracy might have been but the slow oncoming of his malady.

Still he was only a trifle giddy, he thought, as he dismissed the cab at the corner of Fleet Street, after paying his fare in a rational manner. His memory was bad, too, and he stood for a while against the obelisk in the middle of the road, trying to recollect why he had come to Ludgate Hill—why he had quarrelled again with his son Reuben—why he was so long a distance from him when he seemed to need suddenly and strangely his protection and affection.

"Hope Lodge, Camberwell!"

Yes, he was better. That was the place where Reuben lived, and that awful woman-preacher—where the picture was—a real Opie, as he was a living man! He would go back to Reuben and to the picture at once, whilst his memory was fresh. He was an old man, and terribly alone in the world, and the picture was worth two or three hundred pounds, and Reuben had not promised to marry Mary Holland yet. He stepped into the road, and made for the opposite side of the way. There were wagons and omnibuses and carts coming in all directions, and their drivers shouted at him, and foot-passengers screamed wildly at the danger which he had not seen for himself. His giddiness had overmastered him again, and he fell amidst clattering, stumbling iron hoofs, and whirling, grinding wheels, and it was beyond man's help to save him.

NO WASTE IN MANUFACTURES.

BY P. L. SIMMONDS.



ONE of the special features of the present day is what may be termed the economic application of every kind of material, old or new, and particularly the utilisation of formerly waste substances. It is hard to define very strictly the term "waste," for any material which is turned to use can scarcely be properly termed a waste substance. But there used to be thousands of raw materials, or the residues of manufactures, that were utterly neglected or unapplied. This is not so now. The wants of our manufacturers, the enhanced price of many raw materials, and the growing scarcity of largely employed substances, have led to greater thrift, more industrial applications, and the employment of substances formerly never thought of.

Although many countries are now turning their attention largely to this utilisation of waste, and experimentalising on new materials, yet Great Britain was the first to enter upon this field of inquiry, and to prosecute it largely with energy and with profit.

So important has the useful application of waste materials come to be considered, that at last a section has been specially assigned to it in international exhibitions, and it appears at Vienna this year for the first time.

Although waste substances and the residues of manufactures are by no means slightly or generally attractive to the public, yet they are suggestive and instructive when traced through all their stages of progress to the resulting finished product. And certainly at the Vienna Exhibition this new element of display is calculated to promote progress, and to help on civilisation. In the circular inviting exhibitors in this department, the Archduke Regnier, President of the Imperial Commission, well remarked that "it would scarcely be possible to find in the processes of manufacture, and in agriculture, an instance which shows to the same extent the really creative force of science, and the characteristic tendency of a nation to economise, as well as its endeavour to keep, like Nature, all within the circle of reproduction. Side by side with the increase and growth of wants, we see the quantity of useful material augment in a twofold manner. This is accomplished partly by making use of substances formerly useless, because their qualities were unknown, but still more by the use made of substances which, formerly considered as used-up, appeared to be of no value, and were

often incommodious, and in many cases troublesome."

The residues from our great textile industries are no longer allowed to go to waste. Out of the 600,000 tons of cotton which we work up, there is a waste of more than fifteen per cent. in the shape of strippings and flyings from the carding machine, droppings and blowings from the machine which cleans the cotton, and the sweepings or gatherings from the floors of the factory. Formerly this went to the paper-mill, but now Oldham has established a special industry in collecting and utilising this cotton waste, which is sorted into five or more different classes, and worked into yarn, which is made into wadding, cotton wicks for lamps, the backing for tapestry-carpets, twine, and for other purposes.

In the linen manufacture there are about 20,000 tons of flax waste, and the same quantity probably from rope and canvas, which gives a large total to be worked up again for various purposes—into oakum, "charpie," and marine lint, and for coarse paper making.

The jute manufacture—the special trade of Dundee—now furnishes an immense quantity of waste, which is beginning to be utilised by the paper manufacturers; and it is time that the ends or cuttings and other refuse should be turned to some useful purpose, seeing that we now import from Calcutta more than 200,000 tons annually of jute, besides the bagging and baling wrappers made of the same substance. This quantity far exceeds the aggregate of foreign hemp and flax imported.

Then of animal waste fibres we work up also large quantities. Used-up woollen goods pass to the manufacturers of shoddy, who tear them to pieces, use the fibrous parts blended with some new wool for the manufacture of cheap cloths, and send the dust to the manure dealers, to benefit the hop-grounds. Last year we imported 3,000 tons of these woollen rags from all quarters. Then we have also the waste wool and woollen garments from the 143,000 tons of British and foreign wool worked up yearly. The annual import of woollen rags or shoddy-wool is now equal to one-fifth of the amount of our foreign supplies of new wool. This rag-wool, after an admixture of new wool, is spun into yarn, and made into broadcloths, doeskins, pilot-cloths, druggets, and coarse carpeting.

The reproduction of a woven fabric from material formerly regarded as entirely waste and useless for such purposes, is a striking illustration of the adaptive ingenuity of the present day. More than one hundred firms and individual tradesmen in Yorkshire are engaged in the preparation and sale

of rags, shoddy, and mungo. The distinction between the two fabrics is that "shoddy" is made from soft woollen rags—such as flannels, blankets, stockings, and carpets; mungo from hard and fine woollen rags and new cloth cuttings. The shoddy factories, which are chiefly situated in Yorkshire and Lancashire, give employment to upwards of 3,000 persons, and there are besides upwards of 500 female rag-sorters.

The economic employment of silk waste, although recent, has become an important industry. In the reeling, winding, and cleaning of the silk, there is a good deal of refuse left. This, with the pierced and double cocoons, and the "knubs and husks," as they are termed in commerce, forms an aggregate import of about 30,000 hundredweight available for working up. These lose about thirty per cent. in cleaning and preparing, by getting rid of the gum, etc. Silk waste consists partly of noils from floret silk, and of thread waste from spinning-mills and silk manufactories. This waste silk for reworking is either combed or chopped into short lengths and carded. Machines employing and preparing it were to be seen at work in the Machinery Court of the London Exhibition.

Forming as silk does one of the most scarce and expensive of our textile materials, the utilisation of all the waste becomes of high importance. The reworking up of old silk pieces has not yet attained to commercial importance, although old woollen and cotton rags are again brought into service. Nor does there seem any probability of old silk fabrics (though much less worn) being reconverted by chemical and manufacturing appliances, while the present pernicious system of silk-dyeing is persevered in. The practice of heavily "weighting" silks, by adding drugs, etc., is now almost a mere tanning of the fibre, instead of dyeing, and renders the silk fragile and not lasting.

Now that coal is becoming scarcer and dearer, attention is being directed to other sources of fuel, and peat and turf are receiving more attention, while petroleum is also coming into notice for heating purposes, although scarcely a safe fuel. The more numerous our race becomes, the more will man be beholden to science for the adequate development of the ample resources provided by Nature for the necessities of the human race. What extensive tracts of peat we find scattered widely over the world, in many places useless—nay, in some cases worse than useless, spreading ague and fever far and wide! In several parts of the Continent, peat is almost the only fuel used, and recently in Canada and the United States, it has commanded much attention as a cheap and convenient fuel.

In its natural state, or merely air-dried, it has been much employed, although of very inferior heating power to coal; but when pulped and com-

pressed and thoroughly dried, as is done in Holland and Italy, it has been found capable of competing with coal and wood on equal terms, both for steam production and domestic use. Charred peat has also become an important article of consumption, as a substitute for wood-charcoal and coke. The more general employment of peat has frequently been discussed and recommended both here and in Ireland, but is more likely to receive attention now. When we consider that about one-seventh of the entire surface of Ireland is bog-land, it is not too much to assume that the peat-tracts will become to the sister kingdom what our coal-mines and steam-power have been to Great Britain—sources of industry, wealth, and public enterprise.

What importance now attaches also to the residual products of our gas-works, which were formerly cumbersome and difficult to be got rid of! Now these supplement largely the revenue of the shareholders, and form the source of important chemical and manufacturing industries, in the beautiful coal-tar dyes obtained, which have almost superseded some of the vegetable colours formerly so largely used. The coal-ashes, or breeze, and coke, the ammoniacal liquor, the waste lime in purifying, all have some economic value.

The siftings and small coal at the mouth of the coal-pits and in the coal-yards have, owing to the high price of fuel, an enhanced value, and are largely used for making patent or artificial fuel. The method most generally practised is to mingle it with some adhesive and combustible substance, like bitumen, pitch, tar, or rosin, and then mould it into cakes by pressure.

In Belgium the coal-dust is agglomerated into blocks by adding eight or ten per cent. of coal-tar, and about 255,000 tons are sold annually for heating locomotives. These blocks are very nearly the same density and weight as the solid coal, and they burn without giving obstacle to the circulation of air through the grate.

To utilise waste, and thus make a cheap fuel, is the chief end sought by inventors, who aim at reducing coal-slack to a form convenient to use for domestic or manufacturing purposes.

Nearly twenty years ago, John Bourne, in his "Treatise on the Steam-engine," pointed out the advantage of blowing coal-dust into a chamber lined with fire-brick, so that it might be ignited by coming in contact with red-hot surfaces, after having been mingled with the quantity of air necessary for combustion. There are now several large manufactories in the United States using pulverised fuel for furnaces and boilers.

But coal-dust has other uses; it is employed in foundries for moulds—and forms a good building material mixed with one-sixth part of cement. Besides the large employment of coke and cinders at home, we export about 342,000 tons, and nearly

200,000 tons of manufactured fuel of coal-dust are also sent abroad.

There are numerous other present useful applications of mineral waste that might be cited. Immense heaps of refuse, or "tailings," as they are technically termed, accumulate where mining operations are carried on upon a large scale, as in Australia and California. These contain a good deal of metal, which is now frequently economically recovered. The Chinese especially manage to make profits out of old waste-heaps. A mine-owner at the Sandhurst gold-field, in Victoria, sold the right to wash a large heap of tailings to the Chinese three times, and each time the men seemed satisfied with the result of their labours. There are immense heaps of tailings containing auriferous pyrites in Victoria, which, if properly stacked and operated upon on a large scale, would yield nearly all the gold they contain at but little cost of money or labour. The yield of gold thus obtained in Victoria from 1869 to 1871, by operating on about 8,200 tons, was at the rate of rather more than two ounces fourteen pennyweights per ton. At one large establishment twenty-five tons of pyrites on the average are now treated per week, the yield being at the rate of more than three ounces six pennyweights of gold per ton.

Some few years ago, the Greek Government sold for a mere trifle to two foreigners their right over the rubbish-heaps at the Laurium mines, which were first worked several thousand years ago, by the King of Athens, from the profits of which Pericles is said to have built the Parthenon. A company was formed to rework them, for it was soon found that even the *débris*, which had been cast aside by the ancients as worthless, possessed great value. Extensive beds of scoriæ, the refuse of the silver and lead mines worked during eight centuries by the Athenians, now yield to modern metallurgic skill some 7,000 to 8,000 tons of lead annually, which contains silver in the proportion of about one-half per cent. The company now conduct their operations on so large a scale, that a town containing 4,000 inhabitants has sprung up on what was formerly a solitude; a railway has been constructed to the nearest port, and a small vessel plies twice a week between Argosteria and the Piræus, for the transport of the argentiferous tailings to the roasting furnaces, of which there are twelve at work.

When sulphur became scarce and dear, owing to the monopoly in Sicily, our manufacturers, who depend so much upon sulphuric acid, looked about where they could supply the demand, and pyrites, a waste mineral substance, was seized hold of, and now we import upwards of half a million tons annually from abroad, of the value of more than £1,400,000, besides a quantity obtained at home. The residue of the iron pyrites, after extracting the sulphur, is used in blast and puddling furnaces.

There exist in various parts of the globe sea-

beaches and beds of titaniferous iron-sand, a material formerly valueless. Now it has begun to be utilised in various ways as a moulding sand, for making paint, and the manufacture of high-class steel.

Other instances of the useful application of formerly waste substances that might be cited, are the petroleum oils, now forming so extensive an article of commerce, the asphaltes, ozokerit, asbestos, etc., to say nothing of the immense trade in old scrap-iron, old lead and copper, and the recovery of tin from tin clippings. The slag and scoriæ of metals have now many industrial applications. The alkali and other wastes recovered from our chemical manufactures form now very profitable industries.

But independent of the utilisation of the residues from all our great manufactures, how many miscellaneous industries and important results have sprung from the scientific application of substances long overlooked or unthought of!

The silky vegetable downs clothing the seeds of many trees are now largely employed, here and on the Continent, for stuffing beds, quilts (in the place of eider-down), ladies' skirts, and for other purposes. The leaves of the fir are made into "forest wool," which is converted into hygienic flannel, wadding, blankets, and wool for stuffing mattresses. In the preparation of this textile material an ethereal oil is produced, which is employed as a curative agent, and for burning. The membranous substance and refuse are compressed into blocks, and used as fuel. From the resinous matter they contain, sufficient gas is made for illuminating the factory in which the manufacture is carried on.

It is found cheaper to dissolve or grind bones than to quarry limestone, crush it, and carry it to the land as a fertiliser; hence the enormous commerce in bones, of which we often import 100,000 tons per annum, valued at £660,000, whilst those collected at home are computed at nearly as much more. Bones of almost all animals are now imported as articles of commerce; whether wild or domesticated animals, they are made to yield parts of their skeletons for some useful purpose; and we import the bones of the giraffe, elephant, horse, cattle, and whales. We receive bones from all countries—from the great battle-fields, the pyramids of Egypt, and the seats of the large fisheries. Bone is an important agent in many manufactures. Several million shank-bones of oxen are worked up yearly for knife-handles, for tooth and nail brushes, combs, fans, button-moulds, and various other articles. Bone-grease, sulphate of ammonia, animal charcoal for the sugar refiner, and bone-black for the blacking maker, are other important resulting products.

Enough has now been stated to open up the general consideration of this important feature of national industry, and some of its ramifications may afford field for discussion in future articles.

DOWN IN DEVON.



"SHE OPENS."

HE clasps her hands beside the Teign,
 His partner in their summer dance,
 And as she touches his again,
 A something makes her countenance
 His sudden heaven !

VOL. VIII.—NEW SERIES.

I.

Two currents joined by gracious
 chance—
 Two young lives mingle in a glance
 And unaware tread Love's green lanc—
 Down in Devon !

Entangled both. His very feet
 Emmeshed, he moveth in a dream !
 And she, so still and awkward-sweet,
 Forgetteth quite herself to seem !
 The dancers scold her.
 What cares she how reproaches teem ?
 "No lissom maiden by the stream
 Can' crisp the tune with such a beat,"
 Thinks one beholder.

Those happy hours ! The couple climb
 The gold-and-emerald crusted stones,
 And crush the scents from heath and thyme,
 And 'rich the young oaks' rustling tones,
 And only know
 That, secret, each the other owns—
 That all the world is free from moans,
 And life and love's a pleasant rhyme
 For humming low.

"A ring ! a ring ! the shadows spread."
 Again her hand he gathers tight,
 Until—the scarf rests on her head—
 They rush apart in earnest flight.
 What freak is this ?
 Arise her neck, erst lily-white—
 Her gentle eyes are baleful bright—
 "Some other day," therein he read,
 "You'll claim the kiss."

II.

Impatiently he cracks the ferns
 That crowd the pathways through the Chase,

The frequent rocks he proudly spurns—
 Find him the cliff he would not face !
 A wind of winter shakes the Tors,
 And rocks the boulders on the Cleeve :
 But, ah ! her welcome warm indoors
 This down-in-Devon Christmas Eve !

What gives his eyes that eager glow ?
 What feeds his laughter sly and soft ?
 The magic in the mistletoe
 He waves exultantly aloft ?
 The rustic by his old cob-wall
 Smiles at the lover's ardent gait,
 And chuckles, as the berries fall,
 "She'll haply wait, she'll haply wait !"

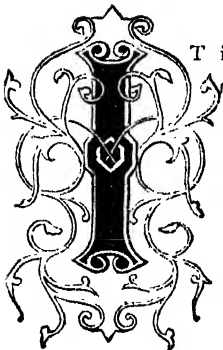
"The darling ! she was shy and proud,"
 He muses, "and—she had her way :
 But though my right she disallowed
 Beside the Teign that fragrant day,
 Unto my heart I vowed a vow,
 That she should answer kiss for kiss
 Beneath thy waxen berries, bough ;
 Come, precious moment, crown my bliss !"

No old folks' words of cheer for him,
 Or commerce in the young folks' glee ;
 His honest tongue *will* overbrim
 With its one question, "Where is she ?"
 She opens, as she moves the door,
 A sweeter chapter in his life,
 In coy pretence she shrinks no more,
 But gives the kiss—he takes a wife !

BYRON WEBBER.

THE LAND OF THE ASHANTEES.

BY MAJOR KNOLLYS, 93RD SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS, F.R.G.S.



It is rather strange, considering that the Ashantees have long been our neighbours in Western Africa, and we are at the present moment at war with them, that the public should know little or nothing about the nation in question. They are, however, no obscure people ; all surrounding nations have long feared them, and more than once even we have suffered considerable humiliation at their hands.

The Ashantee country consists chiefly of a high plateau to the north of the Protected districts on the Gold Coast. The river Prah, which is about 90 miles from Cape Coast Castle, separates the two countries. Including feudatories, the King of Ashantee rules over a country from east to west

about 332 miles, and from north to south about 200 miles in extent. The population is estimated at 1,000,000. From this calculation we exclude the Protected States, which are also claimed by the Ashantees as tributaries, and not without a show of reason. Our object is not to go into politics, but rather to show what the Ashantees are at the present moment. Unfortunately we possess but little authentic information which is of recent date. We are, however, justified in assuming that the Ashantees of to-day differ little from those of half a century ago, inasmuch as there have been few causes for change.

The country is populous and tolerably well supplied with provisions. From a point a little north of the Prah up to the capital, Coomassie, and to a distance of about 40 miles to the north of it, the country is undulating, intersected by a succession of streams, which in the dry season are but insignificant, and covered with tall forest trees and thick

bush. The towns and villages on the direct road from Cape Coast Castle are tolerably numerous, some of the former containing as many as 14,000 inhabitants. Round the towns and villages—both called Crooms—the bush is cleared for cultivation, the chief crops being corn, yam, plantains, and cassada. The live stock consists of fowls, pigs, sheep, and cattle. Palm-wine is made in abundance, and oil appears to be a common article of food. The so-called roads are broader to the north than to the south of the Prah, sometimes allowing six or seven men to walk abreast; in many places, however, travellers can only walk in Indian file. There are, as we have said, numerous streams, but none of any great size or depth, except the Prah, which is, in the dry season, where the Cape Coast Castle Road crosses it, as broad as the Thames at Richmond, but easily fordable by travellers on foot. About 38 miles from this point the road ascends the Mounsey or Adansi Hill, estimated at 1,600 feet high. The ascent is difficult, but a good road might be made without much trouble, for even by the present path it only takes half an hour to reach the summit. This hill marks the commencement of the Ashantee upland, the climate of which is a considerable improvement on that district lying between the hill and the sea.

Coomassie, the capital, is situated on elevated ground almost surrounded by a stream, the banks of which are marshy. This stream, or marsh with a stream running through it, varies in breadth between 20 and 100 yards, but even after heavy rain the depth does not exceed five feet, while ordinarily it is no more than two feet. The town is four miles in circumference. The four principal streets are half a mile long, and from 50 to 100 yards wide, and most of the streets are tolerably broad. The population is variously estimated at 25,000 and 100,000 souls. The palace is surrounded by high walls, and it is believed that there is a fort, otherwise the place is not fortified. The forest comes close up to the marsh, between which and the outer houses are gardens and plantations.

The whole Ashantee country is governed on a sort of feudal system, caboccers or captains being appointed governors of the different districts, and having subordinate caboccers under them. In the course of the numerous wars which have taken place during the last century, several entire kingdoms have been annexed by the Ashantees and their sovereigns, who hold the position of great feudatories, bound to furnish a contingent of troops when the king engages in war. It may be calculated that the King of Ashantee can, on an emergency, bring 200,000 armed men into the field. Fifty years ago, the Ashantee armies, on several occasions, numbered upwards of 80,000 men. In fact the army is the nation to a greater extent than

even in Prussia. The warriors are all under the caboccers of their respective districts, or under the subject kings above alluded to.

There seems to be a considerable amount of discipline among the Ashantees, and they are capable of manœuvring with fair precision. Neither do their leaders appear to be wanting in either strategic or tactical skill. An instance of the latter was afforded at the battle of Assamacow, in which Brigadier-General Sir Charles Macarthy lost his life, when they turned the flanks of the British force at the same time that they attacked it in front. The skill they display in conducting a march, and concealing their movements, would do no discredit to European generals. They generally send in advance scouts, in rear of whom come an advanced guard of two or three thousand men, who break up into small detachments, which never march save at night, and then only through the most intricate parts of the forest. When there is any fear of discovery, these parties betake themselves to the trees. Ashantee scouts have been known to remain for three or four days and nights up trees, watching Cape Coast Castle. In rear of these advanced parties comes the main body, the different divisions of which generally march by separate paths, in order to facilitate the obtaining of supplies. In rear of all comes the reserve, generally composed of Ashantee troops proper. It is said that so well are the precautions of the Ashantees taken, that a large army can sometimes remain for days in the heart of an enemy's country, without being suspected.

The food of Ashantees consists of a sort of gum, meal, and other substances which do not require cooking—for it is contrary to the military laws of the country for cooked food to be eaten during a campaign. The object of this rule is that the position of the troops should not be betrayed by the smoke and flame of fires. All baggage and provisions are carried by porters, mostly on the head. The majority of these porters are women, and the total number of camp-followers may be reckoned as being equal to the number of fighting men. The arms of the Ashantees are long-barrelled flint-muskets and blunderbusses—charged with loose powder and rough shot, consisting in many cases of iron ore—long knives, pikes six feet in length, and bows and arrows. Only the chiefs appear to carry swords, the latter being profusely ornamented with gold. The arrows are frequently dipped in poison.

Some fifty years ago, about a fourth only of an Ashantee army was provided with fire-arms, but now it is believed that almost every man has a musket, and it is even said that they possess Snider rifles. The chiefs do not, as in most armies, lead on their men, but place themselves in rear of their commands, prepared to kill any man who runs away. These chiefs are distinguished by their swords, and an

umbrella held over them. In order to show his calmness, a chief generally occupies himself during an engagement by playing at some sort of game. But if the chiefs are severe towards their men, they themselves are not less strictly called to account by the king for want of success. Consequently, when the day goes against them, they frequently sit down on a barrel of powder, and blow themselves up. They thus not only escape the inevitable punishment of failure, but also avoid the great disgrace of having their remains insulted by the enemy.

As a rule, none of the natives of this part of Africa give quarter to fighting men captured in action, and they even cut off the heads of dead enemies, which heads are from time to time, during the fight, laid at the feet of the chief of the band, as material proofs of prowess and success.

A certain number of the captives taken in towns are reserved either for subsequent sacrifice or as slaves, but a man who has received the mystical number of five wounds is considered doomed by the fetische, and is invariably slain.

Hostile princes and captains are almost always put to death on the spot, their skulls being kept as trophies, and the jaw-bones used as decorations of the war-drums. Sometimes the skull of a celebrated Ashantee king, carefully preserved, and enveloped in paper and silk covered with mysterious figures, accompanies the army as a fetische. To lose this is deemed a terrible disgrace.

Every chief has a special bugle-sound, which is known by all the Ashantees, who are thus able to tell the position or progress of the different divisions of the army. In fact the military organisation of the Ashantees, though rude, is very complete in its way.

A few horses are to be found at Coomassie, and they are tolerably numerous to the north of the empire, near the Kong mountains, but these animals soon die when taken to the south-western portion of the Protected districts. Moreover, almost the whole of the district south of the capital is unsuited to the action of cavalry. Indeed neither the chiefs nor King of Ashantee use the horse for purposes of war, but are either carried in what is called a hammock—*i.e.*, a board fastened at each end to a long pole—or in a sort of basket.

It is a peculiarity of Ashantee warfare, that no fighting ever takes place at night. Another peculiarity is that, out of the 365 days in a year, no fewer than 205 or 210 are deemed unlucky. On these no councils are held, and no movements which can possibly be avoided ever take place. The most unlucky day of all is Saturday, because on that day of the week one of their most celebrated kings, with all the troops who formed his escort, was surprised and slain.

The usual method of fighting is the following:—Each division of the army secretly and noiselessly cuts paths straight to the front, through the bush which covers the whole country. When the enemy is approached, these paths are joined by a broad road, running parallel and close to the front of the enemy's line. The advanced parties are then reinforced, and each man, posting himself under cover, opens fire, pushing on till the assailants are within a few yards of the foe. Every now and then a warrior dashes to the front, and seizing an opponent, the two strive who shall first inflict a mortal wound with the knife. Whoever is successful cuts off his adversary's head, and carries it off as a trophy. Very wary and crafty are the Ashantees. They make abundant use of stratagems and ambuscades, and their principle, when engaged with a powerful force of Europeans, is to avoid all direct attacks, but to exhaust the troops with constant marching. When, however, the Ashantees possess a large numerical superiority, they do not hesitate to engage in a pitched battle, in which case they generally combine flank with direct attacks. The courage of the Ashantees is notorious to those at all acquainted with their history, and it is a great mistake to imagine that they are easily daunted by the superior arms of European troops. At the battle of Assamacow, in which Sir Charles Macarthy lost his life, they were played upon by a piece of artillery, but though the fire from the latter cut regular lanes through their ranks, their advance was not checked. On another occasion they resolutely attacked Annamaboe, in spite of an incessant discharge of artillery, and poured such a constant and well-directed fire on the embrasures, that the guns could not be worked.

As we have already remarked, the government of the country is Norman feudalism. With this, however, is combined a despotism thoroughly Oriental in character. Each district is under a caboceer, or subject king, who is bound to bring a contingent of troops whenever called upon to do so; but no ruler of a district is in reality more safe from the king's tyranny than the meanest peasant.

The monarch keeps up his authority by a complete system of espionage, and when any one is summoned to the king's presence, he never knows whether he is to be promoted or slain. If an offender can obtain time to utter the king's name, he is for the time safe. Consequently, the royal messengers sent to arrest an offender contrive to approach him secretly, and to plunge a knife through his cheeks ere he can pronounce the word which would save his life. Punishments among the Ashantees are summary, very slight opportunity of justification being afforded, and generally consist of death. There are, however, for offences not committed against the king, minor

punishments, such as fines, or slavery. Criminals are generally sentenced by the king in person, though no doubt the caboceers, or governors of districts, do a good deal of justice or injustice, as the case may be, on their own account. Still, so despotic and far-reaching is the power of the king, so perfect the spy system, that no one, whatever his rank, but is liable to be summoned to court to answer an accusation which he never hears till his arrival.

The king, though a despot, nevertheless consults with his chief men when any important matter is on hand, and, with all his power, is by no means insensible to public opinion. Indeed public opinion has before now made itself felt, and caused the abdication of a king who neglected his duties. The kingly office is hereditary.

The title of the sovereign of Ashantee is Sai, which word is, as was the case with the Pharaohs, prefixed to his name.

The religion of the Ashantees is fetichism, the fetische being the spirit which takes under its charge a river, a place, an image, a doll, or a man. If an Ashantee overcomes another man, he says or thinks that his fetische is superior to that of his opponent. With childish inconsistency, the natives of this part of Africa frequently beat the image which represents their fetische, when it fails to obtain them their desires. There is some obscurity about the precise meaning of the word "fetische," the following extract from Dupuis may therefore not be deemed out of place:—"Any exclusive power or faculty in human nature is deemed an inspiration of the fetische, such as sleight-of-hand, necromancy, invocations of departed spirits, and witchcraft. . . . The talismanic charms and sentences from the Koran, worn about the body, have the same appellation in common; and generally whatever is held as sacred, including trees, stones, rivers, or houses, whether ancient or of recent dedication to any invisible spirit or matter, is comprehended within that signification. Thus, if a man should swear by the religious observances of his ancestors, an interpreter would say he called upon his fetische to witness the truth, and the same invocation may be applied to other cases, where the oath is upon trivial affairs. An invocation of the wandering spirits or genii, which also bear the name fetische, is considered inviolable."

A curious custom among all the inhabitants of that part of Africa, is that of burying people under the flooring of the huts which they occupied during life.

Domestic slavery prevails among the Ashantees, but is in practice a far less cruel institution than might be supposed. The masters are afraid to treat their slaves cruelly, for fear of being bewitched by them. Indeed the slaves are often as well off as their masters, and themselves possess

slaves. The slaves consist of captives taken in war, negroes brought from the interior, and men who have committed some offence.

Polygamy is universal, a man's social estimation depending on the number of his wives. The king is allowed to have as many as 3,333, and it is considered disrespectful on the part of any of his subjects to approach that number.

The king's wives are held particularly sacred, and when they appear abroad, all persons are obliged on pain of death to get out of the way, or at least, turn their faces away. The morality of the Ashantees is not very conspicuous.

Among other customs of the Ashantees may be mentioned their habit of swearing by Accromantie, near which place one of their most celebrated kings was surprised and slain about a century ago, and by Saturday, on which day his death took place. This is deemed a most awful oath, so much so that it is only indicated by a paraphrase. Another singular custom is that when a great man takes part in any solemn meeting or affair of State, he is preceded by his parasites holding their noses, and shouting out his titles of honour.

The wealth of the Ashantees is very great, but owing to the circumstance that though the king is the legal heir of all his subjects, he generally contents himself with taking such unwrought gold as may be found among the deceased's effects, almost all the precious metal is converted into ornaments. It is asserted that at Coomassie the chiefs are perfectly weighed down by these ornaments, and sometimes require a slave to support their bracelet-covered arms. Bowdich, when he visited Coomassie half a century ago, saw one man who carried on his person no less than 1,600 oz. of wrought gold. Notwithstanding, however, this device, the king accumulates enormous treasures, for he levies a tax of twenty per cent. on all manufactured gold, and a heavy percentage on all gold found in the mines. All nuggets found in his territory also go to him, and, further, he reaps a considerable revenue from the taxes on commerce, and tribute from conquered provinces.

The most revolting circumstance connected with the history of Ashantee is the practice of "customs." These are of two sorts—one called the Yam, and the other the Adai custom. The former takes place in September, and the other three times a week throughout the year. At these, human beings are sacrificed as a religious observance. Upon any important occasion, supplementary sacrifices occur. Dupuis, who in 1823 went on a mission to Coomassie, relates that previous to his State reception by the king, nine victims were sacrificed. Most of those put to death are captives taken in war, or criminals. When a king or great person dies, a large number of slaves—as many as a thousand sometimes—are sacrificed, in order to form a suitable retinue for

the deceased in the other world. The sacrifice of prisoners is conducted in the most cruel manner. Dupuis tells us that he saw a captive prince who had been compelled to assist at the death-song by which the execution of his brother with dreadful torments was preceded.

The climate of the Ashantee country is tolerably healthy. Dupuis, who travelled to Coomassie in February, states that the temperature ranged between 75° and 93°. In the forest it was from 80° to 82°, and in the plantations and cleared spots, from 8° to 10° higher. As soon as the sun sets, there is a sudden fall of several degrees, which fall is very trying and dangerous. The dry season commences about the beginning of September, and lasts till the end of March, but this period of so-called dry weather is broken by the second rains, which begin about the end of September, and do not cease till the end of October. Indeed, rain occasionally occurs during the winter, and tornados are frequent.

In conclusion we may observe that the Ashantees are by no means the ignorant savages we have been in the habit of thinking them. They have shown on many occasions that they possess much military skill, and their diplomatic sagacity is well known to all who have had anything to do with them. They are very fond of debating, and in their councils there is often much display of eloquence.

Neither can it be said that they are faithless to engagements and treaties; indeed, in that respect we have much more reason to be ashamed than they have. Very tenacious of their dignity the kings have always been, but at the same time they have ever shown, in dealing with Europeans, a command over their passions which is not usually a characteristic of barbarous rulers. They fully appreciate the advantages of trade with, and the friendship of, their white neighbours; but the fact is, our position with regard both to the Ashantees and the Protected States—the inhabitants of which, by the way, successive kings of Ashantee have always claimed as subjects—is so undefined, that it is no wonder that constant wars and complications have occurred.

The religious rites and the social customs of the Ashantees are no doubt barbarous in the extreme, yet, strange paradox, the Mussulmans, of whom there are thousands resident in Coomassie, have ever been treated with respect and toleration. As in most similar cases, it seems probable that better knowledge of the resources and intentions of each other will lead to a permanent good understanding between the Ashantees and the British. In the meantime, however, King Coffee Calcalli must be thoroughly convinced of our power, and of the fact that forbearance on our part by no means signifies either weakness or cowardice.

THAT BOY'S ADVENTURES.

A TALE FOR THE CHILDREN.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

THE YOUNG BAILEY.

"FUST case," said the judge, taking his seat on the bench, with his wig on wrong side foremost.

"Murder on the high airs."

"Where are the prisoners?"

Then Bob and the first mate were led forward.

"State case."

"This 'ere willain, milud, was the fust mate of the *Airy Belle*."

"Which was lost, I think, lately, on a voyage from Earth to Moon."

"The same, milud."

"Well, who's the boy? Looks fat."

Bob took a sly pull at his belt, to try and get it up another hole. It wouldn't come.

"Nobody knows, milud, except that collector says he's no money."

"Oh! then he must be a bad character."

"These two, milud, 'scaped along with five others."

"Well?"

"Which their names are Jiggers, Sawbones, Fi, and two common airmen."

"Well?"

"Well, milud, these two willains comes safe to Moon in the same parachute as they left the *Airy Belle* in. They thought all hands had perished on car the b'lloon. But, milud, one was saved, and he meets them face to face, the very night they landed, at the 'Airman's Home.'"

"Call collector."

"Yes, milud."

So collector was called.

"Swear collector."

"Yes, milud."

So collector was sworn.

"Now, collector, tell me what you know about this case."

Then the collector entered into his story at great length. He spoke of Bob in the most contemptuous tones, as a youth who positively had no money.

He next described the storm with much graphic power: how nobly the captain had behaved in determining to die at his post; how meanly the first mate had sneaked off at the moment of danger. He also told the story of his own deliverance: how

he had lashed himself to the stick of his umbrella, and had thus been buoyed up for five days; how two stout female passengers had tried to do the same with their parasols, and had hopelessly sunk; how his hunger had been so severe that he had even gnawed the bone handle; how at length he was picked up by a trading b'lloon, and after receiving every kindness from the captain and crew, had been landed in safety at Hanwell Hatch.

Then he described the unexpected meeting at the "Airman's Home," the guilty looks of the first mate when he was asked where the others were, the impossibility of their existing so long on such a little food, and his own suspicions, judging from their healthy, stout appearance, that they had killed and eaten the missing five.

"Why, milud," said the collector, "that boy is three inches taller and thirty pounds heavier than when he left the b'lloon."

"I told you so," whispered the first mate to Bob, "you would eat so hearty."

"A very suspicious case," said the judge. "What have you to say, prisoner? Where are your companions? Where is that distinguished physician, Dr. Sawbones? Where is Rear-Admiral Jiggers, and the rest? Do you admit the general truthfulness of the collector's statement? Did you leave seven in all in the parachute?"

"We did, milud."

"How many days' provisions had you?"

"Five, milud."

"Then how did you subsist for so long?"

"Why, milud, the others died, and so we had their share of the food as well as our own."

"Good, very good," said the judge. "What do you say to that, collector?"

"I say, what did they die of?" replied the collector.

"Yes, exactly. Oh, yes, of course. I was just going to ask that myself," said the judge. "Yes. Now, first mate, or rather, I should say, prisoner, what did they die of?"

"Ah!" said the collector, "that'll beat him. What did they die of, eh?"

"What did they die of, milud?" said the first mate.

"Oh, yes, I'll repeat it," roared the judge, working himself up into a terrific passion, and pulling his wig hither and thither, with the most reckless indifference as to his personal appearance, "I'll repeat it. What did they die of?"

"Well, you know, milud, we was exposed to the elements."

"Hang the elements!" shouted the judge, so loudly that the common hangman, who was in court, went out immediately to fetch his rope. "What did they die of?"

"He can't answer it," said the collector.

"He's caught now," whispered Policeman Y.

"For the last time," bawled the judge, with his wig well over his left eye, "what—did—they—die—of?"

The first mate replied very calmly—

"Please, milud, they all died of *consumption*."

"That'll do," said the judge, "quite satisfactory. Acquitted. Next case."

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

DR. TICKLE TOBY.

"AND now, my young fellow," said the first mate, as soon as they were safely outside the Young Bailey, "you may thank your stars that's over."

"Ah!" said Bob, "how can I ever sufficiently thank you, let alone the stars, my dear dear friend, my defender, my preserver, my benefactor, my——"

"Oh! come, now, that's all earthshine," replied the first mate; "why, in saving you I saved myself. Any lunatic would have done what I did. Let's——"

"By all means," said Bob. So they turned into a drinking-shop.

"Halloa, my boy, how's number one?" said a fat little cylindrical beer-barrelly-shaped man, balancing himself momentarily upon the tips of his toenails, and slapping the first mate in the centre of the spinal marrow.

"Who are you?" said the first mate.

"Who am I? Don't you know me?"

"No more notion who you are than the woman in the earth."

"What! not know your old master, Dr. Tickle Toby? After all my trouble with you at Academy Place—'young gentlemen fed, clothed, educated, washed, seated in church, pocket-moneyed, swished, physicked, holidayed, prized, and hair-cutted for one and threepence-halfpenny a quarter, payable in stamps.' Don't you remember how I nursed you through the scarlet fever, and the rule of three, and how I extracted all your double teeth, and your cube roots, and how I canded you for faults you never committed, and cribbed your pocket-money for windows you never broke, and spoilt your handwriting by perpetual impositions, and your temper by perpetual irritations, and how you ran away from school to air, and we advertised you in the *Lunar News*, and the *Rory Tory*, and the *Helter Skelter Gazette*, and the *Terraday Review*, and how you didn't come back, and how here you are? Why, surely you've not forgotten me, Hambrose—you've not forgotten old Tickle Toby?"

"Not another word, Dr. Toby," replied the first mate; "I now remember you perfectly. Allow me to have the pleasure of introducing to you my friend and parachutite, Mr. Bob."

"Your servant, sir," said Dr. T. T.

Bob bowed.

"Let's," said the first mate again.

And they did.

"And now, Hambrose, let me invite you," said the doctor, "to my 'umble abode. I've left Academy Place. I've given up a-school-mastering. It didn't pay. I was reduced to one boy, and his stamps didn't come regular. So I flogged him well, just as a kind of finish, and sent him home. I thought at one time of taking in Planetary children. Most of those foreign appointments pay well, and the parents are obliged to send their little ones home, the climate is so unhealthy. In Saturn especially, I believe, the children get the ring-worm. But I changed my mind at the last moment, and set up a private terratic asylum instead. Come and see what I've done, and if your eligible friend, etc., will give me, etc., the pleasure, etc.—"

"Etc.," said the first mate.

And off they all went together.

At the corner of one of the best streets in Hanwell Hatch, they came to a very fine house—five storeys, fifteen windows, and a front door; also a brass plate.

Bob and the first mate admired the house very much.

"Read the brass plate, gentlemen, read the brass plate," said the doctor, "the sole composition of one of my most promising patients."

So they read.

"Dr. Tickle Toby, Commissioner in Terracy, General Inventor of Machines. Private Terratic Asylum. No crooked trousers. Please to ring the knocker."

"If you please, doctor, what is the meaning of 'No crooked trousers?'" said Bob.

"Well, my boy, I think, you know, eh? On earth, you know, what-you-call-em? Straight waistcoats, eh?"

"Oh! thank you," said Bob; "yes, I understand."

"What does he mean by general inventor of machines?" said the first mate.

"Well, that's what the terratics do to employ their time. I assure you they have invented several most ingenious machines. And then they write out recipes and prescriptions, and try experiments. But step in, gentlemen, step in."

So in they went.

"Now here," said the doctor, as soon as they were comfortably seated in the parlour, "here is a most excellent machine for making Latin verses. Invaluable for school-boys. Instructions at the back. Take an equal number of substantives, adjectives, and verbs of various cases, genders, numbers, and persons (but they must all be in an agreeable mood), add half the number of prepositions, participles, and adverbs, interject a little, and

sprinkle freely with 'jam;' then being well mixed by a *spoon*, insert the whole into the body of the machine. Run your fingers through your hair and play the outrageous tattoo for five minutes. Then gently turn the handle. The beginning of a hexameter (which will frequently commence with 'jam,' for it sticks terribly) will slowly protrude from the small orifice at the side. Continue to turn the handle till six feet are out; then cut off with scissors, and serve up with plenty of sauce."

"Wonderful!" said Bob.

"And why not?" said the doctor; "we have long had gas-meters. Why not hexa-meters and pentameters as well? But bless you, that's nothing, isn't that. Why, here's a Patent Public Dinner Digestion machine."

"The public character, an M.T. (*empty*—a little joke of one of the patients when he was particularly earth-struck) or what-not, dispatches his valet in the morning with his selections from the carte marked, and the subject of his speech. Thus—'Clear turtle, sherry, cod, cutlets, champagne, vegetables, chicken, hock, grouse, soufflé, jelly, cheese, biscuit, curaçao, ice, port, whitewash, coffee, and the volunteers.' The whole lot (except the volunteers) are put into the machine, well mixed, and thoroughly digested. Heads of speech written on slip of paper. Evening comes. Wonderful saving of time. Dinner at 7; grace at 7.5; speeches at 7.10 (everybody makes his speech at the same time, which does just as well, for no one ever thinks of listening); carriages at 7.15. Valet attends, ties napkin under M.T.'s chin, opens his mouth, and pours the whole mixture down the throat in one rush, and hands the paper. Heads run thus (the M.T. fills in at discretion):—My lord—occasion—propose—proudest—force—duty—occasion—Nelson—shops—banks—defence—occasion—powder—one man—occasion—musical.' That's all."

"Ah!" said the first mate admiringly, "it seems a well-digested scheme."

"Oh! my dear boy," replied the little cylindrical man, "I assure you that's nothing at all, it isn't, isn't that. Many of my terratics invent a fresh machine, or take out a fresh patent, daily. We live in a wonderful age, sir, quite too awfully melancholy jollily sadly too wonderful. Here is a recipe for making soup for the poor, hall-stamped:—

"Take the dirty plates from the servants' hall, and wash them thoroughly in luke-warm water; add onion-skins, potato-peelings, and stale crusts, accidentally forget the meat, and be careful to exclude all wholesome vegetables. Bring the recipients of your charity two miles to fetch half a pint, and keep them waiting three-quarters of an hour in the rain."

SECOND-COUSIN SARAH.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

THE BEARER OF GOOD TIDINGS.

MRS. EASTBELL waited very patiently for the return of her granddaughter to the almshouses. Having

Mrs. Sarah Eastbell; she was living in hope. There was nothing on her mind now. Good people read the Bible to her, and she slept away large portions of her existence, which, in a more wakeful and less



"MARY HOLLAND CAME SOFTLY INTO THE ROOM."

faith in Sarah, knowing that she was in good hands, that she was at Reuben's landlord's house, and that Reuben was looking after her, the old woman bore the absence of her grandchild with a brave composure. The old lady next door attended to her when her own ailments would allow. There were not wanting friendly hands and friendly offers from those whom reduced circumstances had rendered brothers and sisters in adversity; and there came also, with a commendable regularity, the young lady who was housekeeper and general custodian to Simon Culwick, of Sedge Hill, and whom Reuben Culwick had declined to marry at his father's bidding.

Thus the time passed not altogether slowly to

merciful state, might have wearied her with its monotony of darkness.

She was very happy in her nest, she said. Sarah wrote her letters; Miss Holland read them to her; everybody was kind, and her granddaughter would soon be home again. What was there to disturb her old head in any way? She was well in health, too, and wonderfully strong. She would have got up every day if Sarah had been at home, "just to cheer the girl up a bit," but she would try to nurse her strength till all was as it had been before Sarah went away.

Suddenly the visits of Mary Holland abruptly ceased, although a message was sent to the old lady that Mrs. Muggeridge's niece had been tele-

graphed for to London, and would return in a few days. The niece would take that opportunity of calling upon Sarah Eastbell, and bringing back to Worcester all the news—possibly Miss Eastbell herself, if she was strong enough to leave, the message added; and then there followed somewhat more of a blank to the existence of the old lady, who took the change of affairs with her usual philosophy, and put her own cheery construction upon it.

How long Mary Holland was away Mrs. Eastbell did not know, one day being very much like another, and time passing away smoothly and easily with this complacent specimen of age. The weather seemed to grow more hot, and the flies to aggravate her a trifle more—that was all; and then, one afternoon, when the kettle was singing on the handful of fire which Mrs. Muggeridge had made, Mary Holland came softly into the room, and stood by the bedside of the old woman.

"I have returned," she said; and the eyelashes of the listener quivered at the voice.

"Thank you, child," was the answer, as the thin yellow hand crept from beneath the sheets to welcome her. "Have you brought Sarah with you? It seems a long while now since she was at St. Oswald's."

"She will be in Worcester to-morrow."

"Now that's good hearing!" and the rapid movements of the pupils beneath the lids testified to so much excitement, that the young woman watching her hesitated for awhile, as though her next communications were of some moment, and had better be delayed.

"Well," said the sharp voice at last, "is that all you have to tell me?"

"Oh, no—I have brought a great deal of news with me—good and bad."

"Never mind about the bad," was the reply. "Let me have the good news to begin with; it will agree with me best."

"I am afraid that you must have them both together."

"Why afraid?"

"Because they both affect you, Mrs. Eastbell."

"Go on, girl; let us have them in the lump, then. But," she added quickly, "is it anything to do with Sarah?"

"It concerns yourself most of all."

"Indeed!" and the eyebrows arched themselves in a peculiar way, which her nephew Reuben had already noticed; "then I shall hear good news and bad news wonderfully well. You'll not surprise me in the least."

"Yes, I shall," was the answer.

Mary Holland sat down by the bedside, and rested her arm on the hand of Mrs. Eastbell still lying outside the coverlet.

"Can you feel what trimming is on my sleeve?" she asked.

"Yes," said Mrs. Eastbell, "crape! You have lost some one?"

"I have lost one who was kinder to me than to any living soul."

"He has left you comfortably off, I hope."

"I shall be no richer for his death."

"He hadn't anything to leave, perhaps. Some people haven't, and what a deal of bother it saves!"

"I never expected anything. It was on the condition that I should never touch a halfpenny of his money that I became the keeper of his house, the watcher of his lonely life. His father and mine had been great friends, but they had quarrelled at last, as everybody quarrelled with this man."

"With what man?"

"I am coming to it by degrees," she answered. "I haven't told you yet that you knew my patron very well at one time."

"Aren't you then——" began Mrs. Eastbell.

"The niece of the old lady next door? No. I deceived you, for fear that the news of my visits should reach my patron's ears, and for other reasons which I will tell you at a more fitting opportunity. Will you try and guess now," she said very gently, "who this man was, and what relationship he bore to you, and guessing it, keep strong?"

Mrs. Eastbell thought of this, and then said very calmly—

"You must mean my brother Simon?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Is he really dead?" she asked in a whisper.

"Yes; he was run over in the streets, and he died in the hospital next day."

"Poor Simon; I fancied that I should outlive him, old as I was, though I didn't think he would go off in a hurry like this. I have been waiting years for him, making sure that he would come here some day, and say, 'Sister, I'm sorry that we ever had any words, and there's an end of it;' and instead of this, there's an end of him! Well, he was a good man, with a will of his own, like the rest of the family. Tell me about the accident."

Mrs. Eastbell had certainly received bad news with composure, as age will do very often, but still Mary Holland was astonished at her equanimity.

"You are not shocked?" she asked wonderingly.

"I am too near the end myself, child, to be surprised at Simon's starting before me—the right way, too, for he was an honest straightforward fellow, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"He rose from a mill-boy, at three-and-sixpence a week. I was always uncommonly proud of Simon's getting on in the world. So industrious, so very sharp, so long-headed. He died in London?"

"Yes."

"Why couldn't he have remained in Worcester?"

"He wished to see his son."

"Now, I'm glad of that! That's the good news you have been hinting at! I'm very glad," said the old lady, her face beaming with delight, "for that showed the right spirit, and the heart in the right place. That's what I always said about Simon from the first. And so father and son made it up at last!"

"I hardly know—but I think that they quarrelled again."

"Well, they did not quarrel for long, it was soon over. How does Reuben bear his loss?"

"Strangely."

"What do you mean by strangely?"

"He is a strange man, if you remember."

"He is a very good young man, Mary."

"I am glad to hear you say so."

"And as for being strange, we Culwicks are all strange in our ways."

"Yes, I believe that," murmured Mary Holland.

"Reuben comes back to his rights at last, and all's well."

"All is not well with Reuben Culwick so far as his rights are concerned. His father has cut him out of his will, as he said that he would," Mary explained still further, "and as I knew that he would."

"Then who has got the money?"

The young woman's hand touched the dry and withered one lying close to her own.

"You have," said Mary Holland, after a moment's silence.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-NINTH.

BEGINNING HER NEW LIFE.

THIS time the self-possession of Mrs. Sarah Eastbell was not strikingly apparent. The news came as a shock, and acted like a shock—powerful and galvanic—to the wasted frame that had lain there supinely for so long a time, and had not wearied of its life. Sarah Eastbell sat bolt upright in bed, to the amazement of her companion, turned her sightless face towards the bearer of the news, and went up two octaves, or thereabouts, in her tone of voice, and after her usual fashion when excited. There are many good souls who will bear more complacently with a friend's death than his money, and the ring of a sovereign stirs a dry heart at times to its last beat. Mrs. Eastbell was a philosopher in her way, a patient old woman, who had borne bad luck and much affliction with exemplary patience, but good fortune was too much for her.

"What's that you say?—who's got the money?—me?" she screamed forth.

"Yes, you are the heiress," said Mary Holland, somewhat satirically.

"Stop a bit, don't go on all at once. I'm old and weak, and must be treated like a child," cried

Sarah Eastbell. "Do you mean to say that my brother Simon has left me all his money?"

"Every shilling in money and estate of which he died possessed, you have a right to claim."

Mrs. Eastbell went back to her recumbent position suddenly and heavily, as a figure cut out of wood might have done.

"Make me a cup of the strongest tea that you can, whilst I collect myself a bit," she said.

She had turned of so waxen a hue that Mary was alarmed for the result of her good news, until the breathing became less heavy and disturbed. The shock was over, the worst and the best were known, and Sarah Eastbell was resigned to be rich.

When, with her pillow propped behind her head, she was sitting up again, sipping her tea, she had become very cool and self-possessed.

"How much money is there?" she asked, so keenly that Mary almost fancied that the old woman was peering at her from under her sealed lids.

"More than you will know what to do with."

"Not more than I can take care of," she added, with one of her low chuckles of satisfaction.

"For yourself, and for those who come after you," said Mary, in a low thoughtful tone.

"Yes; but I must enjoy myself first. I haven't had much pleasure in my life, stuck here like a Guy Fawkes, goodness knows!"

"No."

"Why, it will take time to understand what being rich is like."

"Yes, that it will."

"It has only made my head ache at present. Give me another cup of tea, Mary."

Mary gave Mrs. Eastbell a second cup of tea, which she sipped off slowly, her blind face turned towards the door, and a strange expression in it.

"What are you thinking about?" asked Mary.

"I am thinking too much, and the money brings trouble already," said the old woman fretfully. "I don't know, after all, if it will be of any use. I'm blind—I shall never see prosperity!"

"You may bring prosperity to others."

"I am not going to think of other people yet," said Sarah Eastbell sharply; "there will be time enough for that when I have learned to forget this wretched almshouse where I might have died."

Mary regarded her very attentively. Had a change come to her already with the prospect of the brother's money?

"But you must think a little of the future," said Mary, as the old lady gave up her cup, and lay down again.

"I shan't be able to sleep for thinking of it. That's the worst of it," she said, with a spiteful little punch to her pillow, "and if I don't sleep, I'm awfully bad next day. You should have come early with the news, not in the middle of the night."

"It's only five o'clock in the afternoon."

"But I get to sleep by six when Sally's here. When shall I see Sally, did you say?"

"She will be in Worcester by an early train to-morrow," was the reply, "and go at once to Sedge Hill."

"What! Simon's big house?"

"Yes, where we hope to get you soon. There is nothing settled, but those to whom the money is left have a right to take possession."

"Certainly, or I shall lose half the things in the place, with a parcel of servants about," said Mrs. Eastbell; and to the further surprise of her visitor she slid feebly but quickly out of bed, and stood up, ghost-like, in her night-dress.

"What do you think of doing?" cried Mary Holland.

"I shall take possession to-night," said the old lady; "I must get to Sedge Hill, I shall be able to welcome my granddaughter to her new home then. I'm strong enough, if somebody will only dress me, and send for a conveyance. Why should I stop? Haven't I had enough of this prison and this poverty? For the Lord's sake, let me get away! I can't live here any longer."

Mary Holland thought that it would have been wiser to have brought her news at an earlier hour then. She endeavoured to persuade Mrs. Eastbell to rest till the next day, but the old lady was obstinate, and not to be turned from her intentions.

"You are going to Sedge Hill to-night, I suppose?" asked Mrs. Eastbell.

"Yes."

"Then I'll go with you, and you shall take care of me till Sally comes. I'll make it worth your while."

"I shall not require any remuneration, thank you," said Miss Holland quietly, as she assisted Mrs. Eastbell to dress, and received directions where to find the various articles of attire, the old lady having a wonderful memory of her own.

"There—I haven't been up since last May," said Mrs. Eastbell triumphantly, as she tied her bonnet-strings with vigorous jerks, "and I feel much the better for it. Ah! there's nothing like good luck to pull one together. Give me some more tea, and then run and fetch me a conveyance."

Mary Holland gave her the tea as requested, but although she went from the room, she did not proceed in search of a conveyance to Sedge Hill, but entrusted that commission to the old lady next door, who was extra agile that afternoon, like Mrs. Eastbell, and anxious to be of service. Presently Mary Holland returned to watch her companion, and to wonder if the old woman's strength would last to Sedge Hill, or if the reaction would come and leave her prostrate. She was not prepared for this sudden awakening to a new life; it bewildered her, shrewd little woman though she was in many things. She had wished to break the news to Mrs. Eastbell, and the task had been entrusted to

her accordingly, but had it been done wisely, and was this a wise step on the part of Mrs. Eastbell, to leave St. Oswald's in ungrateful haste?

"What a time the cab is!" said Sarah Eastbell suddenly.

"In your happier state apart from this life, you will not forget the man whose place you take, whose home is yours, whose father set him aside without fair cause," urged Mary.

"This isn't a time to worry me about him."

"Life is uncertain always—we have had a terrible instance of it—and I wish to talk to you of Reuben Culwick, your nephew, whom you have always liked," she went on anxiously.

"I have no fault to find with Reuben—he's an excellent young man—but that's no reason why I should talk about him to-night."

"He is poor."

"I dare say he is," was the reply, "but I must think of my own family first. I can't be bothered with nephews just now."

Mrs. Muggeridge's head peered round the door.

"The cab's come," she said; "do you think you can walk to the outer gate, Mrs. Eastbell?"

"I could walk a mile."

"Good Lor'!—I'm glad to hear that, and I'm glad to see you as brisk as a bee again," said Mrs. Muggeridge; "it looks like old days, when you first came here."

"I hate old days."

"Sometimes they're pleasant to look back on," observed Mrs. Muggeridge, "and sometimes they ain't. And now you've come into a fortune——"

"Who told you that?"

"Bless you, it's all over the town; only we've been warned not to say anything until Miss Holland came from London, lest it should be too much for you to bear."

"I thought everybody was mighty kind and civil," said Mrs. Eastbell, as she took Mary's arm and moved towards the door.

"Bless you, Sarah," said Mrs. Muggeridge; "you'll not forget us, you'll help all those who have helped you, I know. You were always grateful."

"Mrs. Muggeridge," replied Mrs. Eastbell gravely, "I shall never be ungrateful. You have been kind for one."

"Ay, I have," assented the old lady.

"There's a teapot of mine on the hob, and it draws beautifully. Take it, tea and all, and don't forget me. Good-bye. How very glad I am to get away from here! This way?"

"Yes, this way," said Mary.

"The night's cold, and though I am not used to night air, I can go through it to my new house and my new life as briskly as you can. What a change for me and Sally!"

"And for more than you two," added Mary Holland.

Book the Second.

TWO YEARS AFTERWARDS.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

A SUNDAY SERVICE.

TWO years after the events recorded in our last book, there was a Sunday service of a peculiar character held under a railway-arch, in one of the darkest streets of a dark neighbourhood lying between the Lower Marsh and York Road, Lambeth. The place of worship, the worshippers, and the one who preached and prayed, were all strange together; and there was much for skin-deep piety to protest against, and for irreverence to scoff and jeer at. It was only the downright earnestness of these fugitive atoms scraped together here, that put forth its claims to the respect of those who had time to think of the odd forms in which religion may assert itself. Amongst the myriads who turn their backs on church or chapel orthodox, there are still a few with courage to seek God in some fashion.

Of the tenets of this community it is not our purpose or right to inquire too closely in these pages. The preaching was simple, the earnestness was manifest; the one text seemed forgiveness to sinners, and the one appeal was for their repentance before the hour was too late. That which was most remarkable in the service was the fact of its being conducted by a woman—a sallow, hollow-eyed female—with a touch of fanaticism in her extravagant gestures and her high-pitched voice, and in the sermon which she preached to ragged and unkempt men, women, and children, three-fourths of whom were full of a grave, deep interest, and the remaining fraction very noisy, and watching its opportunity to turn a portion of the discourse into ridicule.

These discontents were huddled together near the door, a grinning, coughing, and grimacing mob, whilst over their heads peered occasionally a policeman's helmet, a sign of peace and order that was followed by much horse-play and ironical comment on the proceedings, after it disappeared.

The preacher was undismayed. She had grown accustomed to interruptions months ago; and she addressed herself with the same earnestness to those who scoffed at her, as to those who seemed affected by her words. There was that "rough-and-ready" eloquence in her discourse that commanded a certain amount of attention at times even from the noisiest, and her homely words, her illiterate phrasing, her little slips of syntax even, helped rather than deteriorated from the impression which she made. She was one of the people—one of the poor—and the poor understood her, and a few had already pinned their faith to her, and called themselves the Jenningsites, after the name which she bore.

When the opposition grew too strong, laughed too loudly, crowed too repeatedly in the aggravated bantam-cock fashion—which generally occurred when the policeman was too long away—one or two burly members of the congregation would solemnly take their corduroy jackets off, and walk towards the door, whereat a tremendous scuffling would take place, and a few of the disputants be pitched into the street, which became the scene of hand-to-hand encounters, until the helmet floated uppermost again, and all was harmony.

It had been a noisy night at Jennings's railway-arch, where we resume our story; the preacher had been more than usually powerful, and the opposition more than commonly opposed to her; but the service had reached its conclusion, those who belonged to the new sect had sung their hardest in a final hymn, and drowned the voices of the discontented, and now there was hand-shaking with the preacher, and many loud good-byes, like a friendly party breaking up and parting with the hostess.

From the background of the congregation there stepped suddenly a tall well-dressed young woman with her veil down, and room was made for her into the inner circle of rags and tatters by which Lucy Jennings was surrounded, whilst many and curious faces peered closely at the new-comer.

"May I speak to you for a few moments in private?" asked the stranger in a low voice.

"This is not a time for matters of a private nature," was the answer; "if your business is to seek religious counsel or religious comfort, no secrecy is necessary. You will find here many friends."

"I do not seek religious counsel, but——"

"Then this is not the time and place to address me," said Lucy Jennings with severity.

"This is the first opportunity that I have had of speaking to you for two years."

"You will please seek another."

"Not when you recollect me, Lucy," said the young lady, raising her veil. "I am Sarah Eastbell—don't you know me?"

This was added in a low breath of astonishment, as Lucy Jennings surveyed our heroine with the same inflexible calmness which had characterised her first address. Sarah Eastbell had certainly changed in two years—for the better, too, being a tall, healthy, handsome young woman now; but she had not altered out of all knowledge of her friends and acquaintances. There was the same steady outlook from the dark eyes; there was something of the same sadness, or depth of thought, expressed upon her face, though the pallor had passed away, and there were faint rose-tinges on the cheeks, which Lucy Jennings had seen last wasted with a fever from which she had helped to save her.

"I know you by your voice," said Miss Jennings stolidly, "and I have a memory that does not fail me."

"Then you are offended with me," said Sarah; "you think, perhaps——"

"I am above taking offence with any living soul, or attributing to any human being motives for actions which have not been explained," said Lucy Jennings; "but I cannot, on the Lord's Day—I will not under any circumstances—devote myself to anything but his service."

She crossed her thin hands upon the bosom of her dress, and looked up at the stained roof of the railway-arch, over which a heavy South-Western train was rumbling at that moment.

"I will call on you to-morrow, if you will give me your address," said Sarah Eastbell.

Lucy Jennings hesitated before she answered, as though an insuperable objection to renew their acquaintance asserted itself too strongly to be resisted; then she said—

"I shall be in Hope Street to-morrow morning at eleven. I will wait for you there."

Lucy Jennings moved her head slightly, and Sarah Eastbell left her surrounded by her converts.

As Sarah went out of the place, one of the unconverted picked her pocket of a cambric handkerchief, and was disappointed at not finding her purse, which she had left at home.

Sarah Eastbell was disturbed greatly by this meeting with Lucy Jennings. Her reception had not been what she had anticipated; there had been a coldness, almost a repulse, in lieu of that welcome which she had expected at her hands. Certainly there had been much to explain, but Lucy Jennings would not listen to an explanation, and was harder, colder, and more eccentric than ever.

Still the young lady from Sedge Hill, Worcester, was of a nature not to be easily daunted, and she had come to London in hot haste, and only attended by her maid, on a mission of importance.

The next day at eleven she was in Hope Street, where she had been the day before making inquiries, and finding out the new vocation of Miss Jennings, after a great deal of trouble and perseverance.

Hope Street had changed more than herself in the two years since she had quitted the place. The Saxe-Gotha Gardens were no more, and two rows of small brick houses formed a street on their site. There were railway-arches crossing the road; and in place of the house of Jennings, Firework-maker to the Court, was a black heap of ruins, shored up by beams, and fenced round by a hoarding, to which the advertisements of the day were clinging in profusion, parti-coloured barnacles to the wreck of a household.

It was before this ruin that Sarah Eastbell,

quietly dressed, waited for the woman who had once made it so like home that she had wept in going away from it to the affluence of which she had never dreamed. Here she had stood yesterday, gazing through her tears at the charred and blackened house-front; here she had heard of the last explosion, and of nobody being hurt much but Mr. Jennings, who had lost something or other, but it was difficult to remember what had been blown off him last. She had asked concerning the lodgers also.

The Jenningses had then no lodgers. There was a broker's man in possession, and he had come out through the shop-window, whole and sound, but confused in his ideas a little. It had happened twenty months ago; the house was uninsured, and the landlord had not yet raised sufficient funds to re-erect the edifice; and that was all the news which Sarah Eastbell could rake together, try as hard as she might.

Presently, on that Monday, she should know all, or Lucy Jennings would be more communicative with her religion off her mind. In her impatience, Sarah Eastbell had reached Hope Street a quarter of an hour before time, attracting a wonderful amount of attention from sundry doors and windows, whence curious folk took stock of her, and the women appraised the value of her wardrobe.

At eleven to the minute Lucy Jennings, in the rustiest of black, and with black cotton gloves three sizes too large for her, came along the street, striding like a man. In the sunshine she was sallow and older than ever, and there was a mass of grey hair pushed carelessly under her bonnet, telling of the ravages of care rather than of time. It was with the same inflexible cast of countenance which had daunted Sarah Eastbell last night that she advanced, and the outstretched hand of the younger woman was taken almost with reluctance, and afterwards dropped coldly.

"I hope you will not detain me very long, Miss Eastbell," said Lucy, "as I have a great many calls to make this morning."

"I will be as brief as I can," said Sarah; "but I have not seen you for two years, and I have to explain why."

"Is it necessary?"

"Yes—I think so. I have many questions to ask—much to tell you, if—if you'll listen, please," she said humbly.

"We will walk Myatt's Fields way," said Miss Jennings; "and now to save time—for time is valuable to me—what is your first question?"

There was no restraint in the reply, though there was a deepening of colour in the cheeks, as Sarah Eastbell said eagerly—

"What has become of Reuben Culwick?"

TRAVELLING EXPERIENCES.



ONCE upon a time the writer of these lines met an honest Welshman, who once in his life-time had paid the great metropolis a visit. Taffy was enchanted, of course, with all he saw and all he heard, and most of all that he was shown Oliver Cromwell's stables by some civil acquaintance whom he had picked up in a public-house. Had I seen Oliver Cromwell's stables? he asked triumphantly. I was compelled to confess I had not. Did I know where they were? No, I did not. Had I ever heard of them? No, I had not. Ah, what a thing it was to get into good hands, to be sure! Taffy had fallen into such in his own estimation, and thus he considered himself to be especially fortunate. He had seen what thousands of people who had lived in London all their lives had never seen, nor ever heard of. Nor did I undeceive him, though the honest Welshman had been made the subject of a hoax. Some wags had taken him into the dark arches of the Adelphi, and had described them to him as Oliver Cromwell's stables. A stern philosopher would have made the trick clear to my honest friend. I could not act so unkind a part. The fact that he had seen the stables of Oliver Cromwell, a privilege accorded to but few, gave him infinitely more satisfaction than the sight of London's Lord Mayor, the Houses of Parliament, or the Queen herself. These were sights to be seen by the public at large, the other was a rarity denied to the many, and revealed exclusively to the few. My Welsh friend was the type of a large class of travellers. They have been befooled by cunning guides and civil landlords to their hearts' content; they have greedily swallowed every incredible story that has been told them; they have purchased as a special favour articles such as cigars, wines, laces, eau de Cologne, Parisian jewellery, at about double the price at which they could have purchased them in London, and each one of them has been singularly fortunate in that he has enjoyed privileges, and witnessed spectacles, such as it befalls no others to witness or enjoy; he has had rare good fortune—he is eminently happy—he has seen Cromwell's stables.

One is proud of his country. One ought always to be so. It is the land of his birth, the land where he first learned to love, the land of his father's ashes, and where his own may lie, the land with a great past, and it is to be believed, in spite of all we have heard from Americans and Frenchmen to the contrary, the land with a greater future.

It is not always, however, that one is proud of his countrymen or countrywomen. See them in all variety of marvellous disguise *en route* for Paris, or the Rhine, or Switzerland. Behold the bold Briton, when for the first time he bids his native land good night. Hear him as he laughs at foreign ways, and foreign words, and foreign pronunciation, at the wooden shoes of the women, at the big breeches of the men, at the gesticulation of this one, or the phlegm of that, and you feel that good-breeding is not by any means the attribute of your fellow-countrymen, and that manners and wealth are not always, as regards the Joneses of Cheapside, or the Smiths of Piccadilly, or the Browns of Belgravia, inseparable.

"They speaks very good English here," said a gentleman tourist one day to me, at an hotel in Antwerp. "It is more than you do," thought I to myself, a feeling naturally strengthened by an allusion on the part of my friend to what he was pleased to term "the Hopera."

On another occasion I was much amused with the ways of a jolly Irish gentleman, a country squire we should call him in England, who had undertaken to act the part (much to his own distaste) of guide, philosopher, and friend to a widowed sister and her daughters, who had been recommended by the family physician change of air—a recommendation which on the face of it he considered eminently absurd. "Look," said he, "at these"—his language was too energetic to be repeated—"Look at these scoundrels," said he, as he pointed at the cab-drivers and waiters of the hotel where we were staying—one of the best on the Rhine—"what a set of thieves they are! how they fob a fellow right and left! I can't understand their precious lingo. I ask, 'How much is there to pay?' I hold out my hand full of their wretched money, and I say, 'There, help yourselves. For goodness' sake take what you want, and have done with it.' Oh, that I were back in auld Ireland! In my opinion it is the biggest nuisance in the world, this travelling abroad." And then he goes on to assure me that he will never come a foreign tour again, and that as to the kickshaws of the *table-d'hôte*, and the good Rhine wine with which they may be washed down, they were all an abomination to him.

"As I sit smoking my cigar in the Place de Monnaie of Brussels—a city becoming daily more grand and beautiful—I take up the light and lively *La Chronique*, five numbers of which cost a penny. Under the head of "The English Tourist," it tells how a couple of them are dining at a *table-d'hôte*. Number one calls out, "*Garçon*, open the window." The *garçon* does so. Immediately the other

Englishman exclaims, "*Garçon*, shut the window; I am dying of cold." *Garçon* shuts down the window, and Englishman number one at once protests that he is stifled with the heat. The poor *garçon* is bewildered. He wishes to please both; but if he complies with one, he incurs the displeasure of the other. He does not know what to do. "Ah," says another of the party, "open the window, waiter, till the first Englishman is dead, and then shut it till the other has expired, and we get rid of them both." I don't think the story is original; I believe I have read it before; but it only illustrates the position held by one's esteemed fellow-countrymen and countrywomen abroad. Anything out of the common—anything eccentric or absurd is fathered on *les Anglais*. It is to be feared that they deserve the reputation they have acquired for vulgar expenditure and original ways. Foreign travel has a wonderful effect on some of them. They show us how peculiarly in some cases circumstances make the man. But people have such censorious tongues, and it may be that there is wisdom in avoiding the very appearance of evil; at any rate, there is good authority for saying as much.

Foreign travel does make a great difference in people, whether for the better or the worse it is

not for me to say. If you learn the history of the places you visit—if you can understand the works of art or interest—if you come into contact with its people, undoubtedly you combine together pleasure and profit; but as a rule the common tourist returns just as wise as he went out, perhaps a trifle more ridiculous. I am sure this is the case with the British snob, whose general getting-up is eminently absurd, and who is evidently conscious of the admiration or envy he fancies he creates—admiration of course being the state of the feminine mind when he appears on the scene, and envy that of the masculine. His airs are generally amusing; his talk is of the tallest. Only this autumn I heard one all night long walking the deck of a Continental steamer, and it was all my lord this, and duke that, till I almost wondered how so illustrious an individual could mix with the common herd of tourists, and why he did not have a yacht or a steamer to himself. As we landed, I saw this incognito prince getting into an ordinary second-class carriage. I often smile as I meet Tompkins at his every-day calling—civil and obliging—and think of the ferocious airs he gave himself on the Boulevards; or when I see Thomson appalled respectably, walking steadily along the Strand, who as a tourist was, to say the least, an ass. J. EWING RITCHIE.

FOR THOSE AT SEA.



WO little mischievous, curly pates,
From downy pillows starting,
Out of the darkness leap upright,
Into the moonbeam's streak of white,
The cradle curtains parting;
And "Mother! mother!" the children cry,
"Come and sing us a lullaby."

"What shall I sing to you, babies mine?
The waves have drowned my singing—
Ever they ring so loud and strong,
Ever repeat the same sad song,
A weary burthen bringing—
A burthen of brave men cast away,
And storm-tost wrecks on the ocean spray.

"Listen, oh! listen, my small, sweet son,
My Robin fearless-hearted:
Summer and winter both are sped,
And mother's hopes are nigh to dead
For one so long departed.
Oh! pray, my darling, pray to-night
That God will guide that wanderer right.

"Dear little wondering, wide blue eyes!
What is my Robin saying?"—
"Mother, father will soon come back;
Cherubs aloft take care of Jack,

And keep him from delaying;
He said so when he last was here."—
"Oh, baby! but our hearts to cheer,

"And but to make our spirits light,
And stay our tears from flowing.
The cherubs that our sailors guard,
The cherubs that keep watch and ward,
Are prayers to Heaven going—
Prayers wrung from hearts pierced thro' with pain;
God send they be not poured in vain!

"Fold your hands, little Robin, in mine,
And softly say with mother,
'God keep my father safe at sea,
And bring him home again to me,
And to my baby brother.
Fierce is the wild wind and fierce the wave,
Please God take care of my father brave.'

"What, baby too must repeat it now!
I thought my lamb was sleeping.
But hark! yon boom from harbour bar,
'The deep-toned warning wafted far!
Our God his word is keeping,
And safe in port, his home in sight,
Your father keeps his watch to-night!"

THEO. GIFT.



"POOR BIRDIE!"

See "JEANIE'S COMING HOME," p. 205.

TOO LATE.



"I WOULD NOT DID HIM STAY."

THE wind is raving, the night is chill,
 Drearly drips the rain ;
 Yet all alone by the window-sill,
 My face on the frozen pane,

I dream of the days that were once so
 glad,
 Days that are now so sorry and sad,
 And wish for them back in vain.

'Twas under those elms I saw him last,
Striding in wrath away,
And as his shadow the sunset past
I would not bid him stay,
But shrunk still more from the rosy light,
Lest of my face he should get a sight,
So proud was I that day.

I am humbled since. Oh, love, my love !
If I could see you now,
I should feel so blest, that the best above
Such bliss could hardly know,
And the gem which my folly flung away
Would be held to a happy heart to-day ;
Ah, God, that it were so !

We both were erring, we both were wrong.
But the greater error mine ;
For I knew, though bitter and harsh your tongue,
That you loved me all the time ;
And you thought me heartless, you thought me hi
Though all the while I was nothing but shy,
And frightened to own me thine.

Ah ! many a year has sped since then
(Hearken the storm-gull's cry !),
Yet still I sit by the window-pane,
And watch for your coming by,
And watch, and weep, and wait in vain,
Only to see you smile again,
And kiss you before I die. THEO. GIFT.

THE COLLEGE-LIFE OF MAÎTRE NABLOT.

BY ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

AT that period the Hôtel de l'Abondance was one of the first in the country—the roast meat, and the fricassées, and the fine wines of Madame Abler were famed from Strasbourg to Nancy. All the commercial travellers, all the landed proprietors of that part of the country, were sure to stop at L'Abondance, where they knew they could get an excellent dinner at forty sous, and as many rooms as they wanted. It was at that time a great thoroughfare, and of course, at the close of the vacation, when so many Alsacians and Lorrainers were bringing back their children to school, the crush was greater than ever.

A groom came to take our horse out. My trunk was carried up to the first floor, and we followed it to give our clothes a brushing, for we were white with dust ; after which we returned down-stairs to dinner.

The long dining-room was full of visitors ; whole families of Alsacians, fathers and mothers, children great and small, had all trooped in to see the town, and do a little shopping before leaving son or brother at the college.*

We found with some difficulty a small table and a space near a window. But we were admirably waited upon, and had soup, roast meat, a large dish of choucroute garnished with sausages, ham, and salad ; and then walnuts, grapes, biscuits, cheese ; and every dish accompanied with excellent wine.

* The University of France is not, as with us, a local designation. All professors, public teachers, and masters are necessarily members of that vast body, which is an organisation for the education of the country, reaching and covering every inhabited portion of it. The French colleges are either national (or imperial, or royal) or communal. Of the former there are thirty-nine, of the latter three hundred and twenty, mostly in a very imperfect and inefficient state. The constitution of the University of France dates from the year 1808, under the Empire.

Never had I seen such a stirring sight.

As soon as dinner was over, and my father had had a cup of coffee, he rose and said—

"Now, Jean Paul, I am going to introduce you to Monsieur Rufin, the Principal—come along."

We came out, and crossed the crowded market-square. A few cuirassier officers, with their undress caps sloped over the left ear, and waists tightly compressed in the light shell-jacket, were leisurely strolling amongst the crowd, jingling their spurs. We turned to the left, up the Rue de la Sarré, and were soon ascending the broad flight of steps along the frontage of the old Capuchin convent, transformed under the Empire into a college.

"This is the place," said my father, "come up."

The principal entrance to the vestibule was still open, for the classes were only to open on the following day. The old tailor, Vandenberg, the college door-keeper, still allowed people to come and go, merely watching them through the narrow window of his lodge ; but for all that the echoing of our footsteps under the hollow archway, and over the flags of the vestibule, awoke certain melancholy reflections in me.

We passed along the great corridor, through which the old monks used formerly to pass to their chapel, and whose long line of high narrow windows resembled an arcade. My father tapped at a door. There was an odour like incense.

"Come in," cried a nasal voice.

It was Canard, one of the college servants—a diminutive man, a dark and ill-conditioned sort of fellow, whose hair was shining with pomatum. He was busy dusting the furniture with a feather-brush.

"Is Monsieur le Principal within ?"

"He is in there, sir," answered Canard, pointing to a door on the right.

**We had to tap again, and again we heard—
"Come in."**

Then we entered Monsieur Rufin's study, quite the study of a college principal. The waxed floor was bright and polished; there was a fine library; a large porcelain marble-topped stove, banded with shining brass, stood in a corner. The furniture was of walnut-wood, the curtains of dark damask; in a word, everything was grand and imposing. The high wide window looked out upon the great quadrangle.

Monsieur l'Abbé Rufin was a little, portly, comfortable-looking man, in a long black cassock, and with clean white hands. His left eye was dim and immovable, but the right was keen and watchful. Monsieur Rufin was reading, but he laid his book on the table, and rose to receive us, inviting us to be seated.

We took seats.

My father respectfully handed the Principal a letter from Monsieur Hugues, which no doubt contained everything that was satisfactory with regard to myself.

"Very well," said Monsieur Rufin, after he had read it through, "this is quite sufficient. We will do our best to carry out your views. The classes will open to-morrow. You have only to get your box carried to the college, and we will find the young man a suitable place both in the schoolroom and in the dormitories."

He patted my cheek with his dimpled fingers, looking kindly upon me, while I was getting more and more confused.

"As he knows the declensions, the regular verbs, and the first rules of syntax," said the Principal, "we may at once place him under Monsieur Gradus, in the sixth class; and he will begin upon *De viris illustribus urbis Romæ*."

I could not stir, and my father sat deeply attentive.

"He is a fine lad," said Monsieur Rufin, after a short silence.

Then having taken down my surname and Christian names in his register, received the fees for the first quarter, and given his acknowledgment, Monsieur le Principal was opening the door to us, when a flood of new-comers filled the ante-chamber—a whole family of Lorrainers—three boys who were to be enrolled, with their father and mother, and the curé of their commune. Seeing this party, Monsieur Rufin made haste to dismiss us, and turning round to the fresh arrivals, said—

"Pray come in."

We came out into the corridor, the door closed, and in silence we moved on to the street.

An uneasy feeling was creeping over me, while all my enthusiasm was oozing away. I felt as if I should have very much preferred to return home.

My father, no doubt, guessed at my thoughts, and as we walked quietly on, he said—

"Now it is all settled; we will go and tell the people at the inn to carry your trunk to the college. You will find them all very good people. You will work well, won't you? You will often write home; and, if there is any need, I will come and see you. It is rather a difficult stage of our life, but we have all to go through with it."

I knew by his voice and manner that he was trying to control himself, and for the first time I appreciated the fulness of his love for me.

When he had given his orders at the hotel, we turned out again for a short walk through the town. He pointed out the principal buildings to me; and it seemed to me as if he spoke to me with a certain degree of consideration, as one would to a young man.

"That," said he, "is the Palais de Justice; there the judges sit, and there, too, the standing timber is sold. There are the infantry barracks, and here is the military hospital," etc.

We visited every part of the little town, even its ancient prison, its infirmary, St. Nicholas, and its synagogue. All this was merely to pass away the time, and to put off the moment of our separation.

At half-past five we returned to the college; my trunk had arrived, the servant had taken it to the dormitory, and thither he conducted us. We spoke to Madame Thiébaud, the matron, and her son, who had lost an eye.

Up-stairs, in the immense long corridor, was a great crowd of pupils just arrived. The elder ones had each a small private room—old monks' cells, looking into the inner court. They were all very busy settling their little property, and handing over their stock of linen to the housekeeper. They sang and they laughed just like other folks when they have just had a good dinner; they looked at us as we passed them, saying, "There, that's a new fellow!" And there were people walking about the corridor with their sons.

Monsieur Canard took us to a higher storey, where we entered the long dormitory. Here were long rows of small beds, in two rows, running in even lines from one end of the room to the other.

"This is the washing-room," said he, pointing from the open door at a couple of great tin water-jugs; "here the boys wash before going down at five to morning lessons."

And then, at the very end of the room, close to the two bottom windows, he showed me my bed, already made, with its little round bolster, and its red-bordered counterpane; my trunk was standing at the foot of the bed.

All this stir and excitement, all these bursts of boyish laughter, all these strangers coming and going around us, gave me an unhappy presentiment of the isolation I should soon suffer. I looked

around for some sympathetic countenance ; but every one was busied about his own concerns. was beginning to feel overwhelmed.

None but scholars in their third or fourth year, who have got well broken in, can laugh on returning to college ; but all new boys, as I believe, feel a swelling at the heart, and a ball in the throat.

Well, after this glance at the establishment, my father thanked Canard for having conducted us about, and slipped something into his hand.

Night approaching, we came down again, and as we came into the court below, we found old Vandenberg, with his old grey linen cap drawn over his ears, his nose and chin almost meeting, his knitted jacket hanging from his stooping shoulders, and looking just like an old Capuchin monk risen from the grave, opening a small cupboard under the vaulted roof of the vestibule, from which he drew a rope, and began to pull it. Then the chapel bell began to peal, its penetrating sound filled all the old corridors, and the pupils came down in double files.

It was the supper hour, which had been put earlier for the purpose of allowing friends and relations time to get home the same day.

They were mustering in the court, the little ones first, the big ones in the rear.

At that moment farewells and embraces began in all directions.

"Adieu, Jacques !—Adieu, Leon !—Come, my boy, keep up your courage !"

A few little ones cried, and their mothers with them. 'I put on the best face I could ; but the moment when the bell ceased to toll, my father said, "Now, Jean Paul," and held out his arms to me, and then my tears broke forth unbidden.

My father could not speak ; he held me in his arms ; and only in a minute or two, having recovered his composure, he said to me in a voice broken with emotion—

"No more ! I will tell your mother that you were a brave boy to the last moment. And now, work with all your might ; and tell us as often as you can how you are getting on."

He again embraced me, and went out abruptly.

The same moment the door-keeper slammed the great door, turned the key, and now I was a prisoner ! And without at all knowing how it happened, I was placed amongst the very little boys ; with our masters at our side, we defiled by twos in good order to pass on to the dining-room.

That evening I was too deep in my melancholy reflections to take any particular notice of the long dining-hall, with its tall windows opening upon the garden court ; its old oak reading-desk ; the two old pictures, so thick with the crust of ages that nothing could be made out of them ; the long tables at which we sat divided into sections. I did not even

observe, at the end, the table of Monsieur le Principal, where the professors and assistant-masters were eating better food than we had, and were drinking better wine ; nor the old hatch through which Mademoiselle Thérèse, the cook, handed dishes to Canard and his mate Miston. My thoughts were far away.

"Come, little chap ! eat your supper," said the big fellow whose duty it was to help us, an old boy already whiskered, but a good-natured fellow—Barabino, from the Härberg—"eat and drink, there's nothing like it to drive away care !"

The other boys began to laugh, but Barabino reproved them, and said—

"Let him alone ! By-and-by, I tell you, he will be at the top of you all ! He is out of spirits just now ; so might any one be, especially after leaving behind the good dinners you used to get at home, and coming into this College of Saarsstadt ; there's no great satisfaction in seeing nothing but lentils, beans, and peas—peas, beans, and lentils on the table every day all the year round, dry without any butter, salad and no oil to it, and sour wine—in fact, just the sort of provisions which Monsieur le Principal calls in his circulars 'food, wholesome, abundant, and varied !' I can't say I like it myself. It is not jolly ; less than that might make a little fellow look crest-fallen for a day or two."

Such was the opinion of big Barabino—plainly expressed—and the sounds of laughter ceased.

After supper, walking alone about the long corridor where my schoolfellows were telling each other about their holidays, I could willingly have cried again.

Night came at last, the bell rang again, and here was once more a mustering to go to the dormitory. All those footsteps, running in confusion up the old monkish staircase, seemed to me like hunder.

I recognised my own bed by the little trunk at its foot, and having undressed, I slipped into my narrow resting-place, without forgetting to say my prayers. The lamp was burning at the central pillar ; Monsieur Hoffmann, one of the masters, was slowly pacing up and down until we should all be in bed ; then he put out the lamp, and went to bed in his own little cell at the corner of the dormitory.

Monsieur Rufin, on the stroke of ten, at the moment when the bugles were sounding the curfew at the infantry barracks, glided by like a shadow. The moon was shining through the window-panes in calm silence ; my neighbours were fast asleep—and I too soon dropped off in my turn.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE pale light of dawn was scarcely glimmering down the two long lines of windows between which

we lay sleeping so comfortably, when that abominable bell began its janglings again.

Misery ! misery ! it was five o'clock, and we had to get up already.

Never have I known any wretchedness like it, and although thirty-seven years have passed over my head since that time, I sometimes fancy I can still hear old Vandenberg's bell with its clear, sharp, aggravating tones. I can still see my school-fellows, waking slowly, rubbing their sleepy eyes, yawning, then wearily wearily sitting up in bed, taking out the blacking-pot, and the shoebrushes out of the night-table, and beginning to black their shoes ; then they are all gathered in the washing-room, refreshing their faces at the large zinc wash-stand ; then coming down to the schoolroom, where Monsieur Wolfram inspects hands and shoes before reading prayers.

That old ill-paved schoolroom, with its desks cut and hacked by the generations of scholars ; the master in his chair beneath the smoky lamp, the scratching pens, the thumbing of old dictionaries, the exercises, the translations done by cribbing—it is all before me still. I shudder at the remembrance, my flesh creeps when I think of it !

And are there people so devoid of common sense as to argue that *this* is the happiest part of our lives ?

After two hours of this wearisome toil, the bell clangs again ; down go the desks with a terrible clatter—there's a race to the refectory, where Canard and Miston are dealing out great slices of bread for our breakfast. Boys whose connections are known to be good, of whose parents Canard has a good opinion, get all the nice crusts ; the rest, unlucky boys, whose fathers have slipped nothing but a piece of forty sous into Canard's greedy palm, will get crumb all the year round. Moreover, those boys with rich parents will get, from home, hams, sausages, pots of jam and of *compôte* ; of all of which, they will forget to offer any to their school-fellows !

The first lesson, and the most instructive at college, is this, and it is neither Latin nor Greek, but good French—viz., if you want to earn the favourable notice of Monsieur Canard, of Monsieur le Principal, of Messieurs the Professors, and even of your schoolfellows, you will have to be rich.

Hence arise the very first glimpses of the nature of the position ; by this royal road to distinction fools begin to learn that they are the superiors of boys who get no good things from home ; for, as a matter of course, those who feed on the fat of the land are made of a richer kind of stuff !

From this point the poor boy begins to shrink within himself, to reflect with bitterness upon what passes around him, to nurse his indignation in silence.

Yes, this is the evil beginning of many other things, the point whence love departs, and all the harmony which should never cease to rule in all our hearts.

Base natures are early revealed ; brought up in poverty at home, they are not the less fond of hams and preserves ; they fawn upon the rich, they crawl humbly at their feet, they smile at everything they say, they hire themselves out to be their flatterers and sycophants ; and as their reward, they are sometimes permitted by their patrons to lick the bottom of a jam-pot, or to nibble at the remains of a sausage. Thus an alliance may become established between the fat bourgeois and his man of business. But this is only the exception ; from that very day the two classes part asunder ; and if, as it not unfrequently happens, the servility of certain professors towards those of their pupils who take private lessons, or whose parents are able to forward their interests, comes to be added to all the other advantages enjoyed by the sons of the rich, then the lines drawn sharper and deeper still ; and so does the feeling of resentment too become deeper and sharper.

I was only ten years old, but coming down from Monsieur Gradus' class the very first day, I knew all this by instinct, just as I have told it you, and I said to myself—

"Jean Paul, here you are what Gourdiere was at Richepierre. Work hard, take care of yourself, and don't expect anything from anybody."

I had observed Monsieur Gradus smiling upon the sons of Monsieur Poitevin, the rich land proprietor at St. Nicholas, who was a friend of Monsieur Rufin's. I had seen him look caressingly at Monsieur Vaugiro, the nephew of a *ci-devant* colonel of the Imperial Guard, who had become a priest when the wars were over ; I had seen him look boldly and haughtily upon the sons of the poor, and especially the shabby day-scholars, whose schooling was paid for by the municipal council of Saarstadt.

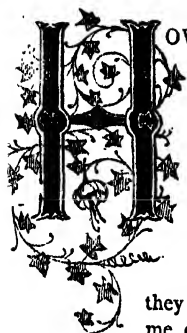
These last had to be careful what they were about ; never were they to hear a word of encouragement ; humiliations came down upon them in never-failing succession.

A child can see or guess these things ; I understood the consequences of not being rich, and I formed the resolution never to suffer myself to be ridden down and domineered over by a *superior* race.

And now that I have spoken my mind, let us go on.

There were fifteen in our class—great and small—boys who had long determined what career to choose, and boys who did not know what a career meant.

PUG'S CONFESSION.



HOW will they do it? Will they put a rope round my neck, and string me up? That is a death I don't fancy, and I'll make it bad for some of them, for one of them at any rate, if they try it on. Or will they give me a piece of poisoned meat? I should not wonder—that is just like their mean tricks. Maybe they will bring a gun out, and shoot me dead. I should like that best, since it is a settled thing that I am to be put an end to somehow. And I don't grumble at that; I made a mistake, and must suffer for it. I meant to do my duty, that was all, but I blundered worse than a mongrel, and suppose I must pay the penalty; that is right enough. I am really very sorry, for if poor Joe Brettle had not begged me off, I should have been killed a couple of years ago, when I fixed that boy by the leg. Well, what did he want to point his finger at me for?

I am a bull-terrier, and come of a first-rate breed. A real good breed, I mean, not a fancy one. For I have known dogs that turned up their noses and gave themselves airs on the strength of their pedigree, when they were so badly bred in reality that they ought to have been chucked into a pond before they could see. Their ancestors had always been of the same sort, but then it was a bad sort—not good for game, or for cats, or for rats, or anything. Now my great-grandfather, who had a master fond of travelling, killed five wolves at different times, single-jawed; my grandfather, who was trained for the prize ring, which was not so vulgar then as it is considered now, fought ten battles, and was never beaten. My father could pull down a bull by the nose, and my mother thought nothing of killing a hundred rats in five minutes and a quarter. If that is not an ancestry to be proud of, I should like to know what is!

They call me a savage beast, and perhaps my temper may be a little short. But I think my education is very much to blame for that, for I was amiable and playful enough when a puppy. The first master I had after I was grown up was really very trying. It was his delight to hold me up by my tail, by a leg, or an ear, to show his friends that I could bear it without squeaking, which I could, for I never squeaked; but it was very painful, and when I was hurt I wanted to hurt some one back again, and showed my feelings by growling, just as a little warning to people not to go too far, and that made my master angry. He would kick me with all his might, or thrash me with the first article that came to hand—stick, whip, or poker—

it did not matter what. It was hard to bear, but I knew that it was my duty to stand it from him, and I generally restrained myself; but once or twice, when he got hold of a very stinging whip, I flew at him, and we had a regular battle, in which I was worsted, for he was very strong, active, and dexterous, my first master was—a real gentleman. Once only I fixed his hand, and bit him right through it. He throttled me off with the other, seized my hind legs, and banged my head against a tree till I was senseless. I would have been proud to die for him after that. I grovelled with remorse when he came out with his arm in a sling, and an idiot of a groom said that I was cowed. Cowed, indeed! It was respect, and not fear, which made me apologise. My master understood that, and bore me no malice; and though shortly afterwards he chained me up, it was not out of spite, but because I had a habit of eating cats, and inflicting summary justice upon other dogs who were impudent to me, and I believe he had to pay sums of money in consequence.

It is trying to be chained up—to be kept from love, war, and sport by a slender chain, and not to be able to break it. There are some lucky breeds of dogs with heads so small that they can slip their collars, but mine is particularly large.

It is also very very trying to be taken out with a muzzle on, and have to put up with the grossest indignities from the vilest of curs, without the power to resent them. Perhaps I did begin to grow rather morose under these circumstances.

My master was an officer in the army, and his regiment was sent to a place where he could not take me.

"Poor old Pug!" he said when we parted, "it is a pity you cannot come, for there will be plenty of fighting, and that would just suit you."

Now this seems to me so cruel and tyrannical of men—they enjoy fighting so very much themselves, and yet will not let us have a little! They tear one another to pieces by thousands at a time, and have invented all sorts of machines for making the slaughter as great as possible; and yet if two poor dogs have a little amusement of the same kind, using only their natural weapons, there is ever such a fuss made. I have heard of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; it ought to look to this—prevent our being chained up, muzzled, and held up by our tails, and let us have a jolly fight now and then.

When my first master left, he gave me to a brother of his—a mild, quiet gentleman, who wore black clothes and a white necktie, and spectacles, and was afraid of me. He never offered to hold me up by the tail, but he kept me chained up closer

than the other, and I hardly ever got a run now. I had plenty of food, and my kennel was in a nice sunny corner; but my only amusement was to frighten the people who came through the yard, and lie in wait, or pretend to be asleep, to get them within reach of my chain. But for a whole year I never had a chance of killing anything bigger than flies, and that was poor sport; though a bluebottle has not a bad flavour, if there were only more of him.

My mistress was a woman of violent prejudices, or else I might have had a little company at times; for she had a toy terrier, who was not at all a bad little dog in his way, who showed an inclination to be friendly and sociable; but she would not let him come near me if she could help it. She would scream out—

"Oh, my darling! my darling! That horrid brute will kill it!"

Whereas I only wanted a little pleasant chat, and would not have hurt the small animal for any consideration, unless he aggravated me.

Talk of aggravation, the page-boy was dreadful; he knew the shortness of my chain and temper, and nearly drove me mad with his persecutions, especially by blowing at me, and pointing his finger. One day he came a little nearer than he thought for, in his desire to keep a bone at a tantalising distance, and I just got the calf of his leg. What with the juiciness and the revenge, it took a hot iron to make me leave go, and I was condemned to death for that mouthful.

They discussed my fate in my very presence.

"I am sorry to have my poor brother's dog done away with," said my master; "but, really, one might as well keep a tiger."

"No one in the parish is safe while he lives," replied his foolish wife. "Send for Sir Roger's gamekeeper to come to-morrow morning, and shoot him."

"I will," said my master, "for I know no one who will take him."

What a night of dreadful suspense I passed! I determined to stick close in my kennel, and give them all the trouble I could. I would die hard.

Early next morning the back-door bell rang, and a man entered the yard, the gamekeeper doubtless. I just poked my nose out to see, instead of dashing at him to the extent of my chain, as, in my master's interests, had been my habit. He did not look like a gamekeeper, and had no gun. He asked to see my master, who was early in his habits, and came presently into the yard.

"Beg pardon, yer honour," said the man, "but I've come about that ere dawg." (I pricked up my ears.) "Don't have 'em shot; give 'em me."

"But, my man," said my master, "do you know how savage he is?"

"Surely, sir, and that's jest why I want 'em. I

am Joe Brettle, the travelling cutler, and a dawg that won't stand no nonsense would take care of the cart when I am away. I've been robbed once, when I went to have half a pint, and I wasn't gone more nor an hour either."

I came out of my kennel, not to lose a word of this extremely interesting conversation.

"What a handsome dawg!" exclaimed Mr. Brettle. "It would be a pity to kill him, that it would." (I wagged my tail.) "You see he takes to me," said Joe Brettle.

And he gained his request upon condition of carrying me off with him then and there.

And so I was respited, and went to live with a third master in a caravan.

This was the happiest part of my life. It is true that I did not get so much to eat, or such good food, and that I was not much more free in reality; but I felt more at liberty, since I was not kept in for any silly mistrust, but to guard our property; and there is something elevating and pleasant in a sense of responsibility. I also got more exercise, for we were always travelling about from place to place, and then I ran under the caravan. I also had many chats with the horse, who had experienced ups and downs in life, and was excellent company. I had never professed that extraordinary veneration for man which some dogs seem to feel, and the anecdotes told me by that poor old bay did not increase my respect. Many men are not commonly honest! And then they are so unjust and inconsistent. Why, even my present master used to speak of me always as a savage brute, though he was rather proud of me for it, because I was the better guardian of his merchandise; but I never attacked a female of my kind; I could not do it; I would die first. Yet I have seen Mr. Brettle beat Mrs. Brettle till her face was all over bruises, and then when she lay at his feet with her arms protecting her head, quite helpless and unresisting, he would kick her and stamp on her as if she were a rat. When was a dog ever known to worry its puppies? But both these parents used to flog their only child, who was deformed, with a rope or strap, worse than my first master used to flog me when I turned on him. I must say for poor Joe Brettle that he never seemed inclined to be cruel to his wife and child unless he had been drinking a fire which looked like water; and I don't wonder that it made him savage. I took some myself once, and it burned my mouth and throat so that I was wild for a long time after. When the effect had gone off, he was always sorry for what he had done. But somehow it never occurred to him not to drink this gin, which made him do what he disliked. I have often thought of that; but of course the mind of man is superior, I don't mean to deny that, and many of his motives are above the canine understanding.

I was locked up in the caravan, loose, at night, and usually had it to myself; for now my master had got me to guard his property, he slept out, generally at the inn in the yard of which the caravan was standing at the time. My orders were concise and simple.

"If any one breaks into the caravan while I am away, worry them, boy!" said Joe Brettle.

Several persons came and tried at first, but ran away when they caught a glimpse of my teeth; and after a time, when my reputation had spread, I was left undisturbed; and at last I gave up expecting any one, curled myself up, and slept soundly. So that the other night I was caught

napping, and waking with a start, I found the door open, and a man standing in the caravan. It was not my master's step, nor my master's voice, so I went at his throat straight, and—well, I worried him.

But in the morning, when the light came in, I saw that it *was* my master nevertheless. He had been drinking his gin till his footsteps and voice were altered, and so I made the mistake for which my life is forfeited.

Well, I had no right to blunder like that, and my fate is a just one. I hope that I can die in a manner worthy of my breed.

If they will only shoot me! LEWIS HOUGH.

SECOND-COUSIN SARAH.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

DANGER.

THIS was Reuben Culwick's *coup de théâtre*. Mrs. Eastbell rolled herself slowly over in bed towards the speaker again, and her grandchild sank into the nearest chair, and put two trembling hands before her face.

There was a long silence before Mrs. Eastbell said in a husky voice—

"You don't mean to say, Reuben, that you have been thinking of my Sally?"

"Yes, I have," was the quiet reply.

"That would make this business very straight and square," said the old lady, "and as Sally's fond of you——"

"Oh, grandmamma! I never said so," murmured Sarah Eastbell, without lowering her hands from her face.

"What a horrible story-teller you are!" cried her grandmother.

"That is, I never said——"

And then Reuben's second-cousin was silent, fearful of what her grandmother would reply, and how much her grandmother had remembered of her late confession of faith in Reuben Culwick.

"It is a mercenary match," said Reuben; "I offer myself, without a penny in the world, to a rich young heiress, who could do much better for herself, and who is far above me in every respect—who is even too young for me, considering what an old fogey I have grown of late days."

"You're no great catch for Sally, certainly," observed Mrs. Eastbell, "but if Sally says she'll have you, it ends the bother of the money in a proper sort of way."

"Suppose I talk to Sarah presently about this?"

"Yes, yes," said the old woman impatiently,

"and get on with the will; I don't feel easy till I have signed it now."

"All your money to Sarah Eastbell, it being privately understood that Sarah is not to forget her brother Tom, or—her second-cousin Reuben," said our hero, taking up the pen.

"Yes, Tom and you can both trust Sarah," Mrs. Eastbell replied.

Sarah Eastbell was even now scarcely satisfied with the drawing up of the will in her favour—it was not what she had wished—had she been less confused, less happy, she might have suggested fresh additions and conditions; but she stood on the threshold of a new world, with the man who was the hero of her life in the foreground of its brightness. She seemed to hesitate as her hands were lowered from her face, and Reuben said meaningly—

"And Sarah Eastbell can trust me, I hope?"

"Yes," she answered to this appeal, "but the will should say——"

"The will must say neither more nor less than that you are sole legatee—I will not have my name in connection with this money," he said very firmly; "and I prefer," he added in a different and softer tone, "to be wholly at the mercy of my second-cousin."

Sarah said no more in argument. If there were a man to be trusted in the world, it was Reuben Culwick; or if there were a man less likely to be moved from his position, it was surely he also. After his own fashion he had offered a solution to the enigma of the future, and she for one could not oppose it. It evinced a perfect faith in herself—it asked for faith in him—and she was very happy. She had forgotten her brother Tom and Captain Peterson, in the new whirl of ideas that had come to her—her suspicions of Mary Holland might have

lain months back instead of two hours, for the trouble that they gave her—Reuben was at Sedge Hill, and there was nothing to fear! She slipped quietly from the room, leaving Reuben with her grandmother, and went down-stairs into the drawing-room.

She took her place before the fire, fast dying out

clever for her; only two years ago she was a poor waif, with a reward offered for her, placarded on the walls of Worcester; only of late days had she stepped into the light, and learned to be a lady, and whilst acquiring that knowledge, Reuben Culwick, her preserver, had been neglected by them all. Her time for reparation had arrived late in



"A FIGURE STANDING AT HER ELBOW."

with neglect, and thought of the end of all anxiety and uncertainty, and of the beginning of her happiness, with Reuben's love growing stronger every day, and Reuben's troubles at an end for ever.

He was going to marry her out of gratitude—to return unselfishness for unselfishness—reading thoroughly her heart, which she had not taken very great pains to disguise, and over which it had not been always possible to draw the veil. She was not fit for him; he was too good and

the day, but it should be complete and lasting. All that love and money could do—and what wonders can they not perform?—should be devoted to the life of her second-cousin. This was the end of every trouble, and Heaven be praised for it!

She had gone deeper than this into thought before the prudent man above-stairs had finished the last will and testament of Sarah Eastbell, relict of James Eastbell, late of Worcester, of no calling in particular. She had forgotten all danger in her

love-dream, but she awoke suddenly to it at finding a figure standing at her elbow, wan and ghost-like, a something from the other world she verily believed in her first surprise and horror. Two years ago this being had lived—only to-night she had heard that she was dead—and she sprang up and went back with hands spread out against the wall, too terrified to scream.

"Hush! don't make a row—don't you know me?" croaked the haggard figure huskily.

"Sophy—Tom's wife!" ejaculated Sarah Eastbell.

"Yes—but not dead yet—oh, dear, no—black as Tom's coat is!" she whispered back.

Sarah glanced at her. She had not yet recovered from the shock, and the woman was terribly forlorn and ragged, with her death's-head gleaming from a battered black straw bonnet.

"How did you obtain admittance to the house?"

"Through that window—it was unfastened."

"You have come in search of Tom?"

"No, no—to warn you of a danger—of an awful danger, as I live, Sally, to you and your grandmother!"

"Great Heaven!—what is it?"

"I can't tell you here—I daren't be seen by Tom," she whispered still, "he would kill me if he found me at his heels. Outside in the garden I can breathe a bit."

"I will come with you."

Sarah followed Mrs. Tom Eastbell, who walked very feebly, into the garden, where a little while ago she had seen Miss Holland and Captain Peterson together. Was this a further instalment of the mystery about her?—or in the shadows of the night would she approach closer to the truth? In thinking of Reuben Culwick, and forgetting everything else, what valuable time might she not have lost?—she who should have been watchful at all hazards of the men who she knew were dangerous.

Thus from one mystery to another passed Second-cousin Sarah.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

SARAH IS MISSED.

THE will of Sarah Eastbell was completed, and Hartley, the maid, with a second servant, were introduced into the room to witness the old lady's effort at a signature, made under considerable difficulty, with Reuben supporting her and guiding her hand across the paper. Reuben Culwick was particularly careful that there should be no mistake, and no ground for future objection to the will, for he read every line aloud to her in the presence of the witnesses, who saw afterwards that the testament tallied with the text. Mrs. Eastbell was blind, and there must be no suspicion in any one's mind that she had signed a document not setting forth her own especial wishes. What those wishes

were might possibly be bruited half over the county of Worcester in due course, but there was little occasion for secrecy concerning the disposal of his aunt's property.

"It's a good thing done, after all," muttered Mrs. Eastbell as she lay down wearily.

"It's brief and unlaywer-like," said Reuben, contemplating the will, "but I think it sets forth your intentions clearly, aunt. What shall I do with it?"

"Lock it in that iron-box; the key is under my pillow," said Mrs. Eastbell.

Reuben found the key, and locked up the will, restoring the key to its place beneath his aunt's head.

"And now, concerning Sarah," said Reuben.

The old lady did not answer him. She had passed into a deep sleep, and was breathing heavily. It had been a day of more than ordinary fatigue and excitement to Mrs. Eastbell, and she was tired out; sleep was life to a woman of her age, and he would not trouble her again concerning the granddaughter, or ask her any questions respecting the engagement. There would be time enough to-morrow to consider that—and Sarah was waiting for him.

He went out of the room, where he found the maid Hartley sitting by the door.

"Are you on watch here?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. Mrs. Eastbell will not have me in her room, and Miss Eastbell has given me instructions to remain till she comes."

"Miss Eastbell acts with commendable precaution," said Reuben. "Where are the visitors?"

"In the picture-gallery, sir. They sit up half the night there."

Reuben went down-stairs thoughtfully. He had almost resolved to proceed to the gallery in the first place, but the temptation was too strong to seek out his second-cousin, who would surely be in the drawing-room awaiting him. He had a great deal to tell her now, and a little to explain concerning his past misanthropy, which had grown more strongly developed as she at last seemed to fade away more completely from him. Sarah Eastbell had been always on his mind since her illness in Hope Street, Camberwell—in the midst of his own troubles, brought about by being security for John Jennings, and by various failures which had followed, and which proved how luck was always dead against him, the girl in whom he had become interested was ever present to him, and though her early letters angered him by her pity and her offers of assistance—he who had been ever too proud to receive help—still he took it as an offence when Sarah ceased from writing, and apparently forgot him. He had lost confidence in all human-kind save Sarah Eastbell—and she followed with the rest then. Prosperity had worked its usual

change, and he was very poor! He was ashamed now of the past, but why he had given way, required a long explanation to the girl whom he had resolved to make his wife, and whom he thought he had only loved in real earnest a few hours. A few hours ago, in his Drury Lane garret, he had discovered her real worth, and the sincerity of her disinterestedness.

A real heroine had his Second-cousin Sarah proved herself to be; he wished that he had been more of a hero to match, that he had more bravely endured the inevitable. She did not know yet what an obstinate and bad-tempered man he was, and how he had quarrelled with everybody in turn after his father's death. He would certainly give himself the worst of characters, and not win Sarah Eastbell under false pretences; so peculiarly constituted was this man's mind, that he already began to feel that he was acting ungenerously in seeking to win the affections of a girl who was far above him in position. He did not recollect that he was the son of Simon Culwick—he only remembered that he had sold his favourite books to raise funds to reach Sedge Hill that night. He must impress upon his cousin that he was a bad "catch," as Mrs. Eastbell had told him that very evening.

He went into the drawing-room full of these odd resolutions, and found Mary Holland there.

"Where is Sarah?" he asked, after a glance round the room had assured him of the absence of his second-cousin.

"Sarah?" said Miss Holland, springing to her feet. "Has she not been with you in Mrs. Eastbell's room?"

"She left it half an hour since."

"And you expected to find her here?"

"Yes."

"Wait an instant."

Mary Holland left the room; and Reuben remained, with a new perplexity to battle with, and rising doubts and fears to beat down.

"I am getting as nervous as these women," he exclaimed, as he took one or two turns up and down the drawing-room; "as if anything were going to happen because Sarah Eastbell has not been seen by Mary Holland, and two disreputable scamps are in possession of my aunt's house! As if—well, what is it? Why don't you speak?"

Mary Holland had entered the room again, and was standing at the door, a paler and more affrighted woman than when he had seen her a few minutes since.

"Gone!" she said at last.

"What do you mean?"

"That—that Sarah Eastbell is not in the house," explained Mary.

"It can't be true!" ejaculated Reuben.

"Stay, let me think still. For Heaven's sake give a distracted woman time to think!"

Reuben, in the midst of his excitement, remembered afterwards that the demeanour of Mary Holland aroused in him for an instant a half-wondering interest, as in a dream of vague beliefs and startling inconsistencies; and then the trouble of Sarah's absence took away all thought of everything else.

"Her brother and the man he brought with him," said Reuben, "where are they?"

"They are in the gallery still; they could not have left the room without my being warned."

"They are in this plot, if plot there can be," said Reuben.

Mary Holland ran to the window and looked back at Reuben.

"Open!" she cried.

Reuben and Mary Holland stepped into the garden, and looked round them. It was a dark, dry night, with the stars hidden now, and the wind sighing through the larches on the hill-side with such plaintive moanings, that Reuben strove to catch the accents of his cousin's voice amidst them.

"We shall find her in the garden," said Reuben assuringly, as he strode along the paths, with which he was acquainted, and directed Mary Holland in a different direction. When they met again a quarter of an hour had passed, and they were no nearer the discovery of Sarah Eastbell. She had vanished away completely, as by a miracle; and Reuben stood discomfited by the drawing-room window.

"This is beyond all guessing at," he said with a half-groan.

"The window of the picture-gallery is closed and barred," said Mary Holland, "but they are there still."

"I will see them at once," said Reuben; "meanwhile send out the servants to search the country. There has been foul play here."

"No, no! God forbid!" exclaimed Mary Holland. "He said—he promised——"

"Who promised?" asked Reuben quickly.

"Sarah's brother," answered Mary, after a moment's silence.

"Well—promised what?" said Reuben fiercely.

"That he and his friend would not in any way disturb the peace of this house—that they were here in all sincerity—that——"

Reuben interrupted her.

"Do you ask me to believe in that vagabond, Tom Eastbell?" he cried.

"No."

"Or in his friend, whoever he may be?"

"If I had not distrusted both of them, should I have written to you to come and help us?"

"Right," said Reuben; "and, my God! I fear you have not distrusted in vain."

"But I have not given up hope yet, Reuben," she

said nervously ; " this may be a coincidence. Sarah may have gone away on some sudden errand ; she is impulsive ; and they whom we suspect are where I saw them hours ago."

" Send the servants abroad as I directed, and leave these men to me," said Reuben, passing from her into the drawing-room, and proceeding through the room into the hall, and along the corridor towards the picture-gallery. Mary Holland followed him, with the same white face and staring eyes, and it was not till his hand was on the door that he perceived her.

" Let me hear what they say," she adjured.

" I will tell you afterwards. You are losing time. Summon the servants quietly, and do not disturb my aunt. Let her sleep if possible."

She walked away again, and he watched her down the corridor, perplexed by her manner—and then again forgetting it in the stern nature of the task which he had set himself, and in the deepening of the mist about his life.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH. WITH THE ENEMY.

AS Reuben Culwick stood outside the door of the picture-gallery, he became aware that some one within the room was playing not unskilfully a violin. He turned the handle sharply the moment afterwards and entered.

Yes, the two men were there. In the first light of the lamp, and amidst the thick haze of tobacco-smoke, he could perceive them. In the man lolling in the arm-chair, with the meerschaum pipe in his mouth, there was no difficulty in identifying Thomas Eastbell ; but he who bent closely, and in a near-sighted fashion, over a music-book propped against the lamp, was a stranger whom he had never met before. It was at him that Reuben gazed, distrusting him more at first sight than Thomas Eastbell, and approaching him closely, in order to study every line upon his face, and in the hope of recognising him when within a hand's grasp.

Captain Peterson continued playing till Reuben was by the table, when he lowered his bow, and said with modest confusion—

" I beg pardon ; I am short-sighted, and did not perceive that we had an addition to our company. —Thomas," turning to his friend, " will you have the goodness to introduce me to this gentleman?"

" He is no friend of mine, that I am aware of," said Thomas Eastbell sulkily, " and I dare say he won't care to make friends with one whose character has been took away right and left, and without rhyme or reason. You are Reuben Culwick, ain't you?"

" I am Reuben Culwick," said our hero sternly, looking from one to the other.

" I don't bear you ill-will, mind," said Tom ;

" when I was in trouble once in Potter's Court, and the police came, and you might have made mischief out of a little bit of innermost chaff we had together—the purest bit of fun—you stood by me like a trump, and I'll shake hands with you, if you ask me, just for my sister's sake."

" Which of you two men will save himself from gaol by telling me where Sarah Eastbell is?" thundered forth Reuben Culwick.

Thomas Eastbell's lower jaw dropped at Mr. Culwick's vehemence, and his semblance of astonishment was admirably feigned, unless he was astonished in real earnest. Captain Peterson put his violin and bow on the table, and sat down with his hands upon his knees, in the attitude of one who anticipated a narrative of great interest to follow.

" Where Sarah Eastbell is!" said Peterson, " why do you put such an extraordinary question to us, sir, and accompanied by such a threat as the gaol?"

" She is not in the house, and you two know where she has gone."

" Miss Eastbell was in the drawing-room a quarter of an hour ago, when I stepped in for my violin," said Peterson ; " surely she has not left the house since? There must be some mistake, Mr. Culwick, and mistake or not, you will excuse me for protesting against your manner of addressing Mrs. Eastbell's guests."

Captain Peterson spoke with a faltering voice, and with considerable warmth, as a man might do whose feelings had been unnecessarily wounded, and Reuben Culwick regarded him with graver interest. Here was a being to be wary of, if this were acting—if all this were part and parcel of the plot by which his second-cousin had been spirited away.

" May I inquire your name?" said Reuben.

" My name is Peterson, sir—Captain Peterson, of the merchant service—a friend of Thomas Eastbell's, and if not an old friend, still one who does not feel disposed to allow him to be browbeaten without a word of protest."

" I can take my own part, Ned ; you speak up for yourself, when called upon," said Thomas Eastbell, as he puffed at the stem of his meerschaum with grave composure.

" Peterson," muttered Reuben half aloud. The name was wholly unfamiliar to him—it had not been mentioned on that night in Potter's Court, and only incidentally some days afterwards by Lucy Jennings, when it had not lingered in his memory. Captain Peterson's dark eyes peered from under his brows at Mr. Culwick, as he repeated his name in a low tone, and there was the faintest smile of satisfaction flickering over his fresh-coloured face at the discomfiture expressed on Reuben's.

"You both deny all knowledge of my cousin's disappearance?" said Reuben.

"We do," said Peterson, with grave politeness; and Tom took his oath upon it at once, by way of adding force to his denial. "And now, sir, perhaps you will tell us what has happened."

"And relieve a brother's anxiety," added Tom. "She's the only sister that I have got in the world, and we have always been very fond of one another."

"You overdo your anxiety," said Reuben drily, "and I am still suspicious of you. Sarah Eastbell has disappeared suddenly from this house—within the last half-hour—and you are the men of whom she has been in fear. To that fact I swear before a magistrate to-morrow."

Thomas Eastbell put his pipe upon the mantel-piece, and writhed uneasily in his chair. Captain Peterson shrugged his shoulders with an air of supreme indifference to Reuben's warning.

"Mr. Culwick," said Peterson with dignity, "once again I must protest against the unfriendly position which you assume towards us. It is unjust—nay, I will go so far as to say that it is wholly unjustifiable."

"To-morrow the police will search the house and grounds for traces of her. I telegraph to-morrow to Scotland Yard for one of its ablest officers to meet us here."

Thomas Eastbell was heard to mutter a malediction of the most violent kind upon his second-cousin's promptitude, but his friend turned quickly to him, and said—

"Don't give way, Thomas. Don't let your sensibilities get the better of you, and lower your character before this man of many threats. You have been unfortunate, in your early days—you have had the frankness to confess it to me, and the generosity to atone for it to others—but your later life is without stain or blemish. Let the police come, you can face them in your aunt's house—

where this gentleman is more an intruder than yourself—without a blush upon your honest cheek."

Thomas Eastbell put his hands in his trousers-pockets, raised his shoulders to his ears, and considered the question very deeply.

"Oh, yes, I can do that," he said in an aggrieved tone at last, "but what right has this chap to fill my house—I mean my aunt's house—with a cussed lot of cusseder perlice, and make this row about my sister's larks? Hasn't she run away before from grandmother?—isn't she always cutting off?—didn't she go with me once to London?—wasn't she off again when we first came here?—is her actions to be accounted for, or to be surprised at, that all Wooster is to be up in harms about it?"

"Exactly, Tom, exactly," said his friend, "but take it coolly. You and I, who have been in this room some hours—barring my one minute's absence to fetch my violin—are above the insinuations of this gentleman, and there is no occasion to be excited by them."

"At your peril be it, if she is not found," said Reuben, still more passionately; then he strode from the room, doubtful in his own heart, and despite his sternness, of these men's complicity with the mystery of Sarah Eastbell's disappearance.

As the door closed Tom leaped to his feet, and went across to his friend, whom he clutched by the shoulder nervously.

"Has she really gone?"

"Yes," said Ned coolly, as he took a fresh cigar from the box on the table, "fortune has favoured us, and she has left your grandmother's establishment."

"There must be no harm done to her," Tom said, trembling; "I won't have her hurt, I swear."

"You left all to me, Tom Eastbell," said Captain Peterson, lighting his cigar; "it's too late to complain, whatever happens."

END OF CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

REMINISCENCES OF A TIPPERARY ASSIZES.—II.



NO name is more offensive or held in greater detestation than that of an "informer," but it is absurd to see the extent to which the feeling prevails, and of this I may from personal knowledge furnish a slight example. Stopping at the hospitable mansion of a Tipperary friend,

and announcing my intention to ride over to a village at some distance, I was advised by the groom to take another than the route proposed by myself, and the little local experience I had yet

enabled me to say, "Why, that would be a mile longer."

"Indeed it would, but there is a big dog at Paddy Hayes', which runs out on the road you talk of, and he has bit so many people these last two years, that they and even the quality are afraid to go that way."

"If that be so, why not tell the police, and have him summoned for keeping such a savage brute?"

"Oh, that would never do, for that would be to turn an informer;" and with a significant shudder at the mere idea of such an accusation, all further argument was concluded.

In one instance, indeed, an informer was lauded instead of being cursed, but it was under these very peculiar circumstances.

A gentleman of an old and honoured family, who lived, as the song says, like the son of an Irish king, died; and his heir, who had been educated abroad, found on succeeding to the estate that it was heavily mortgaged, and to pay off the debt he took advantage of a number of old leases falling in, to raise the rents of the tenants, but not in reality to even what would be the abstract marketable value. However, the offence was one which could not be forgiven; and it was argued that if he was successful, others would follow his example.

At a secret conclave large subscriptions were raised, and a sum of seventy-six pounds collected to hire an assassin, who was to be brought from another county, in order that a greater certainty might be insured of his non-identification by any one in the neighbourhood. The fellow was procured, and was secreted for three days and nights in a small loft; and when the hint was at length given that he would find Mr. H—— walking in a shrubbery attached to the house, the intending murderer was so crippled by the long confinement in a place where he could not stretch his limbs, that he was unable to leap a ditch which separated the high-road from the plantation, and had to return with the deed unaccomplished to his place of concealment. After a brief interval he was directed to renew the attempt when the gentleman was superintending a number of his labourers cutting hay, in a field next to the entrance lodge; and as the paid emissary had never seen Mr. H——, to prevent any mistake being made, he was to hand him a letter and ask his name. This was accordingly done, and in the presence of at least twelve men, while the unhappy landlord had his attention occupied, reading the address, he was twice fired at, and killed on the spot.

The other coolly walked away, not a hand being raised to arrest him, and not a voice raised to give the alarm. The crime excited a great sensation—there was a special meeting of the magistrates, and a large reward offered by the authorities at the castle; but active as was the pursuit, and the fact ascertained that the murderer was unable to leave the county, yet he could not be discovered.

About three miles from the scene of the audacious outrage, resided a wealthy farmer who had no sympathy with the conspirators, and a month after the death of Mr. H——, after returning late from a fair, a cautious knock was heard at the door, and on opening it a stranger entered.

His appearance was not in his favour—low in stature, but powerfully made, with a hideous cast in his eye, and a fiery mass of tangled hair on beard and chin—and Nature had written "scoundrel" on every line of his countenance.

"What do you want here at this hour of the night?"

"Shelter, and to be concealed from the peelers, who have nearly run me down."

"How dare you come to the house of an honest man, if you have done a deed for which you have to be on the run?"

"Just because you are an honest and decent man," was the reply, "for no one would suspect that the person who downed Mr. H—— would be found here."

The farmer's first impulse was to turn this assassin from the door, and more especially as he knew the perilous consequences to himself of harbouring such an offender; but there is an odd contrariety in the Irish character, and the very sense of danger made the party appealed to hesitate to save himself from danger at the expense of another; and when his wife, who had been aroused by the assassin, urged her husband not to turn the stranger away, he yielded to her request, and in an old locked-up barn the hunted man was concealed; the two in possession of the secret cautiously bringing him food, when the other members of the household and servants were away from the yard. Thus matters remained for three days, and on a Saturday the business of Martin Fogarty brought him into the village near the house of Mr. H——, to dispose of some pigs. Having sold them to his satisfaction, and enjoyed in drink the "luck-penny" with the purchaser, happening to pass by the constabulary barrack, he glanced at the various boards headed

Reward." His look was an incurious one at first, but suddenly his attention became fixed—he scanned over the lines of one of the "Dublin Castle" publications—turned back once or twice after he had left the spot, and then, after making a cautious inspection in order to ascertain that no one saw him, bolted rapidly into the orderly room, and soon emerged from the same, the constable having first come to the door, and ascertained that no one in the street saw who was his visitor. When he reached home, his wife Alice was called by him into the parlour—the state apartment, only used when the priest, or some of the "quality," happened to pay a visit to the family.

"Musha, Martin, what is the matter with you? have you seen a ghost since morning?" was the observation of the woman of the house.

"No," was the reply, "but don't be alarmed when you see the police coming to the house."

"Good heavens! what have you done? Sure it is not at this time of your life you done anything to bring the law upon you?"

"Don't be afraid of that," answered Martin, "but I gave him the word, and they will soon have in hols the chap yonder," pointing his finger in the direction of the barn.

"Oh! what have you done, Martin? have you

become an informer? You remember the day our little Nellie died, and what we felt when the coffin was carried over the threshold, and we thought how her little feet would never patter over it again, or her blue eyes give sunshine to the whole place, but my heart is sadder to-day since you have brought shame and disgrace to an honest name. To-morrow, bitter as the parting may be, I will go to my people, and never see this part of the country again."

Martin Fogarty made no answer, and there was a perplexed look about him, in which distress and levity seemed very oddly associated. But there was little time to urge any ground of possible defence or excuse, for the green uniforms of the constabulary were seen passing by the window, and they were back, and in the cottage with their handcuffed prisoner, in a few minutes.

"Bad cess to you," was the first observation of the farmer, as if he felt no shame at the betrayal of his victim, "Bad cess to you for taking me in with your lies and your comethur. You told me you were the man that shot Mr. H——, and what did I find out to-day? It was for no decent act you were on the run, but for a mane action, for stealing two pigs from that poor lone widow Nancy Hayes, and her lone orphans. Take the blackguard out of that, sergeant, and the next time he won't try to take an honest man in, who would have lost his life rather than turned him out, if it was for a good cause or a courageous deed he was on his keeping." This vehement diatribe elicited the smile of the officials of the law; the shabby sneaking thief was duly removed, and it is almost unnecessary to add that Alice Fogarty found no reason for carrying out her resolution to go to her people, and the odious epithet of "informer" was at once retracted, and the husband restored to his good name and reputation.

There is sometimes a species of retributive punishment inflicted, when the law has failed to bring an offender to justice. Two men were tried for a murder, and on their trial it appeared that they had ample opportunities for killing their victim in a secluded place, where no human eye would have seen the act committed; but the place actually chosen was on the road, close to some cabins, the inmates of which could see the parties engaged in their dreadful work. The prisoners were not defended by counsel, but their questions to the witnesses for the crown were most intelligent and shrewd; and after their conviction I asked the stipendiary magistrate who took the informations, and had the conduct of the prosecution, could he assign any reason why they should have chosen the place in question.

"Certainly," was the reply; "their father had been murdered on the identical ground some years previously, and by the deceased, and the jury

having acquitted him through a mistaken lenity, the sons swore that they would have his life, and shed his blood over that of their father, and nowhere else."

The hereditary feuds, which have existed for generations, are as numerous and as vindictive as those prevailing in Corsica. In Arabia, where blood-revenge makes it a duty to slay any relative of a murderer when the principal has escaped, the Bedouin is very careful not to disclose his name in the first instance when he visits the tent of a stranger; but Paddy is less reserved, especially when his passions have been aroused by the influence of liquor, and soon a public-house may be heard echoing to the cry, "A Hayes against a Dyer!" or, perhaps, "A Three-year-old against a Four-year-old!" It becomes a matter for the respective members of the factions to join under their appropriate banners, and the result is to fill the dock at the next assizes or sessions. If asked the origin of the name, or what was the cause of their mutual hostility, no explanation can be given.

On one occasion one of the "Three-year-olds" found himself placed in a dilemma. Being a witness in a case, and asked by the presiding judge, if he married the daughter of a "Four-year-old," to which party would his wife belong? he became quite confounded, and eventually replied that he could not answer until he saw his reverence the priest; and confusion became worse confounded when the further interrogatory was put, would the children of the marriage be Three or Four-year-olds?

Quarrels without a cause remind one of an incident referred to in Baron Grimm's amusing correspondence. Two senators quarrelled about the pre-eminence of Tasso over Ariosto, and the advocate of the latter received a wound with a sword, of which he died. "I," adds the writer, "went to see him. 'Is it possible,' said he, 'that I am doomed to perish in the flower of my life for Ariosto, whom I never read? And even if I had read him, I should not have understood one syllable; but I am only a simpleton.'"

What used principally to fill the dock in Clonmel and Nenagh with offenders charged with murders and attempts at the same, was the vengeance of tenants either dispossessed of land or threatened with eviction; and having no other mode of existence than that derived from the soil, they became reckless and desperate, and found sympathy and protection from others in the same position. "Sure no one could live in the country in peace unless a landlord was shot now and then!" was a common saying which passed current as an axiomatic truth, and the difficulty of obtaining evidence where the crime was agrarian would surprise an English reader. The Tipperary peasant is essentially an aristocrat, and from the "ould" families of the

country they often put up with a good deal of squeezing and grinding; but when the estates of the gentry passed away from them in the famine years, and mere land speculators bought to make money by their investments, there was no tie between them and the persons from whom they extracted enhanced rents. Among the Romans of antiquity, none had their statues or pictures except those who had filled the great offices of state, therefore he who had none of his ancestors was only a *novus homo*; and the successors to the old families in Tipperary, whose only pictures were the royal features impressed on the current gold and silver coin of the realm, had no associations to link them to their tenants.

With reference to the intense desire on the part of the small farmer to retain possession of land, a singular instance came within my own knowledge. A man named Nagle married a widow who had several children. She was badly treated by her husband, and eventually found dead in bed, with wounds and bruises on her person, and marks on the neck which led to the suspicion of her having been strangled. Before her marriage she had conveyed her interest in some few acres of ground to Nagle, and after her funeral he brought a proceeding before the chairman of the county to obtain this land. He was unsuccessful, but appealed to the judge at the next assizes, and on the same day two trials were proceeding in the courts, one involving his life for the murder of his wife, and the other his right to a few acres. With full knowledge of the issues involved, he retained two of the ablest advocates on the circuit in the civil appeal, whereas for the murder the counsel was much inferior in repu-

tation; and a skilful cross-examination of the medical witnesses might have led to a great question of what was the cause of death. However, within one hour he was found guilty of murder, and won the appeal only to forfeit his life.

There is much of poetry in the Irish mind, and it may not be out of place to mention a superstition in connection with the evil fortune that attends a party who has become tenant to a farm from which another has been evicted. The latter will take a bit of the earth of one of the fields he is never to till again, and after muttering a curse over it, roll it in linen, and then avail himself of the opportunity of secreting it in the thatch, or in a hole in some part of the wall of the dwelling-house he is about to quit. While it remains there, no luck can attend on the intruder. His cattle are under the curse; his children, it is expected, will languish and die; and thus a destiny supposed to be as certain as that awaiting the victims of the Grecian drama, falls on the new proprietor.

The people also consider it a duty to pay every respect to the dead, and should a traveller meet a funeral it is considered that he ought to stop and walk back a few yards with the corpse. In connection with this feeling, a startling fact may be mentioned as to its intensity. A man of the name of Maher was the mutual friend of a person named Dyer and of two cousins of his, and the latter were so indignant at Maher not attending the funeral of their relative, that when they next met him, for this neglect and for no other cause they murdered him, and were afterwards tried, convicted, and executed.

W. BRANDON.



A WINTER SONG.

H grey skies of Winter,
 Oh, how my heart longs
 For the warm airs of April,
 Its green elms, and songs !
 Oh, come, oh blithe swallow !
 Sing, brown thrush, oh, sing
 Our woodlands to wind-flowers !
 My heart longs for Spring ;
 For Spring my heart's longing,
 Oh, come, booming bee !
 My heart pines for sunshine,
 Bring life's May to me !
 With streams white and frozen
 To stillness and death,
 With boughs brown and lifeless,
 I long for Spring's breath ;
 Oh May, whose dear whispers
 Glad laughs, and leaves, bring,

With them my heart's longing
 And pining for Spring ;
 My frozen thoughts weary,
 My numbed fancies long
 To dance through the sunshine,
 And laugh into song.
 Oh happy South, lingers
 Our dear one with thee ?
 Swift, swift, speed her hither
 Our gladdener to be !
 Oh, send her, the silver
 Of daisies to bring,
 With cuckoos' soft name-calls !
 Speed hither, oh Spring !
 Our orchards are bloomless,
 Our woodlands are dumb,
 Till, sister of Summer,
 Thou, joy-bringer, come !

W. C. BENNETT.

ON THE SEA-BOARD.



"AND SCAN THE TOSSING SAIL."

WHAT can you know about it? you, who
 dwell
 In the calm safety of the inland hush,
 Seeing bright corn-waves ripple on the fell,
 And sparkling becks by floating lilies rush.

VOL. VIII.—NEW SERIES.

Why, if the great winds sweep across the moor,
 And shake the branches of your spreading trees,
 Have I not heard you, smiling, say secure,
 "Hark, how the forest mocks the sound of
 'scas!"

The sound of seas ! draw closer round the hearth ;
 Hope that your oaks face bravely to the storm ;
 Let the wild music blend with household mirth,
 Or fair false fancies 'mid your dreamings form.

The sound of seas ! What does it say to us,
 When the surf "calls" along the hollow strand,
 With its deep thunder, low and ominous,
 While the white foam-flecks, warning, stud the sand ?

It tells how the fierce blast is landward blowing,
 How ships are drifting to the cruel reef ;
 It tells how crested waves are landward flowing,
 Back sweeping hope of rescue or relief.
 It bids skilled watchers gather on the pier,
 And daring crews, to loose the life-boat ready,
 To see the rocket-lines are taut and clear,
 To feel the rowlocks strong, the rudder steady.

Old men, that gather on the harbour-side,
 Point to the drum and mark the falling glass,
 Gaze at the threatening storm-pack, spreading wide,
 And scan the tossing sail that strives to pass ;

Whisper old ghastly tales of gallant ships,
 Lost with all hands out on the stormy sea,
 And missing barques, round which in sad eclipse
 Close years of sorrow, prayer, and mystery.

For you, there is no cadence in the wind,
 Caught from the sailor's last despairing cry ;
 Your careless untaught glances cannot find
 Promise or presage in the changing sky.
 For you, when wakened from your quiet sleep,
 As sudden gusts dash on the window-pane,
 No thoughts, like ours, of danger on the deep
 Forbid your weary eyes to close again.

We live our lives, who on the sea-board dwell,
 Lives face to face with peril, death, and heaven ;
 The strong sad sea, in its eternal swell,
 Something of strong sad fellowship has given,
 Stern as its tempest, solemn as its roar ;
 Keen, true, and frank, as sunlight on its breast ;
 Its signet stamps their souls, who on the shore
 Dare, love, and labour, die, and sleep in rest.

S. K. PHILLIPS.

HALF-HOURS WITH NATURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HALF-HOURS AT THE SEASIDE."

FROST AND SNOW.



VEN at the worst, our English climate is remarkably mild, considering its latitude. That natural hot-water apparatus which geographers call the "Gulf Stream" lays us under considerable obligation, especially when we consider the dreadfully high price of coals ! Owing to this warm water current impinging on our British shores, the mean annual temperature of Great Britain is raised at least ten degrees. Let those who are disposed to murmur at our severe climate remember this fact, and be thankful ! Heads of families, especially, have reason to entertain an affectionate regard for this branch of physical geography, for if they had to make up for the absence of these ten degrees of temperature out of their pockets, the responsibilities attaching to their position would be raised to the breaking down pitch.

The "river in the sea," as the late Captain Maury called the Gulf Stream, would run directly along the eastern coasts of America, if the earth did not revolve upon its axis. Thanks to this astronomical arrangement, it is agreeably diverted across the Atlantic, and made to lap round our British shores before it is allowed to carry its now considerably decreased heat to tone down the rigour

of the Arctic circle. It sets out from the Gulf of Mexico, in which hollow it is formed by the Equatorial current—the hottest water current that exists—is there banked up, and deflected subsequently to be metamorphosed into the Gulf Stream. Poor Hugh Miller jocularly remarked that if the Yankees ever wished to serve England out thoroughly, all they had to do was to cut through the Isthmus of Panama, and thus, by allowing the Pacific and Atlantic waters to commingle, they could utterly destroy this chief means of raising the temperature of the British Islands. The idea is shocking, for our climate is already bad enough, and in the ordinary way of compensation, England ought to be geographically favoured above any other country in Europe, seeing that she drains the south-west winds of their moisture for them, and thus allows the warm and genial, and not too wet, air to gently blow over the sunny South. It is bad enough to have our country turned into a condenser for the Continent, but it would be infinitely worse if, shorn of the extra heat brought over by the Gulf Stream, this moisture fell as snow instead of rain !

The port of St. John's, in Newfoundland, although situated one degree nearer to the Equator than Liverpool, is blocked up with ice for nearly six months out of the twelve. What a possible picture for Liverpool commerce ! The "ruins of West-

minster" are nothing to it. And it has been said that all this could be effected by cutting through the Isthmus of Panama—if so, we must not allow such an engineering feat to take place. But, for the benefit of those likely to be troubled with such a climatological possibility as that imagined by Hugh Miller, it may be once for all stated that the whim had its origin more in imagination than in fact. The highest point of the isthmus is not very great, and there is every geological reason for believing that at no very distant period the waters of the Pacific and those of the Atlantic intermingled at this point, for we find many species of fish living on the Pacific and Atlantic shores of the isthmus which are zoologically identical. A mere depression of this connection between North and South America would be quite unable to prevent the heaped-up waters of the Equatorial current from being diverged in our direction. The volume of such warm water might be considerably lessened, but it would require a much more effective geographical alteration to utterly deprive us of the benefit of a Gulf Stream.

Having eased our minds on that point, let us turn our attention to another fact in connection with the same oceanic current, which materially influences our English climate. Maury has likened the Gulf Stream to a pennant, one end of which is fast, and the other free. Thus represented, this stream is made fast in the gulf which gives to it its name, and the free end terminates somewhere in Arctic regions, waving about to and fro, as the pennant would in a gentle breeze. It would seem as if these movements of the free end were not indeterminate and accidental, but the result of certain physical agencies which repeat themselves, and thus produce a cycle of disturbances which eventually right themselves.

Anyhow, it is very certain that the moving and shifting about of the free end of the Gulf Stream affects our English summer and winter. Let it be operating among the ice-fields, and the latter are broken up by the extra warmth, and come drifting southerly, absorbing heat from the air and water that meet them, and filling the atmosphere with the vapour resulting from their dissolution. In that case we shall have a cold and cloudy, and perhaps wet summer, for our skies will be overcast by the mists that drift hither from the Atlantic. But should the free end of the current impinge on our coasts more than usual, and remain in neighbouring latitudes longer, as if to compensate for damp summers, then our winters will be green, and perhaps our "churchyards be fat"—although as a matter of fact we know the old proverb bearing on this question to be sadly at fault. Anyhow, we have put our notion plainly, but before we can consider the proper degree of frost and snow appertaining to us in Great Britain (and, for the matter of that, of

sunshine and rain also) it is necessary to glance at the untiring influence of this Gulf Stream.

Did our readers ever glance at a snow-crystal? It requires a quick and prompt manipulation to place it under the microscope, for a "snow-flake on the river" is not a whit more readily dissolved than it is under a magnifying glass. Once seen, a snow-crystal will never be forgotten. It is one of the most beautiful and elegant of forms—or rather a congeries of forms—in the world. The delicate fernlike films which the frost leaves on our window-panes during some extra cold night show us the nature of these crystallisations. Examine such an ice-crystal on the window with an ordinary pocket-lens, and mind you do so before the steam of your breath dissolves it away, and you will confess you never imagined it was so really beautiful. But these are not to be compared, for beauty, with the minute crystals of which there are hundreds entering into the structure of an ordinary snow-flake.

It is a law of crystallography that geometrically shaped crystals, such as we see in "spar," etc., can only be formed when the particles entering into their composition are free to arrange themselves according to certain operative laws. You can never have a crystal of any kind unless this condition has been complied with. Let us see how the particles of snow-crystals fulfil this condition. They are merely very minute atoms of frozen vapour. The atmosphere through which that vapour was diffused has been chilled by cold, and its moisture thus as certainly squeezed out of it as if it had been a saturated sponge pressed by the hand. Had this cold been less intense, the particles of vapour would have run together, and a rain-shower would have been the result. But as each minute atom of vapour was set free, the cold froze it, and thus the whole atmosphere became full of such infinitesimal atoms. No wonder that an approaching snow-storm should be heralded by dense, dark, leaden-coloured clouds. If vapours are frozen at a great height above the earth, then we may expect to have large snow-flakes, for the crystals are formed by the particles of frozen vapour arranging themselves in certain directions, and thus forming true crystals. Each snow-flake is a group of such crystals. Sometimes the large snow-flakes collect in an upper part of the atmosphere, and, in falling towards the earth, they have to pass through a warmer stratum of air, which half melts them. In such a case it is not snow we are visited with, but *sleet*. On the tops of our high hills and mountains snow seldom or never falls as flakes, but always as fine granular particles, almost like flour-dust. Each particle, however, is not the less a crystal, for the fineness is due to their being collected high up, and through their not having had time or space to group themselves into snow-flakes.

In all those parts of the world where the ground is above the snow-line, the excess of moisture cannot be got rid of as rain—the only way it can be precipitated is as snow. Had it been as rain, the excess of the latter would have collected as mountain rills and torrents, and would have fed the rivers which every map shows us branching and sub-dividing, and originating in hilly districts. In this way the excess would have found its way to the sea. Now there remains exactly the same necessity for getting rid of the moisture in the shape of snow, as there does in its other form as rain. In our latitudes the coolest summer is generally warm enough to completely melt the last winter's snows before those of another accumulate. Hence our ordinary water channels are sufficient to carry off the snow-water. But in those places where the summer's heat is not sufficient to melt the winter's snows, it is evident that if there were no means of disposing of the excess, analogous to that by which rain gets carried to the sea, there would be such a constant accumulation of snow that in time our mountains would owe their enormous height entirely to its having been piled up during successive winters.

There is a known means of getting rid of snow-fall, as of rain-fall. It is no longer in action in Great Britain, but it was so during a geological period called the "Glacial," when the beds of sand, gravel, and clay which form the sub-soils of our agricultural counties were deposited. This agency is called a *glacier*, or ice-river. The successive accumulations of fine snow press down the lowest and oldest layers into ice, which ice is constantly melting and freezing, in a molecular form, so that the pressure of the snow-accumulation above will force a tongue of viscid ice some thousands of feet below the actual snow-line. Such glaciers are abundant in the Alps, and in Arctic localities we find them actually on the sea-level. They bring down masses of rock which have fallen on the surface, or which have tumbled into the "crevasses" or cracks caused by the more rapid movement of the middle of the ice-rivers than along the sides, where the friction of the rocks interferes.

Such boulders are frequently frozen in the mass of ice, and thus act as natural groovers and polishers, to scratch and striate the solid rock over which the ice-river slowly moves. At length they reach the foot of the glacier, where the warmth is such that it melts the ice as fast as it is pushed forward. Here, of course, ordinary streams of muddy water take the place of the ice, and thus the actual moisture is converted from ice to water, to be carried away to the sea as if it had been originally rain-fall. A huge bank of material—mud, gravel, and angular scratched and polished fragments of rocks of various kinds—accumulates at the foot of the glacier,

where it is called a *moraine*. Or we may find such moraines along the sides of such ice-streams, indicating their direction. These moraines may exist as geographical features for ages after a glacier has changed its course, and thus serve as a trustworthy record of a former state of things.

We see, therefore, that whether the excess of moisture which eventually finds its way to the sea was originally rain-fall or snow-fall, there is the same active wear-and-tear of the dry land surface. We cannot have *weather* without paying for it, and this payment must be made at the expense of the very continents to which the weather is so needful.

The element of *time*, added to meteorological agencies, would be quite sufficient eventually to carry off every particle of solid land, and to strew the débris over the floors of neighbouring seas. It hardly seems possible for these light and airy snow-flakes—whose lightness and evanescence have been figurative ideas with writers for centuries—by any degree of combination to effect such mighty physical changes as both geography and geology prove they have. We cannot go through our own hilly or mountainous districts, if we have an eye for ice-action, without seeing its traces everywhere—in the rounded hills, the morainic débris, the scratched blocks and perched boulders, or in the rock-basins characteristic of our highest mountain ranges in Wales, Cumberland, and Scotland, in which lie the lochs, lakes, and tarns. All these hollows are the result of the mechanical erosion of extinct ice sheets!

The thick beds of "drift," averaging over all Midland and Eastern England more than a hundred feet in thickness, were all deposited by glacial agency. No wonder that in them we should meet with huge boulders of rock, scratched and fluted and polished, thus plainly telling us of the agency that brought them from their parent sources hitherwards. No wonder these sub-soils should be so rich, seeing that these triturating glacial agencies commingled rocks of every age, and possessing every degree of mineralogical composition. Out of them Nature has elaborated sub-soils second to none in excellency, and which simply require to be turned over to produce fresh and inexhaustible crops. And all this was effected by the combined agency of untold myriads of microscopic snow-crystals! Stamp out the effects of ice and snow from the globe, and you will not only have to rewrite the physical geography of the present epoch, but to do the same with the geology of that which immediately preceded it. We may regard them as inconveniences, but Nature cannot do without them, and in their use and application she shows how much greater and wiser is her governing spirit than we had at first imagined.

J. E. TAYLOR.

THE COLLEGE-LIFE OF MAÎTRE NABLOT.

BY ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

I HAVE the whole fifteen before me even now, seated in their places at the end of our little white-washed schoolroom. First came Zillinger, the tall son of the forest-keeper of Wasselonne, with his short jacket-sleeves, his long face, square brow, and compressed lips. He has come to learn Latin; he does not mean to waste his father's money; and he will soon want to know how it happens that he does not get his regular due portion of Latin, and whether it is on account of those small boys that the class is kept back. He considers that he ought to be attended to, for did not his father pay for him in advance? Then comes Steinbrenner, a heavy fellow, son of the brewer at Reichshoffen, who asks for his due, and being still no farther than the sixth class, is calculating his examination expenses after he shall have passed his Bachelor's degree, and the cost of his medical studies at Strasbourg. Then the two brothers Bloum, sons of a substantial paper manufacturer at Ober-Hazlach, who will take in no more than a moderate quantity of Latin, not enough to cause indigestion; since, being intended for trade, it is a luxury in their case. Geoffrey of Sarrebourg, another tall lad, takes his Latin easy; the Poitevins and Vaugiro have found their first lesson quite enough for them. The day-scholars, sons of old pensioned soldiers, and of small *bourgeois* of Saarstadt, will first try to carry off a summary victory at the bayonet's point; the first month they will be in the advanced guard; but as the strong Alsacians mean to advance with a firm and steady front—and Monsieur Gradus encourages only the sons of people who have money—the second quarter will be disastrous, and they will only work just enough to escape punishment.

Oh, my brave comrades, Moreau, Desplanches, Engelhard, Chassard! I can see you still standing calm and unmoved under the rolling fire of the ill-natured jokes of Monsieur Gradus, who calls you dunces and fools in spite of all your exertions, and relegates you to the tail of the class, even drawing a sharp line between you and the rest. How full of scorn and contempt are your countenances, as you stand eyeing him strutting up and down the class-room with his nose elevated in the air, wiping his glasses, and putting on ridiculous airs of importance because he is a Bachelor!

I have it all before my eyes—I am with them still, and can fancy I hear the never-ending weary round of Latin repetitions. It sends me to sleep even now, thirty years after.

Out of my little corner I looked on, and resolved

not to let the big Alsacians bury me alive. I had the start of them at the beginning, thanks to the lessons I had had of Monsieur Hugues. But they were such great fellows, so persistent over their work, swallowing vocabularies, verbs, adverbs, and syntax with an insatiable appetite! Their fathers had no cause to complain of their idleness. They got an equivalent for their money.

But what melancholy teaching it was! How dry! how barren! Instead of beginning with simple readings, which the professor himself should describe to his scholars—the sense of which he should first explain, and afterwards the words and phrases—to oblige children for four long years, even before reading as an art, to pour out torrents of unconnected words and abstract rules—surely it is enough to stupefy a human being! The very first day, a rational man, after having heard repetition lessons for a few minutes, would have passed on to the written exercises, and would have spoken somewhat as follows:—

"My friends, I have looked over your exercises. They are very bad, because you don't know how you ought to set about them; you translate all the words just as they come. Of course that plan won't do. If you want to make a good translation of it, you must consider who it is that is speaking; is it a soldier, or a rustic, or a philosopher? For they would all speak differently upon the same subject, because they have different notions upon it; and when you know who is speaking, you get a better idea how he would speak.

"Then you must try to ascertain the subject, the matter in question; for if you don't take the trouble to find out the subject, you translate at random, and run the risk of writing great nonsense.

"Well, now, you can't get to know these two things in the very first sentence you come to, nor in the second. You will want to examine the whole page. You ought therefore to read the Latin from beginning to end, looking in a dictionary for the words you have not yet learnt; and only then, after having caught in some degree the general sense of the passage, you will begin to translate each sentence separately; and each of these sentences must bear a proper relation to the whole."

This is the way in which I imagine that a genuine teacher would address his class; and this method of referring to the general sense or idea, rather than to the detached words and isolated phrases, would have been both simpler and more scientific. But unfortunately Monsieur Gradus proceeded in a very different fashion:—

"Look for your subject, your verb, and your

governed case. Then construct your sentence. The subject answers to the question, who or what? The direct complement answers to the question, whom or what? The subject is in the nominative case. The complement or completion of the predicate is in the accusative case. Active and deponent verbs are followed by a direct object. Passive verbs have none."

To Japan with your rubbish! Aren't your direct and indirect objects, your deponent verbs, your attributes, your nominatives, and your accusatives all a gigantic practical joke? How is a child to understand this?—"The subject is in the nominative case, the direct object in the accusative." Will this jargon open out the minds of our youth? With rules such as these the veriest fools may dispense with the trouble of thinking. You put an *um* instead of an *us*, you change *is* into *ibus*, and that is what their science comes to. But why *um* rather than *us*, why *ibus* rather than *is*? Why?—why?

Now those are our classical studies; abstract rules which are not explained, words instead of ideas. Memory for words is of the first importance. Memory alone is exercised and developed. Feeling, reasoning, sound sense, and common sense are all buried alive under mountains of words.

I return to my story with what patience I may. For what is the use of arguing with men who refuse to hear? The doctrine of the day is, that to insure order, our youth must first undergo seven or eight years' imprisonment at college, to be fashioned to bodily and spiritual debasement. Where would our governments be, if by mismanagement it should happen that these boys, grown into men, should enter life with notions of justice and liberty? And then those traditions, those legendary pictures, those compulsory formulas, and those monkish revelations, what would happen to those venerable and ancient follies, by means of which impostors in high places have governed us for ages? Where would all these sublime inventions be sent to? Why, the abomination of desolation would follow. Ah! Bonaparte knew what he was about when he restored the Jesuits.

Imagine the weariness, the disgust of children laid hold of and subjected to teaching of this sort. Surely the intellect of the majority must have struck roots deep and strong to resist such onslaughts as these.

Every day I wept in secret; and Monsieur Canard poured no balm into my wounded spirit when he set before me the loose crumbly portions of bread, from which the crust had been stolen for the advantage of the rich. Injustice always made my blood boil. Woe to him who comes into the world with a sense of justice! he will smart for it as long as he lives.

In this state of distress I made the acquaintance

of a boy named Charles Hoffmann, nicknamed Goberlot, the son of the wealthiest banker in Saarstadt. His father, a very bigoted devotee, had discovered him reading Molière's "Tartuffe," and had sent him to be shut up in college to expiate his offence.

Goberlot thought upon most matters as I did; and even then, in the midst of our troubles, we were beginning to speculate upon the Divine character, and to wonder why we were doomed to live in a college where we became every day more inclined to curse the day we were born; and we doubted whether there was such a thing as Divine justice.

Every Thursday and Sunday, when we went out for a walk, Goberlot and I used to wonder and argue upon these questions; and I inquired—

"Why is Monsieur Gradus such a fool, and Canard so unfair? Why should Monsieur Laperche, the professor of the fourth class, look so extremely grave, if it is a fact, as all the world says, that he has not two ideas in his head? And why is Monsieur Perrot, the professor of rhetoric, who knows more than all the rest put together, both lame and very ugly? Why do we suffer from the folly of other people, incapable as we are of resistance?"

I could not reconcile these things with what I knew of the justice of God.

And then Goberlot, who had been taught by the priests, answered—

"That's for our perfecting. If they were not all so stupid, so unfair, and so selfish, we should have no merits, and we should not get to Paradise."

"And what is to become of them?" said I.

"Oh! I am sure I cannot tell," he replied; "perhaps their destruction is for our salvation."

Poor boys! there was no one to help us out of our difficulties, and so we got deeper and deeper into doubts and perplexities.

On that day we were crossing through the town in twos, under the oversight of Monsieur Wolfram. Sometimes we used to come out of the town by the gate that faces the Vosges, or eastern gate, sometimes by the western. But now the sky was becoming dull and grey in this rainy autumnal season, and we could not walk far without exposing ourselves to the cold showers.

As soon as we reached the country, all eyes were directed towards the distant summits of the Vosges, and we would say—

"Do you see, down there, that little white chapel in the midst of the fir-trees? That's Dabo—that's where we live."

Then another—

"Do you see the Altenberg between those two great mountains? Richepierre is just behind that."

How our poor hearts throbbed before the distant view, and how vividly our village, our small home,

our kind indulgent parents, rose to our aching memories ! We could have cried, but for the fear of ridicule. And so we trudged wearily on, until we reached the skirts of the great forest stretching out its thousands of bare and rugged branches. No more green foliage ; the birds are silent ; there broods a mournful stillness, while the giant pines uplift their tall dark spires as far as sight can stretch, and the pathways through the forest are strewn deep, by the stormy blast, with swirling heaps of falling leaves.

Winter is drawing near, cold winter ! grey clouds gather round in sluggish masses ; heavy drops begin to plash upon the leaves ; we must run for it—we must go back to the college. Breathless we reach the old monks' entrance—and Vandenberg goes to look for his key while we are shouting outside, "Make haste, let us in," and kicking at the door. At last he shambles up, lets us in at his leisure, and we rush under the old archway, as wet as drowned rats.

Such were our autumn walks.

And then in five or six weeks the winter is upon us. In a single night a great white pall is spread over the whole face of town and country. The roofs of the houses are white, the courts are white, so are the ramparts, and the mountains, and the plain. White, white everywhere as far as the eye can reach.

Oh, what a life we began to live then ! The falling snow, falling, falling still ; the creaking weather-cocks ; the long, damp, dirty corridors ! Oh, what a difference between this and the pleasant cheerful winters at home, in the corner of the hearth-place, your cotton cap pulled over your ears, your feet comfortably dry, and your careful mother saying, "Now, Jean Paul, don't go out ; you might catch cold, or you might get chilblains."

Aha ! Canard, and Miston, and Father Dominique took no account of colds or chilblains ; what did they care whether the son of a poor village lawyer, whose gratuity to the servants was a paltry forty sous, had colds and chilblains or not ?

Lessons on practical philosophy and experimental physics came to you without much cost in those days ! No fire in the dormitory ; the tall windows, thickly covered with frost from November until February, give a full passage to the north wind through their chinks. There is no possibility of sleeping, on account of the cold ; so you roll up into a little ball between your scanty coverings, you hold your feet with both hands ; and at last the power of sleep asserts itself. The bed is a little bit warmer—and you drop off. But all too soon old Vandenberg's bell wakes you up. Oh, misery ! misery ! I don't believe there is anything worse for a sleeping child than to be suddenly woke up before daylight, in a dormitory of immense length, where everything that is wet or damp is freezing,

where currents of ice-cold wind are blowing cruelly ; and to be obliged to get up at once and dress, black your shoes, break the ice in the washstand, and descend the long cold staircase, shivering, only half rubbed dry on account of the chilblains, and the numbness, and the chapped hands. You sanguinely hope you may get a warming by the schoolroom stove, and there you find, to your anguish, all the big fellows, with whiskers coming, in a dense circle round the stove, drawn close up, laughing and grinning, and not one of them good-natured enough to make room for you and say, "Come along, young un, get yourself dry and warm here in my place !"

No, not one. Poor human nature ! thou art a long way from perfection ; greatly thou needest softening and refining ! Unhappily, no one thinks of that in our colleges—Greek and Latin fill up the whole time. A little of theoretical and practical morals, a course of simple humanity, would not be altogether out of place. But the chief business is to manufacture Bachelors, who shall afterwards make the best they can of their Bachelorship.

Well, when the master on duty had made his appearance too, and had seated himself in his chair of state, and inspected our hands and shoes, gaping himself as if he had not had half his sleep, how was it possible for a boy to study ? how could he retain his lesson even after reading it a hundred times, as long as he was asleep with his eyes open ?

I have often experienced this myself ; the best of good-will is not sufficient ; you must also have the power. Children want sleep more than their elders ; no child ever slept too long. Let the big boys get up if you will, but do let the poor little ones get an extra hour. Nature requires it, and common sense teaches it.

"You don't know your lessons, Monsieur Nablot ? You have been asleep in school hours. You don't go out next Thursday, and you will write out the verb *dormir* twenty times."

Why not a hundred times, fool ? Ah ! those weary tasks, those *pensums* ; they weigh upon my memory worse than all the other iniquities. Telling a child, who does not know his lesson, that he shall write it out twenty times—the very same words twenty times over, the same burdensome tax twice on times, just like an old blind mill-horse shambling round his wheel—is not this sure to make him hate his lessons ? Is it not grinding out of him everything that is pleasant and amiable ? I appeal to all reasonable creatures for an answer.

However, such were our college punishments in my time.

Then, on Thursdays and Sundays, by way of recreation, they treated us to an explication of the mysteries of our Holy Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion, and we were indoctrinated with sacramental mysteries, and told to ask no questions ; and we

were carefully taught the doctrine of papal indulgences—namely, that the Church has power to remit temporal penances, by appropriating to us the superfluous merits of the Blessed Virgin and the saints.

All this was very clear, wasn't it?

I remember that sometimes I presumed to hint to Monsieur Rufin, when he had done *explaining* these wonderful things, that I could not understand him, and he broke out into a passion, crying—

"It is a mystery! If you understood it, it would not be a mystery! Now, do you understand?"

Then, for fear that he should get worse, and should keep me in, and give me dry bread and water, I humbly said—

"Yes, Monsieur le Principal, now I understand."

"Ah!" he rejoined, "it is well for you; but you have been a long while about it. You are a reasoner, a free-thinker, Monsieur Nablot. People who reason come to a bad end. Faith alone can save. You must believe."

These words troubled me and made me anxious, and when I got a little time alone with Goberlot, I said to him—

"God has given us legs to walk with, and eyes to see with; and has he given us reason, that we should not reason with it?"

But Goberlot knew nothing about these matters. His Latin was of no use to him here.

When religious instruction was over, we had leave to run in the corridors for an hour. Then we had dinner. One of the older boys, perched up in the pulpit in the dining-hall, used to read aloud to us the voyages and travels of the Jesuit fathers in China, or other stories of that kind, which we were obliged to listen to with the greatest attention. For as soon as the meal was over, Monsieur le Principal always examined a few of the scholars upon what had been read, and those who could not answer to his satisfaction had to go without wine the next day.

I may be judging uncharitably; but since that time, thinking over those readings, I have often thought that the object of them was to take the attention of the pupils away from the bad food, and the water a little reddened, that were set before us.

During the depth of the winter, Monsieur Rufin, after supper, used to send for some of the smaller boys to visit him in his room; but only the Poitevins, the Vauguiros, the Henriaz, sons of substantial people who could pay well. My poor friend Goberlot and I stood outside in the cold; we were not invited in, and yet we were as young as the rest, and quite as cold.

However, we did not die of it; quite the contrary. After five or six sharp frosts, having borne the severity of the cold with such help as we could get by stamping our heels and swinging our arms, we had grown ruddy and strong, and able to stand wintry

weather without flinching. When we had snow-ball fights with the day-boys, it was we who stood the brunt of the battle; it was we whom the enemy dreaded the most when they came down upon us at the charge-step, but recoiled from our heroic resistance when we stood firm and shouted to the retreating "highly-connected" boys, "Stand fast—come on!"

At home, in spite of all my mother's tender care, I was always catching cold; but ever since that winter I have hardly known what it was to have a cold; and even to this day, when I cough to try the strength of my lungs, the window-panes rattle with the deep sound.

Habit is everything—except in the case of injustice and wrong. No amount of habit can make me used to that!

January, February, and March passed away; conjugations, declensions, and rules marked the flight of time.

And then the fine days of spring came gently down upon us. The deep snow slowly melted away; in all directions, during the tedious school hours, we could hear the heaps of snow sliding off the roofs, and falling in a curve in huge lumps into the courtyard below, with a noise like distant thunder. The melting snow was shovelled up in great dirty mounds, and stood piled up against the walls. The temperature was rising; the sun, the warm welcome sun darted his comforting rays into all the cold dark corners, and this delicious warmth was felt to be removing the dampness away from our dormitory. From the upper windows we could see the trees that were planted within the batteries, the fine tall limes, gradually changing to a light and tender green, amidst which we knew we should soon hear the bees and the cockchafters humming. And the sparrows, too, but lately objects as pitiable as ourselves, fluttering even about our feet in the snow, to catch a crumb of bread, those poor house-sparrows were already beginning to twitter and quarrel, to worry and chase each other.

Yes, here was spring indeed! Everybody, even Canard himself, looked a little handsomer; we gazed with a sense of comfort and happiness into each other's faces, as we became conscious of the approach of the Easter holidays.

Compositions were written twice a week. The big Alsacians were the best hands at that; they expected to ride over the heads of all the class, and take the highest places by storm, and so reach the fifth class. Of course they had a right, having always worked so strenuously.

Next to those fellows I came, on account of my good memory. I remembered even what I had never been taught to understand; and in spite of every disadvantage, I stood higher than Poitevin, Henriaz, and Vaugiro.

SECOND-COUSIN SARAH.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER,"

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

REUBEN LOSES FAITH.

ONLY one person slept that night in the big house at Sedge Hill. Whilst Mrs. Eastbell slumbered,

hope of finding her within the house or grounds was wholly given up, he saddled the one horse of the establishment, and rode away to Worcester. As he rode on in the darkness of the night, with



"STILL AT HER OLD POST."

the inmates were astir, and not a few of them abroad, beating right and left for scraps of information, and failing in their object miserably. Sarah Eastbell had disappeared, leaving not a trace by which she might be followed. Reuben Culwick moved to and fro like a restless spirit, uncertain what to do; but when the hour was late, and all

the trees overshadowing him, and the black hills rising right and left, he thought, with a shudder, how easy it was for one poor soul to disappear amidst this desolation, with no one but herself, and those who had betrayed her, the wiser for her going. There were sheep-tracks and foot-paths across the hills, along which she might have been dragged by

those who saw in her life a barrier to their advancement—there was the Severn, deep and treacherous, flowing on through the night's landscape, and what might its sullen waters hide from him who was in search of her? He was not a man who took a morbid view of things, and put the darkest construction on a mystery, but he was scarcely hopeful in that hour. Sarah had disappeared strangely, and awfully; he and she had been warned of danger, and were both on guard against it; he had been sent for by Miss Holland in her fear of foul play; there were Tom Eastbell and a companion in possession of his aunt's house—and there was a hundred thousand pounds or more trembling in the balance against two women's lives.

Had not lives been sacrificed for one hundredth part of such a fortune, by men whose greed of gold had turned them into wolves, and was Tom Eastbell to be trusted even with his sister's life, when a fortune was at stake? God forgive him if he were wrong, but he thought the worst and feared the worst in the first hour of his search for Second-cousin Sarah.

As he rode on to Worcester he scanned the hedge-rows, and the dry ditches, for a trace of her; he turned into yawning lanes where all was of an indistinguishable darkness; he reined in his horse fifty times to listen to the noises of the night—the shriek of a distant engine, toiling on with its luggage through the country to some bustling centre; the rattle of the train, the rustling of the trees, the whirring of a night-bird in the long grass of the meadows, the yelping of dogs in the farm-house yards, as he dashed by. Once he rode down a narrow causeway, between two high banks, into the river, where his horse stood shivering and snorting, whilst he peered along the water for a sign of life going with the tide; and, baffled at all points, he found his way at last to Worcester, and went slowly, hopelessly along its deserted streets in the direction of the police-station.

It was seven in the morning when he was at Sedge Hill again. He rode back in hot haste, as if something unforeseen were to be thwarted by his quick return; and he was prepared for evil tidings, as he passed into the hall, and found Miss Holland, pale as he had seen her last, awaiting him with eager eyes.

"What news—what has happened since I have been away?" he exclaimed.

"Nothing has happened," answered Mary Holland; "and you? Have you heard or seen—"

He did not wait for the completion of her sentence.

"There is not a trace of her."

Mary Holland walked into the drawing-room, whence Sarah had disappeared last night, and he followed her, and sank upon the couch.

"You are ill—you have overtaxed your strength," she said, bending over him anxiously.

"No—let me be," he said ungratefully, "I am only heart-sick, and crushed down by suspense."

"You regard all this too gloomily."

"The servants—have they heard anything?"

"Nothing."

"What do you think they told me at the police-station?" said Reuben, with a stamp of his foot upon the carpet, that made the windows rattle in their sashes.

"I cannot guess."

"That there was nothing in the case which warranted their interference—that they would make a few inquiries at my request, but that I might rest assured Sarah Eastbell had gone away of her own free will."

"It is possible," said Mary Holland thoughtfully.

"It is false!" shouted Reuben, springing to his feet again; "and you are not her friend to believe it. Great Heaven! if I could only see my way more clearly."

It was the cry of a man in despair, and its intensity thrilled his listener.

"You loved your cousin then?"

"With all my heart. There was no one else in the world who cared for me!"

"Hope for her, now. She will come back, I think," said Mary Holland with excitement; "you must not give way, and leave us helpless here."

He became stern and grim again.

"No—I must not give way yet," he muttered.

"There is the old woman to sustain—to deceive."

"Ay, to deceive! Is that possible, in the face of so great a calamity as this?"

"I don't know," was the reply. "She is a child, and easily led—we must not tell her at once that Sarah is gone. She will not wake till late—and then her granddaughter may be back again."

"You are strangely hopeful," said Reuben, surveying her moodily. "Can you believe in either of those men who hold possession of this house?"

"I don't trust them, but even if they know where Sarah is, I cannot think so badly of them as to believe that her life is unsafe in their hands."

"You do not know."

"Not know!" she whispered to herself, as she stole out of the room, and left Reuben brooding on the next step to be pursued.

He sat before the fire where we, who are behind the scenes, are aware that his cousin Sarah was surprised by her sister-in-law, and endeavoured from his bewildered brain to shape out a scheme for her discovery, when the maid Hartley entered with breakfast, on a little tray, and set it down on a coffee-table at his side.

"Take it away, girl," he said with a shudder; "I can't eat."

"It was Miss Holland's wish, sir."

"I thank her," he answered, "but I haven't time,

or inclination—I must be afoot again at once. What's this?"

There was a letter lying on the tray, addressed to himself. The superscription was in a strange hand, a fine bold handwriting, characterised by too many flourishes to be wholly satisfactory, and he took up the letter curiously.

"Miss Holland told me to place it in the tray, sir."

"Stay one moment. It may require an answer."

He broke the seal, and read the following epistle:—

"SEGE HILL,
"September, 18—.

"SIR,—After your discourteous behaviour of yesterday evening, I cannot, with satisfaction to myself, remain a guest in your aunt's establishment. I feel compelled to withdraw from a position which it is incompatible with my dignity to retain. I have entrusted Mr. Thomas Eastbell with my kind regards to his grandmother, to whose hospitality and invariable kindness I am for ever deeply indebted. My servant will call for my violin in the course of next week.

"I beg to remain, Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,

"EDWARD PETERSON.

"P.S. If I should hear anything of Miss Eastbell, I shall take the earliest opportunity of communicating with her relatives."

There was a deep furrow on the brow of Reuben Culwick when he had finished the perusal of this letter.

"Why was this man allowed to leave the house?" he asked.

"What man, sir?"

"He who calls himself Captain Peterson."

"I didn't know that he was gone, sir."

"Not know?"

"Not that I could have stopped him, Mr. Culwick, as all the servants were away when I saw him last."

"When was that?"

"At five o'clock this morning. He was talking to Miss Holland—here, just where I stand, sir—and I think that they were having a few words. I don't know for certain, but I think so."

"With Miss Holland," said Reuben Culwick; "they were together in this room?"

"Yes."

"And quarrelling?"

"Hardly quarrelling; I could not hear a word, they spoke so low; but I tried hard, sir, I did indeed!"

"You suspected them?" said Reuben quickly.

"N-no, sir, I don't say that," was the quick answer, as the woman flinched before his steady gaze; "but I was curious, of course. It's all in such a muddle, sir, just now, and Miss Holland's very kind; she's been always very kind to all of us, but I wanted to hear what they had to say, because poor Miss Sarah—I can't help calling her poor Miss Sarah somehow—was angry at those two being together in the garden last night."

"Those two—which two?"

"Miss Holland and the captain."

"Sarah was angry," repeated Reuben—"with whom?"

"With Miss Holland, just before you came. She said she couldn't trust her. I heard that as I was passing with my mistress's gruel, quite by accident."

"That will do," said Reuben moodily; "don't say any more. I will wait for Miss Holland."

"Shall I tell her that you want to see her, sir?"

"Ay, do," was the reply.

When the maid had withdrawn, Reuben leaned his elbows on the coffee-table, clutched his beard, and stared before him at the opposite window, where last night Sarah Eastbell had passed through, ghost fashion, to a fate at which no one guessed. Here was a new mystery, a new complication, unless Mary Holland could dissipate it with a breath. What had she to say to Tom Eastbell's friend, that she must steal into the grounds with him after dark, and thus arouse the suspicions of his second-cousin? He could remember that he had been suspicious also for a moment; that words which Mary Holland had said had struck him as remarkable, before the rush of events had carried him beyond them. What had he ever known—what had Sarah ever known—of this young woman, that he should put faith in her, after all? He could have remembered many little acts of kindness and womanly courtesy if he had stopped to reflect—he did remember them, when it was too late—but all that flashed to his mind at that crisis was the consciousness of something kept back from him, concerning the man whom Tom Eastbell had brought into the house, and from whose coming had followed awful doubts and grave perplexities.

What did it all mean? If Mary Holland were not to be trusted, if this strange girl had for years deceived him, if his mother's warning were after all correct, what was to be done at the eleventh hour, when he was in great trouble?

The door opened, and Mary Holland came into the room again.

"You sent for me," she said.

"Yes," he said, "in misery and fear I sent for you."

"Indeed!"

"Sit down, please," he said; "I am anxious to ask you many questions."

The old pallor which Sarah Eastbell had perceived stole to Mary's face as Reuben spoke, but she took the chair which he had indicated, and which was at a little distance from the couch, and sat down facing him.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

Now that Mary Holland was before him, Reuben Culwick found a difficulty in framing his questions so as to avoid all semblance of his suspicions at the outset. He could not look at her, and doubt her, even then; and he was hopeful of a rational explanation to it all.

"Though we have not seen a great deal of each

other in our lives, Mary," he began, kindly and earnestly, "still it is through you that great changes have occurred—that I have lost my father's love, and home, and fortune."

"Yes," said Mary sadly, "that is true."

"I lost the three without losing confidence in you. As I learned to respect you, so I began to think of the possibility of many past mistakes, on my side and my mother's. Of late days I have considered you the friend of all in this house."

"I have done my best to be the friend," she answered.

"Last night, and for the first time in my life, a suspicion seized me. I hardly know what it was. It would have passed away, but that it came again to-day, strengthened by new doubts. You see this letter?"

"Yes."

"Are you aware of its purport?"

"No, save that it was written in my presence by Captain Peterson. Dare he—does he refer to me in that?" she cried, with the colour mounting to her cheeks for a moment, and then dying away into the old grey tint.

"Not by a word. He is as silent respecting the past relations between you as you have always been."

Mary Holland pushed her chair back from him without rising in her seat.

"You know, then?" she said, in her dismay.

"I know that you and he were conferring together in the garden last night; that there is a secret between you which I do not share, and which you have made no effort to reveal; and I believe that man knows where Sarah Eastbell is, and is in all respects a villain."

"In all respects a villain—yes," said Mary Holland in reply.

"Tell me what you know of him, and when you knew him first."

Mary Holland clasped her hands together, and looked down.

"I cannot," she said in a low voice.

"He is at the bottom of a terrible mystery; he has brought grief to me; he is linked with Thomas Eastbell against the peace of this house; and you will not give me one clue to his life."

"I know but little of him, Reuben," she answered, "and that I cannot divulge now. It is more than my life's worth to attempt it."

"You fear him?"

"Yes."

"You know that Sarah Eastbell is in his power?"

"He denies it all."

"And you take his word, siding with him against me and the happiness of that old woman whom you profess to serve faithfully."

"I have no confidence in anything he does or says," said Mary Holland fretfully; "but my hands are tied, and I am helpless."

"In not helping us you betray us."

"God help me! Think so if you will, sir," she cried despairingly; "I give up. I have done playing my old part, when you see fit to cast a slur upon me."

"What else can I do?"

"Nothing," she said; "I could not explain to Sarah Eastbell; I cannot explain to you at this time. I can only say that I am a woman grievously misunderstood."

"Miss Holland," said Reuben, "I am sorry, but I cannot trust you any more in this house."

"I will go away."

"For your own satisfaction it will be better, though I have no power here to command you to withdraw. I should watch your every action after this, and it would be my duty to put old Mrs. Eastbell on her guard against you."

"Ah! don't do that," cried Mary; "let one heart think the best of me to the last. There will come a time for explanation, but she may not be living to say, 'I am sorry that I did not trust you.'"

Reuben wavered at this outburst of passion on the part of his companion, and then grew hard again. She knew this Peterson; she had been in secret conference with him; she had let him escape from the house; and she might be in league with him against Sarah Eastbell. There was no honest secret which she could not have confessed, he thought, and there was no honest motive which could afford to screen the man in that hour of tribulation.

"Mrs. Eastbell never cared for me much," said Mary Holland sadly, "but then I have never been liked a great deal, though I have tried hard to be more than once. Ah! it was all acting, and I failed—failed in everything but in concealing the utter misery of my life till now."

She broke down here, and spread her hands before her face to hide her tears from him. He was puzzled. Was this acting too? he thought, till his generous nature sided with her, even against his caution.

"Mary Holland, trust me with the truth."

"No, no," she cried, starting to her feet; "it is impossible. You do not know—you cannot guess! If it were Sarah Eastbell's life at stake, I—I could not tell you—there!"

"After that I have no faith left," said Reuben very sternly.

"It's as well, perhaps," she said slowly; "I am of no use here after your avowal, and I will go away at once. Hartley is a good nurse and servant, and will take care of Mrs. Eastbell till Sarah comes back. I shall not be missed."

"Till Sarah comes back," he echoed scornfully.

"She will not be long, I think—I hope."

"You know where she is!" cried Reuben fiercely.

"As I hope for heaven, I cannot guess," she answered solemnly.

"Will you try and find her?"

"I am powerless," she replied, "I know not which way to turn."

"But will you try?" said Reuben persistently. He had no faith in her power, but he was anxious to test her to the utmost.

"Not yet," was the strange answer.

"Bet it so, Miss Holland," said Reuben, turning away, "I have at least lost faith in you for ever."

She did not speak again. She looked at him steadily for a few moments, and then went away, and up the stairs to her own room, at the end of the corridor, and it was some hours before she was seen again in that house. It was nearly mid-day when, dressed as for a journey, she reappeared in the corridor and faced Hartley, still at her old post, a woman for ever on guard.

"You are a trusty servant, Hartley," she said, as she advanced; "but you must be extra vigilant, extra strong, and clever and cunning, whilst I am away."

"Are you going—at this time, Miss Holland?" exclaimed Hartley in surprise.

"Yes—for a little while. I will write to Miss Sarah by next post."

"To Miss Eastbell!" exclaimed Hartley.

"Meanwhile listen at this door—you are good at listening, I believe."

"Oh, madam!—I—what makes you say that?"

"All is mystery in this house, and I set you on the watch for all of us—if I have seemed part of the mystery too, it was your place to warn one who will soon be rightful master here. But listen now for me."

"I do not understand, madam."

"On the brink of many strange confessions, that poor woman has slept in much security. It has been our mission more than once to keep the truth from killing her, and Heaven will pardon the fiction we have woven round her life, as I pray that Heaven will pardon me."

At the door of the room she paused again.

"Listen," she said once more, "it will be your cue for to-day, at all hazards."

She entered the sleeping chamber of Mrs. Eastbell, and the sharp voice of her who lay there challenged her at once.

"Who's there?"

The voice was very light and crisp with which she answered. Yes, Mary Holland was an actress in her way.

"It is only I," said she, in answer to her.

"I have just woke up, Mary," said Mrs. Eastbell, "but I am weary still."

"You must rest to-day—and to-morrow."

"I shall rest till Christmas," said the old lady firmly, "I'll have no more running up and down those horrid stairs, for anybody. Where's Sarah?"

"Do you want her?"

"No. I dare say she'll like to be with Reuben to-day—I'll not disturb their sweethearting, not I."

"That's well. And do you think you can spare me?"

"To be sure."

"Hartley is here—you like Hartley?"

"Very well indeed. A worthy young woman, Mary, but she snored awful when she slept here. I couldn't bide her snores."

"If you could spare me for a day or two—a week perhaps—I should be glad of a holiday, Mrs. Eastbell."

"What for? Yes. Take a week—take a fortnight—anything," said Mrs. Eastbell, with easy alacrity; "Reuben is in the house—and Sarah's back—and Tom's here. All I care for now—and all together!"

"But they are busy—you may miss me."

"So that I know they are in the house, I shan't miss anybody. When I want company, I can be dressed and go down to them."

"And to-day you will sleep?"

"I shall be sleepy enough, after breakfast. Those stairs would tire a horse, Mary."

"Good-bye then."

There was a true affection in the kiss she gave the old woman, and in the earnest pressure of the hand, but there was something singular in it, for Mrs. Eastbell said—

"Is anything the matter?"

"No—no—nothing. What should there be the matter?"

"Where are you going?"

Miss Holland paused for a moment.

"To London," she answered.

"Have you friends there?"

"Yes—one friend, whom I am going to meet."

"Oh! indeed—if you want any money for your journey, Sarah will give it you."

"I have plenty of money, thank you."

"Ask Sally to give you some though. I shall want a cap from Bond Street—any price, so that it's becoming, and you know what becomes me, Mary. Don't stand about a sovereign or two. And—wait a moment—I'll have two caps—one for Mrs. Muggeridge, at St. Oswald's, just to let her know I ain't forgot her."

"Good-bye," said Mary Holland again, "God bless you."

"Well—God bless you, too, for the matter of that, child—but why—"

"If you please, ma'am," said Hartley's voice, "she's gone."

"Oh! has she? What's all her hurry about, Hartley?"

"The train starts at 1.30 from Worcester."

"Ah! yes. But she's uncommon strange to-day—uncommon," she added, after a long pause;

"and, Hartley?"

"Yes, madam."

"Ring for my breakfast. It's my belief they're going to starve me, now I have made my will."

"Yes, madam."

Hartley rang the bell, and then joined Miss Holland waiting outside.

"Where is Thomas Eastbell?" asked Mary in a whisper.

"In the picture-gallery."

"Watch him still. Keep guard here, till Miss Eastbell comes back, at any cost."

"Till Miss East—"

"Where is Mr. Culwick?"

"He went away on horseback an hour ago."

"Has he seen Sarah's brother this morning?"

"Yes—but Miss Sarah? Do you know then—that she *will* return?"

"She will return late this evening. Tell Mr. Culwick so when he comes back," said Mary, as she went swiftly down the stairs, and out of the house wherein she had spent nearly six years of her life, winning no man's love, or woman's gratitude.

END OF CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

THE THAMES POLICE.



HERE was a time when a cruise with the river-police by night would have been rather an exciting enterprise, and might perhaps have been attended with no little danger.

Within the time of men now living, the vast amount of property at all times afloat on the Thames between London and Gravesend appears to have been utterly without any official guardianship, and, as may be supposed, thieves were at that time of day as numerous as water-rats.

During the year ending January, 1798—about seventy-six years ago, that is—it was calculated that the value of the merchandise, shipping, and stores of various kinds entering or leaving the Thames amounted to about £75,000,000. The whole of this was exposed to the depredations of a horde of rogues numbering, it was roughly estimated, not less than ten or eleven thousand, any or all of whom were at liberty to put their heads together for the purposes of robbery, quite unmolested by anything of the nature of police surveillance. It is not very surprising, therefore, that the loss of property by thieves was calculated at considerably over half a million of money in that one year.

This state of things, of course, had developed gradually. A system of petty pilfering probably commenced as soon as it became customary to convey merchandise from the ship to the shore in lighters; but it was not till about the middle of the last century that the evil had increased to such an extent as to call for the interference of Parliament. At that time serious depredations appear to have been carried on by the agency of "ill-disposed persons, using and navigating upon the river Thames certain boats, commonly called bum-boats, and other vessels, under pretence of selling liquors of various sorts, and also slops, tobacco, besoms, fruit, greens, and ginger-bread." An Act of Parliament was accordingly passed, by which these boats were to be registered and

licensed. Certain officers were appointed to search any of them suspected of conveying stolen goods, and to convey the delinquents before a magistrate. In the event of conviction, the goods were to be deposited with the churchwardens of the parish; and if not claimed after due notice, they were to be sold, and the produce divided between the informer and the parish. The penalty for the first offence was forty shillings, and for every subsequent conviction four pounds. For some cause or other, although it was felt to be necessary to pass this Act, no use was made of it for fourteen years, and when at length the evil had increased to such an extent that it could be tolerated no longer, and these boats were to a very great extent put down, the fraternity of watermen appear to have taken up the nefarious traffic. As the trade of the river extended, organised robbery increased with alarming rapidity. The rogues engaged in it soon perceived that the risk involved was really very slight. At the worst a conviction was only a matter of a four pounds fine, and even the smaller penalty of forty shillings did not attach to more than one offence in three or four hundred. To meet this very trifling hazard they actually banded together into a kind of club, each member subscribing to a common fund for the purpose of defraying all the expenses of detection, fine, and forfeiture.

Thus mutually supported, their audacity knew no bounds. Every description of property, even to the sails and masts of the shipping, became the spoil of these nautical raiders, who were often known to carry out their enterprises with a bare-faced impudence almost amusing. On one occasion, the master of a vessel lying in the river, hearing a commotion on deck, came up from his cabin to see who was there, and was cheerily accosted by a boat's crew just rowing off from his vessel.

They had actually weighed his anchor, and had got clear away with it, together with cables and every other available article on deck; and good-humouredly explaining what they had done, they bade the skipper good morning, and escaped before he could stir a hand to help himself.

At another time, five boat-loads of hemp were stolen, each weighing fifteen hundredweight. This was during the night, and the very next morning five loads of it were boldly carted into the City, and two more were conveyed up the river in an open boat by the thieves themselves, in a manner so thoroughly audacious that not the slightest suspicion was aroused. From the beginning to the end of the last century, it was calculated that the trade of the port of London lost in property, and the Government consequently lost in revenue, together not less than ten millions of money.

In 1797 matters had arrived at such a serious stage, that a searching inquiry was felt to be imperatively demanded; and, from facts elicited in the course of this investigation, it would seem that robbery at that time had been reduced to a system almost as regular and elaborate as trade itself. Men of all classes employed upon the river appear to have been either actually engaged in depredations, or habitually aided and abetted those who were. There were thought to be five hundred mates of vessels, four thousand petty officers and seamen, and seven hundred officers of revenue and excise, engaged in systematic plunder under cover of their employment. Besides these, there were lumpers, coal-heavers, coopers, watermen, lightermen, watchmen, and labourers—a body of men estimated to be over nine thousand strong—all taking advantage of their various engagements on the river to plunder those by whom they were employed.

As with land-rogues, most of the articles in which dishonest transactions were carried on were designated by “flash” terms, for the purpose of mystification. Thus sugar was spoken of as sand, coffee as beans, pimento as peas, and so on. The prime instigator in a plundering enterprise was usually the receiver of stolen property or “copeman” on shore, who provided money for bribing officers, and whatever else was necessary for carrying out the robbery, such as bags, jiggers, and bladders, for conveying the goods in. Operations were often commenced through the agency of the Government officials, who went on board vessels at Gravesend. The first step was to seduce the mate by suggesting a liberal share in the plunder, and through him the co-operation of other necessary members of the crew was obtained.

On the arrival of the ship at her moorings, the “copeman” would go aboard and arrange terms, and perhaps about eleven o’clock at night the nefarious business would commence. A number of the men who during the day would be engaged on the vessel while in port—coopers, lumpers, and others, all of course sharing the booty—would go aboard with crowbars, adzes, and other implements, and set to work. The lumpers would unstow the casks in the hold, the coopers would take out the heads, and all would assist in filling the various recep-

tacles, watermen being in readiness to convey them to shore. It has been stated that from ten to fifteen tons of sugar have thus been stolen from a single vessel, besides smaller depredations carried on by day, the minor thieves of the night doing a little business exclusively on their own account; the officer in charge of the cargo not daring to object to it, for fear of having the “drum” hogsheads—those that had been partially emptied—revealed, and his own villainy exposed. From three ships discharged in 1797, no less than thirty hogsheads were stolen in one night, a loss to the owner and the revenue together of about three thousand pounds. It is said that at one time, out of every four ships coming into the port of London, one of them was the object of a raid of this kind.

Nor was it always by night that depredations were carried on. A story is told of a gang of lumpers engaged on a vessel, the master of which was a stranger in the Thames. The miscreants insisted on carrying off plunder in defiance of the astounded captain, who went on deck for the purpose of searching some of them. On returning to his cabin, he discovered that a barrel of sugar, his own private property, had, in the few minutes he was absent, been emptied and removed in bags through the cabin windows, under which a waterman lay with a boat ready to receive it. In the conveyance of stolen goods, not only bum-boats and watermen were implicated, but even Custom House officers were known to do it. They would take a cargo in their boats, and if they succeeded in getting it to a place of safety, undiscovered, well and good; if they were observed, they represented that they had made a seizure of contraband goods.

But besides those who were actually or ostensibly employed upon the river in an official capacity, there was a considerable number who were thieves, and nothing else—“night plunderers,” “light-horsemen,” and “river-pirates”—perhaps about five hundred, in addition to another two hundred “mud-larks” and “rat-catchers,” who, under pretence of picking up odds and ends, and catching rats, were known to commit considerable robberies.

Of all the miscreants who infested the river before the institution of the Thames Police, however, the most daring and dangerous were the river-pirates, as they were called—reckless and abandoned fellows, who would mark their prey during the day-time, and then in the dead of night go out armed and equipped, and pounce down upon it.

There are at least two men who claim the merit of having originated and organised the river-police: one is Mr. Harriott, for many years one of the three Thames police magistrates, and the other is Mr. P. Colquhoun.

To whichever of them the honour is due, there can be no doubt that the system was wisely conceived and ably carried out, and soon made great

havoc among these water-vermin. The especial wisdom displayed in the institution of the river-police consisted in the fact that, whereas all previous measures had aimed principally at the detection and punishment of criminals, this one was designed more particularly to prevent crimes; and this is the principal function of the force.

At the present time the guardianship of this most useful body extends from Chelsea Bridge to Barking Creek, and this section of the river is divided into three districts. The first extends from Chelsea to London Bridge, and has for its headquarters the *Royalist*, a Queen's brig of 249 tons, moored just above the Temple pier. The middle section stretches from London Bridge to Greenwich Hospital, with head-quarters on the river-side in Wapping; while for the district below this the stout old hulk the *Scorpion* is at the head of affairs. Every part of the river between these points is constantly patrolled both by day and night, the force for this purpose consisting, at the present time, of a hundred and fifty-three men, including a superintendent, nine inspectors, twenty-two third-class inspectors—a rank corresponding with that of sergeant in the land force—one detective sergeant, three detective constables, and a hundred and seventeen ordinary constables. Of this force, with eighteen or twenty small boats, one division or another is incessantly on the move, watching the shipping and the river-side premises, enforcing the regulations for the conveyance of gunpowder and other explosive materials, and preventing rubbish being thrown into the channel. They, of course, keep the river clear of known thieves, prevent "crimps" from boarding vessels, and in the event of a fire give prompt notice, and preserve order on the spot.

By far the most objectionable part of police duty is that which has to do with the dead bodies found on the river. This, it may perhaps be imagined, is only a very minor feature of it. It can hardly be considered so however. In 1872 there were no less than a hundred and sixty-one human bodies—on an average more than three a week, that is—found by the police or given over to their keeping.

Even without the knowledge that these poor waifs of humanity were drifting hither and thither about that great silent highway, a cruise with the superintendent of police by night could hardly fail to be a curious and impressive experience for a novice. With the knowledge, however, it would scarcely be exaggeration to speak of the scene on the river as something rather awful. The dreamy far-away roar of the great City is gradually dying into the silence of midnight. Vessels like so many demons of the deep spread their gaunt arms over the black rolling flood, and peer through the dusky night with eyes of fire, while beneath them the waters heave and splash with a dull hollow sound, suggestive of untold depths below. It is impossible

to peer down into the stream without a thought of those hideous objects which every now and again come up to tell of sudden death, of suicide, murder, and mutilation. Many there are, no doubt, who never do come up; who go down in the stillness and secrecy of night, and speedily become embedded in the oozy mud of the river-bottom, or drift silently away through gloomy tangles of river-weed, and the skeletons of wrecks, on to the ocean.

It is not, however, with the dead that we have to do to-night, but with those of the living who happen to be afloat at this unseemly hour. To regard every man as a rogue, until he proves himself an honest man, seems to be the necessary rule of action with the officers on the river by night, and every boat detected moving through the gloom is challenged and examined under the glare of the bull's-eye. It is evident, however, that there has been a great improvement since 1798, and now at all events there seems to be a very satisfactory scarcity of thieves. Boat after boat is dismissed with a cheery "Good night," and as we shoot on through the darkness as swiftly as four stout oarsmen can carry us, everything upon the river seems to be as peaceful and secure as though rogues and smugglers were extinct animals. It need hardly be said, perhaps, that this is not precisely the case, but considering the enormous amount of property at all times afloat on the river, the loss by thieves is comparatively trivial in amount. The ceaseless vigilance of the police, while of course it cannot render robbery impossible, nevertheless makes it very hazardous.

The river-police of the present day are a smart, active, and useful body of men, and, so far as an outsider may judge, they are well organised and disciplined. There is, however, one point in which their training seems to be lamentably defective. With men whose avocation is on the water, and who, at all hours of the day and night, and in all weathers, are skimming about the river in small boats, with perpetual liability to upset, it would naturally be supposed that swimming would be considered an indispensable accomplishment with every man who joined the force. Strange to say, however, it is considered to be nothing of the kind. There are numbers of them who, in the event of their capsizing, would be drowned.

There is one other defect of the force, which however is a matter of equipment. Unlike all other services on the Thames, the chief officer still has to superintend the disposal and movements of his men, over the whole distance between Chelsea and Barking Creek, in a rowing boat. As a little steam launch would certainly be more economical than the employment of four oarsmen, and would be far more efficient as a means of frequent and rapid inspection, it is not easy to conjecture why so obvious an improvement has not been adopted.

GEORGE F. MILLIN.

MISS WHITEHURST'S ROMANCE.



"I HEARD VOICES ABOVE MY HEAD."

YES, my dear, I have had my romance, as you say. There are few women who have lived to be sixty-five who have not; and it was a love-story, too, though not perhaps such as you think. But draw your chair up to the fire, and you shall hear all about it. You needn't

mind about lighting the candles, my dear; I can talk better in the half-light.

I was never pretty, Janet; and that is a confession for any woman to make, however old she may be, for our faces are our fortunes still, whatever wiseacres may say. But they said I was

clever; and a good thing it was for me that I had some wits, and a smattering of learning, when my poor father's business failed. He was a fruit merchant, as you know; and you know too that he was a rich man once—kept his hunters, my dear, and we—my sisters and I—dressed and dined and danced with the best of them. A pretty dance we led him with our thoughtlessness, and finely the horses cantered through his means! One day there came a crisis, as they call it. I don't understand much about business; but he had been living up to his income, and things went wrong in the City, and they said we were ruined. He paid everybody, Janet—remember that. There wasn't a soul the worse, except himself and us. He came of a good old stock, though he was in business, and the honour of the Whitehursts never suffered, as he said soon after—nearly the last thing, for that failure killed him, my dear, and I was left alone in the world.

Both of my sisters had married by that time. Millicent was somewhere in India with her husband; but Adelaide took me home with her, and it wasn't pleasant being there. There was always a look about them both, Adelaide and her husband, as if I was in the way, and I wasn't good-looking or smart enough to be of use at her parties. So I made up my mind to earn my own bread, and get rid of the worry of it all, and I advertised for a place as governess—secretly, or I can't think what Adelaide would have looked like. I shall never forget her face when she did know of it!

It was a weary time before I got any answer, and I was almost ashamed at last to show my face at the stationer's where the letters were to be sent. But one day when I went in, the man gave me a great important-looking envelope, with a seal as big as a shilling, addressed to "B. W."—Bridolphina Whitehurst. It is a stupid name, my dear, as I know you are thinking, but it was my poor father's fancy. You see, it had been an old family name, and he clung so to his family, poor man, though they thought little enough of him; so I was christened Bridolphina, and they used to call me Phina at home, and as everybody thought it meant Josephine, it didn't matter much after all. But, as I was saying, there was a letter for me at last. A Mrs. Peveril wanted a governess for her only daughter, and thought the advertiser would be the sort of young person who would suit her, so I might call at such-and-such a time. It was a vulgar sort of letter, and when I saw Mrs. Peveril I was not in the least surprised, for she was a vulgar woman; not but that I believe she came of a good family, but her mind was in fault; her worship of position and riches, and of herself, would have disgraced an apple-woman. The daughter was a quiet, inoffensive girl, rather washed-out-looking, and terribly afraid of her

mother. She wasn't wise; but I loved her, too, poor child; she had an affectionate way with her, that made many a hard day easier to bear in that great chilly house! No wonder she ran away; I often wished I could! But that was after I left the Peverils; and she and her harum-scarum sailor-husband have both been dead and gone this many a year.

What a business I had of it with Adelaide! "Disgraceful" was the mildest word she gave me; but I held my own, and the fuss only hastened my departure.

So I took up my abode at Peveril Court, as governess to poor frightened Lucy. Ah, what a life it was! Lessons all the morning; lunch with my pupil and her parents; then a stupid walk, or a still more stupid drive with Mrs. Peveril, calling upon people who talked nothing but the baldest gossip, and sometimes threw a word at me as they would have thrown a bone to Wolf, the carriage-dog, only I think Wolf was considered the more important of the two; he had a position of his own, and I was something between the dining-room and the servants' hall. Then the cold, formal dinner, when the master of the house, a good old soul, used to try to be civil, and was afraid to be for fear of his wife; and then, at last, the refuge of my own room, except when it pleased my employers to hear some music.

So the autumn days wore on, and it was getting towards Christmas, when one day there was an unusual bustle in the dull house. "Wilfred was coming home."

Would you mind giving me that hand-screen, my dear?

Wilfred Peveril came home two days afterwards—a bright, handsome young man, full of life and spirits. He had been on a voyage to America after leaving college, to pick up his health, they said; but I rather fancy the need for recruiting had been only an excuse for a roving trip at his father's expense; and his father doated on him, and could deny him nothing. As for his mother, she was proud of him, it is true, but only because he was the heir of Peveril Court.

The dull place seemed to wake up at his arrival, as if we had all been under a spell, and he were a fairy prince. Now, instead of monosyllables passing between us all at dinner, there was a perpetual flow of talk. He had so much to tell, and told it so well; and soon he and I got to interchange ideas and opinions across the table about books, and other matters, which I could talk to him about, and the others couldn't. Then we got into a habit of playing bowls of an afternoon, when it was fine, or riding, if we found that too chilly; and there were dinner parties—not that they were particularly lively—and at last there was a ball. I am not going to bother you, my dear, with a long

account of the ball. Such things are all very much alike; you don't wear the same dresses as we did, nor dance the same dances; but there is little change in the principal amusement—you go, just as we did, to see and be seen, and to win other hearts and lose your own. Ah, well! I am an old woman now.

Wilfred danced with me once that night, and as he led me back to my seat, we passed his mother, and I knew at once that my short dream of happiness was over. He did not see her black looks, or if he saw them, he didn't understand; but I was a woman.

It had been a particularly mild winter, and the day after the ball might have been spring. I had not slept much, you may depend, knowing as I did what must be coming; and though we had gone to bed late, I was up tolerably early.

The sun shone so pleasantly that I put on a cloak and hood, and went quietly out into the garden, thinking that I would have a quiet stroll before the others were astir. So I went down the laurel walk, and got into the shrubbery at the back of the house, and there I walked up and down, wondering how it would all end.

There was one place where an older part of the building jutted out, and the laurels grew tall and thick, so that they hid anybody below from sight, whilst the hidden person was really close to the window of the library. As I came to this spot, I heard voices above my head. The window was open, and two people were talking—one of them in sharp angry tones, the other—how well I knew that voice!—very quietly and distinctly. I don't defend myself, Janet; I dare say it was dishonourable; but the anxiety was too much for me, and I determined that I would know what they were saying.

'I will hear no more of this. She shall go to-morrow!

That was my employer's voice. Then came the other, as quietly as if he had been giving orders to his valet.

"Before you finally decide upon such a gross act of injustice, have the goodness, mother, to listen to me for a moment. I have already told you—and I now repeat what I said—that your fears and reproaches are as unjust as they are

absurd; there is nothing between myself and Miss Whitehurst. But rather than the poor girl should suffer through me, I will do my best to justify your accusation, and unless I have your solemn promise that you will forget what has passed, and that it shall make no difference in her position, I will ask her this morning to be my wife; and if she consents, she shall be mistress of Peveril Court. I love no woman as yet, and may learn to love such a modest, clever girl as your governess; at least, with God's help, I will be a kind husband to her."

"Wilfred! Wilfred! you will not do that—you will not break my heart!"

"Why should it break your heart that I should marry an honest woman? But I have no special wish to marry; only if one of the family tries to ruin a girl on my account, it behoves me, as the heir, to see that no harm comes to her."

She wouldn't give in, my dear. I heard it all out; and he swore when they parted that his hand should be mine that night—my brave champion!

But before night came I was on my way back to Adelaide's house. Sudden illness in the family, I told Mrs. Peveril, and as my stay was uncertain, I should prefer not to hold my situation.

I never knew whether she suspected anything, or how much; but I fancy, by her affectionate manner, that she had some suspicions. You see nobody is altogether bad, and she would feel grateful to me for not marrying her son, and after all, perhaps she had some reason on her side.

So I said good-bye, to him and to all of them, and went out into the dull every-day world again. It was not long before I got another engagement. To do her justice, Mrs. Peveril used all her influence for me, and soon afterwards I got the little legacy that you know of, and my life has been pretty easy, and not an unhappy one.

Wilfred Peveril married some few years after, and I believe he is living yet; but I never saw him again, and probably he has forgotten even my name. But I have had my romance, you see. It isn't often that the lady saves the knight in the old stories, is it? I dare say it happened sometimes, though.

And now, my dear, you have heard all my story, and don't let us talk about it any more. I think we might have lights, and you may ring for tea.

B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

THE COLLEGE-LIFE OF MAÎTRE NABLOT.

BY ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

MY friend Goberlot and I had excellent abilities; Monsieur Gradus himself confessed it; but then we were never incorrigible violators of all the rules of discipline. We shunned society, and loved only

solitude; we were given to arguing, we were addicted to fighting, we were most contumacious and refractory. Such was the character we bore.

We had had more *pensums*, more imprisonments, than all the rest of the class put together.

What would you have? We have all our own way of seeing things. If we had been asked for our opinion upon Monsieur Gradus, we could have supplied him with a character which would perhaps have been worse than ours, and on examination it might have been found that we were the best justified in our sentence.

Day by day, the holidays came closer and closer, and now that I think of it, I fancy I can hear half a dozen of the older boys—the elder Léman, of Abbrêcheville; Barabino, from the Harberg; and Limon, the brewer's son, and the rest—marching up and down arm in arm, and singing along the corridors the holiday song, which they had learnt from the old boys before them, and which descended from one generation of schoolboys to another in Saarsstadt College. The tears will rise as I hum it over to myself:—

"Ah! ah! ah!
Valete studia,
Omnia jam tædia
Vertantur in gaudia!
Hi! hi! hi!
Vale magister mi," etc. etc.

Yes, no doubt, if college years do seem the best in our life to some few men, it must be because they remember only the approach of holiday time.

Just for a moment, let us do the same.

Winter is past and gone. Compositions are over. The first days of April are here. Palm Sunday and Good Friday are gone. Easter is coming. From all sides, friends and relations come to fetch us home. Many scholars are already off. My father has written the day before that he will come and fetch me, and I am still sitting at morning lessons. Every now and then the door opens, and a name is called. First one, then another of my schoolfellows hears his name, and trembles with joy and excitement as he shuts down his desk, and runs to the door. His parents are outside, waiting in the courtyard.

Every time the door opens my heart beats. Now it will be my turn! No, it is some one else.

At last, suddenly the name of Jean Paul Nablot sounds through the room. I rise precipitately—clear at a bound a table that stands in my way—I run, with my knees almost failing me for joy, and in another moment I am in my father's arms. Tears of emotion fill the eyes of both.

"Well, Jean Paul, I am just come from the Principal's. He says your compositions are good, and that you have a good memory, but that you don't work as much as you might. You are too fond of being alone; you want to argue. Surely you don't want to give me pain?"

I sobbed aloud.

"Come, come!" said he, "you will work better after the holidays. Come along, and don't let us mention that again."

And we pass out. Old Vandenberg looks at

us; he lets us out, and, oh, joy! I am free again. Every trouble is forgotten. There stands the well-known old *char-à-bancs* before the college gate; we take our seats, and in a moment are rattling over the paved roads. We reach the gate of the Vosges and now Grisette is galloping merrily along the sandy road which leads to Richepierre.

My spirits are returning, and my father, observing my ruddy cheeks and clear bright eyes, troubles himself no more about my love of a solitary life. No doubt it occurs to him—

"Oh, the Principal has made quite a mistake; whether the boy loves solitude or not, is neither here nor there."

In an hour we have crossed Hesse, and while Grisette is trotting away under the long arches of beech, oak, and birch, with green and swelling buds, I tell him about the thousands of acts of injustice and tyranny under which I had smarted; for, as I viewed the matter, the masters and professors were all in league against me.

My good father listened with interest; he had a good many comments to make upon my revelations, and even by my own version that excellent man saw plainly how matters stood; he did not think I was altogether in the wrong; and after having listened to me some time with a thoughtful interest he replied—

"My son, it is quite possible that all you state is true. I readily believe you. We are not rich; we make great sacrifices for your sake. Try to repay us for all our trouble and anxiety, and don't fret because of the wrongs you have to endure from others. Your first duty is to do no wrong to them, to fulfil your duties honestly, and to rise in the world by labour, courage, and perseverance, in the teeth of all that bar your way. Get this well into your mind, that you will not rise by the help, but in spite, of the world. Whatever other people can take from you, they will. Such seems to be the law of our existence. You are just now beginning to open your eyes to the difficulties of life; but all this is nothing compared to what is to come. Your experience as yet is but very small. By-and-by, when you have to make yourself a name, and gain a position, in the midst of thousands who will form themselves into close ranks, or if they cannot do that, spread out their elbows to keep you out, then real difficulties will begin. Therefore keep calm and cool; don't get uselessly angry. Your health is good; your first trials are over. That is enough for one time. Your object now is to get your Bachelor's degree. There is no entrance into any profession without. Give your mind to that object now, and work with that prospect before you."

Such were the wise, kind words of that excellent man, and I readily perceived that he was quite right. I formed the resolution to follow his good advice, first to give him pleasure, and my mother

too ; but in the second place, to annoy those who seemed to me to be anxious to clog my wheels, and throw hindrances in my way.

Hence it is plain that the first result of my college experience was love for those who worked for my good, and bitter hatred for those others who, as I believed, purposely stood in my way, and to whom, of course, I imputed every imaginable fault—envy, injustice, bad faith, greediness, and stupidity. To be fair and do justice to our adversaries we want time ; to a child it is scarcely possible. Unfortunately, the eagerness after their profits exhibited by too many of our college Principals, gives a child but a poor opinion of human nature ; and soon he comes to see nothing but a group of greedy speculators in those whom he ought to acknowledge to be his best friends.

An additional reason for this blot in the reputation of the men who are entrusted with the important charge of education in our smaller colleges is their wretched position. Is it fair to expect devotion to their profession from men who have not enough to live upon—who are unable to obtain from the State the means of maintaining the superior social rank to which their learning and the importance of their functions entitle them? But you may be sure that, at that early period in my history, I did not trouble my head about such speculations ; and if I put forward these views now, it is only because I consider it the duty of every conscientious man to think and express himself in this way.

In a couple of hours from our departure from Saarstadt, we reached the foot of the rocky hill which lies before Richepierre. The pace slackened. Grisette was panting, my father was encouraging her with his voice—"Hue ! hue !" I thoughtfully set my eyes again upon our old village, with my heart stirred up with the memories of childhood, and the pleasure of meeting again those whom I loved best in the world.

At last the first house on the hill came in sight. Grisette resumed her former pace, and we drove down the long street, bordered on each side by barns, dunghills, and cart-sheds. My mother was waiting at the door, my brothers and sisters were looking out for me.

"Ha ! ha ! There he is ! I see him ! There's Jean Paul !"

And all our neighbours were at their windows.

Before the conveyance stopped, I had jumped down, and kissed my mother over and over again. My brothers and sisters hung upon my neck, and in we went, all in a heap, into the large sitting-room, where dinner was awaiting us.

What more can I say? That fortnight passed away as swiftly as one day.

All my old schoolfellows at Magnus' came to see me. Gourcier and Dabsec passed night and

morning, bare-footed and bare-chested, with their burdens of wood upon their shoulders ; they stopped, throwing back their long ragged locks off their brown faces, and gazed upon me without speaking.

"How do you do, Gourcier?" I cried one day to one that Monsieur Magnus used to proclaim the best boy in the school.

A flash of intelligence darted from his hazel eyes.

"How are you?" he replied abruptly, pulling up his burden, with the handle of his axe beneath it, and recommencing his toilsome journey to the fort.

I had become less proud than I used to be ; but he had not forgotten that I had once called him a beggar, and he could not forgive me.

Perhaps he was thinking that if he had but had money enough, he too might have carried on his education ; and he was feeling indignant at having been obliged to stay his progress. I cannot tell ; but it is quite likely, for he was very ambitious at school. Not having oil for his lamp at home, he used to sit at night before the mouth of the oven to read his books, with his head down between his knees ; and when he came to school in the morning, his eyes were red with the heat of the fire. I believe, then, that he was angry with me for having been more fortunate than he, and being able to study at my ease.

Monsieur le curé also came once or twice to dine with us during these holidays ; he examined me, and seemed satisfied, especially with my improvement in sacred history.

Then I had to leave home again, and return to join my class at Monsieur Gradus' ; and I felt a great depression. Still I kept up my spirits better than the first time, and I said to myself, "After all, one does get away."

On the 29th of April, my father took me back to school, and the classes opened the very next morning.

The worst trouble at the small colleges in that day, was the perpetual traffic in school-books carried on by the Principals.

These conscientious workers did not content themselves with the legitimate profits which they derived from the board of the pupils. Every year, and sometimes at intervals of only six months, immense heavy parcels came full of French, Greek, and Latin grammars, dictionaries, histories, sacred and Roman, on a new plan, which the professors immediately adopted in order to procure the Principal a prompt sale of his goods.

All the old grammars, arithmetics, and primers were flung into the basket ; Lhomond being out of date, Noël and Chapsal took his place. Noël and Chapsal died in their turn, and Burnouf was ready to fill the gap ; and so on.

And so it came to pass that, to enable the Principal to gain a profit of five sous, a crowd of boys never knew their grammar nor their rules even after five or six years of constant application, because they were put on new books upon old subjects every year. I do not believe that in any business the greed of gain displayed itself more shamelessly. Under the pretext of perfecting the method of teaching, the pupils learnt nothing thoroughly.

This is exactly what happened that year. Before Easter we had had the rudiments of Lhomond, his grammar, and his catechism of history. On our return, Monsieur Gradus put into all our hands the books of a certain gentleman who refined and improved upon Lhomond; and now we had to commit everything to memory, always by heart: new rules, new examples, new primitive and derivative tenses, etc. etc. Of course, everything was left unexplained. Those who had imagined they knew something, because they had stuffed a lot of words into their memories, now found that they knew nothing. The same thing had to be begun over again with fresh words, and with a fresh arrangement. For my part, I confess that those two grammars never ceased to make war upon each other in my poor brain, until my college days were over; I could never tell which to go to. But Monsieur le Principal had got a profit of two or three francs out of every scholar, the parents had paid fifteen or twenty, and the transaction was closed.

Do let us pass on.

The old Alsacians having with their long strides passed out of Monsieur Gradus' class, after Easter a new batch of boarders and day-scholars, the best in the seventh class, came in to take their places; these were Masse, Marchal, the brothers Martin, Baudouin, Moll, etc.

This time we were all about the same age, a very lucky circumstance, for the mind of a boy of fifteen is not the same as that of a boy of ten or twelve;

the professor who speaks to the one cannot be understood by the other. The tail will in that case always be sacrificed to the head.

I do not mean to tire you out by telling you about our new grammar. I suffered enough from it myself, and I will inflict none of it upon you.

But there was an odd circumstance at that time, which used to puzzle me excessively during the first few days. In summer time our windows stood open, on account of the overpowering heat which prevailed between the walls of the old cloisters. Whilst reciting conjugations, or the fables of La Fontaine, we used to hear a loud and singular voice rising from time to time, giving out a most melancholy note, with wonderful cadences—

"Kai—i—i! Kai—i—i! Kai—i—i!"

From two o'clock till four, we heard this cry at least a hundred times, and I said to myself, "That's a bird. But what bird is there with a note like that? I never heard such a strange cry for a bird as that."

Well—would you believe it?—it was Greek! It was the cry of Monsieur Laperche, professor in the fourth class, in the next class-room, teaching his pupils Greek, which he did not know himself! I found that out by-and-by, when I had the pleasure of entering his class. He used gravely to pace up and down the room, carefully measuring his steps with his long heron's legs, and with much importance followed the lesson of the boy who was translating, by the help of an interlinear translation; and when a boy stuck fast, hindered by some word he did not know, then Monsieur Laperche's full and sufficient explanation was as follows:—He would throw back his little flat bald head, with its thin fringe of whisker, open his mouth until it reached his ears, and in the gravest manner emit the cry, "Kai—i—i? Kai—i—i?" which in Greek just means, "And—and?" This much for the ladies who have not learnt Greek.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

JAMES AVERY.

BY ROBT. BUCHANAN.

In Portsmouth, in a tavern dark,
Close to the waterside,
A crew of reckless sailors sat,
And drank their grog, and cried.

Loud was the talk, and rude the joke;
So deep the jovial din,
They did not mark a lean, wild shape
Who shivering entered in;

A beggar wight, who hugged his rags,
And chattered in the cold;
Lean was his shape, his eyeballs dim,
Wrinkled his cheek, and old.

In a dark corner of the room
He sat with sorry cheer,
Not list'ning, till a word, a name,
Fell on his frozen ear:

"James Avery;" and as he spake
One pointed through the pane
At a great playbill on the wall
Of the damp, oozy lane.

On the dead wall the letters great
Made tempting bright display—
"James Avery, the Pirate King,"
Was posted that night's play.

"Ay!" cried a tar, reading aloud,
 "Well might they call him so!
 The Pirate King—I grudge his luck!"
 Then, with an oath, "I'll go!"

Another cried, "Ah, that's the life
 To suit a sailor's style!
 Ben Conway saw his palace, mates,
 On Madagascar Isle;

"And on a throne of red and gold
 Jem sat, like any king,
 With dark-eyed beauties all around,
 As fresh as flowers in spring.

"They brought him wine in cups of gold,
 And each knelt on her knee—
 Each clad in silk and precious stones!—
 Ah, that's the life for me!"

Then spoke a third: "I sailed with Jem
 On board the *Hurricane*;
 When he deserted I ne'er thought
 To hear of him again.

"And now it's long since last I heard
 His name, and p'raps he's dead."
 "Not so, he only takes a nap,"
 A grizzly war's-man said;

"He has a fleet of fighting ships,
 Swifter than ours tenfold;
 Last spring he took six Indiamen,
 Laden with guns and gold!

"There's not a corner of the main
 But knows the skull and bones—
 Up runs the flag, and down comes Jem,
 As sure as Davy Jones!

"But let him have his fling. Some day
 We'll catch him at his trade;
 Short shrift—a rope, and up he goes—
 And all his pranks are played!"

All laughed; but, "Not so fast," cried one:
 "It's not too late, I vow—
 His Majesty will pardon him,
 If he'll surrender now.

"The pardon's in the newspaper—
 In black and white it's there—
 If Avery will cease his games,
 They'll spare his life, they swear!"

All laughed again. "Jem's wide awake—
 You don't catch birds with chaff—
 Come back to biscuit and salt junk?
 He is too wise, by half.

"Leave all his gold and precious stones,
 His kingdom, and all that,
 Bid all his lovely slaves farewell,
 For labour and the cat?"

Ev'n as they speak, a wretched form
 Springs up before their eyes—

"Give me the paper, let me read!"
 The famished creature cries.

They thrust him back with jeer and laugh,
 But wildly answers he.
 "Why, who's this skeleton?"—A voice
 Answers, "James Avery!"

Louder they laugh. "The man is mad!"
 They round him in a ring.
 "Jem here in rags?—no, he's in luck,
 As grand as any king!"

But soon he proves his story true,
 With eager words and tones,
 Then, as he ends, "Bread—give me bread!
 I'm starving, mates!" he moans.

"Nay, drink," they cry, and his lean hands
 Clutch at the fiery cup.
 "Here's to the king who pardons me!"
 He cries, and drinks it up.

He tells them of his weary days
 Since that dark hour he fled,
 A hunted thing, without a home
 Wherein to lay his head.

Through some mysterious freak of fate,
 His name abroad was spread,
 And not a wondrous deed was done
 But that wild name was said;

And all the time James Avery dwelt
 An outcast gaunt and grim,
 Till, creeping home that day, he heard
 His king had pardoned him.

The wild drink mounted to his brain,
 He revelled maniac-eyed.
 "Now to the playhouse—'twill be sport
 To see thy shade!" they cried.

Between them down the narrow street
 They led his scarecrow form;
 The wind blew chill from off the sea,
 Before the rising storm.

They sat and saw the mimic play,
 Till late into the night—
 The happy pirate crowned with gold,
 And clad in raiment bright;

The puppet swaggered on the stage,
 And drank of glorious cheer;
 James Avery gazed—his famished laugh
 Was pitiful to hear.

They parted. As the chill white dawn
 Struck down the lonely lane,
 It flashed upon the rainy wall,
 And made the playbill plain.

"James Avery, the Pirate King,"
 The mocking record said—
 Beneath, James Avery's famished form
 Lay ragged, cold, and dead!

SECOND-COUSIN SARAH.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

TOM EASTBELL IS ALARMED.

SEdge HILL was more desolate after Mary Holland had departed. Though Miss Holland knew it not, she had been the ruling agent of that house, for good or evil, for a longer period than that from which the opening of our story dates. A forlorn little woman, set for ever under suspicion by an adverse fate beyond her power to resist, she was still to be missed when she had passed from the home into which Simon Culwick's charity had installed her.

She was missed at once. She had remained the lady housekeeper in Mrs. Eastbell's time as in Mr. Culwick's; no one had interfered with her jurisdiction, until the dark days came again, suddenly and swiftly, to this unlucky house.

The servants knew that she was gone, although her boxes had not been carried from her room, and she had only spoken to Hartley of her going. This was one more change, sudden and unlooked-for—what would happen next at Sedge Hill?

The news reached Thomas Eastbell last of all in that house—when Wills had brought him his lunch into the picture-gallery after he had rung for it, not before. It was strange what a small amount of respect he had gained from the servants during his stay, and with what distrust he was regarded, considering the trouble he had taken to make himself agreeable to the members of his grandmother's household. Still, in response to one or two questions, the news was elicited from the man-servant that Miss Holland had left Sedge Hill for good.

"And a good job too," said Thomas Eastbell frankly and inelegantly; "what did the old gal want with her about the place? It's full enough now of people who've no business here, although they're making themselves scarce by degrees. Where's that Culwick?"

"The young master, sir?"

"The young humbug!—the young pauper!—the thundering big bounce!" screamed Thomas Eastbell with unnecessary violence; "you shut up about 'the young master,' or you'll go next, if I have anything to do with this house—which I may have—which I shall have, mind you—though everybody treats me bad here."

"Indeed, sir!" said the servant quietly.

Mr. Thomas Eastbell was not drunk—scarcely half-drunk—but he was excited, and he had paid a fair amount of attention to a brandy-bottle, which was on the mantelpiece, in the course of the morn-

ing. He was scarcely himself. He was not a bold man; all the cunning in his nature—and a very fair stock of it he had—had been invariably impaired by a want of nerve at critical moments of his career, when a steady hand and a calm heart would have been worth a Jew's eye to him. He had been nervous since last night; he had been perplexed, and surprised, and alarmed then, and he had not got over it. He was a man of no forethought, the end of this plotting and counter-plotting he was unable to perceive, and in his embarrassment he had taken brandy, which had given him courage to act upon the advice of Captain Peterson, and stand his ground at Sedge Hill. Perhaps it was best, but it was decidedly uncomfortable. Peterson kept him very much in the dark, but beyond the darkness there was money to be made; he could hear the melodious jingle of the coin now—unless his imagination was too strong for him, and it was simply the rattle of the hand-cuffs with which he had been familiar at odd periods of his career. Yes, he had been nervous, and it had required ardent spirits to support him.

"Where's he gone now?" shouted Thomas Eastbell at the servant; "can't you open your mouth a little wider, and answer my question? Where's he gone?"

"I think he has gone to Worcester again."

"I hope he will break his neck before he gets back—that's all the harm I wish him," muttered Tom.

The servant was at the door, when Mr. Eastbell's voice was once more raised a note or two.

"Here!—hi!—wait a minute, will you," he screamed forth—"where's my grandmother?"

"In her room."

"Is she coming down to-day?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Have they locked her up away from me—is that their game?"

"My mistress does not come down-stairs every day—sometimes she will remain in bed for months."

"Because no one tries to rouse the poor lady—that's it," said Mr. Eastbell with a sudden quaver of emotion in his voice, as he sat down and shook his head over the mutton-chop which had been brought to him.

The door of the picture-gallery was opened by the servant, who found himself once more checked in his movement to depart.

"Here!—hi!—what are you in such an infernal hurry about?" Eastbell cried. "Take my love to the old—to Mrs. Eastbell—and say that I shall be glad

to see her as soon as she can make it convenient for me to pay my respects, and that I have important news for her—most important.”

“Yes, sir.”

Wills withdrew, but outside the door he shook his fist in the direction of the room he had quitted, and then repaired to the servants’ hall without de-

a fact which the man in the picture-gallery was probably dying to communicate.

Thomas Eastbell consumed his lunch with difficulty. He had no appetite, but it was necessary to keep himself up, the captain had said, and all his life he had believed in Captain Peterson. He fell asleep after his meal, and over one more tumbler



“GLIDED INTO THE CHAMBER.”

livering the message with which his mistress’s grandson had entrusted him. Presently he would inform Hartley, who had had her instructions from Miss Holland, and Sarah Eastbell, and Reuben Culwick—but there was plenty of time. If he knew anything of Mrs. Eastbell, he was certain that the old lady would receive no one after the fatigue of yesterday’s dressing and undressing—and it was already well circulated in the house that the mistress must not hear of Sarah Eastbell’s flitting,

of brandy and water, which he had the discretion to mix weak—as the Fates only knew what might hinge upon the next few hours. He did not know—no one could ever charge him with anything if he didn’t know anything, could they? If he had never moved from the house—if he had been at Sedge Hill from first to last—who was there in all the blessed world to say a word against him?

He fell asleep asking himself these questions, muttering them over to himself like a man de-

mented ; and when he woke up, they were the first words on his parched lips as he stared vacantly round, and fought hard to recollect where he was, and how long he had sat huddled in the arm-chair, an angular distortion in his comfortless slumber.

It was night, and the huge room was full of darkness, which had crept upon Sedge Hill before its time, or he had slept long and late, and all in that unsettled house had forgotten his existence, were his first ideas when he began to remember that he was in the picture-gallery which Simon Culwick had built. What a heavy sleep his must have been, to be sure ! He had taken too much brandy after all then—he had been a hideous fool when he should have been over-wise, and one fair opportunity which chance had given him had drifted by in his torpor. He cursed his stupidity as he sat there. He stood up, and tried to pierce through the darkness, and a sudden chill seized upon his veins, and turned him sick as he fancied that he might have woke up blind like his grandmother ! Why not ?—it was in the family—and all before him was awfully black and thick and impenetrable. It was raining outside too—that accounted for the hissing in his ears which he had awakened with, and which he had thought was at his brain. It was coming down in earnest on the ground-glass roof, which he looked up at, fancying that he could see the panelled frames in relief against the denser blackness of the night. Yes, he could see them !—he was not blind, thank God !

He felt along the marble shelf for a box of wax vestas, and only succeeded in sending his favourite meerschäum—which he had expended nine months in colouring—with a crash into the fender, where it shivered into many pieces, and over the ruin of which he broke into fresh oaths. Finally he groped his way towards the door, keeping his hand on the wall, or on the varnished surfaces of the paintings with which the wall was hung. He had made up his mind ; he would seek Grandmother Eastbell, and tell her the truth, and more than the truth if it were requisite. He was being imposed upon. People of no principle had taken advantage of his slumbers, and were setting his nearest and dearest relation against him. Reuben Culwick was at the head of affairs, and poisoning the public mind. Even the servants had turned upon him, and brought him no dinner, and left him in the dark. He came to a full stop once more, and fell against the pictures, scratching them with his trembling hands, in his alarm ; for the door behind him in the distance—the side door leading away from the corridor—had opened suddenly and sharply, and was shut again as he glanced towards a fitful gleam of light which narrowed and then passed away. In that fleeting moment he had seen enough to scare a stronger nerve than his—for a white figure had glided into the chamber, and

was advancing towards him, he was sure ! He had seen it in the dim light of the passage without, before the door was shut ; he believed that even now the fitful shimmer of white drapery was faintly perceptible, a moving mystery in the gloom of the great room. He remained silent and trembling till the rustling of garments assured him that something was approaching him with noiseless steps, that reminded him of the ghost in the *Castle Spectre*, which he had seen once from the gallery of a theatre.

He made a swift plunge for the door in his horror.

It was his sister's spirit, he was sure—she had been murdered by those from whose clutches he had made no effort to save her—and she had come for him ! His last hour had arrived, and it was all over with his dreams of glory.

"Tom Eastbell," said a sharp voice in his ears, "are you here ? Why don't you speak to me ?"

"Grandmother," he ejaculated, "is it you then ?"

"Can't you see ?"

"It's all dark—I've been asleep, and I couldn't make out who it was. Oh, Lor' ! how you've frightened me !"

"Are you alone ?"

"Yes—I wish I wasn't."

"Come here and sit down—we can talk best in the dark, and I want to talk to you."

"I'd rather have a light, thank you," said Tom, who still had his suspicions that all was not right. He found his way to the principal door, and opened it, letting in a stream of light from the corridor without. He looked back at his grandmother, who was standing by the chair which he had quitted, a strange phantom enough in her white night-dress, and with a counterpane wrapped round her toga-fashion, and trailing on the ground behind her. Her big frilled night-cap was awry, her grey hair hung from it in mad disorder, and there was an awful expression on her face, which was not pleasant to confront, even at that distance.

"What's the matter ?" said Tom irresolutely ; "ain't you well ? What have you come down-stairs for, such a sight as this ?"

"I can't rest. There's something wrong, Tom. I'm unhappy."

"Why ?"

"They're all—you with the rest of 'em—keeping something from me. Where's Sarah ?—oh ! where's my Sally ?—tell me."

"Wait a moment—I'll tell you everything."

An idea had seized him at last. The opportunity which he thought that he had missed had come to him in this manner. There was no time to lose.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

MOKE SHADOW.

ON that particular day Mrs. Eastbell had not been rendered comfortable in her mind by the expedients with which it had been necessary to beguile her

from a truth that might have killed her off-hand. Old age had awakened to more critical perceptions at a moment when deceit meant life to her, and there had been many questions hard to battle with and to baffle. Hartley had done her best, but her inventive faculty was speedily exhausted, and Mrs. Eastbell remained terribly wakeful and inquisitive. There followed no sleep to relieve guard, and Hartley's excuses for all things that were mysterious became lame and impotent, and at times incomprehensible. Mrs. Eastbell had not been in the habit of asking many questions—she had taken everything for granted, and had had faith in the honest service of those by whom she was surrounded; but with the signing of her will had followed much perplexity, and, to all outward seeming, a complete desertion of her.

She left off cross-examining Hartley from sheer weariness at last. Her granddaughter was walking with Mr. Culwick—she was asleep—she was writing letters—she was everywhere but at the side of the old woman who asked for her. Was it possible that, having signed everything away, the mistress of Sedge Hill was to be deserted? or had something happened which these servants were endeavouring to conceal, trusting to her blindness and her time-numbed faculties? Some hours after luncheon she became suddenly very silent, and Hartley after a while stepped in, stood by her bedside, listened to her breathing, and even said "Mistress," in a low tone.

"Asleep," Mrs. Eastbell heard Hartley say in a whisper to a second person in the room; "she will sleep now for hours, I hope. Still watch her till I return, Jane."

Jane, an under-housemaid, promised faithfully to perform this task, and Hartley went down-stairs, glad of a respite from long hours of watchfulness. She had not intended to stay away more than half an hour, but it had been a long and anxious time with her, and she was tired out. She curled herself upon a couch in the housekeeper's room, and went to sleep immediately; and the girl she had left in trust, after half an hour's duty, stole away to talk to the under-gardener, to whom she was solemnly engaged to be married next spring.

Mrs. Eastbell heard her creep out of the room, after listening to her breathing, as Hartley had done; and as the soft footfalls of the careless attendant died away along the landing-place, the old lady sat up in bed, alert and eager. New strength seemed to have come to her in that hour of her suspense; she had brooded upon the silence in the house, and the hidden motives for it, upon Mary Holland's words before departure, and the evasions of Hartley when she had become too curious, and the suspicion was very close to the old woman that something had occurred which everybody was hiding from her. They were over-

wise, she thought—they had not calculated on her ability to seek information for herself; she was not so childish and helpless as they would have her believe. If she did not act for herself, presently they would tell the world, perhaps her, that she was in her dotage.

The blind woman struggled from her bed without assistance, put her feet into slippers, wrapped the counterpane round her shawl-fashion, and crossed it once again upon her chest. She was too weak to dress, and so they thought to keep her there a prisoner, but they were very much mistaken! She presented an unearthly appearance in that guise, but she was not going to study appearances, now that there was a mystery to be cleared up. If they would not bring the news to her—bad or good news, Heaven knew, but she believed that it was bad—she would seek the news for herself. She walked feebly at first, but gathered strength as she proceeded. Accustomed to the house, and sensitive of touch, there was no difficulty in finding her way to the door, and in proceeding down-stairs to the hall, and across it to the drawing-room, the door of which she opened, and passed in. All was silent, all was desolation. There was no exclamation of surprise at her appearance, no response to her call of "Reuben!"—to her wilder cry of "Sarah!" She was alone in the house, she was sure now. Even the servants were away. She had encountered no one in her progress, and the only sound in the establishment was the rustle of the heavy counterpane, as it trailed behind her on the carpet.

What could it mean? She was alarmed now at the desertion of her, and reached her thin hand towards the bell by the mantelpiece, pausing before she touched it, as she remembered that the picture-gallery was a favourite room of Sarah's, before Thomas Eastbell and his friend had taken possession of it for themselves. She should find her grandson there, unless he had run away with the rest of them. Perhaps she should find them all there. She went slowly from the room, crossed the corridor, and went steadily by the longest route to the picture-gallery, as it gave her time to think, and to prepare for the worst, if the worst had come to her in her latter days like this. She reached the little side door, through which Mary Holland had passed when Reuben Culwick had called to see his father, at an early period of this history, and here she paused again, afraid of the truth at the eleventh hour—if the truth were on the other side of the panels—until her old spirit reasserted itself, and she entered the room, frightening her grandson almost to death, as we have already seen.

The alarm of Thomas Eastbell recovered from, and the oil lamp on the table lighted by his hand, grandmother and grandson sat facing each other by the fireplace, where the fire had long since died out. It was a weird picture even then, though the

supernatural had been dismissed from Tom's mind and the reality was only before him. He did not like the look of his grandmother, huddled in the easy chair which he had quitted, with the counterpane drawn to her chin, and her strongly marked face above it—a countenance which might have been chiselled out of yellow marble, so grim and deeply lined was it. A dead old woman, galvanised into a mocking semblance of life, and propped up in the easy chair, would have looked like unto her.

"Now then—tell me all, Tom," said Mrs. Eastbell at last; "if anything has happened, I can bear it."

"Well, something has happened, grandmother," answered Thomas Eastbell with a wrench.

"What is it? I'm strong—I'm full of life—can't you see?"

"I'm afraid of distressing you too much," said Tom with great solicitude; "you're shaking like a jelly."

"It's only the cold. You've let the fire out, haven't you?"

"Yes; I've been in too much grief to think about a fire," he said with a forced groan.

"Grief about what?" asked the old woman, leaning forward so suddenly and eagerly that Tom drew back, half afraid of her again.

"You're sure that you can keep calm?"

"Tom, I have been all my life the patientest of women—ask 'em at the almshouses—ask anybody, and they'll tell you."

"Yes—I know—but—"

"You've a feeling heart, Tom—I've always heard so—and you will not keep me in suspense," she urged.

"No," replied Tom; "I am breaking it to you by degrees."

"Breaking what?" gasped forth Mrs. Eastbell.

"The truth. I always sticks to the plain truth, as best and fairest to us all."

"Ay, that's right, Tom, surely," said the old woman; "and the truth is that—"

She paused, and Tom came out with the truth forthwith.

"That Sally's run away."

"Eh—what?" shrieked Mrs. Eastbell; "run away—from ME?"

"Yes—that's it—wish I may die!" asseverated Tom, becoming bolder in his statement as his grandmother put implicit faith in every word he uttered.

"Run away—for ever, do you mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Eastbell in her highest key.

"Yes, for ever."

"Ah! don't say any more," said the old woman piteously; "I'll try and die now, Tom. I don't want to live an hour longer."

She raised the heavy bed-covering before her blind face, and hid it from him, and Tom was alarmed at the wail which followed her last words.

"There, don't try and do anything of that sort," he cried. "Pull yourself together, grandmother; don't give up."

"I was always so fond of Sally, Tom."

"Yes—so was I," he exclaimed; "but if she don't deserve our love, what's the odds? I've been cut up all day, but I'm getting more composed like. Don't die—that's what she wants—what she expects, p'raps—can't you see it all?"

The hands that were muffled in the counterpane were brought down with their covering from the face, which seemed harder and sterner now, and looked so like her brother Simon's, that any one acquainted with the late owner might have thought that he had come back in the flesh.

"Ah, yes—I'm beginning to find out what a wicked and ungrateful world it is, Tom," she said.

"That's right. Cheer up, and look about you."

"She and that Reuben planned this, then? They have gone away together, ain't they?—gone without a word!"

Thomas Eastbell hesitated in his reply. He would have been extremely glad to offer that as a solution to the mystery, and turn the tables against Reuben Culwick and his sister, but Reuben might come back at any moment and defeat his machinations.

"No, they ain't gone," he replied; "it's Sally and the captain."

"What!" and Mrs. Eastbell's high note rang out again with startling shrillness, and vibrated through the room.

"Yes—Sally and the captain—both together—wish I may die!" he said again with great solemnity.

"How's that? Go on," asked Mrs. Eastbell; "I'm calm enough now. I'm iron—stone—hadamant, Tom."

"I didn't know that the captain and Sally knew much of each other, though they used to meet at my house two years ago, when I took Sally for a holiday, if you remember."

"I remember. Go on."

"The captain deceived me too. I wasn't prepared for it, grandmother; I—I—I wasn't indeed."

"Are you pretending to cry?" asked Mrs. Eastbell.

"I am struggling with emotion. I can't help it."

"You can help being a fool. What was such a coward and sneak to you, that you should cry?"

"Ah!—then there's Sally too," said Tom.

"Yes—yes—but go on. I am past fretting for Sally now, and she was more to me than to you. Wasn't she?" said the old woman passionately.

"Yes," he answered.

"Then bear it as I bear it."

"Certainly, grandmother," he answered with alacrity; "why shouldn't I, as you say? Well, they planned to go away. Sally was to get you to make a will in her favour, but to pretend to be fond of Reuben Culwick all the while, and then she was to steal off, and the captain was to get away in the morning—as he did, leaving a line or two to me, which I found on the table in my room."

"Read 'em," was the laconic suggestion.

"They're up-stairs, but I can fetch 'em."

"Never mind; what does it matter, if my Sally's gone away? Ah! what does anything matter now?"

There was a long silence, until Tom muttered—

"It matters a great deal to me and my prospects—that's all."

"Yes—yes; but I shan't forget you. Why, I can make another will at once, if you will help me."

"I'm not a good hand at writing, but I don't mind trying," said her willing grandson.

"Yes—yes; but there's Reuben too. He has been served terrible bad. Where is he?"

"He's looking for her."

"What for?"

"He don't know yet of the captain's letter to me. He hasn't been home all day. He thinks something's happened to Sally."

"Poor fellow!"

"Poor fellow!—cus him!" added Tom Eastbell *sotto voce*.

"I'll wait till he comes back, Tom. He writes a will like any lawyer."

"He said—he left word—that he wasn't sure of coming back at all."

"If he doesn't come back to me——" began Mrs. Eastbell; then she paused, and looked more like her brother than ever.

"If you could let me write out a few lines. I have got a form here—handy too, and that's singler, isn't it?"

"Very."

"Very singler, as I say too—a merciful dispensation like; why not a few lines now, if you've left everything to Sally?"

"As I did last night," said Mrs. Eastbell.

"Yes—I thought so. And I'm thrown upon her mercy—hutterly, o' 'eaven!—if anything should happen to you before we were prepared for it."

"I have an idea that I shall live many years, Tom."

"Gord bless you—I hope so."

"Many years of misery and blind loneliness like this!"

"Gord bless you again—I hope so—I mean, I'll never leave you."

"Never, Tom?"

"I wish I may die if I do," he said, clinching his promise with his old familiar protestation.

"Very well. Write me out a line or two, and then call in witnesses as Reuben did. Half to Reuben Culwick—nothing to that ungrateful girl, to begin with—and half to yourself; you musn't forget yourself, Tom."

"Thankee, I won't."

"You have been always true to me, they say. Even Sally would that."

"She couldn't help doing it," said Tom, approaching the table—"and the pictures?"

"What about the pictures?"

"They're not worth much; but I may as well have 'em, and keep 'em in the family."

"I don't care what becomes of them," said Mrs. Eastbell wearily.

"All right," responded her grandson.

"To-morrow I dare say I shall make another will. This is only to prepare—to make sure that that undootiful gal don't get rich by my death—which isn't going to happen yet, Tom."

"I should say not."

He took a printed form from his pocket, and began writing in great haste, blotting and smearing as he went, being clumsy with his pen, and unsteady of hand that day. He and the captain, prepared for business, had brought down a form of will, praying for a chance like this, and, lo, it had come in an hour of depression and incertitude. It didn't look a nice will; but it would stand its ground, he hoped, being a natural sort of testament in its way, and leaving all things fair and square. He knew nothing of the law, or of will-making; but this was worth the attempt; and if he had made less blots and spelt a little better, the document would have been a trifle more respectable. But his grandmother was alone in the house, and there was no one else whom she could trust. He wished his heart did not beat so fast—that he could take things coolly like Ted Peterson; but it was not in him. He wished too that the words would arrange themselves properly; but they would not, though the law-stationer had helped him all that he could. He was hot, and great drops of perspiration rolled from his forehead to the paper. He was beset by the fear also of a sudden knocking and ringing at the outer door, and of all this fading from his grasp by Reuben Culwick's interference. He would maintain his story; but would his grandmother believe him after the nephew had spoken out? If he could only finish—if—

"Ha! what is it?"

The old woman was standing by his side, with two cold hands pressing heavily upon his shoulder, and—great Heaven!—the grey eyes were unsealed and staring at him!

"Don't—go on—with it," she whispered. "Sally wouldn't—wouldn't—go away—for good."

"I tell you—

"I tell you that—you—lie!"

She turned, as if to totter feebly to her chair again, and he sprang up with a shout of horror as she fell back heavily.

"Grandmother!" he cried.

"Tell my—dear Sally—that I——"

It was all over, and tragedy took a deeper shade unto itself from that hour. Grandmother Eastbell was dead!

POVERTY PASTURES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EPISODES IN AN OBSCURE LIFE."

"THE WUSS 'ALF OF A PAIR O' SCISSORS."



"ND ever, as he slowly cleaves the air," writes Herr Teufelsdröckh of the old-clothesman, "sounds forth his deep fateful' note, as if through a trumpet he were proclaiming, 'Ghosts of life, come to judgment!'" I used to be reminded of that description by the gloomy "Any humbler-ellers to mend?" of an old man I occasionally came across some months back; or rather his cry was more like the "Bring out your dead!" of the Great Plague time.

The poor old fellow had really the most despairingly dreary voice I ever heard. On week-days he went about with his old wife mending umbrellas and recaning chairs. On Sunday afternoons, during the season, I have heard him croaking, in lonely lugubriousness, "Straw-er-ber-ries! fine straw-er-ber-ries! Hautboys! Fine straw-er-ber-ries!" I wonder that his dismal drawl did not scare off customers. I know it always gave me the fancy that his fruit must have fattened upon graves, and would taste like weeping clay-clods rather than the summer dainty. There was an utter incongruity between my poor old umbrella-mender and his blushing, sweet-juiced, summer Sunday wares. The dull medlar would have been in far better keeping.

Both he and his wife were "miserably poor"—a lean, pale couple, whose life seemed as thin, washed-out, and dingy as their clothes. The only thing bright about them was the mutual love which had lived on through long years of common care and want—of the sordid kind, which is too apt to make the linked sufferers snappishly selfish, instead of knitting their hearts more closely together. It was pretty to see the way in which they literally bore one another's burdens; and each strove to secure for the other the least draughty place, when they sat out on the pavement in the cold winds, plying their craft. The last time I saw the old man was on a Bank Holiday.

Holiday-makers were flocking out of the City, on foot, on horseback, on velocipedes, and in vehicles of all kinds. Almost all were in what the Scotch call a "raised" state from animal or alcoholic spirits. One old dame had succumbed very early in the day to an excess of the latter, and sat on the ground at a corner, smiling with blank blandness at a crowd of grinning small boys, ever and anon dispersed.

Two constables, who had just been sent for to aid in conveying her to the station-house, came down the hill, snarling at one another like coupled hounds, and closely followed by a kite-tail of mannikins in billycock hats, intensely enjoying their wrangle.

The London policeman is always least amiable on a public holiday, and no wonder. It may be sport to others, but it means extra bother to him.

No more force than was necessary was used in lifting the old woman from the ground; but, of course, the on-looking crowd yah-yahed and shouted "Shame!" One of the most energetic shouters was my normally depressed old umbrella-mender. When he had relieved his feelings he once more shut himself up, so to speak, and trudged on as if there were no object left him in the world—as if it did not matter whether he turned to the right or to the left, went on, turned back, or stood stock-still. Out of curiosity I followed him.

Death and Disease keep no bank or any other holidays; their work is never done. Through the crowd of merry-makers a hearse and a string of mourning coaches slowly threaded their way, the white and black of the attendants' trappings showing that some child or young person was being borne upon this general holiday to enduring rest (why do we dress up men like magpies to express our grief in such a case?). And two depressed paupers were plodding along with one of those inexpressibly depressing hand-ambulances—wheeled coffins, whose every creak says, "*Memento mori*, and be quick about it"—in which poor people are carried to small-pox and fever hospitals.

Walking like something galvanised, the old man dragged his legs on into the City, thronged with Londoners hurrying to railway stations, and with country folk come up to see the sights of "the great metropolis"—joskins no longer distinguishable as formerly by rusticity of attire and gullibility of temperament, but by caricature of fashionable costume, and an obstinate determination not to believe *anything* told them by a cockney. Tobacconists', confectioners', American drink shops, public-houses, proffering iced claret-cup, brandy and seltzer, brandy and soda, lemonade and sherry, and so on, were open; street-sellers hawked little sheaves of lavender in blossom, withering roses pillowed on faded moss, riding-switches, umbrellas (some, perhaps, of the old man's mending), "penny guards for sovereign hats," plums, pineapples,

cocoa-nuts, panoramic views, cigar-lights; and little boys and girls, outside the main thoroughfares, persistently stuck to passers-by, holding out oyster-shells in their grubby paws, and whining, "Please to remember the grotter—on'y once a year, sir." They did not appeal to the old umbrella-mender. On he drifted, with eyes which had no speculation in them, through the holiday traffic, which gave the City streets a very different aspect from the look they wear either on Sunday or on an ordinary week-day. A wagon, high-piled with wool-bales, a dray grinding past with jangling iron rods, were objects that attracted attention.

A good many people seemed to have selected the day for their family flitting to the seaside. Cabs swayed beneath pyramids of luggage, and the old man was nearly run over by a private omnibus, crammed inside with olive-branches and nurse-maids, and crowned with boxes, a bassinette, and a perambulator. He was tossed like a chip on the flood of life that poured past the metal-shuttered insurance offices and banks in Moorgate Street and Princes Street, and Mammon's sealed sepulchre, the silent Bank. The clock of St. Margaret's protruded over what was almost a solitude, and the old man turned into Lothbury—I suppose, to be out of the bustle. When he stopped for a minute at the mouth of hushed Tokenhouse Yard, I could have fancied him one of Defoe's people flitting about, half-demented through scare, in the plague-stricken city. Throgmorton Street was noiseless as a dry water-course. A footfall could be heard in Bartholomew Lane, and Capel Court was like a catacomb. A few telegraph boys hopping about like sparrows, and a little girl knocking half-hopelessly at the door of a shuttered shop, were the only persons besides the old man and myself in Threadneedle Street, and asphalted Broad Street slanted off like a lonely frozen river. No medalled, bushy-bearded commissionaires with empty sleeves stood waiting on the Exchange flags. Good Mr. Peabody, left all to himself, did not appear to relish his *sedet eternumque sedebit* post—looked as if he would like to put on a hat, and get up and seek some company. Her Majesty, seen through the bars of the Exchange gates, seemed to be presiding over a muster of voiceless, invisible ghost-merchants. If the Exchange had been open, it would have been just the place for my poor old man to spend his Bank Holiday in, in company with the seedy, sad, weary people who mope upon the seats of the arcades for hours, silent and inscrutable. On he mooned through the warren of courts and alleys which lie between Cornhill and Lombard Street. He might have murdered me there, or I him, in broad daylight, without witnesses.

An old gentleman, posting letters at the Lombard Street office, started when he heard our footsteps—

"Like a guilty thing surprised."

There was life again in King William Street; the Monument cage was black with visitors—huddled and restless as caged rats; musty and mouldy tramps, looking quite contented with their misery, snuggled and snored as usual in the recesses on London Bridge; trains thundered across the railway bridges; but the river had a strangely restful look, and leaning his arms on the parapet, the old man stopped to rest. Some of the steamers alongside the wharfs were gently smoking, like simmering kettles, but there was no hubbub on deck or quay. On one lonely wharf I saw a little girl, in yellow seaside costume, trundling about a sack-barrow. Crowded river-steamers, flying the red ensign, churned their way past a little fleet of deserted straw-barges, but no black lighters lumbered sideways up-stream, like wounded whales.

The old man went down the steps into Lower Thames Street, perennially perfumed with a stale fishy and fruity odour. Here a little waterside work was still going on. Out of a dark alley a line of porters, with diamond-branded oblong deal boxes on their backs, trotted across the road into Botolph Lane, whence descended a return gang of porters who had discharged their loads: looking, with their knots still on their flushed brows, like clowns weary of grinning through horse-collars. In moist Billingsgate, though the fish-shops were closed, a few stall-sellers were vaunting the excellence of their shrimps, but costermongers snored tranquilly in their barrows outside, and the smeared Coal Exchange opposite—which surely ought to have been built of Galway marble rather than white stone—looked as if it might have had any number of the newspapers' "torpid toads" shut up in it for generations. The greasily dingy swing-doors of the Custom House, with their "in" and "out" friction-polished brasses, were openable, but no swingers seemed to be going out or in. A sergeant in the Guards went by, escorting his little girl, in her clean summer Sunday best, to see, with other holiday-makers, the wonders of the fortress of which, no doubt, the little maid believed him to be the chief guardian. It was pleasant to see how proudly she hung upon his hand, how proudly he looked down on her, and how heartily the fatherly smiling comrades, with whom he stopped to talk, spoke to both.

It never rains but it pours. Just afterwards the drearily lonely old man, wandering like a cloud, passed another proud military sire—an artilleryman in uniform, carrying his baby in its christening cloak; the old women he met grinning grandmotherly approval. "He's *proud* to do it," said one beaming old lady. "But just see what a touzlin' the dear man is a-givin' the pore little dear," cried another. On went the old umbrella-mender, heeding nothing, past the closing great gates of a dock and railway depôt; a squat dingy tenement, by bill announcing that it

"wanted hands for poor work!"—with sewing-machines within click-clicking in dreary incessancy; sugar-works, exhaling a nauseous, warm, half-treacly, half-sanguineous scent; and a cork manufactory, with a man, sulky at having to work on Bank Holiday, perfunctorily handling a heap of the clean-furrowed bark piled on the pavement in front.

I could see by this time that the old man's wanderings were aimless. He spoke to nobody, took notice of nothing. Still, as I had begun to follow him, I thought I might as well continue to watch the strange way in which he kept Bank Holiday. Munching a crust which he took out of his trouser-pocket, he crossed the road in Whitechapel and turned into Petticoat Lane. There he did glance covetously once or twice at the big yellow cucumbers in trays, and the little pickled cucumbers in tubs, at the greasy tarts, and the strata of flat-fish which an Oriental-faced, oleaginous fat cook in his shirt-sleeves was frying in his windowless hutch of a shop. Two barefooted little fellows were running a race in the generally crowded lane; another little boy was flying a kite. By Artillery Lane the old man mooned on into Bishopsgate Street, and then mooned out of it again into Houndsditch, which had an even more Sabbatic look than it wears on Saturday. Both Jew and Gentile shops were closed.

Although I have said that there was no method in the old man's wanderings, he seemed to turn by preference into quiet places. In Houndsditch there were only a few "o' clo'" men and women dribbling into Phil's Buildings, and a deliquescent man trundling towards them a truck laden with bagfuls of fusty garments, on which was perched, like an organ-grinder's monkey, his black-haired, black-eyed, white-toothed, lemon-skinned, merrily grinning little son. In one of the narrow streets near Duke's Place, a wagon, with a name chalked instead of painted upon it, was being eased of its high-piled load of cocoa-nuts by two surly youths, who pelted the old man with husk as he passed the loft into which the nuts were being pitched like bricks. He did not take the slightest notice, but trudged on into Mark Lane, where it was easy to fancy that one heard mice nibbling the spilt grain in the closed Corn Market. Thence he doubled into Leadenhall Market, a silent solitude of alley after alley of close-shuttered stalls, save when a mob of hobby-de-hoy roughs rushed in for unchecked horse-play, and woke the echoes with their hideous yells.

Crossing the City he struck into London Wall. Its tall warehouses were all hushed. The hooks and balls of their crane-chains dangled otiosely in the air. Masonry can mesmerise, and a feeling of incipient coma came over me as I halted behind the old man in the front of Sion College. That dim-red old building, with its built-up windows, seemed sound asleep. Upon the other

side of the road was the sunnily silent old graveyard, with its seventeenth century tablets and its hoary fragment of Roman Wall. The blazing geraniums in the modern flower-beds, which have taken the place of the old graves, seemed the only things awake. I began to feel as dreamy as the old man, as I followed him through the streets and lanes which lie between London Wall and Cheapside, passing only a constable doing his beat by standing stiff as an obelisk at the intersection of four empty thoroughfares, and a maid-servant with a perambulator and three children leisurely strolling along the middle of Wood Street.

There were sight-sceners in St. Paul's Churchyard, but many-posted Paternoster Row, like Tokenhouse Yard, was silent and shut up as if in plague time. Whimsically heightening the resemblance, an upper window suddenly opened, a man in a white apron looked out, and a street-seller pitched him up a papered pint of shrimps. At a corner a little farther on sat a fruit-seller, nodding over his basket. Nobody seemed to be passing, or likely to pass him. I could not help thinking of the reduced gentlewoman, turned muffin-seller, who whispered, "I hope nobody hears me," after each tinkle of her bell. Round about Paternoster Row there are old-fashioned public-houses that seem to have run into corners to hide. They had shut up—quite early in the afternoon—when the old man slunk round to them, looking as if he would have liked half a pint of beer, if he could have got it where there was no other customer.

Through the raw-becfy Smithfield mart for raw beef, with its gilt-banded and buttoned beadle, wandering like a gay ghost between avenues of tenantless stalls—through Lincoln's Inn, where a knot of flushed barristers chatted with lay friends in the cloisters, jerking up their black gowns, and disclosing their grey nether garments as if they were still *me-ludding*—and the Temple, apparently given up to two very diminutive clerkkins splashing one another in Pump Court, the old man trudged on to the College of Arms, looking out, like the old churches which the new street has exposed to the sunlight, as uncomfortably as a blinking owl on the new buildings, and hummocky wastes of dingy building ground and hoardings round about. I had grown tired of following him by that time, but before I left him I spoke to him.

This was the explanation he gave me of his wanderings:—

"Why, yer see, my old 'ooman is gone. Dead and buried she've been this three weeks. And so I thought I'd take 'oliday to-day as there worn't nought to be done in my line. I couldn't bide still at 'ome wi'out my pore ole missis. I'm lost like now I've lost she. I fare jest as if I was the wuss 'alf of a pair o' scissors."

IN THE TWILIGHT.



"THAT EMPTY CRADLE!"



PENNY for your thoughts, Malvine;
Where are they drifting now?
I have watched for half an hour past

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A pucker on your brow,
And a queer little clip of the under lip,
Which I wholly disallow.

Come close and make confession, sweet ;
 I'll shrive you, never fear ;
 But fold those slim white hands in mine,
 And bring your footstool near.
 Oh ! bother your dress ! I think you might
 press
 Nearer—so—now, let us hear.

"You wish we had not run away !"
 But when your folks said No,
 And would not allow you to come to me,
 What *could* you do but go ?
 And, if I am right, on that runaway night
You thought the train too slow.

You trembled like an aspen leaf—
 Oh ! "with the cold alone ?"
 Your lips at least were warm, my dear—
 I tried them with my own ;
 For I thought they looked pale by the altar rail,
 Whence two departed one.

"That empty cradle !" Ah, Malvine !
 The little soul within
 Is spared, perhaps, from many a care,
 And unrepented sin ;
 And the Father, who its future knew,
 Has gathered his infant in.

No storms but clear the air, Malvine,
 No waves but wear the stone ;
 The storm that swept our nursery bare,
 But made you more my own ;
 For the childless wife has each day of her life
 Husband and love in one.

Grief did but do her perfect work ;
 God's sunbeams washed by rain
 Shine ever with a purer light,
 A radiance reft of stain ;
 And the eyes, Malvine, that have pierced the
 screen,
 Are the tear-washed eyes of pain.

THEO. GIFT.

THE COLLEGE-LIFE OF MAÎTRE NABLOT.

BY ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

THAT solitary cry, in the great court-yard, where the midsummer heat glowed even in the depth of the dark shades, that prolonged, dismal, monotonous cry used at length to send us to sleep. All my unhappy school-fellows and myself, leaning over the long table, stared at each other with dim, dull eyes and drooping lids, trying all we could to resist the sleepy influence of the hum. And whilst one was repeating his page of vocabularies or word-lists, and Monsieur Gradus, with his legs crossed, was wearily yawning under cover of his hands, or wiping his spectacles, dreaming about some soirée in town, or some jolly picnic, without thinking any more of the vocabulary than of the Great Mogul, we poor lads, weighed down by that melancholy cry, "Kaï—i—Kaï—i," which arose as regularly as the dull tick of a kitchen clock, we could just know that our heads were drop—drop—dropping down gently, gently—till at last the tip of the nose touched the desk ; then we were happy—oh, so comfortable and so happy ! We slept soundly—but not for long !

In a very few minutes the sharp angry voice of Monsieur Gradus, more terrible than the voice of doom, awoke us from our happy unconsciousness :—

"Monsieur Scheffler—Monsieur Nablot—write out the verb *dormir* ten times. Stand up—repeat your lesson."

And we rose, and began to repeat as we had often done before : "*Agricola*, farmer ; *asinus*, ass," etc.

All those lists of words, I have them still before me, with their blots of ink and stains of grease. They were never of much use to me, but at that time they worried me fearfully.

And I recollect that the following year I had to begin the same story over again under another professor ! It is awful to think of killing time for schoolboys in that ridiculous fashion, and filling them with a life-long disgust for what ought to have been a pleasure to learn. How many useful things we might have been taught, instead of those unmeaning strings of unconnected words ! What sound principles might have been instilled into our minds, leading us on to a rational appreciation of the spirit of languages both living and dead !

All that we went through scarcely seemed to be serious work. It was old-fashioned routine. It was a farce ! They declared they were strengthening our memories ; but memory has something else to do besides loading itself with such lumber as long strings of words, dry conjugations, and abstract rules. It is not rules that make language, any more than rhetoric eloquence, or school philosophy common sense. Words are merely words, and cannot take the place of anything else—ideas least of all.

But let us proceed, and we will resume this discussion by-and-by.

What with all those words and words, those rules and rules, and all those exercises for improving the memory, we should have fallen into a state of

downright stupidity, but for the Thursday and Sunday walks in the very pretty neighbourhood of Saarstadt.

How delightful it was to breathe the fresh air!

We used to walk to the saw-mills, or to the Bonne Fontaine, shaded by the leafy beech and fir-trees. We used to stay at the first village we came to; and then all the boys who had rich connections, *les fils de bonne famille*, whose pockets had some lining to them, used to order whipped cream, strawberries, fresh butter, honey, bacon omelettes.

They were not allowed wine, lest these young gentlemen should take more than they could conveniently carry, the blame of which would assuredly have fallen upon the unlucky master in charge. Therefore they were limited in that respect to beer.

My friend Goberlot and I never having a sou in our pockets, we used to roam a great deal further, right into the depths of the woods, running like squirrels along the shady by-paths, and climbing the tallest forest trees, at the risk of our necks. And when we had reached the very top, and could see nothing above us but the immense expanse of heaven, and nothing below us but the vast ocean of the masses of foliage, then, hearing no sound to disturb the profound silence, we would again begin our discussions upon religion as it was taught us, and upon the injustice and the follies of the professors—much delighted at being out of the sight and hearing of Monsieur Gradus, Monsieur Wolfram, and Canard, and Monsieur Rufin—glad at being far away from the smoke-stained schoolroom, and as happy as the birds of the air.

This happiness lasted until the rest, having finished stuffing themselves, collected themselves in a body at the skirts of the wood, and shouted all together, "Hé! holé!" till the cries, penetrating and echoing up the heights, at length reached us.

At this call, with one last fond look at the setting sun, we descended our lofty watch-tower, and slowly gained the village, very sorry that we had not been able to stay balancing ourselves on our tree-top till the stars were out.

As soon as we were in sight, all the fellows shouted, "Here they come! Here are the deserters!" And the master immediately put us under arrest, for having separated from the main body and delayed the return home.

But what did we care?

Had we not had the unspeakable enjoyment of a free run through the green forest? Had we not breathed the pure mountain air? Had not our eyes gazed afar beyond the wooded mountains, upon the distant blue summits of Alsace and Lorraine?

We had laid in a stock of happy thoughts for many days to come.

The moment we reached our rat-hole, we were packed off to our cell, whilst the rest, who had fared sumptuously already, walked into the dining-hall; but Goberlot and I, who had had nothing since morning, were fain to content ourselves with dry bread.

In all candour, we must have been endowed with admirable tempers, not to have conceived a horror of all our species. But Goberlot, who had been brought up by a devout Catholic father, under the complete influence of curés and jesuits, who dined three or four days in the week at their house, and in return made unlimited promises of Paradise to the whole family—my friend Goberlot, winking and leering, had from his childhood learnt to see the comic side of things.

But I was born a philosopher, and I held the unjust in supreme contempt, and this sentiment even against my wish betrayed itself continually in my countenance. How many times Monsieur Gradus, and later on Monsieur Laperche, felt insulted when they caught my eye resting on them!

"Monsieur Nablot," they cried, "what do you mean by looking at me in that way?"

No answer.

"Two hours' close confinement for you!"

I smiled.

"Four!"

I smiled again. How could I help it? I despised the men; they saw that, and could not forgive me.

Things went on much in the same way, until the annual compositions came on. The notes on my character were no improvement upon those made at Easter. Yet I was at the top of my class. I translated and recited better than all my school-fellows.

The wish to humble the rich fellows in my class, as Gourcier had formerly humbled me, made me work with extraordinary ardour. Several times I remained in on the Thursdays, to go over my work whilst the rest were walking.

After the August compositions, which were to count double, I was nothing but skin and bone; but having shown some of the older boys my rough copies of exercises and translations, they all declared that I should get the first prizes. I therefore depended upon my good success, and even wrote to my father to announce my approaching triumph.

The old corridors had already echoed for the last fortnight with the delightful air of the holiday song, when the great day of the prize distribution arrived. The gates were crowded with parents and relations, friends, and municipal councillors, civil dignitaries and military officials; all in the uniform of their respective ranks; imposing cocked hats, red waistcoats, great Alsatian bonnets, black

coats, round hats, helmets, plumes, and silk dresses began to defile down the vestibule of the old cloister, ascending to the large hall where the prizes were to be distributed, splendidly decorated with festoons of flowers, its grand Latin inscription over the door, and its raised platform at one end covered with prize books, and prize wreaths of leaves, according to our French custom.

We were drawn up in the court, when my father ran to me full of the joy that was beaming out of his eyes, to tell me that my mother had come to crown me. He embraced me, and I hardly had strength to answer him, I was so overcome by my feelings.

In a few minutes, all the company being settled in their places, we passed through that magnificent assembly, and took our places on the two sides of the platform; while the Cuirassiers' band, with its big drum, its fifes, its chime of Chinese bells, its trumpets, and its clarionets, made the windows rattle with a triumphal march which shook the very marrow in our bones:

Next after this, Monsieur le Maire, with his official sash over his shoulder, uttered a few well-selected sentences about the happy meeting. Then Monsieur Wilhelm, the master of the industrial school, read a fine speech upon the origin of human knowledge, beginning at the invention of the forge by Tubal Cain, and ending with the invention of the steam-engine; passing from the Hebrews to the Phœnicians, the Greeks, the Romans, the barbarous Merovingians, who had no glass to their windows; the race of Capet, only a little less ignorant than the Merovingians; the Arabs, the Turks, up to the taking of Constantinople by means of enormous guns, etc. etc.

The ladies were inclined to faint; there was a great desire to cry out, "Stop! stop!" but in such a dignified assembly that would have been highly improper, and we were compelled to wait until he should stop of his own accord.

The speech had been going on more than an hour, when at last he was seen turning over his last leaf, and a sigh of relief and gratified expectation was heard from the whole assembly.

But, alas! he had not quite done yet.

With a self-satisfied smile, he then told us he should forbear entering on the chapter of modern inventions, and spare the sensitive modesty of his contemporaries, and especially of His Majesty King Louis Philippe. He took another quarter of an hour to explain the delicacy of his motives, and we were beginning to look at one another with dismay, when at length he made a very low bow, and sat down amidst the applause of the company.

Immediately Monsieur Laperche began to call the names of the successful competitors, beginning of course with the *philosophers*. These were his

special favourites, and the cause of immense self-gratulation.

Monsieur Laperche enjoyed the advantage of a very tall person, which enabled him to see over the heads of all the company. Besides this, he possessed an unctuous and far-reaching though somewhat nasal voice, which he practised every day over his Greek.

I was boiling with excitement during this calling over of names; the fire of hope and expectation kindled in my cheeks. All my schoolfellows were just as I was.

We could scarcely wait for our turn; but as between the announcements, whilst each prize-taker came down the steps into the body to receive his crown from the hands of his parents, the band played a little air, this took up time, and it was therefore three o'clock before our class was called up.

I had already distinguished my father and mother seated together in the midst of the gazing brilliant crowd, when Monsieur Laperche began to call the names of the sixth class, and instead of my name, which everybody fully expected would come first, the names of Messieurs Louis and Claude Poitevin, Henriaz, Vaugiro, were announced; and all of these pupils were the Principal's personal friends!

I turned as pale as ashes.

At last I heard my name called to receive the prize for memory, which could not possibly be refused me, as I always knew my lessons the best in the class.

In a moment I recovered myself, and ran full of excitement and happiness to be crowned by my father and mother, who embraced me with tears in their eyes. Then I returned to my place; and in a few minutes, the prize distribution being over, the crowd slowly passed out down the wooden staircase, with a loud rolling sound of many footsteps.

I went down. My power of thought had returned, and I shuddered. At the door, within the vestibule, I found my father alone. He was waiting for me, and embraced me again with the greatest affection, saying—

"I am satisfied, Jean Paul, quite satisfied; you have done all that I could have expected. Come! your mother is waiting for us at the Abondance. Your box is already in; we are going to start directly."

I followed him thoughtfully.

About ten we arrived at Richepierre. The whole way, notwithstanding the praises of my parents, I had not spoken a word. The wrong that had been done me had stunned me.

I could not believe it. It seemed horrible to

STRANGE BEINGS.



HERE are probably no animal forms which, to ordinary and non-technical folks, seem more irreconcilable with the usual ideas of animal life and appearance than the marine organisms popularly known as "sea-mats." To the seaside visitor these forms must be very familiar. I do not mean that he may recognise them, or know much or anything concerning their history and relations; but he must be well acquainted with their outward aspect, since every tide brings its quota to high-water mark, and every gale throws the "sea-mats" in countless profusion on our shores.

The entire history, familiar and scientific, of this "common object of the shore" is so full of interest, that a half-hour spent in its investigation may not prove to be wasted, or aimlessly thrown away; and if we can fix the more salient points in its biography on the reader's mind, we shall have provided him with the essentials for a very pleasant and instructive study, when his next seaside holiday time comes round.

In outward aspect the common species of sea-mats are undeniably plant-like. The resemblance of the ordinary forms to masses of pale brown seaweed, induces many an amateur marine botanist to gather the sea-mats as specimens of rare or unknown *Alga*, and to give them as such a conspicuous place in the herbarium of sea-weeds, which may be assiduously collected, labelled, and displayed as evidence of well-spent holiday-hours. Indeed it requires some forethought and previous knowledge to separate out the sea-mats from amongst the tangled mass of sea-weeds with which they are cast up on the beach. And when we obtain them from the dredge, as living and growing specimens, rooted to stones, oyster-shells, and other favourite habitats, the likeness to sea-weeds is rendered still more real and apparent.

But we remarked at the outset of our study that the sea-mat was an *animal* form, and so in truth it is. It belongs to that great division of the animal world we know as the Mollusca, and it thus presents a distant yet decided relationship to our

ordinary shell-fish, such as whelks, mussels, oysters, snails, etc., and to many other familiar members of the great sub-kingdom of animals just named. This latter piece of information may, however, render the relations of the sea-mat even more confusing than before, since the distinct animal nature of the shell-fish is so apparent, and the nature of the sea-mat so seemingly irreconcilable with that of its zoological neighbours.

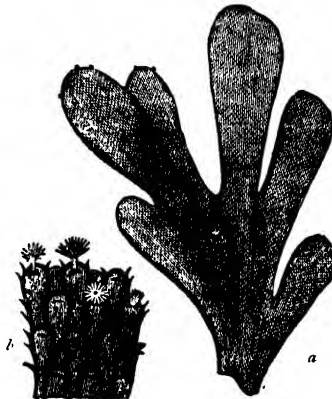
Let us therefore carefully examine this curious and aberrant creature, and endeavour to gain a clear idea of its constitution and analogies. If we scan the sea-weed-like surface of the sea-mat very closely with the naked eye, or, better still, if we aid the "unassisted sight" by the use of a pocket-lens, we may at first sight discover the key to its structure and conformation. We

notice the division of its plant-like fronds into innumerable little spaces or "cells," and if we are skilful enough to place the living sea-mat in its native element, and then bring the object-glass of our microscope to bear upon the organism, we witness a most interesting and beautiful spectacle, and at the same time fully solve the problem of our sea-mat's identity and relationship. We now observe more clearly that the entire organism is made up of an aggregation of little oval cells, numbering many thousands altogether, each cell being the prototype of its neighbours.

And from the upper extremity of each cell we notice a little head-like process, surmounted by a crown of delicate tentacles or feelers, to be continually protruded without, and as incessantly withdrawn into its abode. The cells we thus ascertain to be occupied, each by a tiny inhabitant; and we have also noticed that the little prisoners possess the power of communicating with the outer world by the protrusion and withdrawal of their heads and crowns of tentacles.

This very cursory and superficial examination, then, has taught us the essential nature of the sea-mat.

We now perceive that the sea-weed-like mass is simply a colony of minute animals; or, zoologically speaking, we would say that the entire sea-mat was a single individual, but that the individual was compound, and that it was composed of many little entities or "zooids." But, at any rate, we



FLUSTRA, OR "SEA-MAT."

a, Ctenecium or entire organism of the "Broad Hornwrack" or "Leafy Sea-mat" (*Plustra foliacea*), natural size; *b*, a few cells of the same, greatly magnified.

readily understand that the sea-mat is a compound animal—a united animal colony, in fact; the individual members or factors of which are bound together in a close, unbroken, and most neighbourly relationship.

Nor do the sea-mats stand alone in this peculiar phase of structure. On the contrary, they have very many allies, some of which rank higher and some lower than themselves in the created scale. But in every case the relationship between the members of the colony is more or less of an intimate kind, and is one which the higher and similarly colonial kinship we generally term "society" might in some respects not unworthily imitate.

The naturalist knows the sea-mats themselves as *Flustra*, and the class to which they belong has been termed that of the *Polysoa*—a name derived from the Greek, meaning "many animals," and applied to these forms in reference to their compound nature.

The older name of *Bryozoa*, or "moss-like animals," was given to the class in allusion to the plant-like conformation and appearance of the sea-mats and their allies.

Let us finally endeavour to gain an idea of the more intimate structure of this curious organism; and in so doing we shall have to peer into the inner life of the colony, and notice how the tide of existence sweeps along within the cells, and throughout the organism as a whole.

First, then, we find that the sea-weed-like appearance of the sea-mat, and the connection and aggregation of the zooids or cells, are due to the presence and growth of a horny outer skin, common to all the individuals of the colony, and to which the name of "ectocyst" is given. This horny skin or investment occasionally develops calcareous or limy particles; but in any case, it forms first, the medium which binds together and consolidates the colony, and secondly, the outer of the two walls of each little cell.

The inner wall of each cell is formed by a soft, contractile, fleshy structure—the "endocyst;" this latter membrane or inner wall forming a soft lining to the harder and firmer outer wall. At the upper portion of the cell we find its mouth or aperture, and the soft inner lining is reflected back upon itself at this part of the cell, and is finally attached around the base of the circular crown of tentacles. The inner surface of the endocyst is further fringed by innumerable little eyelash-like bodies, termed "cilia," the function or use of which we will presently notice.

The tentacles or feelers are hollow tubular organs, which in the sea-mats form a literal crown to the not very distinct head. These organs are also richly provided with cilia, and on the tentacles devolves the function of respiration or breathing;

the blood or nutritive fluid being thereby subjected to the aerating and purifying influence of the surrounding water.

Then the mouth is found to open in the centre of the tentacles, and from the mouth a gullet, stomach, and intestine are continued. With this comparatively simple structure, the digestive organisation of the sea-mat may be said to end; yet we thus observe that it is by no means destitute of distinct and definite means for carrying on the great functions of life.

The little cilia or eyelashes lining the endocyst serve by their motion to maintain a circulation of fluid throughout the interior of the cell, and this in the absence of anything analogous to the heart of higher forms.

The nervous system is represented by a single mass of nervous matter, situated on one side of the gullet, and from this, as from a centre, nervous filaments radiate to the other parts and organs of the cell. Müller, indeed, has insisted on the presence in these forms of a "colonial nervous system"—that is to say, of a system of nerves extending throughout and connecting together the various members of the colony—but naturalists are by no means agreed as to the correctness of Müller's observations.

Lastly, we find within each cell a complicated muscular system, this latter being perhaps the most highly developed portion of our sea-mat's economy. Thus we find special muscles for protruding and for withdrawing or retracting the tentacles; and the inner cell-lining appears also to be highly muscular in its nature.

On the principle, and in verification of the well-known adage about "little fleas" having "lesser fleas to bite 'em," we find that the outer surface of each little cell of the sea-mat gives origin, in many cases, to certain peculiar appendages; the most noted of which, known as *avicularia*, or "bird's-head appendages," consist each of a short stalk, with movable jaws, somewhat resembling the beak or jaws of a bird. At other times a single long bristle-like filament may be found in place of the bird's-head processes. Both kinds of appendage are exceedingly minute, and, notwithstanding much speculation as to their origin and connections with the little tenant of the cell, they still present interesting problems for the naturalist's solution.

The bird's-head processes appear to be continually opening and shutting; and their movements, which continue long after the death of the organism upon which they reside, have been supposed to be controlled by the "colonial system" of nerves previously alluded to.

Finally, the reproduction and anterior life-history of our sea-mat present features of great interest, with reference to the relations of the organism as a

whole ; and with a rapid glance at these latter points, our notice of this curious colony may appropriately be brought to a close.

We find within each little cell or semi-independent "factor" in the "sum total" of the sea-mat, a reproductive apparatus. And at certain periods the eggs, in the form of minute specks of organic matter, escape from the cells into the water. From this egg the embryo or young form is developed, and soon makes its appearance as a rounded body, furnished with cilia, by aid of which it rapidly propels itself throughout the sea. This locomotive embryo next attaches itself, and develops a single cell, enclosing its little tenant, which in every respect resembles the cells of the mature sea-mat.

This single cell is the progenitor of the compound

organism, for soon new cells are produced from this primary one by a literal process of budding. The new buds quickly develop into cells, enclosing tiny inhabitants, and these in turn give origin, by this process of continuous and connected budding, to the form of the adult sea-mat. Thus not only is the plant-like similitude borne out by external examination, but the reproductive history of the organism tends to make us believe that the sea-mat exemplifies a "freak of nature," in thus bearing out in its more intimate life the likeness and similarity to a plant-form.

These remarks may perhaps incite the curiosity of holiday-makers, to turn their attention to what is one of the most common, but at the same time one of the most curious objects which the waves throw up on the shore.

ANDREW WILSON.

JEANIE'S COMING HOME.



WHEN Jeanie left her childhood's home,
Went away
With yon light waif of ocean foam,
She never stayed farewell to say
To one of those who all those years
Had shared her smiles, and spared
her tears.

Ay, more,
She left her mother, whose white hair
Lay smooth o'er many a line of care.
"A score for every bairn o' mine,"
She'd wont to say, while in her eyes
Lay the maternal love divine,
Deeper than aught beneath the skies—
"When they were young, their wee white
feet

Aye trampled on one's toes ; but now
They write their footmarks on the brow."
Ay, and too harshly, mother sweet !
Jean's flying footsteps were the last
That o'er her patient spirit past.
A few short weeks the wild winds blew,
And by the spring small violets blue,
And daisies, pink-lipped, pert and brave,
Grew thick above her quiet grave.
And Jean was gone ! But ere she went,
One wistful backward glance she sent
To where her bird with twittering low
Seemed to implore her not to go.
Poor birdie ! One bright summer's day,
Down from its nest on hawthorn spray
It fell ; and Jean with such fond care
Nursed the wee thing, that by-and-by
It followed her both far and nigh :
Would perch upon her golden hair.

And now, by some strange impulse moved,
She who was leaving all the rest
Of those who loved her, and she loved,
Turned back, and caught it to her breast ;
And so departed. . . .

Her husband left her. That we heard ;
But nothing more : no single word
For five long years ; and then one night,
When all the hills were robed in white,
A waste of snow, low at the door
We heard a feeble tap ; and then
One tottered in upon the floor.

We hardly knew our girl again !
The frost-flakes on her yellow head ;
And in her arms the bird—but dead
And frozen stiff ! which when she saw,
She broke into such bitter tears
It well-nigh wrung our hearts to see.
Her only friend in all those years
Of grief and want and misery !
The thing that led her back ; for she
Had never dared return again,
Till one day—she was sitting there
In her poor lodging gaunt and bare—
It burst into so sweet a strain,
So joyous, jubilant, and free,
It seemed to breathe of home ; and then
She saw her mother's face again
Smile on her ; and the tears long pent
Broke out at last without restraint.
And so she took the bird and came
These seventy miles afoot—and saw
Her mother's grave ! No further blame
She needed ; and she got no more.

SECOND-COUSIN SARAH.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

THE PRISONER.

IT is time that we follow the fortunes of Second-cousin Sarah, whom we left with her shabby sister-in-law in the grounds of Sedge Hill. Taken off her guard by Mrs. Thomas Eastbell's sudden appearance, disturbed by the events of the night, and ever conscious of the danger which the presence of the two intruders in her aunt's house foreshadowed, she followed the woman in good faith some distance along the garden paths and in the direction of the high-road.

"All is safe here, Sophy," Sarah said at last.

"I don't think so—I'm afraid of him here," said the woman, hurrying on still. "Tom wouldn't mind cutting my throat for 'arf this. You know him as well as I do."

A few more yards, and then Sarah Eastbell caught the woman by the arm, and checked her progress.

"We will go no further," she said; "tell me what I have to fear from your husband and Peterson, and I will reward you handsomely."

"You was allers kind, Sally, I will say that, though you have turned your back upon us since they've made a lady of you," she said. "Is this quite safe, do you think?"

"Quite safe."

"It's dark enough under the trees," muttered the woman, "but then Tom has cat's eyes."

"Tom is at the house, and nobody comes here."

"Listen then as well as you can. I ain't a-going to speak loud for anybody."

"I am listening."

Sarah Eastbell inclined her head more closely to the woman, who began whispering about her husband in a rambling fashion that was difficult to follow, until she went suddenly back three steps, to Sarah's surprise, and stood gazing at her, or at something near her.

"What is it?" exclaimed Sarah; "what——"

There was no opportunity to say more, to scream, or to struggle. Two strong arms closed round her, and a cloth, wet and sickly with drugs, was pressed to her mouth and nostrils by a merciless hand, that seemed to snatch her at once from active life to oblivion.

It was an incomprehensible world into which she passed after that, with strange whirring noises in her ears, and a terrible pressure on the brain, like a *soft weight*, bearing down all sense of reasoning or perception. Amidst it all the faint odour of the

drugs pervaded the semblance of existence that was left her, becoming weaker at times, and then growing stronger, and taking her wholly from the misery and treachery by which she had been betrayed. She remembered no more. She was conscious that she lived and breathed, but it was in a wild dream, of which she formed a part.

She seemed to be moving without any power of volition in herself; there were times when she could hear voices; there was ever before her a dense mist, in which once she caught the glimmer of stars, and tried to pray to them; and then the drug again, and the awful feeling of lying like one dead, with the knowledge at her heart that it was only a death-like aspect, from which there was no power to wrench herself away.

When she came back to consciousness it was to a life apart from Sedge Hill, and those who loved her there. She was lying on a bed, with Sophy Eastbell dozing by the side of a scantily furnished fire. There was a narrow window in the side of the room, with some boards nailed across it to keep the light of one spluttering candle from betraying itself to the night.

The smallness of the room, the meagre aspect of the furniture, the dirty boards and blackened ceiling, the torn patchwork quilt, the woman sleeping by the fire with her head against the mantelpiece, were all parts of an old picture, which combined with a hot, close atmosphere, with the smell of lead in it, was terribly suggestive of a past and woful episode in her life. Sarah supported herself on her elbow and looked round her dreamily, the horror in her looks deepening as she gazed. Was she back in Potter's Court? Had it all been a dream of prosperity, with Reuben, and Miss Holland and her grandmother, the fleeting figures of the hour, as false as the happiness which had seemed to be dawning on her life? This was so like the old home, that it was possible in the first moments of waking to believe that it belonged to her, and that the brighter days had only been a fallacy.

She had not been saved. She was the girl who had passed bad money, and had run away from Worcester to Tom's home. She had thrown herself upon the bed in one of her fits of despair, and had cried and raved herself to sleep, and—then her hand fell on her stiff black silk dress, and not upon a ragged cotton gown, and there was deeper thought to follow. How her head ached! She clasped it with both hands, as if to stay the hammering at her

temples, or to think the harder between the heavy beats ; and by degrees—it was an effort of some strength, with the old sense of confusion coming upon her, and rendering her giddy—she thought out the last chapter of her life, and where, and in what manner, it had ended in this chaos. The woman by the fire assisted her in her reverie ; the haggard pinched face was years older than in the Potter's

Suddenly Sophy woke up, and gave a nervous jump in her chair at finding her sister-in-law crouched upon the bed, with her great dark eyes glaring at her.

"Where have you brought me? Why am I in this dreadful place?" Sarah asked in an eager voice.

'You've come round, have you?' said Sophy.



"SUPPORTED HERSELF ON HER ELBOW."

Court days, and years closer to the grave. Seldom had a woman looked so near death, and been moving to and fro amongst the living, as this disreputable fragment of humanity. Years of life with Tom Eastbell and Tom's friends, years of penury and crime, and hiding from the police, had hardened and debased her ; she had fallen from her level to a lower depth ; one could see it at a glance. In the thin mouth, firmly compressed even in her sleep, Sarah Eastbell read no sign of mercy.

"Well, I am glad of that. Blest if I didn't think they'd overdone it with their klory-what's-its-name, and sent you bang off afore they meant it."

"*They?* Who are *they?*" was Sarah's next question.

"Ah! that's it. I can't tell you. It's more nor my life's worth to say too much, and I ain't a-going to say it, Sally. I ain't a-going to—"

Her old cough seized her, cut short her utterance, and might have strangled her had she

not risen to her feet and shuffled about the room, fighting for breath, and flinging her thin arms to and fro in the contest.

"It's the night air, rot it!" she gasped forth at last; "it allers catches me so, Sally. It gets on my chest and racks me orful. It's a wonder how I've lived on all this time, ain't it?"

Sarah Eastbell was sitting at the edge of the bed now, regarding her gaoler with eager attention. The statement of the woman's complaints did not interest her in her own anxiety; she had not listened; she was scarcely back from dreamland yet.

"Why have I been brought here?" she asked less patiently.

"You'll know in good time, gal. There's no 'casion for a nurry, or a flurry. Take it cool. You're safe enuf."

"Safe!" echoed Sarah.

"As safe as in you're grand 'ouse, to which you never asked one of the family—no, never!" replied her sister-in-law. "That's where Tom and I felt it, for we *had* taken care of you. We'd sheltered you, we'd been mother and father to you in Walworth. You was rich, and we was crawling on as usual, without a soul to help us in the blessed world. S'elp me, not a soul!"

Sophy took this as a grievance, and stamped her foot upon the floor and raised her voice to an angry screech, until the cough caught her by the throat again, when she leaned against the wall with her hands to her side till the paroxysm was over.

Sarah Eastbell was standing at the door of the room when she had recovered herself. It was locked, as she had suspected.

"It's no good your thinking of getting out, Sally," said Tom's wife; "don't build on that, or harm will happen to you. That's certain."

"Do you think I am the weak girl whom you remember last?" said Sarah, walking from the door to the woman's side, and clutching her tightly by the wrist, "or that I am to be frightened by this trick of yours, and of the wretches who have assisted you? Do you know in what peril you have put yourself?"

"Oh, yes, we all know; it's all been thought on," said the woman ironically. "We're of the don't care sort, and have chanced it. You can't say it wasn't well done, Sally."

"Give me the key of that door, or you will find me the stronger woman of the two!" cried Sarah.

"Don't ketch hold of my wrist like that," cried her sister-in-law, "or you'll be sorry for it. You'll be sorry if I go away, or if any one down-stairs comes up instead of me, because you are too violent for my company. You can't behave like a lady, for all your fine flash silk. I have only to skreek out,

and there are three men below who don't stand nonsense sich as youn."

Sarah Eastbell released her hold. Yes, she was in danger, and must be cautious. They who had brought her to this den had risked a great deal in entrapping her, and would risk more rather than allow her to escape. She must be prudent and on her guard, not defiant and aggressive.

"I ain't got no key, if you must know," said Sophy, as she returned to her chair and sat down; "this is my room, and we're both locked in together. I'm to take charge of you, that's all, my gal, and think yourself lucky it's me."

"If this is for money, what money is wanted to let me go back at once?"

"Ah! goodness knows, Sally! I don't. We must wait till morning."

"Why?" cried Sarah.

"Tom will be here then, p'raps; I say p'raps—mind," she added cautiously, "don't mistake me; don't try to get anythink out of me; it's no use."

"Open that window—let me tear it open, and escape. I will send you to-morrow a hundred pounds, and my blessing on you, for your help. You can't be against me, Sophy. You can't wish me any harm."

"I shouldn't be here if I did," said the woman sullenly; "I'm to take care of you—ain't I said so? I'm your right hand, so treat me square. As for that window, silly, it's forty feet from the ground, and there's the river underneath to sink your silks and satins in."

Mrs. Eastbell's bile had been seriously stirred up by Sarah's costly raiment. The silk dress was a deliberate affront to her own rags and tatters, and she resented the offence of her relation being better dressed than herself, with all a woman's bitterness of spirit.

"What place is it?" Sarah asked again wonderingly.

"A place of bis'ness," was the enigmatic answer.

"Coiners—the old gang from Potter's Court—the Petersons," cried Sarah.

Mrs. Eastbell did not answer. She warmed her thin hands at the fire, and a convenient cough prevented all possibility of reply. She was a prudent woman, and not likely to commit herself and her friends by responding to leading questions of this character.

It was a very good guess of Sarah Eastbell's, though the captain's presence at Sedge Hill might have suggested the fact, but she was not going to answer her. "Least said, soonest mended," had been her motto through life, and though she hadn't flourished upon it, she had been the only member of "the school" who had not seen the inside of a prison.

Sarah once again attempted to corrupt the fidelity of her invalid gaoler.

"Will not money buy your help against the wretches who have planned this scheme?" she asked.

"Sally," said Sophy Eastbell, with great gravity of expression, "there's no tellin' what money would do in my case, if I had the hopportunity—but it's unfortunit I haven't. I won't deceive a relation—I ain't got a chance to get you out of this; I ain't got arf a chance. And don't say 'wretches,'" she added in a lower key.

"What are they?"

"Working men. You mustn't hurt their feelings, for they may be a-listening outside the door, you know."

A gentle tap on the panels from without made good Sophia Eastbell's remark, and Sarah, still rebellious, ran to the door, a caged animal that would escape its bondage at all risks. Her sister-in-law called out that Sarah was there ready to break through, after which notice heavy feet were heard descending the wooden stairs.

"You'd better take it easy," said Sophy; "you must bide your time—it's no use going on like this. There's been too much pains to get you here, to let you off all in a flash. This has been thought on for weeks, and ony your going to London spiled their arrangements last Saturday. Now take it easy—it's the best advice."

"Don't speak to me," said Sarah, shuddering, "I will not listen."

"Nobody wants to speak—nobody wants you to listen," answered Sophy.

"I hope that I shall not go mad before God helps me," said Sarah despairingly, as she returned to her seat by the bed-side.

Half an hour later the hand tapped against the door once more, and Sarah started to her feet again, with eyes blazing, and hands clenched, and her spirit of resistance to this injury unquenched within her still. Mrs. Eastbell screamed forth her warning again, but this time the knocking was repeated.

"You had better let me see what they want," she said to her captive; "you're safer here, I say agin, than in any other part of the 'ouse."

Sarah resumed her seat at this injunction; the woman's manner was impressive, and though she distrusted her, it was probable that the truth had been spoken. She could make no effort at escape in this fashion; it would but resolve itself into greater oppression and indignity. She had better bide her time, as Sophy Eastbell had advised her.

She glanced towards the door as it was unlocked from the exterior, but there was only a long lean arm, with a dirty shirt-sleeve rolled up to the elbow, thrust through the aperture allowed by him who

held the key. There was a rush of hot air from the darkness beyond—the old hot metallic vapour which Sarah Eastbell knew so well!—and then a basket was passed through, and the door closed and re-locked.

"Here's supper, Sally," said Sophy, with a rusty little laugh; "they are not going to starve us."

"I will not eat or drink in this place."

"It's safe enough. You're not likely to be poisoned."

Sarah did not answer. She stared before her at the window, and at the rough planks nailed across it, and wondered what lay beyond them in the shape of rescue or escape. There was no sleep in her great dark eyes, no peace of mind or prospect of rest—the one thought, the one hope to get away, was overcoming the dazed feeling at her brain.

Mrs. Thomas Eastbell sat down before the fire, with her basket on her knees, and partook of bread and cheese and beer, pressing her relative by marriage, more than once, to eat and drink, and not make a "young fool of herself," but Sarah took no heed.

"Good lor! how much longer are you going to stare like that?" cried Mrs. Eastbell at last; "my flesh creeps to see you, gal."

The darkness of a blank despair had settled on Tom's sister, and there was no reply; Sarah was thinking of Reuben Culwick, and her grandmother, and Mary Holland, of their anxiety concerning her, and of the impossibility of tracking her to this haunt.

All then had been plotted for, and prepared against, by Tom and Captain Peterson, and others; they had been weeks in hiding for her, Sophy said; there was a fortune to be made, they considered, from her capture and her fears—perhaps from her life.

What was to be the end of it all—if this were the beginning of an elaborate plot against her? If she could only see her way upon the unknown road a little!

How long she thought in this way, she never knew. Hours must have passed thus, for the candle burned low and was replaced by another, which had been brought in along with the bread and cheese; Sophy went to sleep in her old position by the fire until the coals blackened and collapsed, and woke her, when she moved about the room, coughing and grunting, and muttering complaints against the hardness of her life; the grey daylight began to show through the rifts and cracks of the planks, and a keen draught of air to steal into the room, as though an outer door were open and the cold morning breath had passed into the house to purify it of its grosser vapours. Sarah remembered closing her eyes, for an instant as it seemed, over-

powered by fatigue, and benumbed by trouble, and then waking, with a start, to find the light brighter and whiter behind the window-planks, the candle inverted in the brass candlestick, and the room devoid of the presence of her brother's wife.

She was alone at last.

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH. THE TERMS OF RELEASE.

THE spiriting away of a young lady from home without her consent, and without leaving a clue wherewith to trace her, is no light feat in the nineteenth century, and Mrs. Thomas Eastbell had shown a natural pride in the neatness of the achievement. True, the house was five or six miles from a quiet city, and was desolate enough at all times, the hour was late, the circumstances were opportune, and how to profit by the riches of old Mrs. Eastbell and her granddaughter had been the study of six months, but still Mrs. Thomas Eastbell had something to take credit for. It was a bold stroke carried out by desperate men, and it had succeeded where a more timid line of policy would have assuredly failed. What the final result would be, it was difficult to surmise, and Tom's wife was scarcely easy in her mind concerning it, though her ill-health, and a fair share of human rapacity, had left her with but little consideration for others. Sarah was to come to no harm—that the Petersons had promised—and Sarah was rich enough, and had sufficient means at her own disposal, to make the whole of them extremely comfortable. It would be easy to frighten Sarah Eastbell into anything, everybody had thought, until Sarah Eastbell was a prisoner, and her sister-in-law had found her difficult to manage. Time might work wonders, but then time was against them, and what a day or two might bring forth to their discomfiture, there was no guessing at. It was to be a *coup d'état* and away with the booty in various directions, meeting never again together—a real shower of gold, instead of neat little parcels of bad money sent with difficulty to friends residing in busy towns and cities, and sold at an alarming discount.

It was the boldest bit of business that the Peterson gang had been ever engaged in, and the Petersons had been engaged, under various aliases, in innumerable shady transactions. They had come to "fresh fields and pastures new" by adopting the fair county of Worcester as a sphere for their operations; they had rented a tumble-down old edifice in a wild part of the country, and put on the door the name of Jackson, and gone forth to the world as Jackson, Button-maker; they had even made a few acquaintances in distant villages, and bore a respectable name amongst honest unsuspecting folk who believed in them and their

buttons. No one visited them certainly—it was an out-of-the-way place, to which nobody was invited, and where only button-making was the order of the day.

A stray native or two had got as far as the front door, but had never been asked to step inside—it was all business and no pleasure at Jackson's. No one confounded the name of Jackson with Peterson—and it was possibly good policy in the captain adopting his own name when he went with Thomas Eastbell to Sedge Hill. It kept matters clear and distinct, though he had not bargained for Sarah Eastbell's good memory, or imagined that he was known to her by sight. The cleverest of men make their little mistakes, and this shrewd scamp, whose shadow falls on our pages for a while, was not infallible.

It was he who unlocked the door of Sarah's extempore cell at seven in the morning, and stood before her, the avowed agent of her captivity. Mrs. Thomas Eastbell stepped into the room after him with a few sticks of firewood in her lap, and proceeded to lay and relight the fire, looking from one to another very critically, the representative of her absent husband's interest in the matter, and one who would see fair play on both sides. Sarah Eastbell was busily engaged when her visitors arrived. She had failed in removing the planks from their stout fastenings, and was now boring holes through the wood with the points of a pair of scissors, that she had found on the mantelpiece, with the evident object of obtaining a view of the country. She stopped as Peterson and her sister-in-law entered, and regarded both of them very steadily and watchfully, holding her scissors like a dagger.

Edward Peterson smiled at the position.

"Come, come, Miss Eastbell! you think too badly of us," he said politely; "there is no one in this pleasant country-house who would hurt a hair of your head."

"I am glad to hear it," answered Sarah.

"I have come to apologise for my friends' rough treatment of last night," he said, reclining languidly against the wall, and crossing his gloved hands, one with a very glossy hat in it, "and to express a hope that you have suffered no inconvenience from your temporary withdrawal from a home which you are accustomed to adorn. I, for one," he added with a low bow, "should regret very much to hear one word of complaint."

"This is your work then," said Sarah bitterly; "it is as I suspected."

"Pardon me," he said obsequiously, "but it is not my work. It would be an act of justice to say your brother's, perhaps. I do not own to any complicity in this proceeding, and I simply come here as his messenger."

Sarah shrugged her shoulders incredulously.

"Tell me what my brother wants?" she asked.

"Can you not guess?"

"Money."

"If you will pardon me for correcting you once more, I would say a fair redress for the injury which you have done him."

"I!—but go on. Let me understand you, if I can."

"Your grandmother is rich, and will leave you all her money."

"You know that!" cried Sarah.

"And your only brother," he continued—"a man of many admirable qualities—will be left to drag on his life in indigence, and to die in utter abjectness of spirit, without you assist him as fairly and liberally as a fond sister should do."

"If he had waited——"

"Pardon me again, but if he had waited till your marriage with Mr. Reuben Culwick, I am afraid that his chances of independence would have been exceedingly remote. Thomas has not the least confidence in Mr. Culwick's generosity. I hurt your feelings," he added quickly, "but forgive me. I am exerting myself to lay the truth plainly before you, and to trust in your sense of justice afterwards."

"And you begin by kidnapping me?" cried Sarah scornfully; "do you think I am a child, to be deceived by your false show of respect for one whom you have helped to drag from her home? Tell me what you want?"

"I do not want anything for myself," said this unselfish being, with a light and airy flourish of his hat, "I am wholly disinterested in the matter, on the honour of a gentleman. But Thomas, who is in difficulties, wants fifteen thousand pounds."

Sarah drew a sudden and deep breath, but did not reply. The thin face of the woman stooping over the fire peered round at her, horrible in its eagerness and greed, and the task at which she was employed was ceased at once.

Captain Peterson continued—

"Fifteen thousand pounds only from that immense fortune which must come to you when old Mrs. Eastbell dies, the simple conditions being that the sum must be paid at once, as your brother is very poor, and there is a balance of sixteen thousand three hundred and twenty-eight pounds lodged at your banker's, in your name, for the convenience of a current account. It is an extraordinarily large sum to keep at one's banker's in my humble opinion, and the sooner it is reduced the better. Thomas thinks so too."

"How do you know what money is lodged in my name at the bank?"

"Thomas tells me—that is all."

"You have picked the lock of my desk, and seen the pass-book," said Sarah; "well, the money is not mine."

"It is lodged in your name. You draw the cheques."

"To save trouble—that is all."

"What is your grandmother's is yours, and you can make use of it without any questions being asked," said Captain Peterson; "you might even say you had lent that sum to Thomas for a while."

"Ah! I have been ready at excuses for him in my time," said Sarah bitterly.

"Thomas sent me here with your cheque-book—he found that in your desk too, he tells me. You have only to draw a draft for the amount, and you are free, Miss Eastbell. I promised a friend of yours that you should be at Sedge Hill this evening."

"Mr. Culwick?"

"No. Miss Holland."

"Is she in this plot against me?" said Sarah.

"Miss Holland will tell you everything to-night," he said as he drew the cheque-book from his pocket, and pitched it carelessly upon the deal table that was there, "I have left everything for that young lady to explain. It is a story apart from yours, and suits not my style of narrative."

His thin lips closed together for an instant, as if with pain or passion—it was a momentary change of expression which did not occur again in the presence of his captive.

"Have you anything more to tell me?" asked Sarah.

"I don't know that I have," he replied, "I believe I have faithfully performed the mission with which your brother has done me the honour to entrust me. I have only to assure you that you are in safe hands, and to remind you that had your brother Tom been of a less affectionate nature, or his friends more desperate, you might have been in peril here."

He said this in the same light and easy tone, but here was an under-current of deep meaning which Sarah Eastbell was quick enough to take to herself. It conveyed a threat in the event of non-compliance. But with the morning had come to her a vast amount of courage, and of strength to resist. Now that she understood the position of affairs, she was less fearful of results.

"This money is held in trust for another," she said, "it belongs neither to me nor to my grandmother."

"If to Mr. Culwick, we—I should say, your brother Thomas objects to the title."

"Let him!" cried Sarah with a sudden outburst of anger.

"Am I to understand then——"

"That I will not sign one of those cheques. Yes, understand that for your friend. You may kill me," she cried, "but you shall not touch a penny of Reuben Culwick's money."



OUR 'BUS.

CIRCUMSTANCES" have brought me into such a frame of mind that I have given up hansoms, and taken to the 'bus. Even now, however, I prefer the former up to the last moment of my journey; but, once arrived at my destination, find it pleasanter to give my coppers to the conductor, than to hand up my silver to the cabby.

At one time the idea of being discovered on the knife-board would have been quite distressing to my feelings, but now I have overcome that absurd weakness, and can climb on to the top of a "City Atlas," or, by much squeezing, become a twelfth part of its contents, without giving a furtive glance round to make sure that no one of my acquaintance is looking on; and I find that, once accustomed to the situation, one can derive much amusement from the study of his companions, amongst whom, in spite of an infinite diversity in manners and appearance, there are certain types to be met with over and over again.

To begin with, there is the old lady with the enormous parcel—giving one the idea of a disturbed ant struggling with an over-sized egg—who always hails the 'bus from some distance down a by-street, who comes up panting, and is invariably jerked into a sitting posture a little sooner than she expects, as the 'bus moves suddenly on. A fine specimen of this class was thus deposited on my lap on one occasion, when every one seemed amused except myself, who, as the lady was a couple of stone over my weight, found it a little trying.

Then there is the nervous lady in black. She generally wears ringlets, and always carries an umbrella armed with an extensive ivory hook, in the management of which weapon she shows exceeding dexterity, thrusting it between the rows of her shrinking fellow-passengers, and catching the conductor round the arm, as if her object was to "land" him through the window. This feat is performed several times, for, being evidently of a distrustful turn of mind, she is continually wanting to know if she hasn't passed the street for which she is bound.

Sometimes there are children. Children do not travel for half-price, and I am glad of it. It is hard to be crowed at, to be pointed at, to have the general attention of the company directed towards you, to be kicked on the shins by dirty little boots, and to have to smile, or consent to be regarded as a brute; and yet I have seen respectable citizens

reduced to such alternatives. Also there are children-in-arms!

Some passengers, immediately on seating themselves, assume a rigid attitude, and a stony stare out of the window opposite to them; others—from the country, I expect—look pleasantly round, and even go so far, perhaps, as to make a remark. They don't do it again, for the chilling silence with which it is received soon brings on the proper depression of spirits that belongs to 'bus-travelling.

Occasionally a would-be swell gets in, whose every glance and motion seems a protest against the style of conveyance in which he finds himself. One expects to hear him say, "I beg you won't suppose that I'm in the habit of taking a 'bus; this is quite an accidental occurrence," etc. He shows irritability when any one brushes against him, and, being rather squeezed, takes advantage of the departure of a couple of gentlemen from the other side to change his seat; and then it is a joy to watch his disgust when two nurses and a baby get in immediately afterwards, and pack him up tighter than ever.

Sometimes there is a very officious little man sitting by the door, who tenderly helps in all the lady passengers; at others, that seat is occupied by a sulky snob, who seems to think his threepence gives him a right to the whole of the conveyance.

As a rule, however, the passengers are particularly civil to each other; continual jostling has perhaps rubbed off the corners and angles of their dispositions.

Only once was I driven right out of a 'bus, and then by a foreign gentleman. He didn't mean any harm—he was civility itself; but he had just made his dinner, apparently by grazing on a bed of garlic, and the consequences, toned down as they were by the fragrance of a bad cigar, were so fearful that I fairly "bolted," and being on my way to dine out, was obliged to take a hansom, the fare of which I still consider due to me from my odoriferous friend.

The mention of inferior tobacco brings one immediately to the knife-board, whence the smoke from more than doubtful cigars, and less than cleanly pipes, so constantly ascends. The City clerk must have his little smoke, and who can grudge it to him? Only, as one offers the friendly fusee, he cannot help piously wishing that there was a very high tax on the British cabbage. Your clerk is wonderfully active in his way, and takes a pride in suddenly boarding the 'bus whilst it is in motion; and as he nears his destination, after paying the conductor (who is always ready with change, some of which he keeps in a leather bag, and a great deal in his mouth), he leans back at

the proper angle, and alights as cleverly as a railway guard. It looks very simple, but I tried it once—and now I know better.

'Bus drivers are, as a rule, a remarkably civil body of men, and are often very entertaining. It is, at any rate, amusing to listen to their numerous greetings with acquaintances on the road, which generally end in a little "chaff," and then the great point seems to be to fire off the last word! No matter how much your driver may appear to get the worst of it, if he can only manage to say *something* as he drives on, he chuckles and is happy.

Generally fifteen hours a day on the box, with only ten minutes for dinner; baked in summer, frozen in winter; with his attention, where traffic is thick, constantly strained, it is wonderful how good-tempered, civil, and sober, 'bus drivers are.

The conductors also are usually very obliging, and besides being constantly on the look-out for

fares, which they "spot" with wonderful precision at amazing distances, they must do a great deal of work during the day in lifting parcels. No one seems to have any conscience with regard to the size and weight of any article he may wish to take with him on the 'bus. I have sat next to an artizan who was travelling with what looked like most of a pump (which, by the way, I had to hand down to him at Regent Circus), and large baskets and heavy sacks excite no surprise by their sudden arrival on the roof.

Given a fine day, it is really very pleasant to sit on the top of a 'bus. There is a capital view of whatever there is to be seen, as much fresh air as there is to be had, and as little dust as possible. As for the inside on a wet day! if one does not mind a damp steamy air, and a 'musty' smell from the straw, he may enjoy that too! but give me the outside still, with a bad hat and a good umbrella.

AN OLD IDENTITY CASE.



HERE is no more grimy, disagreeable, uninviting-looking row of volumes on the older shelf of the library, than the long one given up to the *causes célèbres*. Its binding is usually mouldy, ragged, and mud-coloured; its lettering indistinct and dim; its edges a faded red; its corners bruised and with a nibbled air; while its paper would be disclaimed by the buttermilk. In this mass lie embedded many curious nuggets, not a few of which have been dug out, duly refined, shaped, and trimmed, and presented to that not yet extinct personage, "the courteous reader." There is one, however, which has escaped this process, and anticipates, in the most singular way, the leading incidents of the exciting case of disputed identity now going on, and offers the most striking similarity of details.

A certain Calvinist family, named Caille, were living at a little provincial town in France named Manosque, shortly before the Edict of Nantes was revoked. There were sons and daughters, nearly all of whom died. Compelled to leave the country, their property given over to near relations, the family established themselves at Lausanne, where, in 1696, the eldest and last surviving child, Isaac, died, aged thirty-two. An aunt, Madame Rolland, to whom the forfeited property had passed, had intended handing over the property to her nephew, but on his death gave it all to the poor, making special mention in her will of the reason that prompted her to this disposition. There was something remarkable in this unusual step, and

it naturally attracted public attention. Scarcely a year later, a common marine in the navy presented himself to the naval inspector at Toulon, and declared that he was the Isaac Caille who was supposed to have died. The marine professed a wish to abjure Calvinism, placed himself under the hands of the Jesuits, and within three weeks made a formal recantation in the cathedral at Toulon. The news spread abroad, and was communicated to the father, who simply wrote back that his son was dead, and enclosed a certificate of decease. On this the naval inspector had the proselyte arrested, who boldly demanded to be examined. The legal proceedings that followed will be found interesting, as showing how the French law dealt with almost the same state of facts as arose in our own *cause célèbre*. The law officers directed that he should be taken to the town where the family had lived, and be confronted with all and every one who had a chance of recognising him. Meanwhile the aunt had inquiries set on foot, which resulted in the discovery that he was one Peter Mège, son of a convict. She now intervened, and demanded that the case should be dealt with criminally. A decree was accordingly made that the soldier's civil suit and the aunt's criminal one should be joined, and both should go forward together. He appealed to the provincial parliament, which decided that the criminal trial should go on, at least so far as sentence, which should be regulated by the result of the civil process. This was accordingly done, and a number of witnesses came forward to prove that he was Peter Mège, to the satisfaction, it would seem, of the judges, who now only awaited the progress of the

civil trial. After seven years' delay, the case closed. A vast number of witnesses had been examined, and the parliament decided that he had proved his case, and was the son of Caille. He was at once put in possession of the property. Within three weeks' time the marine had married a woman whose family were believed to have furnished money to carry on the proceedings.

The public were presently to have another surprise. On the news of this marriage, a woman came forward to make a declaration that she was the wife of Peter Mège, who had thus deserted her and married another, and she asked for justice. She gave all necessary details.

This, it will be seen, complicated the matter still further, and threw upon the family the burden of proving three questions: first, that this claimant was not Caille; secondly, that he was Peter Mège; thirdly, that he was the husband of the woman who claimed to be his wife. The Rollands were all but ruined by the litigation; but, on this new turn, they raised some money and appealed to the Court of Cassation at Paris. This tribunal quashed the proceedings, and ordered a fresh investigation. Then the case was gone into with more regularity than had attended the proceedings of the provincial court. At every turn the reader is surprised to find how the elements of this case correspond with those of the interesting one tried at Westminster. The truth is, in all such matters the claimant has a singular advantage, very much akin to that possessed by the tradesman who claims payment for a bill where the receipt has been lost. In fact, it might be broadly stated that the most contradictory statements can be made about any transaction which took place eight or ten years ago.

The soldier's case seemed, indeed, a very strong one. When he went down to the family place, there were people who recognised him at once, and were filled with joy and delight on seeing him. No less than three hundred and ninety-four witnesses were called on his behalf; and no less than one hundred and ten swore to, or believed, the fact that he was the young heir of the Cailles. Four nurses came forward to declare that they nursed him when an infant. One of these nurses declared that the infant Caille had certain marks on his person, the same as were found upon the soldier. The latter was examined by doctors, and it was discovered that he had a scar or cicatrice on his left eyelid, and a cautery on his left leg. There was also found a mark which seemed to be that of a closed issue.

Various gentlemen of the neighbourhood came and talked with him, and were satisfied with his answers. In this reinvestigation a little difficulty arose as to his description—the family resented his calling himself by the name of the person he pro-

fessed to be, and it was settled by the court that he should be spoken of as "the-soldier-claiming-to-be-Caille."

When, however, he came to be examined as to his recollections, he broke down completely. He was asked about the names of people in the place, the furniture of the house, descriptions of persons, colour of their hair, etc., and could give no information. It was found that he was stupid, utterly uneducated, of rough, savage manners, and could hardly read or write. On the other hand, it was shown that the deceased young man was accomplished, was particularly well read in mathematics, a good scholar, and had the manners of a gentleman. Then as to appearance. The soldier was tall, stout, heavy, and corpulent; the young man was slight and small: had long hands, light-coloured hair, and an aquiline nose. He had always lived with his family in Switzerland till the day of his death. The soldier said that he had run away from his father, who treated him harshly because he wished—as he added artfully—to conform to the religion of France.

But very soon his opponents had their case complete, including the most difficult part of it, namely, the identifying him with Mège; no less than one hundred and thirty witnesses were found to swear that he was Mège, and thirty-five to say that he was not Caille.

A house-book fortunately turned up, in which the names of the real nurses were entered. The career of the convict's son, Mège, was followed up, and this man was then identified in different callings of a valet, a hawker, workman, soldier, etc. It was, indeed, on this part of the case that he made shipwreck; and it was he himself, by the marriage, that brought Peter Mège on the scene. He was thus forced to construct a new case, and make his life inconsistent with that of Mège. Otherwise he might, without this disturbing element, have established his claim, for he had his hundred witnesses, the nurses, etc., against which could only be set other witnesses and the house-book. If the nurses were suborned, he might reply that the house-book might have been fabricated.

To the last the relations rejected the man; and the father, dying during the trial, made a solemn declaration, in presence of the Swiss magistrates, that his son was dead, and the claimant an impostor. The court, considering the whole case, at last gave a decision in the year 1712, and decided against the plaintiff—directing that he should be arrested and prosecuted for bigamy, it is to be presumed, as being the charge most easily proved. But he died in prison before being brought to trial.

In all the stages of this curious case, even down to this prosecution on a collateral point, the reader will find the strangest likeness to the great case of our own time.



"THE OLD 'GREY VICAR' CRAWLS"

See "*THE VICAR*," p. 349.

PICTURES IN THE FIRE.



"THE MEMORIES VANISH ONE AND ALL"

INTO the fire that redly burns,
 A lonely woman sadly peers,
 And in the gleam and glare discerns
 Pictures of other years.

Within the shining vistas range
 Phantasmal shapes of long ago,

VOL. VIII —NEW SERIES.

One form—her own—through growth and change,
 Clear in the mystic glow.

The chubby wader of a sea
 Of meadow grasses, flower-besprent,
 Makes for a waiting mother : she
 Rosy with heart-content.

A bush with tufted may-bloom white,
Wherein a peering child espies
A nest with eggs of greenish light,
From which the sparrow flies.

Green branches, meeting overhead,
Dapple with gloom a summer glade ;
A boy a posy white and red
Offers a toddling maid.

Two lovers on a breezy wold,
The lark above them mad for joy,
The gorse-clumps blossoming in gold,
And love their sole employ.

A sweep of hyacinths,
Of water, in a beechen nook
Paced by a maiden wan of hue
Clutching an unread book.

A wild sea raging at a sun
Low lying as 'mid smouldering brands,
And on the shore a lonely one
Weeping, with out-stretched hands.

No more : the crashing embers fall,
The spell their sudden sparkle breaks,
The memories vanish one and all—
Sighing the dreamer wakes.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

JOHN BULL'S MONEY MATTERS.—A RISE IN THE BANK RATE.

BY A. S. HARVEY, B.A.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART THE FIRST.



VERY reader of Andersen's "Fairy Tales" will recall the story of the two weavers who offered to make for the king a suit of clothes of materials so exquisitely sensitive, as to be utterly invisible to all but those

who were perfectly adapted for the position in life they occupied. When the weavers gravely pretended to cut imaginary lengths of this priceless fabric ; when, month after month, they worked with unseen threads at an empty loom ; when, finally, the king, arrayed in this regal habit, walked out bare as on the day of his birth, neither monarch nor subject dared to expose the fraud, lest by so doing he should declare his unworthiness for his post or calling.

We have sometimes thought that topics connected with the national finances are treated by many people much in the same way. They do not inquire about them, because they do not like to be thought ignorant of them. And this tendency may be observed especially in regard to the Bank Acts.

We propose in the present paper to explain briefly the fundamental principles upon which the Bank Act of 1844 was founded. Our purpose is exegetical and not critical—to expound objects, not to investigate results. We address ourselves not to those whose special training or commercial pursuits have fitted them to discuss abstruse questions connected with monetary matters, but to those who, seeing the Bank Return week by week, and hearing much of the Bank Reserve, of a "bullion drain," and of cognate topics, are yet ignorant of the meaning to be attached to those expressions. We make no apology, therefore, for the introduction of many facts and ideas which to those thoroughly versed in the subject may seem puerile.

The Bank Act of 1844, upon which our whole system of currency is now based, was the work of Sir Robert Peel. In order thoroughly to grasp the nature and operation of that Act, it is essential to have clear ideas respecting the currency itself, and its relation to the trading transactions of the country. A few conceptions of an elementary character will be useful for the elucidation of the subject.

All trade consists either in giving money in exchange for other commodities, or in giving any other commodity in exchange for money. Money is, in fact, the common measure by which we value commodities, and prices are but the quantities of money which each commodity can command when exchanged. But money, though a vast improvement on barter, is, when amassed in large quantities, clumsy and inconvenient. Hence the use of bank-notes, which with coin constitute in Great Britain the currency of the country. Now a bank-note is simply a promise by A, a banker, to pay to B, or bearer, on demand, a specified sum of money. What that money shall be, whether gold or silver, depends in each country upon which of the precious metals has been selected as the standard of value. Great Britain has chosen gold, because it costs less in carriage than silver, is more durable, and more easily counted. In Belgium, Austria, and Russia, silver is the only legal money. The same is the case in British India, while in France, although silver is nominally the standard, there is in reality a double standard, because debts may be paid either in silver or gold.

In Great Britain, then, gold is the standard. It follows that with us every contract is made in gold. Every man who engages to pay a certain sum on a certain day, can only fulfil his promise by handing over so much gold. Hence A's "promise-to-pay" on the bank-note makes him B's debtor for

stipulated quantity of gold. Now it is obviously of the last importance that there should be no room to doubt A's ability to perform his promise. The one condition on which B can be content to accept A's promise-to-pay, in lieu of gold, is that when he chooses to demand the gold, A shall be able to hand it to him. Doubt on this point—doubt, in fact, as to the immediate convertibility of the note—will lead to what is known as a state of Internal Panic. The problem, therefore, in regulating the currency of a country is how to insure the convertibility of the bank-note.

Now, be it observed, money is a commodity subject to the same laws and influences with other commodities. If I purchase a hat for a sovereign, the hat buys the sovereign, in the same sense that the sovereign buys the hat. Again, a certain quantity of bullion is appropriated by the wants of the different countries to perform the functions of money in those countries, and the distribution of that money depends ultimately, just as does the distribution of any manufactured article, on the ordinary laws of supply and demand. If we buy more than we sell in our dealings with other nations, bullion may have to be sent out of the country in order to liquidate the excess of debt owing by us over that owing to us. Such a state of things, continued to such an extent as to produce forebodings of exhaustion of bullion, results in what is known as External Panic. And the problem arises again, how, in regulating the currency of a country which has temporarily less than its due proportion of bullion, to induce other countries to send it, so that the convertibility of the note may be maintained.

The solution to these problems was the object of the Bank Act of 1844. The fundamental idea of that Act may be said to be to make the paper money of the country conform in its variations to what would be the variations of a currency which was purely metallic. On the principles mentioned above, the more the circulation of bullion is freed from legislative intervention, the better. That, like any other commodity, will naturally seek the best market; and notes, to be really convertible, must be treated as the representatives of actual bullion. Hence the issue of them must not be left to the caprice or interest of individuals. Really, the issue of bank-notes, which is the creation of money, ought to be restricted to the State. The State alone enjoys the privilege of coining money, and ought equally to confine to itself the power of issuing notes, which are nothing if not representatives of coins. Above all, the issue of notes ought to be separated from banking business, which is simply trading in debts—borrowing at one rate and lending at a higher rate.

But Sir Robert Peel found it impossible to carry this theory completely into practice. He could

not make the State the sole issuer of notes, for many country bankers exercised the privilege of issuing bank-notes. He did not, therefore, abolish these issues, although there can be little doubt that their ultimate abolition was contemplated by him; but he did the next best thing. He strictly limited their issues to the exact average amount of bank-notes which each of them had in circulation during the space of twelve weeks preceding the 12th of April, 1844. It follows from this limitation that the fluctuations in the amount of paper money are necessarily thrown exclusively upon the notes of the Bank of England. With these notes of course the State could deal as it thought best, because the renewal of the Bank Charter could be made conditional upon the acquiescence of the Bank authorities in whatever arrangements relative to the notes might be proposed. Accordingly, Sir Robert Peel practically made the issue of Bank of England notes a State prerogative, by the simple device of separating the Issue department of the Bank from the Banking department. He permitted the Issue department to issue notes to the amount of £14,475,000 against other security than that of bullion, but any issue of bank-notes above this amount must necessitate an equivalent amount of bullion being received into the till of the Issue department. In other words, any bank-notes issued above the stipulated sum of £14,475,000 are merely certificates of the deposit of a corresponding sum of bullion. The Issue department may buy bullion with its own notes, and so increase its issues; but on any bullion being withdrawn from that department, a precisely equal amount of bank-notes must be cancelled. Thus the fluctuations in the amount of bank-notes issued over the fixed limit are regulated by the fluctuations in the amount of the bullion as it enters and leaves the country, according to the state of the foreign exchanges—that is, according to the international demand for it. In all its operations the Issue department acts mechanically. It is in fact a Government department, managed, under conditions which admit of no discretion, by the directors of the Bank of England.

As to Internal Panic, then, the action of the Bank Act is clear. If, for every note issued beyond a specified limit, bullion to the full nominal value of that note exists in the Issue department, it follows that convertibility is insured so long as notes to the extent of that limit are in circulation. Of course, if every holder of Bank of England notes presented them simultaneously for payment, gold could not be found to meet them. Such an occurrence, however, is inconceivable, and it is abundantly clear from past experience that under no circumstances will there be less than £14,475,000 of notes in circulation in the country. Hence the convertibility of the note is amply secured.

Again, as to External Panic. When the country is becoming comparatively barren of bullion, the Bank arrests its export by simply raising the rate of interest. Let us now endeavour to understand the exact nature of this action. Trading transactions between nations are carried on by means of bills of exchange. In the commercial intercourse between two countries, when neither of them imports from the other to a greater amount than it exports to the same country, the bills drawn *by* the merchants exporting produce will exactly equal in amount the bills drawn *on* the merchants importing produce, and the transmission of coin or bullion will not be required for the liquidation of their mutual debts. In this case the supply of bills will exactly equal the demand for them, and the exchange will be said to be at *par*. It seldom, or never happens, however, that the imports and exports are thus in equilibrium. As a rule, there is a balance of debt either in favour of or against any particular country. When the imports are in excess, and more payments have to be made than received, there will be a competition for bills upon the creditor country, and they will rise to a premium. In ordinary cases the limit to this rise is the total expense of transmitting bullion from the debtor to the creditor country. Obviously if a merchant had to pay *more* for a bill on any place than it would cost him to transmit bullion to that place, he would not buy the bill, but would send bullion instead. Again, the broker or merchant who holds a bill will refuse to take *less* for it than it would cost him to send it to the place on which it was drawn, have it cashed there, and the proceeds sent to him in bullion. Now, the higher the rate of interest rises at home, the more it will cost to send bullion abroad, as the price which could have been had for its use as money at home must be taken into consideration. It follows, therefore that the raising of the rate of interest to a very high point in any country, has the effect of at once preventing the exportation of the bullion in that country, and of attracting bullion to it from other countries.

Let us now examine the published account of the Bank, and note the mode in which the arrangements laid down by the Act of 1844 are shown therein.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

An Account pursuant to Act 7 and 8 Victoria, cap. 32, for the Week ending on Wednesday, October 1st, 1873.

ISSUE DEPARTMENT.

Dr.	
Notes Issued	<u>£36,136,880</u>
Cr.	
Government Debt	£11,015,100
Other Securities	3,984,900
Gold Coin and Bullion	21,136,880
Silver Bullion	—

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Dr.	
Proprietors' Capital	£14,553,000
Rest	3,849,478
Public Deposits, including Exchequer, Savings Banks, National Debt Commission, etc.	6,922,208
Other Deposits	22,118,192
Seven-day and other Bills	449,500
	<u>£47,892,378</u>
Cr.	
Government Securities	£13,398,185
Other Securities	24,540,012
Notes	9,458,740
Gold and Silver Coin	495,441
	<u>£47,892,378</u>

The transactions of the Issue department, it will be observed, are stated separately from those of the Banking department, and consist entirely of the issue of notes against either gold or securities. The securities need some explanation. The total is £15,000,000, of which £11,015,100 is the debt due by the country to the Bank, which debt of course forms part of the funded debt. The "Other Securities," £3,984,900, are thus arrived at:—When Sir Robert Peel had determined that a portion of the circulation of bank-notes should not be represented by bullion, it became necessary to decide the amount of that portion. It was found that, even in times of the keenest demand for gold, the total of notes in the hands of the public had never fallen below £15,800,000. The assumption, therefore, seemed warranted that under all circumstances there would be at least £14,000,000 of bank-notes which would never be presented for payment, and for which, therefore, it was not essential to retain gold in the Bank till. This sum of £14,000,000 was therefore fixed as the credit circulation of the Bank, it being, however, provided that in case any private bank should cease to issue notes, the Bank of England might increase its credit issues by two-thirds of the amount of such private issue. The additional circulation in consequence of these lapsed issues is now £1,000,000, the last addition being in 1866, when the National Provincial Bank commenced London business, and so forfeited the right to issue notes. Thus the total circulation not against bullion is at present £15,000,000; in other words, to that extent the noteholder has for his security, not actual gold in the Bank, but the credit of the State. The net profit on this credit circulation, we may observe, is paid to the public, and goes in diminution of the sum paid to the Bank for managing the National Debt.

Now as to the bullion, £21,136,880. This total is the amount of bullion which, up to the date of the account, the Bank had purchased, giving in exchange her own notes. The Bank buys gold at £3 17s. 9d. per ounce, and then takes it to the Mint to be coined. As the Mint price is £3 17s. 10½d. per ounce, and as the Mint is bound to return in coin, to the last grain, exactly the weight of standard

metal which it has received, it is obvious that the Bank makes a profit on all bullion taken to it for notes of three-halfpence per ounce. Any private individual may, if he chooses, take gold to the Mint to be coined; but in practice it is found more profitable to take it to the Bank, the loss by delay at the Mint exceeding the loss on selling to the Bank.

The operations, then, of the Issue department for the week before us consist simply of the receipt of bullion and the issue of notes against it. And, we repeat, in the discharge of its duties the Issue department acts simply mechanically. On the one hand, the whole community are free to carry bullion there, and, once that is done, notes must be issued against it. On the other hand, a Bank of

England note, a legal tender everywhere else, is not so in the Issue department. In gold, and in gold alone, can it discharge the claims on it. These claims consist of the notes. Day by day, in the course of the ordinary business of the Banking department, notes, coin, or bullion are paid in. These are at once transferred to the Issue department, the notes to be cancelled and exchanged for new ones—for old notes are never re-issued—the coin or bullion to be held in deposit against an issue of notes. Or, the Banking department requires to draw gold from the Issue department; then notes are handed in, gold is received, and the notes at once cancelled.

END OF PART THE FIRST.

THE COLLEGE-LIFE OF MAÎTRE NABLOT.

BY ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

I HAVE given you an account of my first year at college, and I think you must have had enough of it. The four following years were deplorably like that first one. After Monsieur Gradus came Monsieur Laurent; after Monsieur Laurent, Monsieur Laperche; after Monsieur Laperche, Monsieur Damiens; after Monsieur Damiens, Monsieur Fischer. After "De Viris Illustribus Romæ" came Cornelius Nepos, "Selectæ Profanæ," Virgili Eclogæ and the Georgics, "De Senectute," Odes of Horace, "Mæcenis atavis," etc., without reckoning in Greek chrestomathy the Fables of Æsop, Xenophon's Cyropædia, and the first book of the Iliad. Rudiments followed upon rudiments, primitive tenses and primitive tenses, grammar and grammar, rules and rules, and the whole without explanations! We were taught Latin and Greek just as Monsieur Rufin taught us mysteries. And then physical sciences without instruments, chemistry without a laboratory, natural history without specimens, history without criticism! Words! words! words!

Is it surprising how many people have their heads filled with nothing but words? For ten years together we get nothing else. The general low condition of intellectual power arises from this cause. The Jesuitical training introduced by Bonaparte, under the name of the University, is answerable for this; memory is set up above reasoning; formulas and inviolable rules are clapped over intelligence as an iron cage covers over a bird.

The French are not naturally a race of fools and monkeys. Our merchants, our engineers, our men of science, and our artisans are quite up to the mark of the English, Germans, and Americans. If

there are amongst us so many shallow wits, who mistake grand and hollow phrases, loud-sounding words, extravagant gesticulations—in a word, play-acting—for the very acme of eloquence and of genius, there is no doubt of the reason; it is simply the natural result of the education which has for seventy years been forced upon us. The *bourgeois* have aimed at filling the places of the ancient nobility. Step by step they have followed the methods taught us by the old royal colleges under the direction of the priests, while other nations were following the path of progress by the development of intelligence through the demonstration and exposition of truth. A man remembers what he has understood. Words and phrases crammed into the overlaid memory are quickly forgotten.

It is a happy event when there is found in any of our poor municipal colleges a professor endowed with good common-sense, and who knows how to use his gift; who aims at impressing upon his pupils the truth that the beauty and perfection of a literary work are not dependent upon the arrangement of words so much as upon the precision of the thoughts, the depth of the feeling, and the truth of the observations. Such a man out of the most ordinary materials will turn out first-rate scholars, upon the principle, perhaps, that "amongst the blind a one-eyed man is king."

I had begun my education young, full of ardour, and imagining that the most brilliant prospects lay before me. But after five years of elementary instruction had sufficiently lowered the tone of my mind, such was the confusion surging up in my memory of chemical terms, geography, natural science, Latin, Greek, mythology, nouns proper, dates, rules, and even of German, which Monsieur Laperche taught after the same method as his Greek—such was the

muddle in my head, that I could not tell either what I did know or what I didn't know.

I mistook words for things! After having recited like a parrot the list of simple bodies, I thought I knew them; after repeating by rote a chapter of physics, I believed myself as great a savant as Ampère, Arago, or Gay-Lussac. And yet I had neither seen what I talked about nor worked at one single experiment.

Greek and Latin were treated in the same way; and when they talked to me of the beauty of an ode of Horace, of a passage of Homer, of an oration of Demosthenes, I thought it was all a bad joke, and that nothing could be more tedious and uninteresting. It was my opinion that all those old writers wrote rubbish, and that they tacked on words to words by the rules of syntax, exactly as Monsieur Gradus did. Bossuet, Corneille, Racine, and Boileau seemed to me no better. Their very masterpieces made me break out in a cold perspiration. All my schoolfellows viewed things in the same light. But what could we do? We wanted to get our Bachelor's degree, and have done with it. So we tried to look convinced, just as those unfortunate curés are obliged to do, who are compelled for bread to give their assent to mysteries and false creeds. Weariness and discouragement laid hold of us all. Is this the way to develop the taste and the appreciation of youth for the beautiful and the true? Is this the way to inspire them with a love for modern literature, and an admiration of the great poets and philosophers of old?

In a word, we had been stupefied. And since we are upon that topic, I maintain that a large proportion of the young men who leave our colleges are no better; they have lost the free exercise of their rational faculties, and they require two or three years of active life to recover their proper tone. Many never do get over it, and remain machines all their lives. After bowing to the opinion of the professors, they bow to the opinion of the gazette. Amongst themselves they pay each other the compliment of styling one another serious-minded men—correct thinkers. They denounce every movement that has a tendency to progress, and pay implicit obedience to formulas alone. Whatever disturbs the order or sequence of their formulas is not to be endured; they won't hear of it. They thrust it from them as unfit to be dealt with.

Worse yet, many young men lose more than their common-sense; they sacrifice that feeling of natural dignity which belongs to every civilised man. I am not alluding to the vices bred by constant isolation from the outer world, in those close establishments where there is no refreshing time for mingling with others besides those you see daily about you, a weariness which brings some of them to the level of the solitary brutes. I rather mean

the sentiment of justice and liberty; the spirit required to stand up for one's rights against all adversaries, at the same time that he learns to respect the rights of others. I am alluding to that baseness and degradation which assume the place of the native pride of every right-minded man, when, unhappily, all the days of his youth he has before his eyes the spectacle of unfair preferences yielded to fortune, to the detriment and loss of labour and talent. What can result from such a system but moral and intellectual degradation?

I am thankful to say that I have always had an abhorrence of injustice. It is to this feeling that I owe my deliverance from utter degradation.

In the fourth year of my residence, being now in the second class, there happened during the winter a singular occurrence.

I was then fifteen, I had been some months ill—ill of ennui, pale, hollow-eyed, and as thin as a lath; my long brown hair fell in a tangled mass over my forehead; a light down was beginning to shade my cheeks and upper lip. I was sinking. I needed all the stock of health and strength which I had drawn from my happy life at home and in the fields, to back me up against the unwholesome influences of that college-life. During play-hours I lay half reclining on the form behind my desk, gazing with lazy indifference upon the games of the other boys. I looked on the dark side of everything.

The year before, my friend Goberlot had left for Fribourg, from which he returned a good deal changed for the worse. But this forms no part of my history, and I will not repeat anything to an old comrade's discredit.

I scarcely ever laughed. I said to myself, "What a misery it is to be living in this world! What a mob of Canards, of Graduses, and of Laperches beset us on every side! Life is a melancholy thing. What lies are forced down our throats for truths! Oh! why are we condemned to such a heap of miseries, without knowing how or why? Of what crime have we been guilty, that we were made out of the dust, in which we lay so still?"

There was no comfort in thoughts like these, but for a long time I had been brooding over them; and my thoughts upon the providence of God made me more unhappy still. I trembled and wept without any cause; I had become as weak as a girl. It was rudiments and lists of words, and cramming, and injustice which had reduced me to this state.

The flashes of good sense which from time to time passed across my mind brought no comfort with them at all.

Now at that critical time there were three or four big fellows of eighteen to twenty, who had indulged in the bad habit of annoying, and even beating, the small boys, when the poor little creatures did not choose to put up with their ill-usage with a good

grace. They were, of course, *fils de bonne famille* who sought amusement in this way, instead of preparing for their degree. But they had the advantage of private tutors, and they were sure to pass.

Bastien, the out-door warden, shut his eyes upon these proceedings; and so those tyrants had an easy life of it.

The most persistent of those ill-conditioned fellows was Monsieur Charles Balet, the son of the Advocate Balet of Saarbours—an indolent rascal, a drunkard, an utterly good-for-nothing vagabond, whose vices did but grow from day to day until, as life went on, having ruined himself utterly, he became a vagrant tinker, leading his skinny donkey by the bridle, and thrashing his poor wife as if she had no feeling. All the country round knows him.

But at that time he was rich; he played vulgar practical jokes, and put no restraint upon his insolence and his brutality towards little boys who were unable to resist him.

One evening during one of the sharpest frosts of January, all the pupils were in the schoolroom, some playing at *main chaude*, some at nine-pins, others were conversing round the stove, when all at once a loud burst of laughter was heard.

Monsieur Charles Balet had just played a joke upon one of the little ones, Lucien Marchal, a good little boy of ten or eleven, remarkable for his gentleness and his quietness, and even for a certain dreaminess, as it sometimes happens with children who are for the first time removed from their parents, and kept locked in like malefactors.

Monsieur Charles Balet had just dragged at the little fellow's dress through a hole, and this was the explanation of all that outbreak of merriment.

Little Marchal, red with shame, was putting back his dress in all haste, when Charles Balet, encouraged by the success of his first exploit, again pulled it out with increased rudeness and violence, so that the rent was becoming wider at every tug; and Marchal, in the midst of that mocking crowd, having no defender, burst into tears.

From behind my desk I saw all this; I felt my nerves quivering with indignation. For a long time I had borne a deep ill-will against that bully, who nevertheless had never ventured upon attacking me, no doubt concluding that if he did, although he was much taller and stronger, the attempt might not be unaccompanied with danger to his precious person, and danger was what he was always averse to.

And in my own heart, aware that I was the weaker of the two, I hesitated; but the cries of poor Marchal confirmed in me a settled purpose.

"I say, Balet," I cried in a loud voice, "I will thank you to stop that sort of joking. I tell you, you shall not worry those little fellows any longer."

Amazed at my audacity, the bully turned sharp round, and glared at me from head to foot, in utter

astonishment that a *Nabot*, as he called me, should dare to call his authority in question.

All the others, not less surprised, stood mute with expectation, gazing and listening.

Feeling certain that a battle must be fought, I calmly left my place at the desk, and resolved that if the great bully should get a victory, I would make him pay dearly for it.

First he turned red, then he turned pale.

"You won't let me!" he shouted, grinning at me; "you won't let me! And who are you?"

I coldly replied, but with teeth and lips tightly compressed—

"No, I shall not allow you to bully the little ones."

Then he lifted his hand, but in a moment my pent-up rage had its fill of satisfaction; at a bound I was at his throat like a tiger, with my nails fast clenched behind his ears.

He howled with pain and rage.

At the same moment all the other fellows, especially the little ones, delighted at the punishment their tyrant was receiving, cried enthusiastically—

"Well done, Nablot! well done!"

But I needed no encouragement. The big brute struck me on the face with both his fists, and made the blood fly from my nose, but I never let go. I clutched him, my nails went into his flesh deeper and deeper, and I was laughing with delight, and kicking the fellow's shins with all my might, and with such rage and fury that presently he shouted out—

"Help! help! he is throttling me!"

Not a boy moved a finger.

"Ah! you big coward," I cried, redoubling my blows, "you are frightened, are you?"

And the thunders of applause, and the cries of "Bravo, Nablot! well done, Nablot!" at last reached the ears of the out-door warden, who heard them from the corridor, and of Monsieur le Principal, who heard them from his study.

All at once the door burst open, and Monsieur Rufin, Monsieur Wolfram, Canard, and Miston appeared at the door of the schoolroom.

Balet, seeing help at hand, redoubled his blows upon my face; but he was staggering, he was suffocating, and tears were running from his starting eyes, when I was seized upon from all sides at once, and pulled from my adversary.

"Monsieur Nablot, you are expelled!" cried the Principal, "you are expelled! What! *in your position*, to maltreat Monsieur Balet! it is abominable!"

I could hear nothing, and whilst they were pulling me by the arms and by my collar to carry me away, I cried to the bully, with a loud laugh—

"Now, you big coward, there's a lesson for you! you'll know now that you mustn't worry the little boys. Look out for yourself!"

And as he was for a moment regaining confi-

dence, seeing me held fast, and approaching me with a menacing gesture, I shook off my captors with a violent effort, sprang at the scoundrel, struck him on the face, and spat on it.

Then the Principal, with great indignation, ordered the bystanders to lay hold of me, and carry me to the cells.

The prison windows were broken; only the bars remained. The cold and the wind, the rain and the snow penetrated by turns into this dark and narrow dungeon, where a ray of the sun was a very rare visitor. There I was left upon the cold stones, and never moved for four hours, while the blood was freezing upon my face. I heard the bell ring for supper, then for playtime, then for bed.

Everybody had been in bed more than an hour, and it was freezing hard, when I heard a distant step in the corridor. A key clinked in the door. It was the Principal, who alone seems to have remembered me. Canard, Miston, Father Dominique, Father Vandenberg had forgotten me, or perhaps they considered me unworthy to live, after such a monstrous crime as thrashing Monsieur Balet, who was the son of the richest lawyer in Saarbourg.

Monsieur Rufin was holding his candle, which he kept from the wind with one hand. He said—

"Rise—go to bed. I have sent to inform your father; he will come and fetch you away to-morrow."

I rose without a word of reply, and went up the long dark staircase. In passing the lavatory I washed my bloodstained bedabbled face, and then got into bed, thankful to know that I should so soon be delivered from this prison where I had suffered so much. The thought was so delightful that I could not help laughing in bed.

I kept turning over in my mind the words of the Principal—"In your position, to strike Monsieur Balet!" What could be the meaning of that?

At daybreak I was still fast asleep. Vandenberg's bell had not awoken me; and as my school-fellows knew that I was expelled, and my face was black-and-blue, and I was still asleep, nobody

thought it worth while to awake me. Monsieur Wolfram never gave a thought to me.

I did not awake until ten, and then I lay alone in the great deserted dormitory, the windows of which were white with frost. The bell was ringing for school. I rose in a most determined frame of mind. I washed, and while I was dressing, seated upon my bed, and feeling cheered at the prospect of liberty, and the effect of the bright crisp-looking snow-light outside, I gave way to my rising spirits, and began to whistle like a blackbird. I was sick of canting hypocrites, and come what might, what could be worse than that degrading state of existence called college-life? and I thought within myself—

"I will be my father's clerk, I will work in the office, until I am old enough to begin to serve my time."

My ideas became clearer and clearer in my mind, and I was forming my resolutions in the most cheerful spirit, when the door opened at the end of the long dormitory, and there appeared Monsieur Canard in a coloured neck-handkerchief, and a queer little cap over his left ear, crying to me with a sneer—

"Surely, Monsieur Nablot, you are not going to leave us? Your papa is down-stairs waiting for you."

As I supposed my connection with this college was now cut, I answered him snuffling through my nose just in his own peculiar twang—

"Presently, Monsieur Canard, presently."

He started back, much offended.

"Who gave you leave, sir, to mimic me? You're a cad."

"And you, Monsieur Canard, you are a cheat and a toady; for four years you have given me nothing but crumb, because my father didn't tip you to your satisfaction."

Then he turned crimson, and as he stood undecided what to say or do, I passed him slowly, and went down-stairs.

From the Principal's room I could hear my father's voice, and I knocked.

"Come in!"

END OF CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

SECOND-COUSIN SARAH.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

CLEARING THE HOUSE.

CAPTAIN PETERSON, merchant service, received the ultimatum of Miss Sarah Eastbell with his customary *sang-froid*. He was a man whom it took a great deal to disturb, or who concealed his

annoyance by an enviable semblance of imperturbability. He took his back from the wall, and set his hat carefully on his head.

"After that, I need not trespass further on your time," he said, "I will communicate with Thomas at once."

When his hand was on the door, he added—

"I will leave you to reflect on the matter—reflection will bring more prudence to bear upon the question. I have taken you by surprise."

"No, I have expected something of the kind," answered Sarah Eastbell.

"There is no occasion for any haste in the matter," said Peterson coolly; "take a day, two days, three days, to consider it in all its bearings; and how unjustly you are acting by a brother who has been invariably kind to you. This room is at

beyond, withdrawing it in silence, as if contented with what had met his gaze; and proceeding down another flight of stairs, to a room on the ground floor, where three tall men, in shirt-sleeves, were cowering before a fire. They looked round as he entered, and three more villanous faces, more horribly ugly and atrociously dirty, could not have been discovered in all the back slums of St. Giles's. If these men were Petersons, Captain Edward had taken the good looks of the family to himself. Mrs. Thomas Eastbell had been evidently



"HE WENT ON TO THE LANDING-PLACE."

your service, you are perfectly safe here. Good morning."

He unlocked the door, and went on to the landing-place beyond, closing and locking the door behind him. On the landing-place he stood with the handle of the key pressed to his teeth, and with a graver expression on his fresh-coloured countenance than he had betrayed to her before whom he had laid the conditions of release. Finally he went down the rickety stairs, which were crumbling to pieces with the house, halted at the bottom of the next flight, and listened at the right-hand door, as though there were another prisoner close at hand. The door was not locked, and he opened it softly, and put his head into the room

right in her assertions of the preceding night—Sarah was safer with her than with the gentlemen down-stairs.

Edward Peterson took a rush-bottomed chair from the wall-side, and placed himself between his brothers—a very different man to him we have seen up-stairs and at Sedge Hill. It was a fierce, hard, and merciless face now, to match his friends'.

"You've done your parts well, boys," he said in a quick sharp voice, "but there may be more to do."

"How's that?" inquired scoundrel number one; "we've done enough now to get ourselves lagged for ten years."

"I don't like the job," muttered scoundrel number two; "I never did."

The third blackguard leaned over a huge iron ladle, and stirred reflectively at a dull bubbling mass of metal, but did not commit himself to an opinion.

"It's not easy," said Peterson, "but"—and here a blood-curdling oath escaped him—"it must be gone on with at any risk. Failure means Worcester Gaol, success means ten thousand pounds between us all."

He had mentioned fifteen thousand pounds upstairs, but he and Thomas Eastbell were keeping an extra five thousand to themselves. Edward Peterson did not tell his brothers everything when money was in question.

"What more is to be done?" asked the first scoundrel, who was the worst-tempered and most disputatious member of the gang. At school—and he had been to a school once in Dublin—he was a quarrelsome boy, but dull of learning—very.

"You will know when it's necessary," was the short answer; "at present the young lady is refractory."

"Not frightened?" said the second scoundrel.

"Not at all."

The three ruffians laid their shock heads together, and swore in unison.

"She will give in before the day's out," said Peterson assuringly; "a girl of her age, surrounded by mystery, must give up. It's her money or her life, as in the dear old days of Richard Turpin."

He said this with some degree of enthusiasm, but his brothers did not rise to it. Two of them looked at him vacantly, and the third went on stirring his metallic broth.

"To think that you fellows are so near a fortune, and yet take it so coolly!" cried Peterson reproachfully; "to think that two thousand pounds apiece—two thousand pounds!—does not warm your sluggish blood a little!"

"Ah!" said the third ruffian between his set teeth, "we haven't got it yet."

"It's a risky business," muttered another.

"So is making pewter money," added Peterson, "but we have gone at it for years, haven't we? And what have our trouble and risk, our dies and galvanic batteries brought us in, after all? Two thousand pence—hardly."

"Will the girl sign the cheque before the day is out? that's the question," asked number one, "for we can't go on like this."

"I have said that it's her money or her life, and by Heaven I mean it!" he said, with another oath; "she will be back to-night at Sedge Hill, or she will never return again. Mark that."

He struck his clenched fist on his knee, to give emphasis to his words, and his brothers looked from one to the other again, and moved restlessly in their seats.

"Do you think I have planned it all for nothing?"

he continued, "or that I am a man to be played the fool with at the last? Is it my way? Is it Ned Peterson's style? Do you think any woman would prefer to be found in the Severn, to paying away money that she can afford to part with?"

"We don't want to hear anything about the Severn," said the first scoundrel; "you know what's safe better than we do, but we'll have no hand in it. Dennis and I and Mike have talked it over, and won't go further than we've done already—there!"

"You are ready for your share of the money, but not of the risk," observed the captain satirically.

"The money was promised for getting the girl here. It's done," was the reply, "and a nasty job it was. I thought she was dead when we were coming down the river."

"Poor fellow, you were nervous," said Peterson, still sarcastic, "and you thought of a gallows as well, and of your amiable self dangling from a rope, in a private yard of the county gaol, with the reporters making notes for their sensation articles on your lamentable decease. 'A man who came of a good Irish family, but died unlike an Irishman'—that would have been your epitaph, Barney, and much too good for you."

"Ah! you can talk," said Barney, shrugging his shoulders, "you have been so much wiser than the rest of us, but devil a bit of good have you or we done, though we have stuck to you through thick and thin. But we can't be hanged for you, Ned—at present."

"You fools, have I asked you?" shouted Peterson, springing to his feet; "you've done the work I've set you to do, and I will pay you for it, and be rid of you. The money's safe, and I'll keep my word—as I always do, and always will. I don't want your help—you are in the way, and must go."

"Go!" echoed the men.

"This house will be unsafe after to-night, and we must vanish before it's spotted. I will be in London to-morrow evening, at the old place, with your money. Can you trust me?"

"Yes. But if the girl—"

"I shall be with you," he added meaningly, "and afterwards you'll go your way and I mine, and a good riddance to the lot of you."

"But—"

"I have had enough of your company," he cried, as he walked up and down the room with his hands in his pockets; "I will make your fortunes, and have done with you. You sneer at the grand idea I have ever carried out successfully; you tremble at the consequences, like a parcel of children; and to-morrow night I leave you to your selves for ever. And see how you get on without me, that's all," he added less grandiloquently, and far more spitefully.

The brothers did not reply—they had no argu-

ments to urge in defence ; they were stolid scamps, who had plodded on persistently and doggedly in crime, and been ruled by a stronger and more audacious mind, until this audacity had talked of murder. Then they were afraid of him, and glad to seize upon a pretext for separation. They believed in his word too, for there were a few striking antecedents that assured them he was in the habit of keeping it. It was time to be moving, before Worcester became a difficult place to escape from. Ned was right—the house might be marked at any moment, and the button-makers become objects of distrust, until the London police turned up, and claimed them as acquaintances. They would be glad to leave Ned to himself ; they had joined him in a little speculation that was out of their line, and its novelty had rendered them nervous, as Captain Peterson had seen for himself. It was high time to be gone.

One by one these men drifted away from home, without a thought of Sarah Eastbell's safety, and with an immense amount of consideration for their own. It was not murder that troubled their minds so acutely as complicity with it, detection, and sentence. If Ned would take all the risk, he might murder half Worcester, for what they cared ; but it was out of their line, and they would prefer to return to London as quickly as possible, and wait for the money that had been promised them, or the bad news they half expected instead. Each man went away with a little carpet bag containing the implements of his trade, and left the furniture to the Fates. Each man suggested before he went an idea of his own for scaring Sarah Eastbell out of her wits and her money, but the ruling agent scoffed at their devices, and would have none of them.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon before the last of the three men passed out of the house, and went away down the narrow lane which led from the high-road.

Captain Peterson stood at the front door smoking a cigar. He was in excellent spirits, and he waved his hand to the disputatious Barney, who was the last to leave, by way of friendly salutation at parting.

"They're gone," he muttered, "and they're better gone, whichever way this affair is likely to turn out."

He lingered at the door meditating on the great scheme of his life, and it was not till his cigar was smoked out that he seemed to wake again to action. The sky was overcast then, and he looked up at it and prophesied to himself that it would rain before the morning. He walked round to the opposite side of the house and gazed moodily at the water flowing some twenty paces from him, and at a boat lying on the long grass above the river-bank. One glance at the darkened window in the topmost storey where his fortune lay, he thought, and then he returned to the house meditating on the difficulties

in his way, and of his genius to surmount them. He had been always considered a clever and a daring fellow—what would they say presently if he should get the money ? How they would all look up to him afterwards ! What an end there would be to his petty scheming life—what a chance of settling down in the world even, and trying his hand at respectability for a change !

He went into the house, and up-stairs to the first-floor room, wherein we have seen him gaze with interest at an early hour of the morning.

"Bess," he said in a sharp voice, and at the summons a small thin-faced child, in a hat and cloak, appeared at the door.

"You have come back then, father."

"Are you ready ?"

"Yes."

Edward Peterson went down-stairs followed by the little girl. At the front door he said—

"You were wise to keep to your room to-day, little woman, for they have been very cross, and Mrs. Eastbell has been worse than ever."

The child shivered.

"Have you had enough to eat up there ?"

"I should think so !" was the half-cunning answer, at which the man laughed heartily.

"That's right, Bess. Look after yourself in this world, for no one else will, as the world goes round. Now listen to me."

The child looked up at him with a wonderful amount of intelligence in her sunken eyes.

"You must find your way to Worcester to-night, all by yourself. Two miles from here is a railway station—you know it, where the red and green lights shine out like big eyes after dark."

"Yes—I know."

"You have run about here a good deal, and know your way well, and you can find the station."

"Oh ! yes," replied the child again.

"You'll be glad to get away. I've been hard with you, and you don't like me much ?"

"Not much," was the slow answer, "but——"

"But what ?" asked Peterson.

"But the lady—will she shake me when she's cross ? Will she beat me when she's angry ?"

"She will be very fond of you, and you will call her 'Mother,'" said Peterson very gravely.

"Mother—my mother !"

"You'll see soon," he said ; "now take care of that money."

He placed some money in her hands, and she wrapped it up in a corner of a dirty white handkerchief and tucked it down the bosom of her dress, wrapping her cloak round her afterwards with all the carefulness and confidence of a woman.

"All right," she said.

"At the railway station ask for a third-class ticket for Worcester. Can you remember that ?"

The little girl nodded quickly.

"When the train comes up to the platform, get in. When they call out 'Worcester,' get out. At Worcester a lady, very pretty, and with hands full of toys, will be waiting for you at the post-office. Ask the way to the post-office like a woman as you are, and when you see the lady under the clock, say, 'Pa keeps his word—I'm Bessie.'"

"All right," said the child again, with a rare amount of confidence in her own comprehension of the details, which however he asked her to repeat, listening attentively to the recital.

"You're a clever girl, Bess—you've some of your father's cleverness too," he added conceitedly. "Now go."

As he stooped towards her she cowered down, but to her surprise he put his arms round her, lifted her to his face, and kissed her.

"I'm not going to hurt you ever any more, Bess," he said, "I'm not going to see you ever any more."

"Shall I stop with you?" said the child slowly, as he set her down again.

"What, not meet the lady, and the toys, and the new home for you that I've told you of? No, no, Bess; you'll do better without me, she knows—and God knows. There, be off with you. Remember Worcester Station—the post-office—under the clock—and 'Father keeps his word; I'm Bessie.'"

"All right," was the child's answer for the third time. She needed no second bidding to be off—it had not been so happy a home that she should grieve for it or him, and there had been a promise of a glorious change for her, and a bright child-world. She ran off quickly towards the narrow lane, already full of shadow that murky afternoon—there was one glance over her shoulder at him, and then he never saw her again in all his miserable life. He had prophesied that it should be so, and he was right again, as usual!

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

A CHANGE OF PLAN.

EDWARD PETERSON was in no hurry to return to the house which his orders had made desolate. He leaned against the door-post in a thoughtful mood, with his eyes directed towards the lane down which his child had departed. If he had any good feeling in his disposition, it was for that little link between him and a past estate, wherein he had not been wholly bad. Utterly selfish as he was in most things, yet here in this wild character was a strange sample of unselfishness.

"She would have been in my way," he said, as if in excuse for his own weakness; then he added, "what a life hers would have been with me, too!"

It was dark when he returned to the house, and he closed the shutters and barred the door very carefully before he sat down by the fire to reflect upon his next step. He had been reflecting on that

all day, without seeing his way too clearly to the results on which he had set his heart—a large sum of money, and a new life abroad to enjoy it in. By some means that end must be arrived at; he had succeeded in entrapping an heiress, a nervous young woman, from whose fears a gold mine must be wrung. She was obstinate at present, but the night was coming on, and she would think of her own safety very shortly. She would get weak too, as she had refused food all day, and weakness of body would affect her mind and become an ally on his side—and Mrs. Eastbell would help to keep up the excitement of suspense.

He would not go up-stairs yet awhile—another hour would be of advantage to him, and he must wait. The bank at Worcester was shut, and there would be no getting money till to-morrow morning—before that time came she would sign the cheque, and remain a prisoner in Jackson's button factory until time had been allowed for him to cash it. That was the end of the brilliant scheme which he had planned out like an artist. It was daring, and yet delicate—only a master hand like his could have steered through so many difficulties to success. It was a leaf out of an old romance, or an Adelphi melodrama, only this was life, and he was a superior kind of hero—a man of iron nerve, amazing coolness, and fertility of resource. They thought in Worcester by this time that Sarah Eastbell had cloped with him—that was a rare joke over which he and Tom—that fool Tom!—would laugh presently. He wished that he had brought his violin from Sedge Hill, though—it would have wiled away the time until he had perfected his plan in all its details. Music always gave him good ideas, and—Destruction! What is it?—Who is it?

There was a violent knocking at the door, and Peterson sprang up, with his hand shaking on the back of the chair. Had he trifled with time till time had turned against him, and was this the end of his grand scheming? He reached his hand towards the candle and extinguished the flame, as his first resource against an unseen enemy. Then he crept on tiptoe towards the door, where the knocking still continued, and where his coolness came back to him.

He was a man of many abilities—for it was a feeble woman's voice that piped through the key-hole—

"Who's there?"

"Is that you, Sophy?" said the voice without. "Where's Peterson? Where's everybody? Let me in."

"Tom Eastbell!" ejaculated Peterson. He opened the door, and dragged the applicant for admittance into the house by the collar of his coat—a man drenched to the skin by heavy rain.

"You muddler!" shouted Peterson; "why couldn't you stop at Sedge Hill? How dare you

come intermeddling? Didn't you leave it all to me?"

"Here—let go my throat—let a fellow speak. What are you doing in the dark? Where are they all? Is Sarah here? has she signed the cheque?"

Peterson released his hold and unlocked the front door again. Tom followed him into the room, and sat down shivering by the fire. His companion and adviser relighted the candle, and held it to his face.

"Why did you come?"

"For safety. Oh, Ned, I shall be hanged!" Tom cried. "The old woman is dead, and everybody thinks I have done it. Here's a blessed go for an innersent man! I never touched her, upon my soul; she died right off, bang, in the picture-gallery, and it was nothing to do with me. I wouldn't have thought of such a thing."

"Dead? The old woman dead?" said Peterson, surprised again at this avowal.

"Oh!—ugh!—yes," he said, shuddering more strongly. "Her eyes opened sudden, Ned, and she was off. I shall never forget it. And then that beast of a woman, Hartley, came in when I screamed, and said that I had murdered her. I was talking her over to make a will, when she died—that's all. Oh! let's get to London."

"Tom," said Peterson with excitement, "you must go back. You must not leave everything to that Culwick. The old woman has died naturally—the doctor will prove that—and you have nothing to fear."

"Oh! haven't I? That's all you know about it!"

"You accursed idiot! don't you see that you are rich?—that Sarah Eastbell was only between you and a colossal fortune?—and Sarah Eastbell is dead too."

"Sarah dead too!" screamed Tom Eastbell in his new excitement; "oh! don't say that. It can't be."

"Hush! Keep it quiet; it is an eternal secret between you and me; but she sprang out of the boat suddenly last night, they tell me, and was drowned."

"Good Lord!" cried Tom Eastbell; "let me think a bit. This is too much for me. I am going mad."

"In a day or two they will find her in the Severn, and you will be heir-at-law."

"What's that?"

"The owner of Sedge Hill, and of all the money."

"They'll say I killed the couple of them."

"Sarah ran away from home—everybody knows that—and came to harm by accident. There is nothing more natural."

"Poor Sally! She was a good sort," said Tom; "and she—she's dead then. Thank goodness it was quite an accident—for nobody meant to kill her."

"No."

"I never even knew what game was up, until it was done—did I?"

"No, you did not."

"Poor Sally—dead too! She and her grandmother gone to heaven together, almost arm-in-arm. Yes, it's too much, Ned! And all the money mine, too—that will be too much, too. I shall go out of my mind."

"Get back to Sedge Hill. Is Reuben Culwick there?"

"He wasn't when I left."

"Get back in haste—at any cost. Say you were distracted, and did not know what you were doing—that you have been in search of Culwick—or a doctor. Get back."

"Suppose they take me up for killing my grandmother; that's what I'm afraid of."

"Get back; you are safe. Get back, fool, to all the wealth God sends you!"

Edward Peterson's excitement was greater than Thomas Eastbell's now. He thrust him from the house; he locked the door after him; he tottered back to the room, and to a cupboard where there was brandy, which he drank eagerly; and then he drew his chair very close to the fire, and sat with his hands upon his knees, panting like a man who had been running for his life.

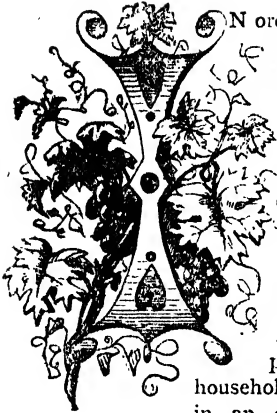
Tom Eastbell would be rich—immensely rich—if his sister Sarah were removed from all the troubles of this world! Tom Eastbell in his power—at his mercy for many past offences—a weak fool whom he could rule implicitly, and get money quickly by.

And yet fifteen thousand pounds at one blow might be as well, if he didn't keep his word with his brothers—he who had been all his life very proud of saying what he meant, and doing what he said. Fifteen thousand pounds! Well, all depended upon Sarah Eastbell's obstinacy now; and it was time for action. It *was* her money or her life; and if the latter, what excuse should he make to Mrs. Eastbell, so that that dull lonely house should be left to him, and to that deadly purpose to which he had steeled his heart in his cupidity? He would drink more brandy and go up-stairs. There should be no more acting, and no more half-measures.

He drank more spirit, as if his courage even now required support by drink; and then, with the light in his hand, he proceeded with a wonderful steadiness of step up the stairs. A strange specimen of a villain this—for he went into his daughter's room first, and said, "Poor Bess—you have gone for good then," and walked out again, and up the remaining flight, with a very sorrowful countenance. He drew the key from his pocket, unlocked the door, strode in, and then stopped suddenly—a man struck, as it were, into stone by his amazement.

The room was empty!

A LADY'S JEWELS.



N order to understand my respect and admiration for Mrs. Flum, the reader must imagine that, having for many years experienced all the miseries of a bachelor existence, he has at length hit upon a landlady who, in comparison with the rest of her class, decidedly merits to be called honest. Mrs. Flum kept no cats of predatory tendencies; the household affairs were conducted in an orderly and satisfactory

manner, and the worthy landlady herself did not seek to gratify her curiosity regarding her lodgers' affairs beyond what could be gathered from the perusal of open letters incautiously left about. It is needless to say, therefore, that I was well satisfied with my quarters, and from the moment I took up my abode beneath Mrs. Flum's roof I began to regard life from a less gloomy aspect, and to think better of womankind in general, and landladies in particular.

Although I have referred to Mrs. Flum as my landlady, I do not wish to place her on a level with the class of people who usually occupy that position. It is true that the vicissitudes of fortune had compelled her to adopt as a livelihood a profession which, after all, is an honourable one; but in point of fact Mrs. Flum was a lady of good family, and the direct descendant of a line of kings. I forget in what part of Ireland the ancestral estates lay, but at all events they extended over many hundred acres, and the ruins of Flummerty Castle are still an object of curiosity in the neighbourhood. To those of my friends who were inclined to be sceptical on the subject of the validity of Mrs. Flum's claims to consideration on account of her gentle birth, my only reply was, "Look at her." Certainly no one could have set eyes on Mrs. Flum without feeling awed by her majestic presence, and the massive Roman nose was of itself sufficient to vouch for the blueness of her blood, and the aristocracy of her ancestors. For the rest I am convinced that, in spite of many years of poverty and hardship, Mrs. Flum would have been quite capable of adorning the high position in society which nature most undoubtedly destined her to fill.

Mrs. Flum attributed her decline in the social scale to the pureness of her heart and the sincerity of her affections, which prompted her to bestow her hand upon her husband, instead of listening to the solicitations of the wealthy suitors who thronged

around her. Whatever qualifications he might have possessed to render him an eligible *parti*, Mr. Flum could certainly not boast a large share of the treasures of this world, and to this fact may be attributed the animosity which Mrs. Flum's aristocratic connections displayed against him. For from the moment of her marriage they looked upon Mrs. Flum as an outcast from society, and resolutely closed their doors against her. Mr. Flum was on the Stock Exchange when he led Mrs. F. to the hymeneal altar; but at the end of a year, having meanwhile failed regularly every settling day, he became hopelessly insolvent, and had been in a chronic state of bankruptcy ever since. I had no fault to find with Mr. Flum as an individual, in spite of his general feebleness of character; but looked upon in the light of the husband of my landlady, I could not but feel that he was utterly unworthy of her. Nevertheless, Mrs. Flum was wont to assure me, with tears in her eyes, that he was the best and most virtuous of men, and she had never for an instant repented marrying him. These, and many other touching confidences of a similar nature, the admirable woman used to reveal to me whenever she had occasion to enter my apartment, and my respect and admiration for her increased in proportion as we became better acquainted.

There is much truth in the proverb which says, "Coming events cast their shadows before." Ere I had resided three months at Mrs. Flum's, it became apparent that something unusual was about to happen. I saw less of my landlady than formerly, and the household affairs showed signs of neglect; the doctor's brougham was constantly at the door, and Mr. Flum appeared perpetually in a state of mental perturbation, bordering on insanity. A strange foreboding of evil took possession of me, and, feeling that a change of air might dissipate my uneasiness, I took a few days' holiday and went out of town. When on my return I plied the knocker, carpet-bag in hand, my frame shook with agitation and nervousness, which was increased by the dishevelled appearance of the servant-maid who replied to my summons; and ere I could falter out the momentous inquiry, the girl in fiendish triumph ejaculated, "TWINS!"

It would be impossible to describe the horror with which this announcement inspired me. Though not wholly unprepared for news of this description, the overwhelming force of the intelligence quite took my breath away. I foresaw that henceforth the even tenor of my daily life would be completely upset, and I had a presentiment that the wins would embitter my existence. Had I been in a position to discharge a few small arrears of rent due from me, I should not have hesitated to

flee straightway from the miseries which I felt were in store for me; and my reflections over my pipe that evening were of so gloomy a nature, that I was fain to summon Mr. Flum from the regions below.

I soon found that the fears I had entertained were by no means exaggerated. In spite of the assertion of the servant-maid that the twins slumbered peacefully from sunset to sunrise, I was punctually awoke from my beauty sleep by shrill screams, which continued intermittently in different keys, till the grey light of dawn had begun to struggle through the window-blinds. Occasionally one of the infants was seized with violent convulsions, which had the effect of putting the establishment in an uproar, and hopelessly banishing all chance of rest for the night. In consequence of these disturbances, my fellow-lodgers departed one by one to seek more peaceful habitations. The reading-man on the first floor left one morning in a huff, without paying his rent; and a gentleman in the attic profited by the general confusion to levánt with my silver tea-pot. I was on the point of following their example a hundred times, and was only restrained from carrying out my inclination by the solemn assurance of the doctor that the twins were both on the brink of the grave. At all events, the twins thrived in a most disgusting manner, and although one of them frequently screamed without cessation for four-and-twenty hours, nothing occurred to give me any hope of future security.

For the first year or so the annoyances to which I was subjected were of the nature already hinted at, and these were nothing compared with the torments I was afterwards fated to endure. Mrs. Flum took an early opportunity of producing the twins for my inspection, and pointed out their respective beauties with true motherly pride. Their names were Tommy and Bobby, and my landlady referred to them indiscriminately as her "Jew'ls." Tommy inspired me with horror the instant I set eyes on him, for he looked the picture of health, and made a clutch at my whiskers on our first introduction. There was something fiendish and unearthly about the expression of his countenance, and the power of his lungs surpasses belief. Bobby, on the other hand, rather favourably impressed me, for he always appeared to be in his last gasp, and in moments of repose his features assumed an expression which I flattered myself was clearly not of this world. Subsequent experience, however, taught me that Bobby's nature was a deceitful one, and that if there were anything to choose between them, Tommy was entitled to preference.

From the time when they were able to make use of their limbs, the twins began to follow a line of conduct calculated to drive any one who came into contact with them to the verge of desperation. Without being a phrenologist, I soon discovered that the bump of mischief was in both cases de-

veloped to an extent that was positively appalling. From their unfortunate facility of access, my apartments were usually the scene of their depredations, though they by no means confined themselves to any particular portion of the house. To find one's slippers filled with cinders, and to discover one's hair-brushes in the back yard, is not calculated to put a man in a good humour; while nothing is more tantalising than to learn that one's pet razor has been temporarily converted into a saw. Unfortunately, too, the twins could never be brought to regard such proceedings in any other light than as legitimate amusements, and no amount of admonition could render them sensible of their shortcomings. Mrs. Flum readily acknowledged the justice of my complaints, but was powerless to remedy the evil; while her husband was victimised even to a greater extent than myself, and soon took to drinking to console himself for his sufferings. At first I used to terrify the twins by twisting my face into the most horrible contortions whenever I came across them, and once by this means happily succeeded in sending Bobby into a fit; but in time they became accustomed to this proceeding, and began to regard it as rather an edifying performance. From thenceforth I was obliged to revenge myself by administering sly slaps and pinches under the guise of endearment; but it was necessary to exercise the greatest discretion, lest I should forfeit for ever the good opinion of my landlady.

For nearly five years did Mrs. Flum's "Jew'ls" render my life a burden to me. To convey an adequate idea of the tortures and discomforts I suffered at their infantine hands would be quite impossible. But for the numerous accidents they met with during that period, which had the effect of temporarily raising my drooping spirits, I believe I should have sunk beneath the influence of their conduct. Tommy fell down stairs seventeen times in one week without hurting himself, and Bobby pitched head foremost out of a bed-room window into the garden below without sustaining any material injury. Tommy, in the exuberance of his spirits, nearly strangled Bobby with a piece of string on two separate occasions; while Bobby brought his brother to death's door by deceitfully administering a tin-tack in a spoonful of treacle. Both had every conceivable disease to which children are subject, and both strayed away from home and were brought back by policemen several times in the course of their short but chequered existence. Finally, Tommy succumbed to the measles when he was on the point of attaining the age of five years; and Bobby shortly afterwards followed his example, having just previously hidden one of my dress-boots in the dustbin, and deposited a dead mouse in my collar-drawer.

HERBERT KEITH.



COUNTRY NOTES.

HEARLESS as protection renders hares, it is nothing to the unreasoning confidence which terror inspires. They will often run close to man in greater fear of their four-footed foes, dogs and weasels. A singular instance of this recently occurred to us. While driving in a carriage with a pair of horses, a hare appeared running along the road towards us, pursued at some distance by a large dog. Without swerving to the right or left, the poor creature ran blindly under the horses' feet, and was kicked, so that descending we took it up all but dead. In old days it would have been deemed enchanted, the hare being an animal peculiarly connected with witchcraft. Even now, while shooting in Ireland, if a hare is missed by two or three of the party in succession, the keeper will gravely affirm that it is a "witch-hare," only to be shot with a crooked sixpence. In Northamptonshire it is considered unlucky should a hare cross a man's path.

The rabbit is a most prolific animal, and when once established in an old colony of burrows on a sandy bank, where each hole communicates with its neighbour, and unsuspected exits are shrouded under thorn bushes some twenty yards from the main group of holes, is extremely difficult to be exterminated. Ferrets, dogs, guns, and nets are powerless before a creature which, if it can only find a mate, will people the deserted city afresh in a season, and increase next year, if unmolested, to the dimensions of a plague. Nature, when she set every man's hand, every dog's tooth, and even the larger raptorial birds against rabbits, to say nothing of foxes and weasels, granted them unrivalled speed and agility, supplemented by a large share of caution and watchfulness. These qualities will preserve a stock on a hill-side, even when to all appearance it has been ruthlessly trampled out. Spite of the slaughter, some outlying rabbits are certain to have escaped; and failing them, rabbits from another settlement find out the deserted burrows, with as much readiness as a trout discovers a vacant pool when its regular occupant has been caught.

Of all wild animals, perhaps the weasel is the rabbit's most persevering foe. When once it has fixed on a rabbit's scent, it hunts it down for hours, entering burrows and driving it out again, till the poor terrified creature at length succumbs to its fate, as it hears the panting breath of the little weasel close behind it, and next moment the latter's teeth are at its throat. We have thus found a rabbit in its death-agony, being led to the place by its despairing shrieks, and at once putting its assail-

ant to flight; but our intervention was useless--the fatal wound had been inflicted, and the weasel had commenced devouring the rabbit's eyes and head.

Few people are aware how largely the rabbit enters into the food supplies of the poor. While servants and footmen in country houses turn up their noses at a rabbit pie (because they think it costs nothing!) their fathers and brothers in large towns eagerly welcome a rabbit as the greatest delicacy for the Sunday dinner. Indeed our home supply of rabbits is utterly inadequate to the demand, and they are largely imported from Ostend. A few statistics will show the importance of the rabbit as food.

No less than 1,500 cases, of 100 rabbits each, arrived weekly at Leadenhall Market last year from Ostend; while the licensed game-dealers in 1872 sold 4,406,833 rabbits. Add to this the enormous numbers consumed without ever passing through a dealer's hands, and computing their value at the low figure of a shilling each, the most ardent repealer of the game laws must hesitate before he withdraws so vast a stock of food from the supplies of the nation.

Another common sight of a country walk in early morning, is a freshly turned-up mole-heap. These animals drive their subterranean galleries mainly during the night. It has even been recommended, when a farmer is plagued by too many of their heaps, that he should walk over the field cautiously with a gun loaded with a bullet. As he observes the earth stirring gently, a shot at it will probably kill the creature which causes the unsightly hillock. But it is a wiser plan to suffer the mole to live on, and burrow as he chooses. He is eminently harmless--nay, he destroys multitudes of worms and noxious larvæ which would otherwise prey on the crops, and, by loosening the surface of the soil, he brings the finer earth to the surface and enriches the roots of the grass. Farmers' prejudices, however, are proverbially long-lived, and one probably encounters some old man dressed in parti-coloured clothes, who is the parish molecatcher, and is paid some two or three pounds per annum to rid the fields of this "vermin." The festoons of dead moles which people so often in the country see adorning a conspicuous tree or even the side of a stack, are meant to intimate to the farmers that their rustic functionary has not neglected his duties.

Seldom as the mole is seen by the ordinary wayfarer, in a hot summer moles may frequently be found in dry ditches, or at the edge of running water, only too glad to find a supply of that element which seems a chief necessary of their life. It is as well not to seize them rashly when they are thus unexpectedly encountered, as their teeth are sharp, and they are very ready to use them.

MEMORIES.



"SITTING BY THE FIRELIGHT."

SITTING in the sunlight,
 With the lign-tree over,
 By there came a wanton dame

VOL. VIII.—NEW SERIES.

And stole away my lover ;
 Sure it was the sheerest madness, for the merest
 Butterfly, to cast me by—truest, tried, and nearest !

Sitting in the moonlight,
 What was that he told me ?—
 "Safe thy part is in my heart,
 Trust—mine arms enfold thee !
 Other loves inviting stale not thy delight-
 ing,
 They with me but share the glee, thou the toil
 and fighting !"

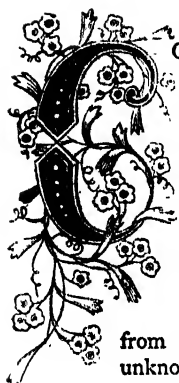
Sitting by the firelight,
 Life is very dreary,
 Upon no breast my head may rest
 Though I be ne'er so weary !
 Yet in the chill December the spring we both
 remember ;
 Though cold may smite the winter night, the redder
 glows the ember !

B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

JOHN BULL'S MONEY MATTERS.—A RISE IN THE BANK RATE.

BY A. S. HARVEY, B.A.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART THE SECOND.



CONTINUING our analysis of the Bank Return, which we quote on page 308, we turn now to the Banking department. Here the first liability is the Proprietors' Capital, £14,553,000. The exceptional magnitude of this capital will at once strike any one accustomed to examine the accounts of banking companies. But it should be remembered that this capital dates from a time when deposit banking was unknown, and the profits of a bank depended on its circulation and capital invested. The original capital of the Bank was £1,200,000, which was lent to the Government as the consideration for the grant of the charter. As the charter has been renewed at stated intervals, further advances have been made to the Crown, and the capital of the Bank has been increased proportionately by fresh subscriptions. The present total was reached in 1816, when £3,000,000 were lent to Government. Up to 1833, the Government debt to the Bank and the Bank capital stood substantially at the same amount, the Bank having in fact lent its capital to Government. But in that year one-fourth of the public debt was repaid, thus reducing it to its present amount, £11,015,100.

The next item to the Proprietors' Capital is the Rest, £3,849,748. This is simply the amount by which, at any particular time, the assets of the Bank exceed its liabilities, and varies, of course, as the other elements of the account vary. But as the subscribed capital of the Bank is lent to the Government, or is, in other words, invested in Government securities, the Rest is in reality the working capital of the Bank. Adding the Rest to the Proprietors' Capital, we get a total capital of upwards of £18,000,000, sufficient to render the very idea of insolvency absurd, unless indeed the whole fabric of national credit collapsed.

The capital of the Bank, of course, constitutes its liability to its own proprietors. The Deposits, to

which we next refer, are its liabilities to its customers. The principal customer of the Bank is the Government, whose account with the Bank is contained in the item Public Deposits, £6,922,208. This sum represents the aggregate balances of the accounts, about fifty in number, of the various Government departments, the principal of these accounts being that of the Exchequer, into which is paid daily all the accruing revenue of the country, and out of which issues are made daily for the public expenditure ; of the Paymaster-General, through whom the public expenditure is distributed to persons entitled thereto ; of the Chancery Paymaster, the Postmaster-General, the National Debt Commissioners, and others. Besides these, there are the dividend accounts of the National Debt, which are fed quarterly by transfers from the Exchequer account.

The Other Deposits, standing at the enormous total of upwards of £22,000,000, embrace the balances of the ordinary customers of the Bank. This item, containing as it does the balances of all the London bankers, consists of the unemployed capital of the trading community. The Bank, be it observed, allows no interest on deposits, either public or private ; a considerable accumulation of deposits in the hands of the Bank indicates, therefore, that acceptable channels of investment cannot for the time be found.

Turning now to the asset side of the account, we find the Government Securities standing at £13,398,185. The largest proportion of this sum consists of the ordinary Government stock, Consols, Exchequer Bills, etc., but it also contains the amount of any temporary loans the Bank may have advanced to make good deficient revenue. The Other Securities, amounting, it will be noticed, to upwards of twenty-four and a half millions, are the great asset of the Bank. This item contains all the securities the Bank holds for money advanced, whether consisting of bills of exchange discounted, or loans on mortgage, or for any other species of consideration. This and the Other Deposits on the opposite side of the account represent the great

working accounts of the Bank, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that, directly or indirectly, they summarise the results of the trading of the entire nation. *

Two items remain on this account—Notes, £9,458,740, and Gold and Silver Coin, £495,441. The latter we may fairly consider as the small change necessary to carry on daily business; the former demands a word of explanation. We have already noticed that the Notes Issued amount to £36,136,880. We now see that £9,458,740 of these are in reserve in the Banking department. It follows, therefore, that the difference between these two sums—that is, £26,678,140—constitutes the “active circulation,” or notes in the hands of the public. But, as already pointed out, £15,000,000 of the circulation may be issued on the credit of Government securities; so that of this £26,678,140 active circulation, £11,678,140 is issued against bullion. Now the total of Gold Coin and Bullion in the Issue department is £21,136,880, of which £11,678,140 is thus appropriated to the notes already in circulation. The balance, £9,458,740, is the stock of bullion remaining in the Bank to meet the claims of its customers. But this total exactly corresponds with the total of notes in the Banking department. It follows then that these notes are in reality certificates of the existence in the Issue department of an identical amount of unappropriated bullion, and that at any time the entire Bullion Reserve of the Bank consists of the sum of the notes and gold coin in the Banking department—in the present instance £9,954,181.

This reserve is essential to meet the average demands of depositors, and all demands whatever on the Bank. But among these deposits are the reserved cash balances of all the great private and joint-stock banks, which in their turn consist of the surplus uninvested funds of country bankers, merchants, brokers, and traders of all kinds. Thus it follows that the reserve of the Bank of England is the ultimate resort of the trade of the country, the great storehouse of gold for the wants of the nation. And not of this nation only, for since the recent European war much French and German money has been held here, and the Bank Reserve, therefore, has become, to no inconsiderable extent, an international reserve.

The due regulation and maintenance of this reserve is obviously of the last importance. Its amount must of course bear a certain relation to the liabilities of the Bank. What relation will of course depend on the nature of those liabilities, whether they are at call, or at dates more or less remote, and whether they will be specially affected by any exceptional phenomena of the commercial world. The weekly publication of the accounts of the Bank renders it particularly important that the regulation of this reserve should be performed with

prudence, for the object of that publication is to assure the public that the national reserve of gold is sustained at a point above what Mr. Bagehot calls the “apprehension-minimum.”

Let us now inquire how the amount of the reserve is affected both by ordinary and extraordinary transactions. As an instance of the former, take the quarterly payment of dividends, amounting to nearly £7,000,000, to the public creditor. One advantage of having made the Bank paymaster of the National Debt arises from the fact that a considerable proportion of this sum is written off to bankers and others having accounts with the Bank. This amount therefore does not affect the reserve, being simply a transfer from the Public Deposits to the Other Deposits. The remainder is paid out in the shape of notes, and the reserve is to that extent reduced. The Gold Coin and Bullion is not diminished, but more is appropriated to the circulation, and less remains available for other demands. In a normal state of affairs, the lowest state of the reserve happens about three weeks after the payment of the dividends. Then it gradually recovers as the notes are distributed by the holders in the ordinary channels of commerce and investment.

Next consider the case of a foreign demand for bullion. The harvest, we will suppose, has been bad, and a considerable debt is due to America of Russia for corn; or a foreign country—as, for instance, recently, Germany—with the view of renewing her gold currency, is absorbing enormous quantities of bullion. In either case, however complex and multifarious the preliminary transactions may be, a point is at last reached in the negotiations of merchant, discount and bill broker, and banker where some portion of the Gold and Silver Bullion is required for exportation abroad. Now we have already pointed out that no bullion can leave the Issue department except in exchange for notes, which must be cancelled as handed in. But the only notes that the bullion merchant can get at are those in reserve in the Banking department, for all other notes are in circulation. He takes therefore his Bills, or his Consols, or any other security of unimpeachable character, and discounts them at the Bank; in other words, he lodges them with the Bank, and receives in return notes to the amount. These notes he next takes to the Issue department, and exchanges them for bullion. Suppose now that the bullion taken out amounts to £1,000,000, the effect of the transaction will be that the Other Securities in the Banking department will be increased, while the bullion in the Issue department and the reserve of notes will be reduced by that amount. But this diminution of the reserve of bullion of course enhances the value of what is left, and the Bank therefore will sell it at a higher price—that is to say, they will charge a higher rate of interest for any advances

they may be called upon to make on the security of bills or Government stock.

Now this rise in the rate of interest at once affects the whole machinery of commercial operations. The bill-broker or banker whose bills have been discounted at a high rate, say eight per cent. will himself charge no less for any loans that may be demanded of him, while he will be prepared to pay a trifle less than that rate to any one who will bring him money on deposit. Hence, as the rate of interest rises, money will become more valuable here than it is abroad. Then merchants will remit securities to other countries, with instructions that the proceeds of them shall be sent in the shape, not of commodities, but of bullion. Thus money flows back into the country, and the Bank rate will fall.

It follows, then, that the concomitants of a low state of the Bank Reserve are a high rate of interest, a diminution of the Other Deposits, and a swollen condition of the Other Securities. The reverse is the tendency when the reserve is high. By these means the Bank rate of interest is the engine by which the currency of the country is kept in a state of equipoise. The publication weekly of the Bank accounts, together with the announcement of the Bank rate, enables the commercial community to forecast the probable movements of bullion, and to adapt their purchases and sales thereto. Like the warning bell on a rock-bound coast, when the stream of commercial enterprise runs smoothly the Bank rate is all but motionless; but when undue speculation or foreign drain has agitated the tide, its restless movements suggest, in unmistakable tones, impending danger, and inculcate caution and restraint.

But little consideration is needed to see how anxious and delicate a duty is the management of the Bank Reserve in times of commercial panic. The Bank is, as we have already pointed out, practically the holder of the money reserve of the nation; and on this money reserve has been built a fabric of credit of such magnitude as can be compared to nothing so aptly as to an inverted pyramid. Everywhere in the commercial world is exhibited the same spectacle of a gigantic development of credit, involving the most rigid utilisation of capital, and the promptest investment of surplus funds.

Thus it follows that borrowed capital is almost the condition of modern business, and the prosperity of the commercial world depends on the stability of each successive link of the chain of debt. As Mr. Bagehot points out, the "sort of trade we do is only possible by the refinement of our banking system." And one salient element of this refinement is the extreme smallness of cash reserve on which it depends. The merchant can only meet the bills drawn on him by the foreign exporter by discount-

ing the bills he draws on his customers; the fund whence these discounts are derived will be the deposits lodged with the joint-stock bankers or bill-brokers—for their subscribed capital is probably but small. But for these deposits interest is paid, and if this interest is to be paid, and profit to be made as well, it is clear that no money can be allowed to remain barren. Hence the necessity for a rigid investment of balances in profitable securities, and a marked economy of cash. Now, just in proportion to the theoretic perfection of this husbanding of resources is the practical difficulty when panic has disturbed the working of the system, for then advances must be obtained, securities must be realised at any cost, money must be got, and the ultimate strain must come upon the Bullion Reserve of the Bank of England. The Bank will lend at a steadily enhanced rate on good security, so long as the Bullion Reserve holds out. But as the bullion flows out, a point will at length be reached when the Bank will find it necessary to think only of the convertibility of the note, and will refuse all discounts whatever, though such refusal may mean bankruptcy and ruin.

Three times since 1844 this catastrophe has been on the point of occurring, and three times the Government of the day has interposed to prevent it. These three occasions were October, 1847, November, 1857, and May, 1866. The course adopted by Government on each occasion was the same—viz., to authorise the issue of notes not represented by bullion, beyond the prescribed limit.

We say *authorise*, but as such a course of procedure involves the violation of the Act of 1844, it is more correct to say the Government recommends an extension of the credit issues, and undertakes to bring in an Act of Indemnity to shield the Bank directors. Such an extension increases the reserve of notes in the Banking department, and, as these of necessity represent bullion, enables the Bank to assist the commercial public by continuing its discounts and advances, which otherwise it would have to refuse altogether, or grant only at prohibitive rates. Take for example the financial crisis of 1857. On the 5th of November of that year, with a reserve of three millions, and bullion in the Issue department eight millions, the Bank was discounting at nine per cent. Then there supervened the failure of two Scotch banks, discredit in Ireland, and such an abstraction of gold as formed a sudden and irresistible drain. By the 11th the reserve had fallen to one million and a half, and the bullion to six millions and a half.

On the 12th the panic increased. The Bank advanced during the day nearly two and a half millions, and so reduced the reserve to £581,000, or about one-fortieth of their total deposits. The

issue of the Government letter, recommending an additional credit issue of two millions, at once increased the reserve by that amount, and so, in fact, gave the Bank a working balance.

It is not our intention to discuss at length the wisdom or not of the suspension of the Bank Acts in times of financial disturbance. The subject, indeed, scarcely falls within the scope of a paper confessedly rather explanatory than critical. Nor is there, perhaps, much need for the discussion, seeing that it seems to be pretty generally understood that whenever the necessity occurs, Government will intervene. Yet, rather with a view of elucidating the subject than of expressing a decided opinion *pro* or *con.*, we may observe that the tacit assurance that, at length, the Act would be suspended, has been the only condition on which both in 1857 and 1866 the Bank would have consented to such an enormous reduction of its reserve as actually happened. As the holders of the one Bullion Reserve of the nation, it is essential that when that reserve is required it should be dealt out with no sparing hand. And that the Bank directors take this view of the matter is best proved by their advances in one day in 1857 of two and a half millions, and on the memorable Black Friday of

1866 of four millions. Yet what but the moral certainty of legislative assistance could have justified the reduction of the reserve to half a million, as in 1857?

So much in favour of the suspension. On the other side, take the significant fact that, however much the suspension may have tended to allay alarm, yet the extent to which the public has availed itself of the additional issues has been almost ludicrously out of proportion to the anxiety manifested to obtain it. The Act has been suspended thrice—in 1847, 1857, and 1866—but on the first and last occasions the Bank did not find it necessary to make any use whatever of the concession, while in 1857, during the eighteen days when the statutory limit was exceeded, the average of the enlarged issues never reached half a million.

But graver considerations remain.

The investigations of the House of Commons Committee, in 1858, proved indisputably that the firms that succumbed in the crisis of 1857 were hopelessly insolvent, and had been indulging in a wild career of speculation and overtrading. No one doubts that in their failure they met a doom richly deserved.

THE COLLEGE-LIFE OF MAÎTRE NABLOT.

BY ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH

THERE stood my father indeed. Seeing me enter the room with my face disfigured and all discoloured, he was deeply affected, and in spite of the pain and anxiety I had given him, he kissed me tenderly.

"My poor lad," said he, "how could you so illtreat a schoolfellow?—Yet it is not your way."

"Monsieur Nablot," interrupted the Principal, "you are quite mistaken; your son is an unmanageable boy. He has the worst of tempers."

"That big Balet is three years older than I am," I said then. "For a long time he has been in the habit of bullying the little boys. I told him I would not stand it, and he began it. Ask anybody you like if he did not begin."

"Monsieur Balet," said the Principal, "is now in hospital. You beat him most infamously; his legs are black with bruises. You wanted to strangle him. You are a violent and outrageous character."

"I have never hurt any one before," I replied; "but I will not stand an insult. Balet thought I was the weaker; he was very much mistaken! All the boys were on my side; ask them what took place. You must ask them, and not Balet, nor

Monsieur Wolfram, who was not present. Send for all the little fellows. Ask them; you will soon see who was in the right!"

There was a moment's silence, and my father, with a trembling voice, said to me—

"Listen, my dear boy. I have interceded for you. It is a disgrace—it is the greatest possible disgrace—to be expelled from college. It sticks to a man through life! I have just begged of Monsieur le Principal to forgive you, and he has yielded upon one condition, and that is that you will apologise to Monsieur Balet, who is one of the oldest boys at school—one—"

"Never!" I abruptly broke in, "never! When I am in the right, I never make apologies. It would be a disgraceful and mean act. You have always taught me that it is better to bear anything rather than to do a mean act!"

"You hear that," said the Principal.

My father turned pale with grief and agitation. He looked upon me a few seconds, his eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, Jean Paul!" he whispered to me. Then, turning round to the Principal, he said in a hoarse voice, "I will make the apology for him, Monsieur le Principal, if you will allow me."

Hearing this, I took up my cap off the chair, and rushed out with my heart too full for utterance. The Principal cried to me from his room—

"Return to your place in the schoolroom; for the sake of the good man whose son you are, I will consent to receive you still."

I stood for a couple of seconds in the anteroom, asking myself whether I should accept the proffered grace. Never had I reflected so rapidly. Thoughts passed through me like flashes of lightning. My love for my father at last decided me.

"I will go on to the end of this year," I said, "and then it will all be over. I have had enough and too much of it."

And then, with a slower pace, crossing the court, I re-entered the schoolroom.

All eyes were lifted.

I passed by the stove, stepped over my desk, and took my seat. Monsieur Wolfram approached softly as if to inquire; but before he could speak, I said to him in a low voice—

"I have returned by order of the Principal."

At the same moment, my father and Monsieur Rufin passed through the court before the windows without stopping. The assistant master returned to his seat, and I set quietly about my exercise as if nothing had happened, until the bell rang for dinner.

Everything went on as usual. Nobody alluded to the past.

In another week old Balet came and sat in his place again. Sometimes, when I lifted my eyes, I caught his watching me; but he immediately looked in another direction. He was still a nuisance to the small boys; but his prestige was gone. Some of the other big boys took the part of the little ones, and kept him down somewhat.

I became gloomier than I had been before these occurrences. I felt deeply humbled that my father had made apologies for me. Every time I thought of it, my blood boiled. It seemed unnatural; and, if the truth must be told, I felt angry with him.

Things went on in this unsatisfactory way until the end of the year. My schoolfellows stood aloof from me to some extent; but I cared very little for their friendship; for since the departure of Gobeliot, I had not cared to make any new friends. My studies interested me less and less. At last, as before, the holidays came round again. I did not get a single prize. This time my disgust seemed incurable, and I felt resolutely bent on not returning.

That year the holidays were melancholy enough. I had resolved not to return to college, and yet I dared not tell my parents, knowing how grieved they would be.

Instead of walking, as I used formerly, in the woods and the valleys in their beautiful autumnal dress—instead of bathing under the overhanging

beeches, and fishing beneath the great rocks, which used to revive my spirits and refresh my body, I stayed moodily at home.

There was no more pleasure in our pretty garden on the slope of the hill—no more pride in its fruit walls covered with espaliers—its little arbour embowered in vine, and sweet peas, and honeysuckle, and hop. I gazed with a vacant eye upon the great beds of gooseberries and raspberries, where my mother and Babelô used to be so busy gathering the ripe rich fruit. The big golden pears, and the heavy crops of rosy apples, bending down with their weight the branches of the old orchard trees—all these seemed to have nothing to say to me.

I could hear my brothers' and sisters' loud cries of joy in the street, as the heavily-laden wagons passed from the field to the barn; but I did not even look out of the window; and for long days I used to sit in the office by the side of Monsieur Picron, a nice old clerk, grave and quiet, and rather eccentric, as lawyers' clerks generally are, and fond of seeing everything in the most methodical order—his pen at his right hand, close by the inkstand, his great birch-bark snuff-box at his left just under his hand, so that he might never have to look for anything, or to think more than was necessary.

I used to see parties of peasant men and women, five or six at a time, the women in dirty old gowns and flannel petticoats, the men in blue smocks, looking careworn and suspicious, eyeing one another stealthily. I used to see these unpleasant-looking folks come and try to carry out their quarrels under our eyes over their conditions of sale, or their leases. They would try to overreach each other by the most transparent and ridiculous devices, scratching their rough heads, or laying their hands on their stomachs instead of their hearts, to attest the truth of their statements!

And my father was generally obliged to explain at full length, point after point, just what they wanted, for they were not always confident themselves as to that; then what they could do legally, for on that matter they were quite in the dark, and they thought everything was fair, and everything allowed, even to conspiring together against the public peace.

Their wicked intentions were often clearly written upon their ill-flavoured countenances, and manifested in their words and their gestures. I used to feel angry with them. My father often had some difficulty, too, to contain himself; but he was advancing in years, and he found the maintenance and education of his family a great expense, and heavy to meet; and very often when these faithless and untrustworthy creatures could not be brought to terms with each other, and it all seemed over, he

would go over the whole thing again with the most admirable patience, and at last succeeded by the mere power of his good sense, justice, and uprightness, in bringing them to one mind, and getting them to sign an amicable agreement.

Such is the life of a village notary! Some might imagine that he would not require to know so much as town lawyers; but that is a great mistake. In town you have barristers and solicitors, land surveyors and builders, experienced men in every profession, who can enlighten you, and help you out of your difficulties. But in the country the village lawyer has to be everything, to do everything. He has only his own resources to depend upon. In the town, every man knows what he wants, how he wants it, and what conditions he is subject to; but, for the most part, the peasants know nothing about it.

Towards the end of the holidays my aversion to returning to college became overwhelming, and I was the more to be pitied because I felt I had not the courage to refuse openly. No, no; I dared not inflict such suffering upon my loving parents, whose best earthly hopes centred in me.

But at the end of the holidays I broke out. My resolution burst from me unexpectedly. It was morning, before the appearance of our old clerk. I was already sitting in my accustomed place in the study, with my arm upon the window-seat, and dreamily mourning over my fate. My poor father, who was busy over a deed which he had been studying up to the midnight before, was paying no attention to me; he was quite absorbed, when I suddenly exclaimed—

"Sooner than return to that college, I'll go and drown myself!"

The poor man turned round in surprise. He gazed upon me a few seconds, pale with agitation; then raising a voice that trembled with alarm and fear, he said—

"Is this the return I deserve for so many years of labour? There go all my hopes! And must I hear this from a son in whom I had put all my trust? I have loved him too much!" He threw down his pen in despair. "Yes, I have loved him too much. Perhaps I have wronged his brothers. This is my punishment."

He began to pace the room with agitated steps. His words lacerated my heart. I felt that he was right, and I was not making him a proper return for his affection: I was unworthy of it, and I hung my head down with shame and contrition.

"Well! and what do you mean to do?" said he, after a painful pause, sitting down again, downcast and distressed. "What shall you do for your living? Everybody must work in this life."

"Whatever you like," I replied; "make me a shoemaker, or a baker, or a tailor. I had rather do anything than go back to Latin again."

At this moment my mother entered, and my father said to her, in a voice choking with emotion—

"Here is Jean Paul refusing to return to college!"

"No, no," I cried, "I have had enough of it; I am only a fool; I am always the last. The professors always put me in the tail of the class, and, in spite of all my work, I cannot get any forwarder. You were mistaken about me; you thought I had good abilities, but I have not. I am good enough for a trade, but for nothing else, and that is the truth."

"Who told you that?" said my father, more and more excited.

"I say so."

"Well," said he, "you are quite under a mistake. You don't know the reason why you never got any prizes, whilst you deserved them all? Must I tell you now? It was because I"—and he struck his breast—"I had not enough money to pay the whole of your fees. From the first year I have only paid half; you have been excused the rest."

His voice failed, and he was unable to continue.

"I was obliged to educate and place your brothers and sisters," he resumed with difficulty; "I could not do everything for you alone, and forget my other children. I am not rich, and there are five of you."

He kept pacing the room, and hid his face in his handkerchief.

"That was the agreement with the Principal. At the end of the first year he said to me, 'Your son, by virtue of his exercises, should have carried off all the prizes, but his class would have been discouraged; besides, he works too easily, and his schoolfellows work harder than he does.' And then when I asked time for payment for the second half-year—which I had been unable to collect at once, having placed your sister Marie Reine at Molsheim in that year—he said to me, 'Don't mention that. I know how you are situated. Your family is large, so l'Abbé Hugues told me. Your son does you honour, but I hope you will not insist on his being crowned; let it suffice you to know that he merits that distinction. There are in the same class with himself sons of my own personal friends, and these young people must be encouraged to work.'"

His agitation increased, and he wept as he said—

"That has been all along the state of matters, as I have never paid more than half-terms for you. I would not tell you so; I was determined that I would bear that humiliation alone."

Then, seeing my father's tears and his great distress, I rose from my seat and cried—

"My dear father, will you forgive me? I will do all that you wish. I will never again make such a request."

He received me in his arms, and said with inexpressible tenderness, gazing into my face—

"Courage, my boy! take courage! Many worse misfortunes may happen to you than the present. But remember that the worst misfortune that can befall you, though not an irreparable one, is failure in the performance of your duty. I forgive you with all my heart. And now ask your mother, too, to forgive you, for she knew nothing about this either, and you have compelled me to disclose in her presence the fact I wished to conceal from her—that we are indebted to strangers for half your education."

I knelt before my mother, who was weeping with her face hidden between her hands; she kissed me, and as we seemed scarcely recovering yet from our emotion, my father said, "Pierron will soon be here. Let us go into the dining-room." We went out.

"At what time shall we start, father?" said I.

"Directly after breakfast, Jean Paul. I have told Nicolas to put the horse to. At four o'clock I must be home, for the Didiers have promised to come this evening and sign their deed. Pierron is going to write out the fair copy."

"And your boxes are ready," said my good mother; "they are packed and corded."

Then, whatever might happen, even if my disgust had been ten times greater, I should have considered myself disgraced if I had made the smallest objection. On the contrary, I was in a hurry to begin work, and to have done with my last two years at college; but I would go through them bravely, not reckoning on prizes, but quite determined on the next best thing, to deserve them.

END OF CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

SECOND-COUSIN SARAH.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

THE RETURN.

REUBEN CULWICK did not reach Sedge Hill till a late hour, when the blinds were down before every window of the great house. He did not dream of death at home whilst he had been abroad in pursuit of the living, and in the deep thought born of his baffled search, he strode up the broad garden path without being struck by the blank aspect of the mansion.

He had been following phantoms the whole day; he had been sent on many fruitless quests; he had searched for himself unavailingly; he had set others to search. He had telegraphed to London early that day to John Jennings, and to Lucy, instructions to discover for him what became of the Petersons after their break-up at Potter's Court; he had sketched forth in a few words the misery which had befallen him, and the suspicion which he felt. He forgot in his anxiety that he had quarrelled with the sister, and was scarcely friends with the brother; but then he was hardly the cool matter-of-fact Reuben Culwick whom we have ever known. Romance had met him at Sedge Hill, and he had discovered that his second-cousin loved him, and that he was in love with his second-cousin, oddly, suddenly, and passionately, at the very instant that she had vanished, like a spirit, from him.

In the great hall the new hard truth met him, to begin with. Mrs. Eastbell had been dead some hours. She had struggled down-stairs into the library, and died there. She had been carried to her own room again, and the shadow of death was over Sedge Hill.

"How did it occur? Tell me everything?" he asked, as he went into the picture-gallery, and Hartley followed him. The story was related, and he listened patiently enough, until Hartley became prolix over details, when he beat his foot impatiently upon the carpet. He heard of his aunt's death, and of Thomas Eastbell's flight—of the suspicion which attached to Thomas Eastbell until the doctor's arrival, and that gentleman's belief in the natural termination to the life and cares of the old lady—of the inquest which must follow her decease.

"Where is Miss Holland?" he asked, forgetting that his own words had sent one friend from the house until Hartley told him she was gone. She delivered Miss Holland's message to him also, that Sarah would return that evening she thought, and he looked up, and said quickly—

"She was in this wretched plot then! I did her no injustice."

His thoughts were with the living rather than the dead, and he walked up and down the great picture-gallery in his old restless fashion, planning and scheming for the morrow, and thinking but little of Miss Holland's promise. Suddenly he quitted the gallery, and went up-stairs to Aunt Eastbell's room, at the door of which Hartley sat as if the poor old woman needed protection still.

"Why are you waiting here now?" he asked the servant.

"If you please, sir, Mr. Thomas Eastbell has come back again. He has been looking for you, and for the doctor, he says—and I thought that I would sir here as usual. Oh, sir!"—bursting into tears—"she don't seem dead yet."

"Courage!" he answered. "Where is the man?"
 "In his own room—changing his clothes which are wet."

"We will not disturb him. Have you my aunt's keys?"

"Here they are, sir."

There was a little lamp upon the bracket, and he passed into his aunt's bed-chamber, Hartley remaining at her post. It was a solemn moment in his life, which he remembers still. It was his last duty to the dead woman, and to the wishes of yes-

stern rigidity!—what a strange end, and yet how common, to all the ambitions of one's petty life!

"If I have done you wrong, old soul, by my secret envy of your lot, or of your riches, or your place here, I pray forgiveness now," he murmured.

"Amen," said a deep voice at his side, and he turned at the solemn response, for which he was unprepared. A thin woman, clad in shabby black, stood in the doorway looking at him.

"Lucy Jennings!" he exclaimed.

"You telegraphed to me this morning," she said.



"SHE WAS CRYING."

ternight, before the tragedy of life fell on them like a pall.

To the living first, for the dead wait patiently.

He opened the iron-box in which the will had been deposited, and where a glance assured him that it lay undisturbed, and then he closed and locked the box again, whilst the thought came to him that it might never be of use to Second-cousin Sarah.

"Has that man come back because he thinks so too?" he muttered, "is it possible that this should be the end of my father's money—of yours, poor worn-out heart, that never was made happy by its acquisition?"

He drew the sheet from the waxen face lying in the bed. How like it was to his father's in its

advancing, "you asked me many questions, and I have come to answer them in person."

"It was kind of you, Lucy," he said, holding out his hand to her, "for I am in great trouble. See here too!"

"I see one lying apart from all trouble," answered Lucy coldly, touching his hand, and then withdrawing it: sign of a hollow peace between them—possibly of her unforgiveness for past offence—certainly not of any reconciliation—"and one might rejoice at that, instead of mourning for her loss. Your aunt?"

"Yes."

"She who came between you and your rights."

"Yes—if rights they were."

"We will not speak of them now."

They went out of the room together. Reuben Culwick locked the door, and gave the key to Hartley, after which Lucy and he descended to the hall, Lucy calm and grave.

"What do you know of the Petersons? What became of them after leaving London?" asked Reuben eagerly; "have you a clue to their address?"

"I think I have."

"How did you find it?"

"Amongst my circle of penitents and of poor mortals struggling out of crime, there are many links of life to the dark world. I found friends to help me at once."

"I am glad. But tell me——"

"Patience. If Sarah Eastbell has been lured away by these Petersons, the clue to their haunt has been already pointed out."

"Heaven bless you, Lucy—but——"

"Don't bless me," she said tetchily, "I don't want your blessings—I think I am above them."

"Well—well!"

"Probably I bring a blessing to you—it is in there."

She pointed to the door of the drawing-room, and he said eagerly as he strode towards it—

"Sarah!"

"Not she. It is something you lost before your second-cousin, and took as much to heart in losing. It is something that changed you—and from which dated your hardness, and your suspicions of me—first of all. It may be your own flesh and blood, for what I know."

"What do you mean?"

"Reuben, I believe you thought I lost her—and hated me from that day. See if I have brought her back again."

"It can't be that——"

He did not finish his speech. He left Lucy Jennings, and went with quick steps into the drawing-room, where on the sofa lay a child asleep, a poorly clad little girl of five years old, with her hat lying by her side, and a tangled mass of fair wavy curls thrust back from her face.

"TOTS!" he cried in his astonishment.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH. FORGOTTEN.

YES, it was the little girl whom Reuben Culwick had lost in Hope Street—who had been part of his life, and of his best life. When she had disappeared from his home, something that had kept him strong and happy, and regardless of adversity, passed away from him also, and changed him very much. The simple-minded, whiskey-drinking, blundering brother of the stern woman in the background had been very close to the truth, when he said one night that Reuben had loved the little waif from the

sheer necessity of loving something with the strength of his full heart.

"Tots!" Reuben said again in a lower key, and looking back at Lucy Jennings. "It is she—isn't it?"

"Yes; there is no doubt of it."

"How she has altered!—how she has grown!—how pale she is!" said Reuben, leaning over her and kissing her.

"Don't wake her. The child is tired out."

"There's the little mole on the left cheek, too," said Reuben. "It's dear old Tots. Strange that she should come to me in the midst of so much trouble, and I should find her in this house. Tell me all about her, Lucy."

"I met her in the streets of Worcester, near the post-office. It was raining hard, and she was crying because a lady had not come to fetch her. Her father had sent her to Worcester, she said."

"Did she recognise you?"

"No; two years make a vast difference in things. I had died out of her recollection and her liking, as I have died out of many people's."

"Will she remember me?"

"It is unlikely—it is impossible."

"She was very young when she went away, poor Tots," said Reuben, sadly regarding her. "Yes, I suppose it is impossible."

"She came with me in all confidence. I told her that I would take her to her friends, and she believed me."

"You are very kind, Lucy," said Reuben. "How is it that you do me these good services, and yet dislike me so much?"

"I dislike the pride and anger in you," answered Lucy, "and they have turned me against you."

"I am sorry."

"I have had my great work to think of lately—not of the petty differences of eighteen months ago."

"What, are you writing a book, too?"

"A book!—no," cried Lucy with supreme contempt. "I speak of my work of saving souls amongst the London poor."

"I had forgotten."

"And I have forgotten them in coming to this place," said Lucy. "I have done wrong, Heaven forgive me. I did not think," she added with more excitement, "that anything you could say or do would affect me for an instant now; but when you telegraphed of danger, I thought that I might be of use."

"It was of danger to one you saved two years ago—to one you loved."

"I never loved Sarah Eastbell," was the flat contradiction here; "I never liked her."

"Why not?"

"I don't know—I can't tell," was the hasty reply. "I have never stopped to consider why she did not please me—why in many things she was opposed to me."

"And yet you——"

"Don't say any more. I dislike to talk of these things now," she said. "I have learned to value this world as nothing in the balance against the riches of a world to come."

Yes, she had degenerated, or risen, to fanaticism, thought Reuben as he watched her eyes blaze with the fire that was in them. She was a woman with a mission—always, in Reuben Culwick's opinion, an objectionable female, if the mission were paraded too frequently before every-day folk. He was sorry, but he was never again going to be angry with her, or to sting her with a careless word. She was to him an incomprehensibility—she would ever remain so; but he understood that her life was a sacrifice to others, and he respected her.

"Lucy," he said, "I don't think there is any forgetting this world whilst we have duties in it. Your duty has brought you to Worcester—the old friend whom I can trust, and who I thought might aid me in an hour of tribulation. We have both said hard things of each other in our day—we never could agree together; but we have both believed, I hope, in each other's honesty and good-faith. We clashed fearfully at last, because you grew more severe upon my faults, and because I had become a disappointed man, to whom extra severity was an affront; but, Lucy, for all past words of mine, for all past actions that have in any way affected you, I hope you will forgive me."

Lucy Jennings tried to look hard at him, to show her firmness and her calm disregard of these mundane matters; but she failed for once. She was only a woman, and Reuben's words touched her heart, and the past life in Hope Street, sordid and unpoetical as it was, was a memorable episode that only the grave could close over. She would have shed tears some time since, but she was strong enough to resist them now, though they welled to her eyes.

"I am glad you are sorry," she murmured; "you were very hard and cruel, Reuben."

"Ay, I think I must have been," he replied; "I wasn't myself; but you always would have it that I was fretting after my father's fortune, and it was nothing of the sort."

"What was it then?" asked Lucy, inclined to argue the question afresh.

"My ill-luck with my books for one thing, my Second-cousin Sarah for another. And now tell me what plan you have adopted to discover these Petersons—whether you think that——"

"Tell me first, are you going to marry Sarah Eastbell?" asked Lucy, interrupting him.

"God willing, I am. But Sarah is away; the best and most unselfish woman in the world is set apart from me, Lucy, at the instant that I discover the value of her love."

Lucy was not to be touched again by any fervour

in the remarks of Reuben Culwick; on this occasion the sharp face seemed to grow sharper, and the thin lips to close more firmly.

"She asked you to marry her, I suppose," Lucy Jennings said almost contemptuously.

"On the contrary, I asked the poor woman, lying so still up-stairs now, permission to address her granddaughter."

"What could you see in Sarah?"

"A rare unselfishness, and a deep affection, I have already said," said Reuben; "is not that enough?"

"Along with the money—yes."

"If Miss Jennings will take the trouble to consider——" began Reuben sternly. Then he started to his feet, and cried, "No, Lucy, I will not utter a word to wound you again. Say what you will of me, and think the worst of me and my actions, as you may. You are here as my friend, to assist me, and I am silent."

Lucy Jennings rose and stood by his side.

"Still, I cannot understand why a thoughtful, educated man should care for a child like her," she said.

"Or a child like Tots," he added.

"Yes—add that if you will."

"After my mother's death, Lucy, I had only those two fugitives to look up to me—to believe no wrong of me—and I gave them very readily, and gratefully, all the affection in my heart. It was love for love," he said.

"Only those two! Well, sir," she answered with strange coldness, "you were lucky to have two to love you, although one was a baby"—pointing to Tots—"and the other a young woman who, in her prosperity, assumed the manner of the patroness."

"You talk in this way of one whom you have come to help!" said Reuben sadly.

"I was never afraid of the truth."

"No, but you will make others afraid of it, if this is it. But there, I am silent," he said, as she drew herself up rigid and grim at his last taunt; "I will not quarrel again with you—I will for ever call you my best friend, if you will show the way to Sarah Eastbell's safety."

"You are too romantic for your years, Reuben," said Lucy in reply, "but I will not trouble you to keep your temper with me. See, the child is waking."

Reuben turned to the little girl, who had struggled into a sitting posture on the sofa, and was looking at them, all eyes—all blue eyes too—as Tots had looked at him in Hope Street, years ago.

"Tots," he said, advancing to her, "Tots, old lady—don't you know me?"

His manner was too impetuous, and his quick strides towards her were so symbolical of punishment for some offence which she in her ignorance

had committed, that the child sprang up and ran to Lucy Jennings, burying her face in the skirts of her protector.

"The child is frightened of you," said Lucy calmly; "let her be a while."

Reuben was dismayed.

"Why, Tots, it's Uncle Roo," he cried, "old Uncle Roo—you know!"

The child still clung to Lucy's skirts, and would have none of his affection. He gave up, and walked away to the window.

"You see how this kind of love lasts," said Lucy bitterly, "and yet you value it so highly."

"Because it set a high value upon me," he answered quickly.

"It is dead."

"It will live again—it will come back."

"And if not," Lucy answered, "there is your second-cousin to console you."

Reuben could not bear this last taunt—from a woman whose mission was to preach peace on earth and good-will amongst men, it was strangely uncharitable. He swung round with a dark look on his face, and Lucy knew the warning and drew herself up, ready for one more war of words with him.

The opening of the door cut short the clash of arms.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

UTTERLY CONFOUNDED.

It was Thomas Eastbell who advanced into the room with a forced and swaggering air, and whom Reuben Culwick and Lucy paused to confront. Tots clung still to the skirts of Lucy Jennings, with her face hidden in the folds.

"Oh! you're back," he said to Reuben; "of course you know what has happened since you've been away?"

"Yes," answered Reuben laconically.

"I've been looking for you everywhere—I've been running after the doctors—if we had a plague in the house, I think people would stop in it more than they do," said Tom Eastbell. "Have you heard anything of Sally?"

"Your sister is expected home presently."

"Eh!"

Mr. Eastbell's lower jaw dropped, but it was a temporary relaxation of the muscles, for he laughed and said—

"I am glad to hear it. Didn't I tell you that it was one of her fly-away touches? Didn't I say all along—Who's this?"

"My name is Jennings," said Lucy.

"Oh! you're Jennings. I have heard of you, but I don't know that we have ever met before."

"Probably not."

"May I ask what you want, marm, now you are here?" asked Thomas. "You'll excuse me, but since my grandmother's death and Sally's dis-

appearance—and until Sally returns—I consider I am the head of this establishment."

"I am compelled to answer your questions if this is a true statement," said Lucy.

"Yes, I should think you were. True indeed—that's a good one! Why, you don't know that my poor grandmother killed herself thinking about me," he said. "She was worried—she wanted to leave me all her money—and she died of disappointment because she hadn't time to finish her new will."

He addressed Lucy Jennings, but he was watching the effect of this announcement upon Reuben Culwick from the corners of his eyes.

"It is Heaven's mercy that your grandmother died, then," replied Lucy to him.

"What?"

"I have been making inquiries concerning you to-day, and I have heard of nothing to your advantage."

"Who cares what you have heard?" he shouted—"what business was it of yours to make inquiries?"

"You and one Edward Peterson were in this house, from which your sister has disappeared," said Lucy. "Amongst my congregation there were two or three who remembered the Petersons, and thought that they could be traced. We are searching for them now under the name of Jackson."

Thomas Eastbell put one hand to his shirt-collar; his throat had begun to swell suddenly, and he felt uncomfortable.

"Oh!" he said, "if that's it you're on a wrong—"

Tots had looked round at the sound of his voice some moments since, but he had not noticed her till then, and then his voice utterly deserted him, and his eyes protruded in his amazement. He did not ask any further questions of Miss Jennings. The child belonged to Edward Peterson. He and his wife had had the charge of her once, and grown tired of her, and lost her in a Camberwell back street, where Reuben had found her; and Edward Peterson had discovered her a year or so afterwards, and taken her from the Jenningses; but he could not stop to explain that now. A few days ago that child was at Jackson's button factory, and she must have come to Sedge Hill with the news. He was caught in a trap again. He knew it had not been safe to return, but that fool Peterson had persuaded him. They knew all, and were getting him into a line by degrees; everything might have been discovered, for what he knew to the contrary. He must "cut it," at any risk. He would come back again if all were safe, but he could see Worcester Prison very plainly in the distance now. He backed to the door, prepared for a rush in his direction from

that brute of a fellow with the beard. But no one moved—no one uttered a word to bid him stay and confess his rascality. It was remarkable; but perhaps the police were round the house by this time, and they felt that they were sure of him. What had happened, he wondered, to bring Peterson's daughter to Sedge Hill. Had she blown upon them?—a child of that age! The Lord forgive the depravity of a baby like that!

He went into the passage and closed the door behind him. He took down a hat from the tree in the hall and put it on. It was Reuben's hat, and went over his eyes, and was altogether a bad fit; but the sooner he was off the better, and where he had put his own hat he could not recollect in the present confusion of his faculties. All that concerned him materially was his own personal safety; if Sally was dead the child might have brought the news—might have seen him at the factory two hours ago—and he might be hanged before he knew where he was. It was a dreadful business altogether; why had he ever embarked in it? Why had he not trusted to his grandmother's generosity and Sally's kindness, and come in a quiet way to

Sedge Hill? Why had he let that Edward Peterson talk him over all his life?

He went on tiptoe to the front door, and drew back the heavy bolts and the big lock. He opened the door and let in the wind and rain—and Sarah Eastbell!

Yes, it was his sister, with a shawl over her hair, and her face, white and wild, peering from it. She had come back—she knew all—he was done for!

"Tom, you villain!" she shrieked forth, at first sight of him.

Thomas Eastbell went down on his knees at the same moment as Reuben came from the drawing-room.

"Oh, Reuben! take care of me," Sarah murmured, as she went fearlessly to the friendly shelter of his arms; "I have no one else."

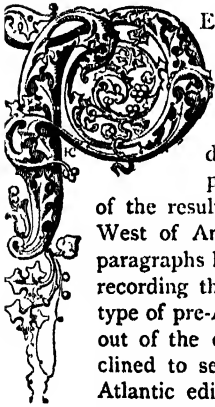
"She could never take care of herself," muttered the inflexible Lucy, as she followed Reuben Culwick into the hall.

It was as Mary Holland had said, and Sarah Eastbell was back in her own house.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

IN THE OLD WORLD.

BY J. E. TAYLOR, F.L.S.



PEACE hath her victories, no less renowned than war." Whilst the attention of naturalists all over the world has been concentrated upon the deep-sea discoveries of the *Challenger* expedition, little has been heard of the results of an exploration in the Far West of America. Every now and then paragraphs have crept into our newspapers, recording the discovery of some abnormal type of pre-Adamite creature, one so much out of the common that we have felt inclined to set the story down as a trans-Atlantic editorial fabrication. Were it not that our scientific journals have given technical descriptions of the discoveries of the same exploring party, we should have regarded the whole thing as a myth.

In sooth, if ever science deserved credit for perseverance and personal bravery, it does so as represented by Professor Marsh and his followers. The story of their expedition is as follows:—

The professor, a man of a little over thirty years of age, is on the staff of Yale College, Connecticut. An ardent geologist, with a courage and intrepidity that would have made him a splendid soldier, he has devoted these qualities to the service of his favourite science, and from time to time, as

his professional duties allowed him, has made excursions to the unknown and still Indian territories east of the Rocky Mountains. On each occasion he has been accompanied by young savans, who had been inoculated with his own scientific zeal. When the expeditions have been to more dangerous places than usual, the party has been accompanied by a military escort. The entire expense, however, has in every instance been defrayed by private subscription, though in some years this has been as much as twenty thousand dollars. Although spoken of by the dwellers in New York as the Far West, a glance at the map will show that the district which has been so thoroughly explored is almost in the centre of North America, on the fortieth parallel of latitude. The territories of Nebraska, Wyoming, and Colorado, and the south-westerly parts of Kansas, have been those selected. Few less attractive places exist anywhere in the world than hereabout. One district was long known by the name of the "Mauvaises Terres," since literally translated into the name it now goes by of the "Bad Lands." Not only was little or nothing known of these regions from a natural history and geological point before the explorations commenced, but their geography was little better understood. The professor, therefore, has struck upon thoroughly new ground in every sense of the word. The first expedition was made in 1868 to the banks

of Lake Como, in Wyoming territory. Next year none took place, but in 1870 the explorations were again resumed, and continued each summer up to last year. One district has been worked each time, as far as practicable, although minor excursions were made to outlying regions. These scientific expeditions have been fruitful in results almost beyond the most sanguine expectations. Year after year Professor Marsh and his colleagues have been collecting the remains of fossil animals, all of which have enriched the museum of Yale College. After returning from the last expedition, which was to extend over six months, and to include the largest gathering that has yet been made, it was the professor's intention to catalogue his fossils, and publish the new forms to the world. Without stopping to notice various animals still living, but entirely new to science, which have been discovered by the naturalists of the party in the unknown countries where they have been residing, let us proceed to point out some of the most interesting forms of extinct creatures which have been brought to light.

A strange medley these pre-Adamite animals form. They have little connection with the existing American fauna, being in many respects more nearly related to Old World types than to the New. Great and surprising have been the discoveries of geology in Europe and elsewhere within the last quarter of a century, but they fade into insignificance beside the large assemblage of animals collected by Professor Marsh and his associates within the last five years. From time to time some of the most surprising of these have been figured and described, but the great bulk still remain unknown to the scientific world, outside their discoverers. It is calculated that these expeditions have brought to light more than *two hundred* new species, the existence of none of which was before suspected. From a natural history point of view, the chief interest attaching to these extinct creatures is their intermediate character. Most of them are veritable "missing links," connecting orders and classes of living animals now separated from each other by strong lines of demarcation.

The geological formations whence these "finds" have been exhumed are those known as the Cretaceous (or chalk) and the Tertiary. It follows, therefore, that at the period when our English chalk was forming along the bed of an ocean probably as deep as the Atlantic, and of which the latter may be the diminished and contracted but lineal descendant, the same ocean may have extended to the Rocky Mountains, which there formed its westernmost boundary. In those extreme areas certain marine reptiles lived, hitherto unknown, although geologists were aware that kindred forms haunted the Cretaceous seas of the Old World, having been found fossilised in the Norfolk chalk,

as well as in that of Maestricht, in Holland. These extinct reptiles may have almost realised the belief which still lingers as to the existence of a great sea-serpent. Some of the American forms were seventy feet in length, possessing serpent-like heads, and swimming paddles not unlike those of the whale. The body terminated in a long and attenuated tail, which must have still further borne out the sea-serpent idea. The name of *Lestosaurus* has been given to this monster by Professor Marsh, although the allied European species had long been known under that of *Mos-saurus*. No fewer than twenty different species of this extinct reptile were found in the chalk strata of South-western Kansas by Professor Marsh's party.

Another group of fossils found by these geologists were the flying lizards, hitherto not met with in America, although common in all the later secondary formations of Europe; but these trans-Atlantic species exceed in size anything with which we are acquainted. Some of them had a stretch of wing of at least twenty-five feet, and the smallest met with had no less an expanse than twelve feet. But far exceeding in interest any specimens of this kind is the extinct fossil bird from the same formation, which has been named by Professor Marsh *Ichthyornis*, or the "fish-bird." Naturalists such as Huxley, and others equally celebrated, have long held that the subkingdoms of reptiles and birds are more nearly related than any other; and geologists have universally come to the conclusion that many of the fossil reptiles found in this country, in the oolitic rocks, were peculiarly bird-like in many respects; whilst the most ancient of known fossil birds, the *Archæopteryx*, was singularly reptilian, especially in its tail, which was long and tapering like that of a lizard, and feathered down to its extreme tip. Professor Marsh's *Ichthyornis*, however, is a connecting link more remarkable still. In size it was about the bulk of a pigeon. Its back-bones were hollow on both sides, like those of fish, whilst its jaws, answering to the bills of birds, possessed teeth, which were pegged in sockets like the teeth of the crocodile.

But undoubtedly the most interesting fossils brought to light by the expeditions have been those hammered out of the Tertiary strata. These include two formations known as the *Eocene* and *Miocene*. To the first of these answers the thick deposit of clay on which our metropolis stands, and with whose colour and tenacity doubtless every Englishman is acquainted. We have a deposit of the second in the lignite beds of Bovey Tracey, in Devonshire, and the "molasse" of Switzerland. We merely refer to these now in order that the reader may form some idea of the relative geological periods when the American extinct animals we are about to mention existed

in their pristine strength. After the chalk or Cretaceous ocean to which we have adverted had been drained off, and its deposits exposed to view, the latter were covered, in the hollow parts, with vast basins of fresh water, forming extensive lakes. Into these lakes there drained rivers and rivulets, which brought in vast quantities of sediment, representing the meteorological wear and tear of the adjacent dry lands. These sediments accumulated and formed beds to the thickness of over four thousand feet. Hence the reader may form some idea of the enormous periods of time such local deposits actually represent. The carcasses of land animals were frequently carried down by the rivers into the lakes, so that when they sank, after dissipating the gases which had buoyed them up, they were buried in the muddy sediment of the lake-beds. All the creatures which had lived in the water, reptiles and fishes, ultimately found a grave in the same cemetery. Subsequently the waters of the lakes shallowed, the entire area was uplifted, and the lake sediments dried and consolidated. They were in their turn exposed to atmospherical erosion, which went on for a long time, until the greater part of the strata formed along the ancient lake-bottoms had been eaten away, leaving only the harder portions, which are found capping similar beds of chalk, standing to testify to the former extent of the deposit. These "outliers" go by the name of "buttes," and represent the former extended sheets of material, just as the standing pillars of Carnac and Palmyra equally indicate the magnificent palaces which formerly stood in place of the present ruins. The presence of these conical buttes gives a peculiar aspect to the country where they are found. Their sides are nearly precipitous, and hundreds of feet in height. Along their weathered flanks the exploring party could see the bones and teeth of extinct animals cropping out, just as the legs of the birds are seen projecting from a pigeon-pie. The whole district is intersected with gorges and ravines and natural pyramids, all of them testifying to the enormous periods of time which have elapsed even since the *Miocene* epoch, and during which the ancient lake deposits have been cut into and carved by atmospherical agencies alone. No natural agents except these can be adduced to bring about the present physical geography of the territory.

The most ancient of these extinct lakes, that belonged to the same period as our own London clay, was at least three hundred miles in length from north to south, and two hundred from east to west. At present its deposits are seven thousand feet above the sea-level. In the "Bad Lands" district a very peculiar fossil fauna was discovered by Professor Marsh, in the remnants of these old lacustrine strata. Crocodiles, tortoises, lizards, serpents, and fishes had swarmed in and about the lake. Huge

tapirs had frequented its morasses, and other land animals of forgotten forms had come to drink of its waters. One strange monster exhumed from its sediments has been named *Dinoceras*. It was a six-horned rhinoceros, thus belonging to a class which has long been absent from America, except in travelling menageries! We can readily believe that "none of the monsters of geological antiquity were more fully equipped with the external evidences of brute strength than this genus." In size it nearly equalled the elephant, and in zoological position it may be placed between that animal and the rhinoceros, although it had also a strong relationship with the ruminants, or oxen family. The skull supported three pairs of horns, whilst the upper jaw was further armed with two long and powerful walrus-like tusks. Another extinct creature, found in the same bed, was intermediate between the tapir and rhinoceros, but without the characteristic horns of the latter. But perhaps the most singular fact was the occurrence of a large number of species of fossil horses.

As every one is aware, these animals were absent from the New World when the Spaniards discovered it, although the way in which those introduced have run wild and propagated themselves, shows that their absence was not due to any unfitness to the climate or soil. The most peculiar of these American fossil horses is that described by Professor Marsh under the name of *Orohippus*. It was a diminutive animal, not bigger than a fox, but a true horse nevertheless, although in place of the single hoofs it had four well-developed toes. In this respect, therefore, it was nearly related to the *Hipparion*, or three-toed horse, which has been found fossilised in Suffolk.

The remains of carnivorous animals were also found in the old lake deposits. Of these, the most remarkable was one which has been named *Limnonyx*, or the "lake lion." It nearly equalled the lion in size, and in many respects was not unlike that animal. Another form was related to the hyena, whilst there were found in abundance the remains of fossil civet-cats, insectivorous animals, and opossums. Although the latter genus is still living in America, no fossil species had been met with before this expedition exhumed them. Professor Marsh seems to attach a good deal of importance to the species of fossil monkeys he found in company with the above forms. As might be expected, considering their geological antiquity, they were of exceedingly low types, although there cannot be any doubt as to their character and belongings. Some of them were nearly related to the lemurs, a group now confined to Madagascar. Their teeth were more numerous than those of any known monkey—an evidence not only of a lower zoological position, but of an affinity to insect-eating animals. The fact that the lowest monkeys

have thus been found in the oldest Tertiary deposits, is regarded by those who believe in the doctrine of evolution as an argument in its favour.

Besides the above animals, the same ancient lake-bed yielded to the assiduous labours of the explorers a large number of fossil reptiles, of which fresh-water turtles were most abundant. Some of these were much bigger than any known species. No fewer than five different kinds of crocodiles were met with, besides the remains of land and water lizards, of which Professor Marsh has catalogued twenty species. Of fossil serpents there were several forms, some of them allied to the boa-constrictor, others being veritable water-snakes.

It should be stated that one of the great fossil lizards, which has been named *Glyptosaurus*, was covered with peculiar bony plates along its entire length, which was over six feet. Of the fossil fishes, many were near relatives of the Bony Pike which still lives in North American rivers and lakes. But enough has been said to show what a rich harvest of palæontological knowledge has been obtained from the partly preserved bed of an ancient lake.

This old *Eocene* lake, however, was not the only one of its kind met with. East of the mountains in Nebraska and Dakota, the sedimentary beds of another were discovered in 1870, and this was found to belong to a later geological period than we have been describing. Its relative age is that known as the *Miocene*, which followed in consecutive order the period when the first lake existed in all its glory. Some very peculiar animals were obtained in the fossil state from this locality, notably one to which the name of *Brontotherium* has been given. It is the largest creature yet discovered, a gigantic pachyderm, almost, if not quite, as big as an elephant. A peculiar three-toed fossil horse was found in the same strata. In exploring this region, some of the geologists found that at higher levels there were deposits of later date to be seen capping the *Miocene* beds. These were crowded with the remains of fossil horses, of numerous species, and showing such a wonderful gradation from one to another as perhaps no other series of fossil animals can exhibit.

In Eastern Oregon other *Pliocene* beds were discovered, and carefully searched, and here no fewer than six different kinds of fossil horses were examined.

It becomes an interesting zoological and geological problem, as to how and why so many species of horses as certainly lived on the North American continent within recent geological periods, should have been rendered so completely extinct. Was it the extension of the great northern ice-sheet during the period which immediately followed that of which we last spoke, and which we know must have covered America nearly as far south as the fortieth

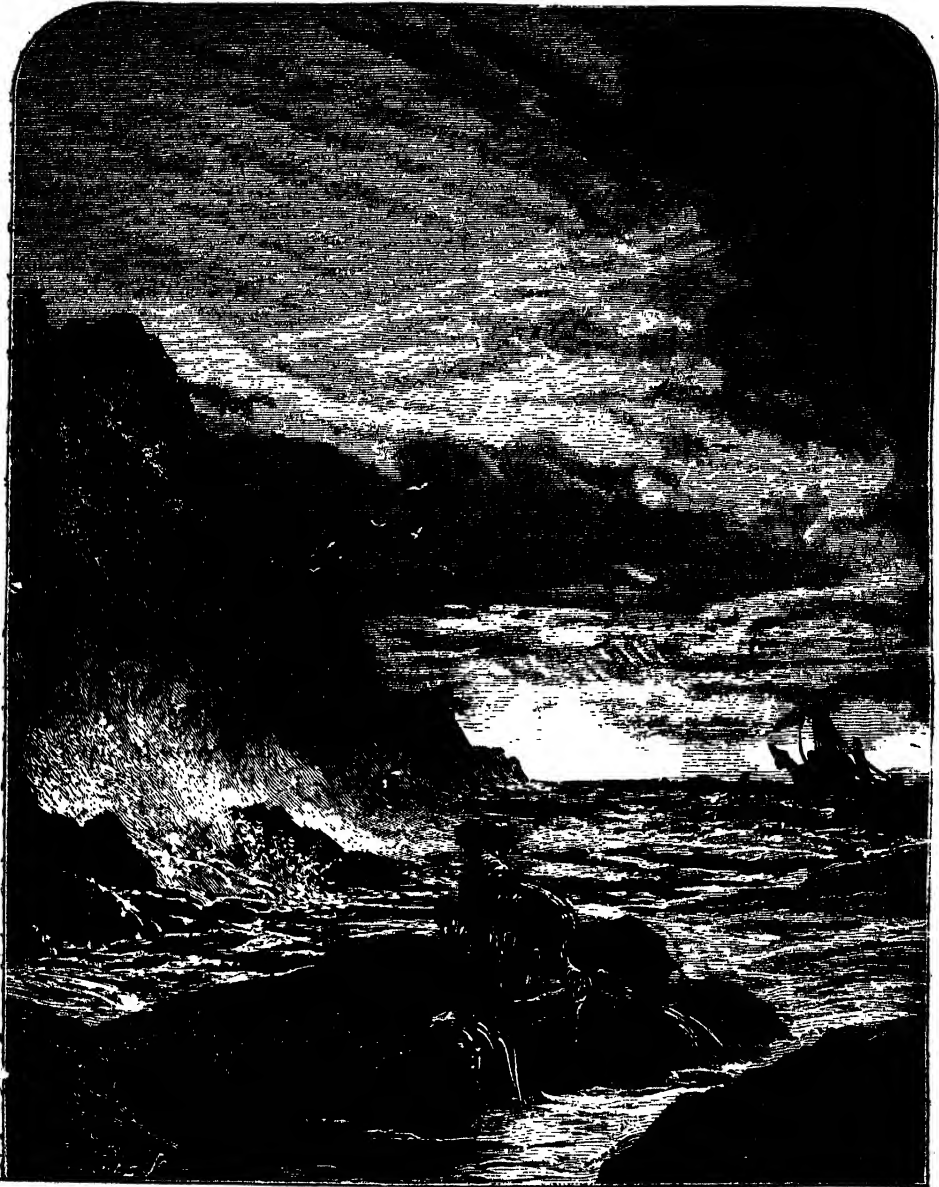
degree of latitude? But other animal remains were found in these old lake-beds, which shared the same fate, in spite of their superior strength. Such are the elephants and rhinoceroses met with in the same strata as the fossil horses. The total number of new species of American fossil horses which Professor Marsh will describe, and which have rewarded the labours of himself and comrades, is twenty-one.

The remains of all these are in the museum of Yale College, and they range in time from the earliest to the latest Tertiary periods, and comprehend throughout the most beautiful series of gradatory and connecting forms.

Something ought to be said of the circumstances under which this rich scientific harvest has been housed. If credit is due to an assiduous English geologist for his hard work, conducted under the most pleasant of auspices, amid pretty English landscapes, to which he has been conveyed in a first-class railway carriage, and where he will settle during his stay in the best rooms of the hotel—surely we cannot but award our admiration to the scientific bravery which voluntarily leaves comfortable American homes, to turn out into the most dangerous portions of the western wilds! As Professor Marsh's party proceeded across the intervening wastes which separated them from the scenes of their labours, they were frequently followed for days by bands of marauding Indians. For days together the march was over burning sand-hills, without rocks, trees, or any sign of water, and with the thermometer at one hundred and ten degrees in the shade of the wagons. One of the expeditions ravelled for a fortnight under these drawbacks, and yet the discomfort of one year never seems to have toned down the scientific eagerness with which the expedition of the next was prepared for. On one occasion, whilst the party were encamped on Loup Fork river, in Nebraska, the Sioux Indians attempted to destroy them by firing the prairie on both sides the stream. The defiles and gorges of the unknown mountain regions however, seem to have been most dangerous, for here the Indians concealed themselves, and endeavoured to pick off any straggling member who delayed a few minutes to geologise or botanise. Fever, hunger, thirst, Indian hostilities, wild animals, rattle-snakes, etc., were common accompaniments. Even whilst exploring the formations they had come so far to examine, hostile Indians lay in wait to pick them off, and most of the scientific work had to be done in the presence of a military escort. The end, however, has crowned the means, and the geological world is waiting with high expectancy for the published results of these successive explorations, for Professor Marsh is no less celebrated as a naturalist than he has proved himself to be able and courageous as an explorer.

KYLE GRIFFITHS.

A TALE OF THE WELSH COAST.



"ONLY A DOG!"

SEA like a duck-pond, calm as glass and red as fire; a long strip of snow-white sand, backed by precipitous rocks, grey by day, red too now from the incarnadine arch of sunset sky above; to the westward a strip of land running out into the harbour, and showing black as ink against the lower line of living gold, where, far beyond, the sun has just dipped his flaming orb to rest behind the waves.

Over the point the topsail rigging of a three-masted vessel. Nearer, in the foreground, a girl seated on a heap of dried sea-weed, her pretty brown dimpled arms clasped about her knees, her head uncovered save by a mass of black silky curls, thrown back, and resting against an old boat, moss-grown and broken, and long disused, which had found its last haven in this quiet nook. It was all very quiet at first, but by-and-by a step came trampling over the hard smooth sands. The young girl's cheek glowed with a deeper red, and her breast began to heave, and her hands to tremble, as though she were a bird on the eve of flying to its mate. Not being a bird, but a woman, however, she coquetted—sat still staring at the sunset she did not see, and started and almost screamed when a big man, brown and bearded and muscular, came suddenly round the stern of the ruined boat, and with a short exclamation, half choked as in great gladness, took her straight into his arms, and hugged her till she screamed in right earnest—

"Kyle, put me down! put me down! How dare you be so rude, sir? Let me go, please do."

"Not till you've given me a kiss, Faithie," said the other, keeping his hold good-humouredly, yet with something of reproach in his grave blue eyes. "What! not one after three months' waiting? Why, lassie, I thought you cared for me a bit better nor that. An' I hungering for this minute every day and hour since I left you."

The tone or the reminder—perhaps even the slackening of his arms—touched her. Faith Morgan had a warm little heart, albeit five years younger and smaller than the one against which it was beating now. Inconsistent as a true woman, the moment he let go she began to cling, and put up her lips.

"I do care for you, Kyle," she said, "only—only you startled me so," and forthwith she began to sob like a baby. He made no answer at first, only kissing her with close, tender kisses on lips and eyes, till the tears were driven back, and the lips pouted.

"Now, Kyle, do let me go. You're so rough, and—and some one might be passing."

"And what if some one was?" asked the sailor, loosening his hold, however, and letting her resume her former seat, while he took up a position on the boat's keel beside her. "Who has a better right to kiss you than I? I can tell you, Sam Jones's lassie didn't wait for him to begin, for we walked up from the pier together, and she had the house door open, and her arms round his neck, while he was still peering up at the window on the chance of her looking out."

"Nancy Evans is a bold girl," quoth Faith tartly. "If those are the manners you like, Kyle, I wonder you didn't try to cut Jones out when you first came here."

"I come between another man and his lass!" cried the sailor, staring; "but there, you're joking, sweetheart; and besides, you know there's never a girl in Wales, or England either, that could meet my fancy save your little self alone."

"You don't mention America," said Faith saucily.

"America!" repeated her lover; "why, in the name of all that's comely, you wouldn't have me compare you to a Yankee girl, would you?"

The honest indignation in his tone, however ludicrous in itself, had a softening effect on Faith. Her big brown eyes grew suddenly wet, and her voice sank to a half-shamefaced whisper.

"Only I told you I wouldn't wonder if you took to a foreign girl, Kyle. Some say they're prettier than we are."

"You would ha' wondered, though," retorted Kyle promptly. "Prettier than you! I'd like to see the woman. Faith, give me your hand, and turn your face this way. Do you think I'll be content with the back of your head to-night?"

He took her hand as he spoke, and she let him keep it; but her face was still turned away, and there was a faint quiver about the ruddy lips. Perhaps her next words explained it.

"Father says you're going away again almost at once, Kyle."

"Ay; when he came aboard to meet us he gave me the offer. It did seem hard, a'most too hard, when I'd hoped to have a little rest aside of you afore I went away again. But after all it will shorten the time o' waiting one way, lassie."

"How, Kyle?"

"Didn't your father say I was to wait for you till I was a captain? I'm going as captain this time, and only for a six weeks' trip; leastways, that's what they calculate it at. Some business with the New York agents, I think; but I suppose you've heard about it?"

"That the *Olinda* was to be fitted out for sale, and that you were to take her over, an' charter another vessel to bring you back? Yes; but won't it take you longer?"

"I doubt not. They're to have the boat and cargo ready. Mr. Denbigh's arranged all that. Did you know his son—the new junior partner—is to ship with us?"

"Yes," she said. Good Heaven! how rosy her face was now; and yet the crimson sky was fading into blues and violets. He was looking at her, and the brows suddenly darkened over his eyes, giving them an odd, fierce expression. His voice, however, was quieter than before.

"I can't say I care about sailing with the owner's son. I'd liefer take any other passenger. They're apt to fancy that because they're boss ashore they need be boss aboard, an' I'm a masterful man myself, an' don't hold with no Co.'s in salt water."

How's ever, I shouldn't mind so much if I liked the man."

"And don't you?" asked Faith timidly, her colour still high.

"Do you?" said he, stooping forward to look her full in the face. "He's been a deal at Amlwch since I left, people tell me, an' you must ha' seen plenty of him. What do you think of him?"

"I, Kyle?"—her eyes drooping beneath the sharp scrutiny—"I—I don't know. He's pleasant-spoken and civil. I think he's nice enough."

"And I think him a cross between fool and ape," quoth Kyle Griffiths shortly; "son of a sea-cook! Well, Faith, I wonder——"

Faith snatched her hand away angrily. "He has more manners than you," cried she, panting and ruffling like an enraged sparrow; "*he* is a gentleman at any rate, an' would never dream of using such language of people he don't even know more than to speak to. Oh!——" and here feelings were too much for words, and an indignant little sigh and shiver filled the gap.

Even the violet was dying out of the sky now, and cool grey shadows crept up from the east, and threw a sombre tint over the man's face. A small cold wind rose out of the sea, ruffling its breast with long fretful lines, like the puckered face of an ailing child. It chilled the dimples in Faith's cheeks, and blew the soft brown locks off Kyle's stern brow; and far overhead a gull flew by, with a long shrill scream, like the wail of a banshee. Before it ceased Kyle spoke—

"He is a gentleman, is he? I thank God, then, I am not. Had I been one I might have been betrothed to some fine lady, i'stead o' the daughter of an honest seafaring man like myself. Faith, twice these five minutes have you found fault with my manners. I don't say they're finer nor a rough sailor's have need to be, but you never laid blame on them before. Has this *gentleman* been teaching you to do so in my absence this time?"

Women are constitutionally cowards. Faith Morgan was a very woman. For all reply at first she, metaphorically, turned tail, and took refuge behind that ever-ready shield of femininity, a burst of tears. It was not until they had lasted long enough to make Kyle apostrophise himself as a brute that she sobbed out—

"How c-c-cruel you are! You kn-n-now that I love you as you are better than—and yet—oh!" Another burst, and the pretty head drooping very near Kyle's knee. Involuntarily he laid his hand caressingly upon it. Involuntarily his voice took a softened, soothing tone.

"Am I cruel, Faithie, and to you? Nay, then, don't cry. Mayhaps I was over-sharp, but I was met on landing by ill talk about young Denbigh an' you. They said he had been taking my place, an' though I wouldn't believe it, nor even hearken to

the foul-tongued gossips, it sort o' cut me when you spoke up for him. Faith, lassie, I love you more than many a husband. If you were to play me false with any one, I think I'd feel like killing him an' you too."

He looked like it at the moment, and she believed him, and trembled at the mingling of passionate tenderness and wrath in his tone. Instinctively she turned and clasped his strong hand in both hers, her face turned up coaxingly.

"Don't think o' such things, Kyle, love; you know I never could. What's Mr. Denbigh to me, but father's partner?"

He was holding the soft hands, and looking down into the sweet eyes. The moon, just rising, glittered on something which, unnoticed by her, had escaped from the folds of her neckerchief—a golden circle, with the portrait of a man within.

"Faith," said Kyle Griffiths, in a tone which strove for steadiness, "you're wearin' a grand new trinket since I saw you last. Who gave you that?"

He spoke too suddenly. With a quick frightened gesture she snatched away her hand, as if to hide the bauble. With a face deeply, terribly red, the red of cowardly consciousness, she stammered out—

"I—I—it's nothing—father's—I mean I bought it."

Without a word Kyle loosed her wrist and rose up. Without a word he turned from her; only when he had gone ten steps he came back, and said, very hoarse and low—

"Faith Morgan, you have told me a lie, an' you know it. I can't say if it was for the first time, but I can say it shall be the last. I wondered"—and his voice sank deeper still—"that you should shrink when I took you in my arms a while ago. I wonder now you dared let me do it, wi' that man's face lying between my heart an' yours. Go to him now, an you will; I want no wife on whom I can't depend in word an' deed."

He was gone the next moment; and Faith, sobbing bitterly with grief and anger, went home to find Philip Denbigh at the garden gate waiting for her.

He *had* been courting her for the last two months; and she—had coquetted with him. Flirting is not an amusement confined to the upper ten. I have heard of a young Patagonian squaw who was as finished an adept at it as any Belgravian beauty; and Faith, an only child and the prettiest girl in Amlwch, had been wonderfully fond of trying her fascinations on the "weaker" sex, till the arrival of a new first mate for her father's favourite vessel, the vessel he had commanded himself until he was admitted to a partnership in the firm of Denbigh and Co., his employers. Kyle Griffiths, big as a giant, true as the light of day, and masterful as he

said himself, had "cut out" all the rest in no time, and won Faith for his own undivided property. She never even cared to look at any one else when he was by; and, I believe, loved him as entirely as was in her nature, with most worshipful affection; but when Kyle was away at sea, and young Mr. Denbigh came to Amlwch—Mr. Denbigh, who was what she called a gentleman: some one who wore fine clothes, and had white hands, and a curly moustache—and when this hero testified an immediate and violent admiration for herself, how could she help being pleased? how could she help going back to the old habits?

She did not help either. Mr. Denbigh made love; and she smiled and flirted, all unconscious in her flattered vanity of what the neighbours were saying, until, just three days before Kyle's return, the suitor brought matters to a crisis by a declaration. They had had a tiff about a photo. of Faith, which Denbigh had stolen and put in his locket; and he had brought her a fine gold locket with one of himself in it, and begged her to accept it and take the donor into the bargain.

Followed a waking for silly little Faith, and the confession, "But I am engaged!"

Followed anger (from the gentleman) and tears (from the lady).

Followed fresh solicitations, more ardent from the rebuff, and fresh "noes," more feeble from remorse and shame.

Followed tremendous scenes of masculine woe and anguish, and feminine contrition and soothing.

Finally Denbigh left the house, determined to try again on his return from America; and Faith remained with the locket, which she had at last consented to keep and wear, as some small salve to the giver's wounded affections. She loved Kyle far, far better than his rival; but Philip Denbigh was so handsome and sweet-spoken, it would be downright cruel to refuse him such a trifle as hanging the trinket round her neck for a day or two; and no one need ever know.

Nevertheless some one did know—now; and the sweet-spoken gentleman got a savage snubbing on this aforementioned evening.

"Kyle will hear I refused him, and come back. He'll never leave me so. He must ask my pardon first," thought the weeping beauty, that night.

He did not ask pardon, however, nor come back. The *Olinda* sailed three days later, and Faith's two lovers sailed in it. Kyle had a beautiful black retriever, which he had been used to leave behind to "take care of his lassie love while he was gone." He took it with him this time; and Faith nearly wept her lovely eyes out, that she had been too proud to own her folly and seek a reconciliation before he went. Patient! it would be only six weeks, or at the most eight, and then he would be

back, and she would be good—so good and meek. He must forgive her then.

* * * * *

Eight weeks had passed—eight weeks all but two days—when the sun went down in stormy grandeur, one cold evening, on the Irish Sea. It had been blowing great guns all day, and for many days and nights before; and the waves had wrestled terribly with a crazy barque which, with creaking timbers and leaking pores, with strained and naked masts bending beneath the gale, till at every lurch they seemed like to bury themselves in the foam-crested waves tumbling mountain-high around them, had striven like a living thing to weather the cruel storm.

Where was she now? The huge breakers, crested still with foam, turbid and purple-stained, dashed themselves, moaning and roaring, against the grey and iron-bound cliffs of the Welsh coast, flinging up great fragments of timber, torn and twisted scraps of sail-cloth, and battered, shapeless things, too awful in their piteous mutilation for any human name, against the pitiless rocks, only to suck them back again into the black and boiling gulf below. Above, great storm-rent clouds, black too, but fringed with fire, were gathering thickly over the threatening vault; and low on the horizon the sun, like a blood-red hand, pointed from between them to something black and broken, over which the sea was breaking in unresisted fury—the stem of a vessel, with the broken bowsprit and foremast just visible amongst the foam and spray. Greatly as the wind had lessened, that sail looking red now before the angry sun was all the captain of the pilot-cutter cared to show even now to its tender mercies. It had been a work of danger to get near the wreck at all, hanging as she did in a nest of rocks; and there was a look of relief on more than one hardy, sunburnt face, when the order was given to tack and 'bout ship again.

Suddenly the captain caught up his spy-glass, which was lying beside him, and after a hasty glance through it, roared to the men to "hold all hard."

"There's summat living arter all," he said, pointing to a ridge of low outlying rocks, where some object was plainly discernible even by the naked eye. "There! just above the line o' high water. Can't none o' ye see?"

"A man down on all-fours!" cried one of the crew. "Look, he's moved a bit higher. Poor fellow! he must be a rare plucked un surely to ha' kep' life in him so long."

"Lower the boat," said the captain sharply. "Now, my lads, ready all. Jim" (to an old pilot), "give us a coil o' that line. We mayn't be able to get over-near him; an' I say, one o' you lubbers, chuck a bottle o' rum inter the stern-sheets—quick!"

They are brave, kindly men, those Welsh pilots ; I have owed my life to them, and know ; but I am afraid they thought their courage and kindness wasted when they found the object of it was—only a *dog* ! They hauled him into the boat none the less, almost too much spent, poor fellow, to second their efforts ; and then, while he was trying very feebly to lick the hands that had saved him, his beautiful eyes full of all a dog's gratitude, they saw he had a tin flask tied to his collar.

The captain opened it. "To Miss Faith Morgan, Amlwch," he said, reading something within ; and then, not being a person of refined delicacy, he took the paper out, and opened and read that. This was what it said :—

"Boat just left with the crew and Philip Denbigh. No room for me ; but no wish for it. *Remember* that. I give mine on board, with willing heart, to him you gave it to ashore. God bless you, sweetheart. Forgive my rude words as I forgive your falsehood. There's a Saviour more merciful than we are, an' to Him I pray to care for you, an' make you happy, as I would ha' tried to, had He been willed to let me."

They gave that paper, with the dog—a beautiful black retriever—to Faith Morgan. It was all that ever came to port of the ill-fated *Pride of the West*, the ramshackle old barque, which had been hastily patched up, and thought good enough to last one voyage more. Boat and crew were never heard of again. They must have perished with their fine young owner in the vain attempt to reach land, that stormy night ; and there was no tongue left to tell of those bitter eight weeks when the "sweet-spoken" gentleman strove, by every vulgar boast

and innuendo, to torture the man whom he considered his successful rival—the man who was no gentleman, but who had the grand old knightly feelings that would have made him bear anything rather than, by word or retort, drag the name of the woman he loved into an unseemly dispute—the man whose unswerving discipline, and tireless energy, had alone preserved them even so long—the man who, when the ship had struck, and the cowardly scoundrel who owned it was clinging in frantic, helpless terror to his knees, when the men were shouting for their captain to join them and cast off, lifted in the miserable wretch first with his own strong arms ; and then, seeing there was no room for more, cut the rope that held the boat to the sinking ship, and stayed alone—to die !

And Faith ? Faith is living still. I met her yesterday coming up the high street at Amlwch, with her married daughter, each holding a hand of a wee, toddling, brown-eyed thing between them. A bright, bonny old woman she is too, with as comely a face as if the eyes had never been washed in salt tears, the brow never wrinkled under a cloud of care.

"I must be goin' home to my old man," she said, stopping at the corner. "Kiss grannie, sweetums," and then turned just at the churchyard-wall where stands a rough stone cross, "To the memory of the captain and crew of the *Pride of the West*."

Kyle's prayer has been granted—perhaps better by his death than if he had lived to carry it out. As Faith says—

"He was a rare good man, but hard, over-hard and stern for ord'nary folk." THEO. GIFT.

THE FERN-PARADISE.—I.

BY FRANCIS GEORGE HEATH, AUTHOR OF "THE 'ROMANCE' OF PEASANT LIFE," ETC.



GIVEN the grand free air which, with its buoyant and life-giving power, roams in sweetness and purity over mountain and plain, hill-side, meadow, and stream, and wherever the free gifts of Nature, far away from habitations of man, abound in spontaneous luxuriance. Given the sight of a river as it rolls through the valley from its mountain home, fresh from dews and vapours, unsullied by contact with towns and cities ; or of a streamlet whose smaller volume winds its silvery thread through the moorland. Given the sight and sound of the gurgling brook, as it babbles and

sparkles over stones and shallows, meandering by copse and through mead. Given the wild paths of the wood through which to wander free and untrammelled, surrounded by the wealth of glorious trees, soothed by the soft sounds of insect life, and charmed by the songs of birds. Given the sweet gifts of plants and shrubs, of grass and flowers, clothed each and all with rich and beautiful tints : gifts which the all-wise Creator has spread out upon the earth with a splendid liberality, offering them alike to rich and to poor. Given, I say, all these choice things, together with a healthy mind in a healthy body, and he who has them possesses the elements of physical enjoyment.

But all cannot taste these joys. To some, Nature is like a sealed book ; such cannot sip from the cup which, overflowing with pleasure, she holds

up as a free gift to mankind. Pent up, perhaps, in the heart of a great city, walled in from all that is beautiful in Nature, their eyes are never gladdened by the sight of woods, green fields, and sweet wild-flowers, their ears are never charmed by the songs of birds that roam free and untamed among their native covers; to them the fresh breeze laden with soft perfumes never comes. Hard toil in city workshops, squalid homes in city slums, privation and suffering of every kind, are their lot. Others there are—dwellers also in towns and cities—who can at times, though rarely, snatch a few hours from their toilsome labours for a brief glimpse at the beautiful in Nature. Others again there are who can devote longer periods to the relaxation and enjoyment afforded by a ramble across country meads and through lanes, by the silvery waters of the flowing brook, and through the shady woodland.

There are still a great many others whose opportunities for enjoying the country are unlimited. Time and money are at their disposal, and if they do not live in the country, they can at any time and at any season transport themselves thither. To each and to all, to the rich as well as to the poor, and to one no more than to the other, God offers the bounties of the natural world. But how different are the degrees of appreciation of these bounties on the part of those who share them! How keen is the enjoyment of those who can find—

"Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything!"

The book of Nature is indeed beautiful to those who can read it; but those who cannot read it all can read a part of it. Some of its stories are full of sweet simplicity. Sometimes page after page can be turned, and the reader will encounter nothing to dismay him, nothing even to puzzle him. But the simple study of Nature is too frequently made a hard task by those who profess to teach. Botany is one of the most beautiful of natural studies, because it tells us all about the glorious vegetation which springs up from the earth.

Yet are there not thousands who do not understand botany? To some the study is too difficult. Others can find no opportunities for pursuing it. But all would like to know something of the beautiful vegetable world, something less—less formal, less difficult than what is usually to be found in books, and something more, than can be learned from the mute language—eloquent nevertheless in its muteness—of the plants themselves. Why is it that so few attempts are made to render popular the study of plants? Our artists on paper and canvas attempt to reproduce the gorgeous colouring of Nature's garments. Why cannot our writers give us word-painting in their descriptions of plants, instead of using only the unpoetic language of

science? Why cannot more of the grace and beauty with which the Creator has endowed the natural world be reproduced in books?

Amongst the most graceful and beautiful of the many lovely forms of vegetable life are the ferns. Of plants they are the least prosaic. Representing the beauty of form as distinguished from the gorgeousness of colouring, they are endowed with a tender and romantic grace. To study them is one of the most popular of pursuits, to cultivate them has become a popular passion. But thousands more would be added to the great host of fern-lovers if fern-literature were not so difficult to understand, and so unattractive.

The tourist makes a dive into a country lane. Charmed with the varied and glorious forms of fern-life which he meets, he resolves to study the objects which have had so pleasing a fascination for him. He obtains a fern-book, but after reading, two or three pages he wearily throws it aside. Should it chance to contain coloured engravings of his favourites, he may linger for a few moments over it; but when he has once scanned the artist's efforts, he has seen all that he desires to see.

It is the old story. The language of science, as generally rendered by our scientific writers, is a language for the few, and science will never be popular until it is popularly taught. "The language of flowers" has been taught; cannot an attempt be made to teach the language of ferns?

These beautiful plants seem to be especially designed for universal cultivation, for even the tiniest of the species in each of the numerous wonderful and exquisitely formed seed-cases concealed at the back of its fronds bears countless myriads of seeds. The common kinds of ferns—common only in the sense of being plentiful—are to be found almost everywhere; but the home of our native ferns is Devonshire—"the Garden of England."

Amidst all our English counties, Devonshire indeed stands unrivalled for the exquisite loveliness of its scenery. Few of those who have climbed its bold heights, crossed its rugged moorlands, and wandered through its shady woods and its delightful green lanes, will be inclined to dispute this assertion, however familiar they may be with English landscapes. It is the marvellous variety of its scenery which constitutes the peculiar charm of this county—the rugged boldness of its many hills contrasting with the soft grace of its valleys. Its majestic coast-lines tower grandly up against the sky, both on its north and on its south seaboard—now frowning with barren but lofty grandeur at the waves, now clothed from the highest point of the cliff to the water's edge with one deep dark mass of vegetation. But there is not even a grand monotony in the lines of noble cliffs along the coast of Devonshire. There is no monotony at

all, for the grand rocks sink at intervals, to give place to magnificent bays, which sweep gracefully from cliff's point to cliff's point, and help to fling over the coast scenery of this, the most beautiful of English counties, the same aspect of variety which is its most charming characteristic.

Those only who have explored the Devonshire coast along the Bristol Channel on the north, and along the English Channel on the south, and who are also familiar with the interior of the county, can properly realise the extreme magnificence of its landscapes. But I believe that thousands of the tourists who annually visit the western "Garden of England"—for Devonshire well deserves that name—whilst deeply impressed with the general loveliness of the county, nevertheless find it difficult to explain what it is that lends the peculiar character of softness and grace to the scenery. The whole county is richly and luxuriantly clothed with ferns. The number and variety of the most exquisite forms of these beautiful plants to be found in Devonshire are equalled by those of no other county in the United Kingdom. Devonshire is emphatically the paradise of the British ferns. There they are in very truth at home. The soil and the air are adapted to them, and they adapt themselves to the whole aspect of the place. They clothe the hill-side and the hill-top; they grow in the moist depths of the valleys; they fringe the banks of the streams; they are to be found in the recesses of the woods; they hang from rocks and walls and trees, and crowd into the towns and villages, fastening themselves with sweet familiarity even to the houses.

Devonshire abounds in warm, moist, and shady nooks, and ferns delight in warmth, moisture, and shade. Though they love the warmth, they avoid the sun, and when accidentally exposed to its full influence, their delicate fronds become shrivelled and discoloured. Yet these beautiful plants do occasionally coquet with the tiny sunbeam which may perchance find its way through some crevice in their cool rocky home, or through the thick foliage of the hedge-row under whose darkest shade they love to grow. But even the ferns are changeable in their moods, and fickle in their attachments, differing from one another in their habits and modes of growth. Some members of the lovely family will boldly grow in situations where, perched on rocky corners, away from the cool shelter of overhanging shrubs, they are exposed to the full blaze of the sun, and roughly blown upon by the wild force of the wind. Others only seek to bathe the tips of their delicate fronds in sunshine, hiding all beside under damp masses of foliage. Others again will bear the sunlight if they can just find a refuge for their roots in the damp hedge-bank, in the moist crevices of walls and ruins, or amidst the interlaced branches of trees. There are others

still which hide where not even the tiniest ray of sunlight can pierce the dark retreat which they choose, and where they can revel in soft and humid warmth. But all ferns, even the sunniest of the modest family, love moisture and shade the best, and though they will sometimes grow in the full sunlight, become developed into their most mature forms in cool and shady situations.

It is, then, the beautiful and unrivalled forms of fern-life which fling over Devonshire's scenery its almost indescribable charm. Peer at low tide into yon dark and dripping cavern which yawns upon the sea. The bright sunshine that dances upon the rippling waves pauses at the cavern's mouth, as if not daring to penetrate its gloomy depths. But just one tiny gleam of light has ventured to cross the threshold, and sparkling on the dripping water, it flashes through the opaque blackness a kind of electric light. As the water falls, drip! drip! into the pool below, the light increases, and then—oh, glorious sight!—you see at the side and on the roof of this lonesome sea-cave the beautiful Sea-spleenwort (*Asplenium marinum*), hiding its roots in the cavern-walls, and spreading out its bright green and shining fronds, that they may luxuriate in the dark humidity of its chosen retreat. Or peer over yonder cliff, whose inaccessible sides overhang the seething waves. Look closely into the shady cleft which nestles under yon projecting spur. There you may see far out of your reach the most rare and exquisite of the British ferns, the Maidenhair (*Adiantum capillus-veneris*). Could you venture near enough to grasp it in your hand, you would indeed recognise that it is the most exquisite of plants. Its fine black wiry fronds, like a dark maiden's hair—it is most appropriately named—rise in clusters from its crown, each frond being branched with smaller and more beautiful hair-like stems, which bear upon their tender points the delicate light green fan-shaped leaflets.

Wandering through the cool lanes of Devonshire you may, too, meet with the fragrant hay-scented Buckler Fern (*Lastrea amula*), which emits so beautiful an odour when pressed in the hand; with the delicately and transparently leaved Marsh Buckler Fern (*Lastrea thelypteris*); with the Mountain Buckler Fern (*Lastrea montana*), whose silvery fronds make the air fragrant when you tread upon them in their incipient unrolled state. But these varieties are not to be commonly encountered in every Devonshire lane. And still rarer—though found in Devonshire—are the Lanceolate Spleenwort (*Asplenium lanceolatum*), the tiny Forked Spleenwort (*Asplenium septentrionale*), the Tunbridge Filmy Fern (*Hymenophyllum Tunbridgense*), and Wilson's Filmy Fern (*Hymenophyllum Wilsoni*). The Moonwort (*Botrychium lunaria*), and the Common Adder's Tongue (*Ophioglossum vul-*

gatum), are also ferns of Devonshire growth. I do but enumerate these, and pass on to speak of some of the ferns which may be seen in almost every Devonshire lane, and which, although common in the sense of being plentiful, are nevertheless amongst the most beautiful of the British ferns. Yet beautiful as are the varieties of which I shall speak, they are within the reach of all who may choose to gather them, and that is my reason for devoting especial attention to these varieties.

Gentle reader, will you follow me in imagination

whilst I endeavour to describe to you two Devonshire lanes which are familiar to me? And please remember that, exquisitely beautiful as they are, they are nevertheless but types of thousands of other lanes that the ordinary tourist may find for himself, in his rambles after ferns in "the Fern-paradise of England." When I have attempted to describe these lanes, and have noted the ferns which we shall find in them, I will try to show you how every one may have in his own home, wherever that may be, a real "fern-paradise."

SECOND-COUSIN SARAH.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

THE BAD NEWS.

THE great conspiracy was at an end, and Sarah Eastbell had baffled the conspirators. All that had been planned by Captain Peterson, and that Sarah's absence from Sedge Hill had rendered nugatory, all the new scheming to which that absence had given rise, and which was set in action with Sarah's return, had collapsed at the eleventh hour. Sarah was neither dead nor a captive, and Tom was as far removed from prosperity as he had ever been.

He had believed that Peterson had told the truth, and Sarah's death had left him heir to the estates, until his sister faced him in the hall; where he thought at first that it was her spirit, pale, revengeful, and terrible. To know that she was alive and well, was only to cast fresh tribulation on him; for life meant discovery of the plot, and punishment to those who had acted treacherously towards her.

The Petersons might be already in prison, and he had walked into his own trap when the chance had been open for his escape. It was like his luck. He had never known what was best for himself, with all his cleverness!

"I—I never meant——" he began, then he burst forth with—"Oh! I am so glad that you've come back, Sally—so glad that you ain't dead!"

The door remained open to the night, where the rain fell still, a heavy downpour with but faint hope of cessation till the morning.

"Were you waiting for the news of my death then?" asked Sarah with indignation.

"I—I did not think that. Oh! no—but——"

Sarah Eastbell would hear no more. She was mistress of the position, and stronger than he now.

"There is your world, Tom," she said, pointing to the door, "beyond this house, and any love of

mine, from this day. You could not trust me—you set a snare for me, and called in rogues and villains to assist—you begrudged me my prosperity and my life. Now go."

"But——"

"I will not hear you," she cried impatiently; "thank Heaven that I am merciful enough to let you go away."

"What have I done?" he said as he rose from his knees; "who can prove anything against me? If the Peter—

Lucy Jennings' hard voice cut short his defence, and he backed from the woman to the grounds beyond the house with every word she hurled at him.

"Tom Eastbell, some hours ago, in London, I gave information to the police where the Peterson gang were likely to be found—where you were, and in what way you were connected with them. You have not any time to lose."

He lost no time accordingly. In the darkness and the rain Thomas Eastbell disappeared at once, conscious that the game was over, and he was trumped out of play. If Sarah could forgive him all past trespasses—and that seemed doubtful—there were other matters, foreign to her and to the thread of this eventful history, which necessitated his immediate retreat. He vanished away, a thief to the last—for he departed with Reuben Culwick's best hat rammed over his eye-brows. Sarah turned again to Reuben, her watchful protector, who would keep her for ever in his sight now, and as the door closed she linked her hands upon his arm.

"Take me in, please—I am tired out, Reuben. I have fought hard to get home!"

He led her very tenderly and carefully to the drawing-room, where the presence of Tots came as another surprise to her.

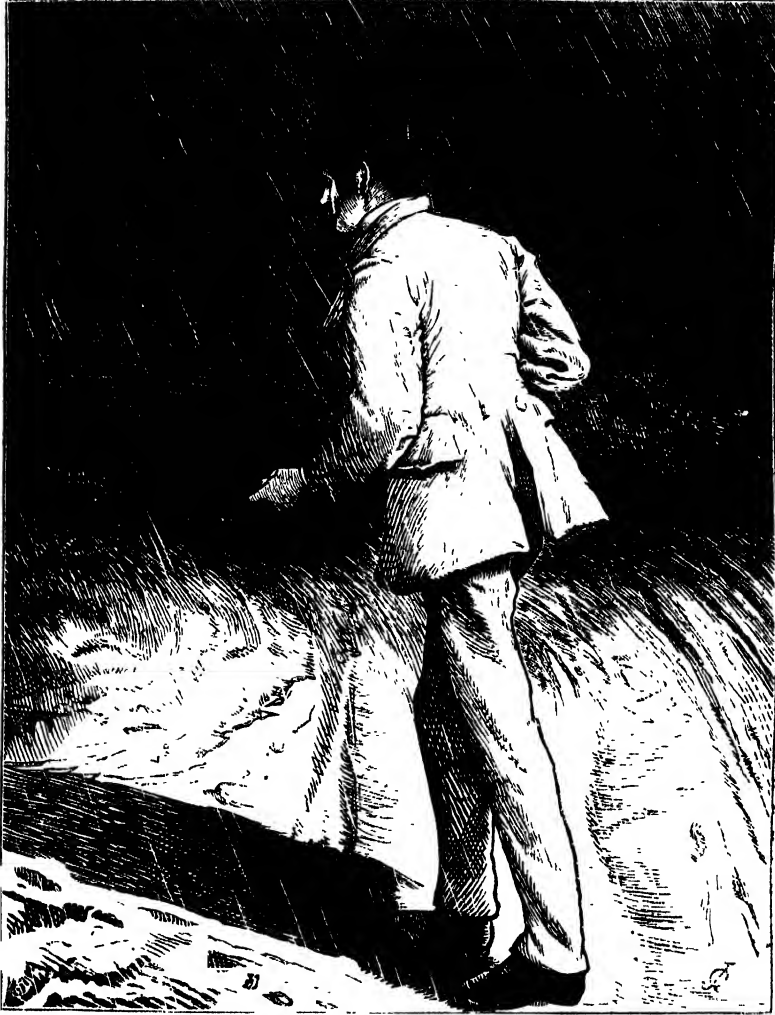
"You here!—is it you?" she said wonderingly, as she sat down in the big arm-chair which her grandmother had occupied for the last time on the preceding night.

"Do you remember her, then—when you lay ill at John's house?" asked Lucy. "I thought I kept the child away from you."

disappeared from all of us so suddenly," said Reuben impatiently.

He did not regard Lucy Jennings—he drew his chair to his cousin's side, took her hand in his, and gazed eagerly into her face. She might fade away again from his life, if he did not make sure of her.

"Yes, yes," said Sarah; in answer to his questions,



"IN THE DARKNESS AND THE RAIN."

"I saw this child some hours ago," said Sarah; "it was she who brought a duplicate key of the room in which the Petersons had confined me. I bribed a woman—who was with me," she added after a pause—"ah! forgive me, Reuben, it was with your money too!—to let the child set me free."

"Now God bless Tots!" cried Reuben; "she brings a blessing back at her first step towards us."

"She brings your second-cousin back," said Lucy Jennings calmly, and by way of a correction.

"Tell me how it happened—how it was that you

"but grandmother—tell me first, is she not very anxious about me?"

Reuben stopped for a moment in dismay. There were stern facts on both sides, and the death of the poor old woman was one of them. He looked towards Lucy Jennings, not for help in this crisis which there was no evading, but to arrest her blunt announcement of the truth which he feared would at once escape her. But Lucy Jennings, though fond of plain speaking, was woman enough to perceive the danger of a sudden statement of all

that had happened at Sedge Hill since Sarah had been away.

"Your grandmother is not anxious, Sarah," said Lucy in a low tone.

"Is she ill?"

"No. She is not ill now."

"Is she—ah! you are keeping something back! Tell me, please," she said in great excitement, "where she is. She is not dead—oh! she has not died without a word to me?"

"She is in God's hands—and God keep you strong to bear the loss of her," said Lucy Jennings.

Sarah Eastbell closed her eyes, and sank back in the chair like a dead woman. Reuben, a man wholly uncharitable—as men will be in stages of excitement which strike home to them, and rob them of their self-possession—turned upon the poor preacher, who had done her best at least.

"There, you have killed her! Are you satisfied now?" he shouted at Lucy Jennings.

"I am not satisfied with this world, or with you," was the cold answer, as she bent over Sarah, and loosened the fastenings at her throat. But Sarah Eastbell had not fainted; she was only stunned by the truth, and she sat up the instant afterwards, eager for the whole story, and looking piteously from one to another.

It was not in Reuben's power to break the news to her after all, and he left it to the woman whom his impatience had wounded.

"Tell her, Lucy. It is beyond me," he said.

The tragedy of Sedge Hill was over, and he could not dwell upon its details, with Sarah Eastbell for a listener. In the early moments of a great loss, he knew too well how vainly consolation seeks to find its way to the afflicted. He had lost a mother under hard circumstances of life; and his father had died in enmity, and he had not done his best to become friends with him at the last; Lucy Jennings had told him that, as well as his own heart, which had been too proud to speak out. He had been in the wrong—he had given way like other men, when rusting too much to his own strength; and he felt suddenly very weak and child-like, sorry for the past and for the present, but looking hopefully forward to a future beyond the griefs of that night.

Book the Third.

MANY CHANGES.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE UNLUCKY HOUSE.

TIME brought resignation to the heart of Second-cousin Sarah. A few weeks after the death of old Mrs. Eastbell, it was possible to believe in content, and look forward to happiness. After the storms of the latter days, had come peace to Sedge Hill, and more than one talked sanguinely of life's

troubles lying back from their path. The hill was not steep, on the rest of the journey lay no pitfalls, doubts, or misconceptions; only a few steps away, counted by the beats of full hearts, was surely the brightness and clearness of a day in which no sorrows could live!

Reuben Culwick was still at Sedge Hill, visitor and sentinel, and Lucy Jennings had not returned to her flock in the dark London streets. Reuben wrote his articles in Worcestershire, and Lucy's work for a while, and against her will, was left to earnest, red-hot deputies. Sarah had given up on the night of her return, and after the news of her grandmother's death; she did not fall ill, but she gave way, and grew grave, despondent, and nervous, till the inquest was over, and "Died by the visitation of God" was duly recorded by twelve wise men. Thomas Eastbell was no witness at the inquest; he had passed away from Sedge Hill, and though the inquest was once adjourned for his appearance, he did not condescend to return and give his evidence. Hartley, who had entered the picture-gallery at the moment of Mrs. Eastbell's death, and the doctor offered sufficient testimony as to the natural decease of the old lady; and it was generally known in Worcestershire that there were valid reasons for Tom Eastbell's absence, without attributing to that gentleman the deliberate murder of his grandmother. It was possible that Sarah in her heart had feared the verdict of a coroner's jury, had even suspected the worst, judging by the act of which she had been nearly the victim, and the antecedents of her brother's life. From the trials by which she had been surrounded, she had hardly emerged—and this old woman had loved her very much, both in her poor and rich estate.

Still time brought its natural relief, and its fairer colouring to life. Grief cannot lie long at the heart of the young, and Reuben Culwick was at Sedge Hill a different man from him whom she had seen in London lately.

It was the Reuben of old Hope Street days—not the ascetic who had shut himself from his kin and offended Lucy Jennings—it was Reuben Culwick who thought of others and had belief in others again. His misanthropy had been engendered by many accidents, that he now condescended to explain, and at which explanation Sarah clasped her hands, and Lucy elevated her brows.

His father's death had brought him remorse for his share of disaffection, and Reuben had set himself in a worse light than he deserved; then there had followed the misery of debt, and the greater misery of what he had considered neglect, until Sarah Eastbell had stolen like a vision to his cell, and brought him back faith in humankind. It was not the loss of his father's money—for he had always been prepared for it, he said—though he had tried hard once to place himself in the worst

light, and to set his Second-cousin Sarah against him, by calling himself a money-loving prig! When Sarah had not believed in his self-disparagement, the man's heart softened more rapidly than he had bargained for. There was more truth and less ingratitude in the world, and his second-cousin had saved him. Nay, more, his second-cousin had loved him, and all the past sank back like an ugly dream, after that discovery, and the future became full of golden promise. This was the end, he thought. He should marry Sarah Eastbell, and live happily ever afterwards. Happy and rich! It was the riches that furrowed his brow, though occasionally; the shadow of the money fell across the path of his rejoicing—the eternal shadow of his father's money!

If he could only prove that he had never cared for it, if Sarah would not believe that she added to his happiness by bringing with her the wealth of which his father had deprived him, if the unselfish thought of transferring to him his inheritance did not add to her happiness so much, he should have been glad.

Sarah Eastbell would discourse too much upon her own unworthiness when she grew stronger, and would dwell too eloquently upon the riches which she would bring him on her marriage-day. They were engaged to be married then; they were betrothed, and had no secrets from each other; they could talk of their future together in all that blessing of perfect confidence which comes once to most men, and lifts them for a while—ah! God help them, for what a little while!—above the selfishness of daily life.

Even the present condition of things could not last, and before Sarah Eastbell had given much consideration to it, Lucy Jennings, severe moralist, had called attention to the position. Reuben Culwick was in the garden then with Tots, and Lucy and Sarah were at the window, glancing towards them occasionally. Reuben had won all the child's love back, without winning back one reminiscence of Hope Street. The child had faith in him, and had found a strange tenderness and kindness rising suddenly in a path of much privation, and she had turned to Reuben with the instinct of old days.

"This cannot last, Sarah," Miss Jennings said, so suddenly that her listener jumped again.

"What cannot last, Lucy?"

"This kind of life. When is he going away?"

"Who?—Reuben?" asked Sarah Eastbell, turning pale at the inquiry.

"Yes."

"Going away from here, you mean?" added Sarah, as if hardly able to understand the suggestion in its entirety.

"You keep him from his work—and you are strong enough to let him return to it."

"I thought he might remain here, master of

the house—that there was no occasion for him to go away ever again," said Sarah half sadly.

"Do you mean, to remain with you till your marriage?" asked Lucy sharply.

"Oh! no—the world would not call that fit and proper, Lucy, any more than you would," replied Sarah, "but I thought that he might take his place at once, whilst I went away with you."

— "With me?" repeated Lucy.

"Till he came to fetch me for good—a year hence, say, when the grief has gone further back."

"Have you suggested that?"

"No."

"Don't, or you'll begin to quarrel," was the reply.

"His is a pride which you do not understand, any more than you understand him."

"Not understand my Reuben?"

"Your Reuben does not understand himself," said Lucy tartly; "he is lacking in stability—there is no religion in him—he gives way under trouble like a child."

"You are thinking of the past—which he has explained."

"As well as he can," said Lucy moodily; "do you make out his explanation?"

"Yes," answered Sarah, "I fancy I do."

Had he not said that the thought of her ingratitude had cast him wholly down, at a time when he was in adversity, and his father's death was on his conscience!—and in these golden days was she not ready to believe him?

"I don't want to hear it," said Lucy, with a little jerk of her head; "and I shouldn't believe it, I dare say, whatever it is."

"Ah! Lucy, if I didn't know what a good woman you are, how your hard words would pain me!"

"I am only striving to be good—I am a miserable sinner, Sarah," announced Lucy, softened somewhat by her companion's words, and suffering two fair arms to steal around her neck; "the world is full of miserable sinners, too, and my mission is amongst them. I have neglected their interests, and turned my back upon them—there are those in my place who may misguide and misinstruct them—who have not my tact," she added with that naive conceit in her own powers which was her characteristic bit of pride. "I have been too long here. I am going away to-morrow."

"To-morrow! Oh, Lucy!"

"On Sunday next I shall preach God's word again," she said with glistening eyes; "I shall be happier in doing my duty than in neglecting it thus sinfully. I shall have forgotten you and him."

"Why should you wish to forget us?"

"Because you trouble my mind in spite of me," she answered, releasing herself from Sarah Eastbell's half-embrace; "because my mission is apart from you both—and yet you follow me like this,"

she added, "you call me back to my weak world, my own bad self, and I shall be glad to escape."

"I had hoped you would have been happy here, Lucy."

"A fine house brings no happiness to me."

"And as for going away to-morrow," continued Sarah, "why, your going away means *his*."

"Ah! that's what you are thinking about," said Lucy bitterly; "well, it's natural. You love him very much?"

"With all my heart," answered Sarah; "Heaven knows how long I have loved him, Lucy."

"Don't call Heaven to witness your girlish nonsense, child. I wish that you understood his nature better," said Lucy, "for you are making an idol out of common clay."

"Reuben is not common clay," cried Sarah.

"You are too young for him. You haven't considered—but there, there! what is the use of this? I am going away to-morrow, and he will leave Sedge Hill too."

"And what is to become of me?" asked Sarah Eastbell plaintively, "have you thought of that?"

"No," was the reply.

"Then you don't care for me much," said Sarah reproachfully.

Any other woman save the strange eccentricity by her side would have uttered some commonplace expressions of regard under this accusation. But Lucy Jennings preferred hurling hard truths, however sharp those missiles were, at her acquaintances.

"I thought once that I might like you in time," said Lucy Jennings very slowly and clearly, "when you were a poor outcast of a girl, and I led you to my home in Hope Street. I thought you would trust in me, and look up to me; but you did not, and with your advance to affluence my interest died away. I suppose that was the reason," she added; "I can't tell exactly, but—"

"But you didn't care for me?" added Sarah.

"Yes—that's it."

"I used to think no one ever cared for me but my poor grandmother, and so I grew up sullen," said Sarah, "until Reuben taught me what was right."

"We need not begin about that man again," said Lucy shortly.

"But he is going away—he will surely go away to-morrow, if you do."

"Yes, he will see the necessity of that," was the reply. "It is right."

"And you will not think of me?" said Sarah reproachfully once more.

"What is there to think of?" cried Lucy, still more energetically; "I leave you very happy, with the wish of your life gratified in Reuben Culwick's affection, with wealth around you, and with the promise of brighter days than even these to come—with everything to make the heart light, and its

owner grateful, and yet you ask me what is to become of you, as though you were an object of pity and contempt, like me."

"Pity—contempt!" ejaculated Sarah Eastbell in a low aside.

"I have been pitied—there are many who despise me—mine has been a thankless life," Lucy said with sudden coldness, "and it contrasts strangely with your own at which you murmur. Don't speak of it again."

"I do not murmur at my life," said Sarah, "and you are mistaken, Lucy, in thinking me ungrateful. I thank my God for being rich——"

"For being rich!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Rich enough to make him rich, and set him in his rightful place."

"Him again!" muttered Lucy.

"But you leave me utterly alone, when you and Reuben go away—alone in this great mansion, which I hold in trust for its master, and cannot desert—where my poor grandmother died—where danger came to me, and will come again," she added with a shudder, "for it is an unlucky house!"

"You are nervous still," said Lucy; "you will overcome this feeling in a day or two."

"Never."

"Then you are foolish," said her companion.

They were her last hard words, and the woman, without pity for Sarah Eastbell's life—possibly with some envy of it—went from the room, leaving Sarah to reflect upon all that had been said. Yes, very foolish in her new life, and with her new love after all, Lucy Jennings was right perhaps—for Reuben, returning with Tots to the drawing-room, found his second-cousin in tears.

"Why, Sarah—what is this?" he cried, leaning over her, and endeavouring to console her by fair words and fond caresses. Tots was faintly jealous of these, and walked pensively out of the room. "I thought we were getting over this," said Reuben cheerfully, as he sat by Sarah's side.

"Ye—es," sobbed Sarah, "but Lucy has been talking of your going away to-morrow."

"That's exceedingly kind of her, to make all my little arrangements," said Reuben drily.

"She has not done that," Sarah hastened to explain, "only she has determined to return to London herself, and you—you must not stop here without her, you know."

"Without the duenna to play propriety—no, it's hardly the etiquette by which our sober lives should be governed," answered Reuben. "Yes, I must go."

"Ah! that's what I say," replied Sarah.

"But I shall come back again—in a day or two—with a marriage licence, Sarah. There!" he added.

"Oh! no, no—that can't be yet," cried Sarah, trembling and reddening, and then turning pale; "how is it possible?"

"Is it impossible, Sarah?" he asked tenderly and

earnestly; "under the strange circumstances, is it not what the old lady would have wished herself? Shall we respect her memory the less, because we end a false position between you and me?"

"It can't be," whispered Sarah to herself again.

"I have been thinking of this, and yet not liking to speak of it, Sarah," continued Reuben; "conventionalism has shaken me by the throat, and told me to be respectable and miserable for twelve months; and I have shaken up conventionalism in return, and told it, to its prim face, that it was an awful humbug. Miss Jennings is right—I can't stop here after she is gone—but I can't go away to my garret, and leave you here, a temptation to all the villains who know how rich you are, and what hinges on your life. Second-cousin Sarah, we must marry in self-defence!"

She could not answer yet. She was bewildered—there was a strange mixture of grief and joy at her full heart—she would have been glad to cry again, only Lucy had told her that she was childish.

"See what a false position you keep your future lord and master in for twelve long months," he said lightly—"a poor and unsuccessful author, writing out his heart's blood in a top-garret of Drury Lane—another Chatterton, only the world will never

discern his genius!—a starveling too proud to take money from you, until he takes your hand as well. You know how fond of money he is—how unhappy he has been always in his poverty!"

Sarah did not perceive the keenness of the jest—she remembered Lucy Jennings' words, and felt the force of the argument, that was all. He had treated his life without her very lightly, but it was a terrible picture for all that, which he drew, and she thought how true it was.

"Let me ask Lucy," she implored at last, "don't press me now to give an answer."

"It cannot matter much what Lucy says," he replied, "but ask her, Sarah—and think of this, and of me, till to-morrow."

He was sure of her consent, and he let her leave him without pressing too persistently for her reply. It was the natural end of the position—it saved them both from much unhappiness.

Sarah went away in search of Lucy, whom she found in Miss Holland's room.

And here began a new trouble for Second-cousin Sarah at once. It came to her, sharp and sudden, like a blow. She was right in her judgment of Sedge Hill. It was not a lucky house!

END OF CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE VICAR: A GENRE PICTURE.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.



OW slowly creeps the hand of Time
On the old clock's green-mantled
face!

Yea, slowly as those ivies climb,
The hours roll round with patient pace;
The drowsy rooks caw on the tower,
The tame doves hover round and round;
Below, the slow grass hour by hour
Makes green God's sleeping-ground.

All moves, but nothing here is swift:
The grass grows deep, the green boughs shoot;
From east to west the shadows drift;
The earth feels heavenward underfoot;
The slow stream through the bridge doth stray
With water-lilies on its marge,
And slowly, piled with scented hay,
Creeps by the silent barge.

All stirs, but nothing here is loud:
The cushat broods, the cuckoo cries;
Faint, far up, under a white cloud,
The lark thrills soft to earth and skies;
And underneath the green graves rest;
And through the place, with faint footfalls,
With snowy cambric on his breast,
The old grey Vicar crawls.

And close at hand, to see him come,
Clustering at the playground gate,
The urchins of the schoolhouse, dumb
And bashful, hang the head and wait;
The little maidens curtsy deep,
The boys their forelocks touch mean-
while;
The Vicar sees them, half asleep,
And smiles a sleepy smile.

Slow as the hand on the clock's face,
Slow as the white cloud in the sky,
He cometh now with tottering pace
To the old vicarage hard by:
Smothered it stands in ivy leaves,
Laurels and yews make dark the ground;
The swifts that built beneath the eaves,
Wheel in still circles round.

And from the portal, green and dark,
He glances at the church-clock old—
Grey soul! why seek his eyes to mark
The creeping of that finger cold?
He cannot see, but still as stone
He pauses, listening for the chime,
And hears from that green tower intone
The eternal voice of Time.

THE COLLEGE-LIFE OF MAÎTRE NABLOT.

BY ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

THAT year I got a little study to myself, looking out, like all the others, upon the inner court; it was an old monk's cell, whitewashed, furnished with a small bed, a chair, and a deal table.

I was now sixteen, and was placed in the class of the older boys. I was more comfortable now; I could work a little independently at nights, and study my lessons with more care. All this was satisfactory.

Moreover I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with a professor worthy of that name, for all the rest at our college were mere routine men, who carried on their trade of teaching just as shoes and stockings are made, working always on the same lasts, and by the same patterns—a work which does not require much thought.

Since my arrival at Saarstadt I had frequently seen Monsieur Perrot crossing the court to his class-room, morning and evening, with a limping step, and his hat thrown back. He had nothing of the elegant demanour of Monsieur Gradus, none of the majestic conceit of Monsieur Laperche. He was lame in both his legs, and had to walk with the help of a stick, sometimes in a rather laughable fashion, as he was hastening along to keep to his time. His shoulders were unequal, his lips thick, his forehead high and bald. Brass spectacles sat loosely upon his round and flattened nose; all his misshapen clothes seemed tossed on him with a pitchfork, and hung uncasily upon him. In fact, you could hardly set your eyes on a more unfashionable man.

But Monsieur Perrot had that which was altogether wanting in his colleagues. He was an excellent Greek, Latin, and French scholar. He was a well-lettered man in the full meaning of the word; and more than this, he possessed the rare talent for communicating both his knowledge and his love of learning to his pupils, whom he loved sincerely and unaffectedly in proportion as he found in them the love of study and amiable natural dispositions.

I shall never forget his first lecture in rhetoric that term, and my astonishment when, instead of beginning at once to correct the bad grammar in our holiday exercises, he quietly bundled all that heap of exercises into his hinder pockets, saying to us—

“Ah! that will do. That's ancient history by this time. Let us come to something more modern.”

There were fifteen of us seated there in the

long and still half-deserted class-room; our backs were to the windows at the end of the room, and he sat before us upon a chair which he had placed not far from the stove. First he took off one of his boots, which seemed to trouble him, rubbed the place, put on his boot again in a dreamy way, and then commenced—

“Gentlemen, you will take notes of my lectures. You will write out an abridgment of my course. This is the only effectual way to impress things upon your memory. You will leave wide margins in your note-books, and in these margins you will briefly set down the headings of the chapters, with short hints referring to the matter contained opposite. Running your eye down these headings, you will get at a glance a clear idea of the subject-matter of the chapter before you; and if this is not always sufficient to recall the details to your mind, why, then you will carefully re-peruse that portion of the text.

“Use your time, gentlemen, to the best advantage. As for me, I will spare no pains to form a good rhetoric class. And rhetoric, or composition, remember, will always be useful to you, into whatever profession you may by-and-by enter. For though there are not many who leave this college who are destined to become authors, poets, and professional men of letters, yet you will always find it useful to be able to take an enlightened view of any literary work. This will contribute, in the first place, to the development of your intelligence, and in the next, to your appreciation of the more serious and durable enjoyments of our life.”

Such were the opening observations of this good and sensible man—made with a simplicity which took me by surprise; for until that time I had never met with any professors but bunglers and helpless imbeciles, puffed up with conceit of their grammatical knowledge, whilst Monsieur Perrot spoke of the straightforward reading of Greek and Latin authors as a very simple thing. To me this seemed an impossible feat, being stiffly crusted over with the hard shells left upon me by four primers, which, far from helping me in any difficulty whatever, confounded me more and more. But I soon learnt to acknowledge that under a real master difficulties vanish away like smoke.

That year of composition, and the following year of philosophy, were the only good time I had during my college-life. It was a period of awakening after a long and dismal nightmare. It was the season in which a world of new and beautiful ideas seemed to burst into life in my mind. Mental

health returned; my nausea and disgust departed; for I had now a master who loved me, and I felt it and knew it.

What had I wanted all the previous time but a little affection, a little visible interest, to give myself wholly to my work with all my heart? But until then I had only met with cold, grasping creatures, flatterers to the rich, and hard upon the poor. Yes, this is but too true. Even now my indignation has scarcely cooled, after a lapse of four-and-thirty years. I tingle to this day to the very tips of my fingers.

Monsieur Perrot was really fond of his pupils. In the depth of those severe winters, in the play-hour, when the wind was howling through the long cloisters, and the snow accumulating against the frosted panes, and everybody was shivering along the corridors, he would come stumbling along in the evening upon his poor weak legs; he would prop himself up on a couple of big boys, and stir up the spirits of us all, singing like one of us boys that popular old glee, "*Frère Jacques, dormez-vous?*" or else "*Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre! mironton, mironton, mirontain-e,*" and soon the old convent was in a roar of merriment, and we laughed as happy boys alone can laugh, till old Vandenberg's bell sent us all off to bed.

At class-time we discoursed on the orations, the speeches of Athens and of Rome. We compared Demosthenes, the thunderer, with Cicero the pathetic; the funeral oration spoken by Pericles in Thucydides' history over the warriors who fell in the Peloponnesian war, with that delivered by Bossuet over the great Condé. We debated, we almost fought, so great was our excitement, so deep our interest in the utterances of those giants of old. Now it was Masse, now Scheffler, or Nablot, who maintained from the desk the superiority of this or that masterpiece against the attack of his comrades. Monsieur Perrot, seated in the midst, with his spectacles pushed up on his forehead, and his nose snuffing the battle, stimulated and excited first one, then the other; and when by chance one of us made a palpable hit, struck out a novel argument, or threw out a crushing reply, he would spring from his seat in a laughable tumult of enthusiasm, and hobble along, limping and stumbling against the desks, and uttering exclamations of delight.

At last, when the bell gave the signal to finish and close the discussion, our good master summed up, and all the class became unanimous in their praises of those ancients, and agreed that they at least knew well the art of writing and of speaking. The climaxes of Demosthenes, and the perorations of Cicero, especially won our approbation, and we felt we should have been happy to have been allowed to be present at those great assemblies, where the whole body of citizens were listening

from one end of the vast open space to the other, crowding even the terraced roofs to listen to the formidable orators standing face to face in mortal conflict on the war with Philip, or discussing the agrarian laws, the arrest of the Gracchi, and other stirring controversies upon the great events of antiquity.

The second part of our rhetoric course, after Easter, was more interesting still, consisting now of lectures on the drama. Now Monsieur Perrot introduced us to the Greek theatre, which was far more grand and imposing than ours, being laid under the open sky, with all the advantages of the accompaniments of natural scenery, during the celebration of the Eleusinian mysteries, or the Panathenæa, and in presence of the multitudes who had met together from the Ionian Islands, from Crete, and the Asiatic colonies.

Before these vast assemblies were given representations of the Bacchæ, the Suppliants, *Œdipus Rex*, or *Hecuba*, amidst the applause of the enraptured multitude. The voice of the actors was carried to a greater distance by great mouths of bronze. The choruses, composed of women in white robes of linen, sang between the parts, of hope, of enthusiasm, of fear; and sometimes they chanted invocations to the infernal gods, or to fate. The play was acted out in the presence of all those thousands from all parts of Greece, and the deep interest of the crowd was in itself an important part of the scene.

As for the comedies, they were played with a less imposing show in the agora or market-place, where the spectators laughed at their ease.

There, too, Socrates showed himself in public, amongst the tradesmen's stalls. Sometimes he would address himself to a shoemaker, sometimes to a fishmonger, sometimes to a market-keeper, raising a laugh at their expense. He was a formidable rival to the comedians, Monsieur Perrot informed us, on account of which the writers of comedies conspired against him: the sophist Anytus, the public orator Lycon, the wretched poet Melitus, men with whom a poet of Aristophanes' genius should never have leagued himself.

At the same time we learnt the laws of the Greek accents, hexameters and iambics, Greek dialects, and all these without any extraordinary difficulty, because now we had a master who taught nothing but what he knew himself.

We still had time to read a few passages of Thucydides' History of the Peloponnesian War, the History of Masinissa from Polybius, and the opening chapters of the Annals of Tacitus.

Well, we made rapid progress; and, strangest of all, instead of being the last in the class, as under my late masters, I was now at its head. It is true that Monsieur Perrot now and then had to find fault with me for an occasional bar-

barism in words or solecism in language in my Latin exercises ; there were false quantities in the verses which I compounded with liberal subsidies from my dictionary and my Gradus ad Parnassum. But he always maintained that I had a better knowledge of the language than any of my school-fellows ; and as for French, I will say nothing upon that score. They all held me to be a young Cicero. I am thankful to say I had the good sense not to believe them !

Now, about that time, Monsieur Perrot, who was very fond of reading our modern authors, having one day accidentally left behind him in the school-room a small volume bound in red morocco, I read it by the light of my lamp. It was "Les Orientales" of Victor Hugo, with his odes and ballads, which fairly drove me into a frenzy of enthusiasm. I had never seen anything like this before. That vivid and luminous style in painting the scenes of Eastern life, the originality of that brilliant writer's genius, the picturesque descriptions of life in the Middle Ages, astonished and delighted me.

All that I had read until then seemed dim and insipid in comparison, and the next day I was seen running through the corridors, and crying that Racine, Boileau, Corneille, and even Lafontaine were wretched poets ; that they never had true poetic inspiration, and that they must be pulled down from their eminence.

The little book passed from hand to hand, and my schoolfellows all voted by acclamation that I was right.

A couple of days after, Monsieur Perrot, having long searched in vain for his "Orientales," remembered that he had left it in the class-room, and addressing himself first to me—

"Monsieur Nablot," said he, "have you perchance found a little book of mine, bound in red morocco ?"

I turned very red, for just now it was in other hands, I did not know whose.

"Here it is," cried Scheffler ; "Monsieur Nablot lent it me."

"Thank you," said Monsieur Perrot, receiving it back again. "I am glad you have read nearly all your authors now ; for after reading this, you will write nothing naturally again. Down to the year's end you will see nothing but giaours glittering with

jewels, and decapitated heads stuck upon the tops of minarets, talking to each other like philosophers in arm-chairs. I know all about it," he cried ; "I am quite distressed at my own carelessness. I suppose you have read the book, Monsieur Nablot, and all you others ?"

"Yes, sir, we have."

"Ah ! I was sure of it."

And hobbling upon his stick up and down the room, he broke into loud complaints—

"Where is the sense of it all ? Did he get his style from the Greeks ? Did he get it from the Romans ? Has it any correspondence with the genius of the French people ? What school does he belong to ? Tell me that ! Tell me if you can."

As we made no reply, he cried—

"He has it straight from the barbarous nations—from the Moors, the Arabs—nay, from the Germans too, for it is so muddy ! Can even I tell what school of thought and composition it belongs to ? It is all mad stuff ! You can't reduce it to any known rule ! It is not poetry. It is painting—and what sort of painting ? Red upon white—white upon red ; no delicate hues—no shading ; sharp lines which pain the eyes, like the shrill horns at the fair which deafen your ears ! Antithesis upon antithesis—adjective upon adjective. Everything is for effect—everything ! It is a mere play of imagination. There is no excuse for him. He is a young man—his health is good—he moves in the best society—he has been through college. I positively cannot understand it."

And stopping short—

"Monsieur Nablot, you find all that very fine ?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you, Masse—Scheffler—all of you ?"

"Yes, sir, very fine."

Then Monsieur Perrot, in high indignation, cried—

"You are all apes, every one of you. What was the use of my teaching you the rules of Aristotle and Quintilian ? Do you really admire all that rubbish, Monsieur Nablot ?"

He fixed his large eager eyes upon me.

"Yes, sir," I replied, with some feeling.

"Why ?"

"It is quite new to me. It is dazzling."

END OF CHAPTER THE NINTH.

WINTER WEATHER.

THE bleached snow is come, and chill winds blow ;

Under the eaves are icicles a-row ;
And old men wheeze ; the village milk-pails freeze,
And school-boys slide to school along the leas.

Cold stars alight in the clear keen night,
Stare on bleak moors with earnest eyes and bright ;
The fire-flames leap, and thither old wives creep ;
The cat is curled up on the hearth asleep.

GUY ROSLYN.

A HOLIDAY IN CUBA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PEARL OF THE ANTILLES."



"BEHIND THE BARS OF HER PRISON-LIKE WINDOW." (*A Sketch taken in Cuba.*)

MONSIEUR DUGRUB, the amateur naturalist, and his American friend Matthew Thumale, the artist-author, were residing in Cuba, chiefly for the benefit of their health, and

having, therefore, plenty of leisure time at their disposal, they proposed to devote a portion of it to studying the ways and characteristics of the island. Monsieur Dugrub contemplated collecting

butterflies and facts for a treatise on tropical insects and reptiles, while his friend had in view an illustrated volume on Cuban manners and customs.

Both gentlemen agreed that, in order to carry out their plans with effect, they should avail themselves of every opportunity for adding to their store of information, and when hospitable Cubans placed everything "at their disposal," as was the custom in that open-handed country, that the travellers should take them at their word. So when Don Hilario invited the foreigners to accompany him and his family to the Don's coffee estate near Guantánamo, the travellers eagerly accepted the offer. They had had their fill of town life, and were now desirous of obtaining a glimpse of the country; and, as Don Hilario's plantation was situated somewhere in the wilds of Cuba, it was the very locality above all others best suited for their purpose.

The hospitable Cubans rarely go out of town without inviting a number of their friends, and Don Hilario's party was accordingly very numerous, consisting of his wife, Doña Catalina, his family and domestic slaves, and several acquaintances who, like our travellers, had been asked to pass the "temporada" or season at the Don's estate.

The items of luggage which Don Hilario's party had brought with them would take long to enumerate, for besides a full allowance of portmanteaus, trunks, boxes and bags, a few saddles, rocking-chairs, folding bedsteads, and other furniture were included in the list. Although Don Hilario's summer retreat was well provided with every comfort and luxury, Doña Catalina thought it best to have more than enough in case of emergency.

Monsieur Dugrub and his friend were not the only visitors to Guantánamo "with a purpose." Don Hilario's son and heir, whom everybody called Chépe, intended to devote his time to his Dulcinea, who resided at Guantánamo, and whom Chépe had not seen since the past season. The Don himself had to consult his overseer respecting the coming coffee crop, while Doña Catalina would have more than enough to occupy her in providing entertainment for her guests.

Guantánamo is a small inland town about a day's ride from Santiago de Cuba, and it is more frequently reached by sea than by land, as there is no railway communication between Santiago and Guantánamo, and the roads are bad. Don Hilario's party accordingly embark one evening on a steamer which is announced to leave the Santiago Bay at half-past eleven, and at half-past seven the following morning they land at a place called Caimanero, *en route* for Guantánamo, which is reached by a short line of railway.

While awaiting the arrival of the only train that runs in these parts, the visitors occupy the time by an inspection of Caimanero. But there is little to see except a flat and uninteresting country, for

Caimanero is a sort of commercial half-way house, called by the Cubans a "deposito." It is a depository for sugar, coffee, and other produce sent from the interior of the island for shipment from Caimanero. There are a few warehouses where such merchandise may be stored, and in which reside two or three "dependientes," or merchants' clerks, and the families of the American engineer and stoker who are employed to run the Guantánamo train. There is also an establishment built close to the railway station, called a "tienda," which is a combination of café, tavern, marine store, and draper's shop. The proprietor cannot drive a very flourishing trade here, when it is considered that the inhabitants of the deposito are his chief patrons, and that visitors to Caimanero are few and far between.

The train from Guantánamo, bearing one solitary passenger, at last arrives, and Don Hilario's luggage having been placed in the van, the travellers take their places. To say that the train is wholly filled by the Don's family and guests is to make no very remarkable statement, as the train consists altogether of three carriages, two of which are first-class and one third. These carriages are of the longest kind, and are constructed after the American pattern, with the entrances placed at the ends of each vehicle. They are also built to suit the requirements of a tropical climate, the seats in the first-class compartments being cane-backed and cane-bottomed, and the windows supplied with attice-work in lieu of glass. The third-class carriage is simply a covered cattle-truck, and is occupied by Don Hilario's slaves, luggage, and domestic furniture.

The distance from Caimanero to Guantánamo is something under twenty miles, but the train moves slowly, and requires an hour and a half to perform the journey.

Some miles of road have yet to be traversed before Don Hilario's plantation is reached, and these must be made on mules and in carts. While waiting their arrival, Don Hilario suggests breakfast. There being, however, no hotel or restaurant in Guantánamo, the Don leads his guests to the house of a certain Señor Mackinlay, who possesses the largest private residence in the town, and whose hospitality to strangers is one of the "cosas de Cuba."

Señor Mackinlay is, as his name suggests, of Scottish extraction, and he superintends a branch of one of the leading mercantile firms of Cuba. His mission at Guantánamo seems, however, chiefly that of keeping open house, for although he is a bachelor, his habitation is constructed to accommodate at least half a dozen different families. Upon a single floor there is a spacious "sala," or reception-room, having direct communication with the broad balcony which faces most Cuban houses, and a large "comedor," or dining-hall, paved with marble.

In the rear of the comedor is the indispensable "patio," or courtyard, around which are a vast number of "aposentos," or dormitories, all elegantly furnished and ready for immediate occupation.

The proprietor of this luxurious mansion does not appear to be at all alarmed by his formidable visitors, nor is he in the least unprepared for providing suitable entertainment for them. A short conference with his major domo is all that he asks, and in less than an hour everybody is seated before his table, upon which fourteen different dishes and half a dozen wines are placed.

After partaking of this princely meal, some of the company betake themselves to Señor Mackinlay's dormitories, where they indulge in a siesta until the hour for their departure; for the conveyances have not yet arrived, and the sunny hours of the day are, moreover, ill-suited for travelling.

In due course the conveyances are announced. Carts covered with an awning of palm-leaves and drawn by oxen are used for the accommodation of the ladies, children, and luggage, while the gentlemen and servants bestride horses and mules.

Along the narrow stony streets of the town, past the one-storeyed houses, with their huge glassless windows and frontless shops, goes the cavalcade. The quiet inhabitants salute the travellers as they pass, and Matthew Thumale takes note of the fact that Cuban beauty is not seen to disadvantage in the humble town of Guantánamo.

Some delay is occasioned by the sudden disappearance of Don Hilario's son, who, having espied his lady-love at the latter's grated window, lingers to exchange greetings with "the fairest of her sex." Having paid his "devours," Chépe joins his friends, and the procession moves slowly on.

Soon the open country is reached, and here Monsieur Dugrub and his companion obtain their first glimpses of the wonderful scenery peculiar to the tropics. Now a grove of banana-trees, with smooth yellow trunks and flapping easy-to-count leaves; now a majestic ceyba, from the heights of which droop lengthily and complicated twigs, communicating with other trees like telegraph wires, which they closely resemble. Ferns twelve feet high crop up on either side, together with every variety of the far-famed cactus. Aloes, palmettoes, and other exotics appear everywhere, and here and there avenues of tall palms, cocoa-nut-trees, and waving bamboos are threaded. Fruit-trees bearing odd-shaped fruits with equally strange names help to enliven the landscape. There is an abundance of limas or lime-trees, cidras or citrons, besides caimitos, ciruelas, canelas, quiretos, mamones, papallas, mameys, mangos, and mamoncillos. Of course, pineapples are included in the list, and oranges of all kinds are plentiful.

The artist avails himself of the frequent halts on the road to take pictorial as well as mental notes of

the surroundings, while his fellow-explorer captures many butterflies.

In a few short hours the travellers arrive at San Miguel—Don Hilario's estate—and here they are welcomed by Don Anselmo, the overseer and "administrador" of the plantation. A crowd of negroes assist in conveying the luggage to the "casa de vivienda," or dwelling-house, while others conduct the guests to their respective apartments, where they exchange their clothing of white drill for brown-holland vestments, and sponge their fevered bodies with water diluted with aguardiente rum.

At the very fashionable hour of half-past eight dinner is announced, and anon a number of black cooks, who have been preparing that meal in an outhouse some yards distant from the dwelling-house, cross the "patio" or yard in procession, bearing many "fuentes" or dishes containing all the delicacies of the season.

Dinner—which lasts till the usual hour of supper—being over, some of the ladies and children retire for the night, leaving the rest of the company to play the exciting game of cards known as "monté." The players do not abandon this favourite country diversion till a very late hour; indeed, the black labourers on their way to the field early next morning find the players at monté still; and, with few exceptions, monté is played day and night.

Those, however, who do not care to gamble, take short excursions into the surrounding country, and visit some of the French creole planters who reside in great numbers in this part of Cuba. The foreign guests are, of course, busy over their notes and researches, while Chépe makes daily pilgrimages on horseback to the shrine of his Filomena.

The artist-author is not altogether successful in his quest after the picturesque. His efforts are somewhat frustrated by the heat, which in the sunny hours of the day is insupportable, and the mosquitos attack him in large numbers wheresoever he may pitch his camp-stool. The cool of early morning would be more favourable to his operations, were it not for the heavy dews which in Cuba fall like rain-showers during the night, leaving nature remarkably damp and uncomfortable. The declining moments of the day are also not without their drawbacks. There is no twilight to speak of in Cuba, and at this hour millions of night-insects hold their concert, and their noise is incessant and bewildering. Gigantic fire-flies, called "cucullos," dazzle the eye as they dart like rockets about the scene, and frogs and other animals with strange sounds complete the evening performances. Our artist-author, therefore, remains under cover, and contents himself by sketching such objects as come within range of his vision. The one-storeyed "casa de vivienda," with its broad balcony and guano-thatched roof; the negro huts, with their occupants squatting at the doors;

the tumble-down outhouses where the cooking and washing are performed; and the field slaves, as they arrive with their overseer after the day's labour, to crave the evening blessing of their lord and master, form subjects for our artist's pencil. To vary this, Mr. Thumale sometimes accompanies Don Hilario's son to Guantánamo, where he employs the time which Chépe devotes to his lady-love, by depicting the queer-shaped houses, with their Roman-tiled roofs and huge glassless windows, and upon one occasion he ventured to immortalise Doña Filomena herself, as she sat behind the bars of her prison-like window. The proud beauty was by no means displeased at this little tribute to her charms.

Monsieur Dugrub was equally active in his endeavours to make profitable use of his holiday, and he in turn met with many difficulties. He contrived, indeed, to fill his note-book with numerous remarks on the ways of tropical reptiles, and he secured a very fair collection of native butterflies and moths; but he was treated with sad ingratitude by some of his favourites. A large green lizard bit him badly, he was stung by a scorpion, countless insects sucked his Gallic blood, and hairy spiders of gigantic size troubled his repose. The cucullos or fire-flies were, however, more congenial, and he watched with considerable interest how these luminous creatures were caught as they flew, and afterwards caged in large bottles. He noted how children took delight in shaking up a number of cucullos like bottled medicine, until an illumination bright enough to read by was from the combined light produced. He observed that these insects were not unlike black-beetles in size and appearance; that they possessed wings, and that the light which they dispelled proceeded from a sort of trap-door. It also interested the naturalist to learn that party-going ladies frequently adorned their hair and muslin dresses with fire-flies, and that when the señoras danced, the insects glowed like fire.

Our naturalist's attention was also directed to the strange animals of which Don Hilario's family made pets. Among these was a "jutia," a species of rat, whose form it closely resembled. This animal was as large as an ordinary cat, and had soft, sleek, saffron-coloured hair, and was in every way as domesticated as pussy. Then there was a large green lizard, which Don Hilario's children were in the habit of leading about like a dog by a piece of cord, its dangerous jaws being securely tied.

The ways of the "hormiga," or ant, formed an equally interesting subject for monsieur's study. He remarked how they were attracted in large bodies by sugar, bread-crumbs, ripe fruit, and other dainties. A single lump of white sugar being placed on any eminence in the apartment, the fact would be immediately made known to the most distant ant, who having communicated the important event to his tribe, a procession of ants

would soon be formed, and in a long unbroken line advance from their hiding-place. In less than no time the heights were scaled, and by the united efforts of this well-disciplined army, the spoil disappeared in small fragments.

The defensive measures adopted by Don Hilario's servants, with a view to insure their food from surprises, were very elaborate, and monsieur noted that sugar-basins were invariably placed upon saucers containing water, and that preserves and other delicacies were suspended from cords, to which glass cups of water were cunningly affixed. In many cases the liquid would fail to keep the enemy at bay. Particles of dust in time accumulated on the surface of the water, and over this dust the indefatigable hormiga could lightly walk, or he would conspire with some of his fellows to form a bridge of ant-backs, over which their accomplices might pass. Cotton-wool steeped in camphine oil proved effectual in preventing the enemy from ascending the stems of vines and fruit-trees, but even this contrivance, unless frequently renewed, proved unservicable. Intelligent ants knew how to bridge over the ground with leaves and twigs.

Monsieur Dugrub having heard of the existence of a larger species of the ant tribe called "hormiga brava," he was naturally desirous of meeting with a few specimens. Now our explorer had a pardonable weakness for guava jelly, and Doña Catalina, aware of this weakness, had presented her guest with a dozen small boxes of jelly of her own making. Mindful of the ants, monsieur carefully deposited his gift in his trusty portmanteau, where it would have doubtless remained secure against invasion until his return to town. In an evil hour, however, monsieur, not unlike "Harry" in the school-cake story, was tempted to open one of his guava boxes and partake of its toothsome contents. On the following morning, our explorer, having occasion to visit his portmanteau for purposes of the toilette, was surprised to discover that a clean shirt which lay uppermost was apparently splashed with ink. He had scarcely raised the garment to assure himself whether his portable ink-bottle had not been overturned, when the black stains instantly disappeared, and monsieur fell writhing in agony on the ground. The dark spots actually represented so many angry ants, and these had now transferred themselves to the naturalist's person. His cries and groans soon brought to his assistance some of Don Hilario's guests; but in the meanwhile the afflicted gentleman had been stung from top to toe, and although he kicked and raved, the ants could not be induced to abandon hostilities.

With plenty of cold water and with suitable remedies the naturalist recovered, but he was never known afterwards to express any great desire to investigate the ways and secret habits of hormigas bravas.

WALTER GOODMAN.

THE COLLEGE-LIFE OF MAÎTRE NABLOT.

BY ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

"BUT that is no reason," cried he. "Suppose the inspector were to ask you questions, do you suppose that would satisfy him? What would you say to him?"

"I should say that if the Greeks had always followed Æschylus they would never have had Sophocles, and if they had always imitated Sophocles they would not have known Euripides."

"No, no, that won't do—sit down," said Monsieur Perrot; "you are tainted with sophistry. We will now read again the *"Ars Poetica"* of Horace to recover our scattered senses. For, gentlemen," said he, uplifting his little book, "this is the invasion of the barbarians. We are assaulted on the south by the Numidians, on the north by the Scandinavians. Those people are not governed by our rules. They have scarcely even a history. We—we trace our origin from the Latins, and through the Latins from the Greeks, nations renowned for their strong good sense, and their pure simplicity. All these romancers are not Frenchmen at all. They do but upset all our traditions. I don't dispute their possession of talent and genius; but they have employed their talent and their genius to fight us with our own weapons. But their time is short. A Marius will arise, and the classic writers will be avenged. Let us hope and believe that it will be so. If Marius should not appear, the national genius will be ruined!"

Poor Monsieur Perrot was really very much troubled. The rout of the classic writers would have been in his eyes a national calamity.

During the summer time he often accompanied us in our walks, leaning upon my shoulder with one hand, and upon his stick with the other. He trotted along like a kid. The pleasure of being surrounded by his pupils quite transformed him, and he even became almost handsome.

I never saw a more childlike, ingenuous enthusiast.

Our usual walk was in the direction of the old sawpits; and when we got into the woods, under the deep shadow of the beeches and tall dark fir-trees, the valley spreading far beneath us, with its broad meadows stretching to the horizon, yellow with buttercups and dandelions, and the silver thread of the river winding in and out beneath the long herbage and the dense foliage of the trees, whilst we were accelerating our pace to reach the forest-house, Monsieur Perrot made grand speeches and apostrophised nature, and helped us to raise our hearts to the Giver of all good. We answered

our best; the little fellows gathered round us and listened with admiration; and the new assistant master, Bastien, an old pupil of Monsieur Perrot's, joined in the conversation.

The song of the thrush, the mournful cooing of the ring-dove amongst the forest-trees, the scream of a hawk high in the air, often would bring us to a stand for a moment or two, and with head bent back, and shaded eyes, we gazed at the rapacious bird describing in the sky his wide-sweeping and slowly-narrowing circles.

Then, having recovered our breath, we started off again along the sandy road. Then passing at a slower pace the little high-arched bridge, where the women, loaded with their sacks of dead leaves, and the children with their bundles, take a rest and a breathing-time, a little further on, at a winding in the valley, we discovered the saw-pit inn.

There our professor had put out his bees to board and lodge, for he was a lover of bees, of gardening, of agriculture, and, in a word, everything that belongs to rural life.

Here we ate a crust of bread under the arbour, and drank a glass of beer. Monsieur Perrot sent for butter and a plate of his own honey; and we looked upon each other like philosophers, wise men, something very much above the common herd—

"Learning from the idle worldling's vacant face,
That fortune's gifts are not without their settled price."

Such are my remembrances of the Thursdays and Sundays in those two happy years.

There is indeed a wide difference between one professor and another. We can hardly be too grateful to the learned and sympathising tutor, who has bestowed upon us the best of his time, the matured fruits of his experience, and his labour, to develop in us some of the best gifts of God, looking for no recompense but a kindly remembrance—perhaps a regret after he has quitted this earthly scene. There are such deserving men to be found in our small colleges; and do you know what reward they receive after thirty or forty years of unremitting service—after so much labour, and such sacrifices? A pension of one thousand or eleven hundred francs!

After a couple of hours' stay at the little inn, when the declining sun began to warn us that we had stayed out long enough, we returned home to Saarstadt.

To bring my rhetoric year to an end, I must tell you that at the close of the year, thanks to

Monsieur Perrot's good offices, and notwithstanding the private arrangement between the Principal and my father, I obtained all the first prizes of my class.

That year, I remember, Monsieur le Maire in his address alluded to Marshal Villars, who declared that none of his victories had given him more pleasure than the first prizes won at college. He also quoted Vauvenargues, who had said that "the first blush of dawn is not lovelier than the early dawn of fame." I acknowledged the truth of these sayings at the moment when, on my return home, my mother, my brothers, my sisters, Monsieur le Curé Hugues, our good kind old Babelô, all whom I loved, waiting for me at the door, took me in their arms with cries of joy when they saw the *char-à-bancs* loaded with crowns.

That was a glorious day!

All those happy holidays I was trotting right and left in the mountains, setting bird-traps, snaring thrushes, fly-fishing in the river. All my indisposition had passed away; I had no thought of becoming a shoemaker now. There is nothing like success to promote health and good spirits.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

MANY years have passed away since the date of this story; and almost all the good people of whom I have spoken sleep in peace under the sod. Their souls, as good Monsieur Perrot used to say, are reaping the fruits of their labour.

Such indeed is my hope and belief of Monsieur Perrot himself, for he was an excellent man. But to my thinking, now that I have had four-and-twenty years of practice as a village notary, and I am better acquainted with the affairs of this world, it seems to me that, instead of keeping close to generalities, our professor would not have done amiss to introduce into his course of philosophy the study of a few of the principles of the civil code, the penal code, and the practice of law, which often turn out very useful to know, when you have to defend your rights and your property against the devices of plotters who too often practise upon the ignorance of youth and inexperience.

But this was not down in the programme for the course; and unfortunately, after seven years spent at college, a young man finds he knows a multitude of useless things, but remains in ignorance of some of the most essential. Monsieur Perrot went, of course, by the programme.

The first day we entered his philosophy class, he joyously announced that, now that he had taught us to speak, he was going to teach us to think; and that the reflective faculty distinguished the man from the beast.

"The beasts cannot reflect," he cried, "those creatures with their limited faculties never ask

themselves, 'What am I? whence did I come? what shall I be when this life is over?' They don't even know what it is to live and to die. Every day the poor labourer who digs the soil, lifting his melancholy eyes to heaven, asks, 'What shall I be when time has passed away—when my mouldering bones shall lie in the village cemetery, or be heaped up with many others in the gravedigger's hut? What will happen to me then? What will become of my soul?' For that we have an immortal soul is the comfort of every miserable and down-trodden peasant."

As he spoke, Monsieur Perrot became moved; he smote upon his breast, and delivered his arguments or made his statements with increasing fervour. But I must confess, now that I have long thought on these matters for myself, and have escaped from the semi-heathen philosophy of our schools, that our good professor never brought any proofs, Scriptural or otherwise, to bear upon his declarations concerning the existence and the immortality of the soul. He was quite content when he had appealed to the "universal consent of mankind," and the "witness of the conscience." Yet there are other and far more convincing proofs, and which lead much further into the truths of Divine things. But none of these things are found in the eclectic philosophy of Monsieur Cousin.

As for our friend Perrot's philosophy, even sacred philosophy, it was only a rhetorical exercise. Whoever talked the loudest and fastest was always right! and when he set us to disputations upon abstract questions, we demolished each other with the most crushing arguments; while Monsieur Perrot, in utter astonishment at our wonderful skill, hobbled with his stick up and down the class-room at an amazing pace, shouting to us—

"Good! good! That's right, Nablot! Now you've settled him! Answer him, Masse, if you have an answer. Capital! first-rate! famous! Now, this is admirable. Now you, Blum, what have you to say? Ah! that is a wonderful observation of yours. I have never had such a class in my life. You all deserve to go up to dispute at Paris. You say things which have never been written anywhere. It is all new. You have exhausted the subject."

His good opinion of us puffed us up not a little. We thought ourselves the equals of Plato and of Socrates.

But his own discourse on the soul was something in this wise, borrowed almost exclusively from the ancient classics—

"The soul is here. We feel it to be so. It gives us life. It enables us to think. Is there a human being degraded so low as not to acknowledge the existence of the soul, nor feel any anxiety as to its future destiny? Our soul is imperishable. The earth holds only our bones, but the soul has fled

and lives in the celestial spheres. It is an acknowledged fact, demonstrated by the universal consent of all civilised nations, the benefit conferred upon us by philosophy and Christianity. The ancient Egyptians, ignorant of the existence of the soul, embalmed their body to preserve it. They built great pyramids to hold it and secure it against destruction, which illustrates the longing desire of man to prolong his existence after death—*non omnis moriar*. And so it was for many ages, until Plato, a true philosopher, made the discovery of the soul. All his predecessors had seen nothing but matter; but to this sublime genius, spirit, thought, and soul became manifest.

"The body decays, but the spirit survives the mortal wreck. Such was this grand discovery, the most splendid made in historic times, and which forms the true basis of all religion, the secure foundation of modern society.

"Since the discovery of the immortality of the soul, the body is no longer embalmed. The body is despised; it is delivered over to destruction.

"Formerly the monarchs of the East alone had the prospect of existing beyond death by means of their spices and their pyramids. But now the poorest peasant has the comfort of knowing that he will live through his immortal soul. With this hope he may sweat, and toil, and suffer, without a complaint; and if we must acknowledge that our holy religion alone gives him this assurance, it is right also to acknowledge that philosophy caught the first idea of it—a kind of supernatural revelation, of which Plato himself could not foresee all the consequences."

So it was that our classic-fed professor handed over to heathen philosophy the credit of discovering that which Divine revelation alone had given to the heathen, by the many channels now unknown, but which doubtless did exist, and by which the knowledge of the truth in the highest things became dimly perceptible to some of the more inquiring and enlightened heathen.

And then he pursued—

"We will together analyse the 'Phædo' of Plato, and you will see that the immortality of the soul, was made known by him.

"Let us therefore be convinced that we have souls, and then all will go on well.

"Not a peasant would plough the soil for another, not a soldier would lay down his life for his king and his country to defend the property of the rich, if they were not assured of a life in a better world. And I, my dear scholars, do you suppose that I would so willingly sacrifice my natural tastes? Do you not see that I would much rather go and look after my bees, and run in the woods, and read poetry, and keep a little diary of all the fancies in my imagination, than shut myself up in a dark room, cold in winter, hot in summer? Do you

imagine that I would have sacrificed my youth for a wretched annual stipend of fifteen hundred francs, if I had not a better world to look forward to, in which I should reap the benefit of my toil? No! I should have applied myself to something else.

"The conviction of the immortality of my soul alone sustains me. All the injustice, all the abominations, all the hypocrisy, and the lies which often wound our feelings, fail to rouse us to resist legitimate power. I say to myself, 'There is the more merit in enduring them courageously, and in submitting to the will of God, who will amply recompense us.'"

The poor man's eyes filled with tears in uttering these things, especially in paying his devoted homage to legitimate authority, however iniquitously exercised. And as we all loved him, we felt it to the bottom of our hearts.

"Yes," said he, "all Christian civilisation rests on this principle—that the soul survives the destruction of the body.

"Never have any legislators devised anything more consummately wise or more useful. For people without number—workmen, peasants, soldiers, schoolmasters, professors—have nothing that they can call their own; and therefore the guarantee of a property in a soul which cannot be taken from them, and which shall inherit all the compensations that the body must not claim, either before or after it is turned into dust, is of the utmost value to them.

"This wonderful conception secures order in this world, and the dispensation of justice in the next.

"Materialistic philosophers alone deny the existence of the soul. But materialists are worldly, carnal beings, who cling close to the good things of this life—men corrupted and cankered by ambition, envy, and covetousness, who would deprive an unhappy people of their only comfort, to excite them to rebellion against society.

"They have not a single proof to allege against the existence of the soul, which is demonstrated to us by the universal consent of all mankind, and the testimony of our inner consciousness.

"Now let this be sufficient. The soul is a fact which each of us can observe and verify for ourselves by the mere power of reflection.

"We will begin our course of philosophy with the study of the soul, which possesses three faculties—perception, understanding, and activity."

Such was, word for word, our first lesson in philosophy, which I have just copied from an old exercise-book lying on a bookshelf along with those belonging to my law studies.

The deficiency which will strike every one is the absence of any reference to even the first principles of the Christian religion.

SECOND-COUSIN SARAH.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

NO PEACE.

LUCY JENNINGS was writing busily in her room when Sarah came in softly with the news. The woman-preacher had gone to her own apartment, away from the society of two young folks who thought of little save each other, and whose courtship did not interest her.

She was surrounded by papers, and she had set her desk close to the window for the advantage of the light, Lucy's eyes not being so strong as they used to be. She had hoped for a quiet hour in this room, but it was not to be. She had letters to write to one or two of the principal members of her flock, announcing her return; she had half a hundred instructions to set forth; she had a grave matter to consider affecting the people whom she was about to leave at Sedge Hill even, and now here was this tiresome, one-idea'd Sarah Eastbell again. She was never glad to see her; it was very true that she did not like Reuben's cousin—nay, that she tried very hard at times not to like her.

"Oh, Lucy! what do you think he has been saying?" Sarah cried in her excitement, as she came into the room and steered her way amongst Miss Holland's unclaimed boxes, to the window.

"Who has been saying?" asked Lucy, without looking in her direction.

"Reuben, to be sure."

"Always Reuben!—I had forgotten there was no other man upon the earth but Reuben Culwick," she said bitterly.

Sarah took a seat close to the side of Lucy Jennings, with a want of ceremony which startled the elder lady.

"He says I may ask your opinion if I will—and you will think how right he is."

"It will be about the first time in my life that I have thought him in the right," she muttered, then she added in her sharpest and jerkiest manner, "Well, what is it?"

"I have been telling him of your going away to-morrow—of the necessity of his going too, as you suggested, and he says—oh, Lucy! what do you think he has got into his dear old head?" she cried, clapping her hands together.

"I can't guess—what is the object of guessing when it is easy for you to explain?" was the ungracious rejoinder.

Sarah Eastbell did not notice the chilliness of Miss Jennings' remarks. She dashed into her subject forthwith; she spoke of Reuben's wish for

an early marriage as a wise and natural solution to the difficulties in their way; she repeated all Reuben's arguments as to the reason for pursuing this course; she confessed artlessly enough her own affection, her own wishes, and embarrassments; and Lucy Jennings heard her out patiently.

"In all his life he has been in a hurry," Lucy said, when Sarah had completed her recital, "so what is the use of my advice? It would be an ill-timed formality, of no value to either of you."

"I have come for your advice, Lucy—I don't know what to do."

"If he had been less impetuous," said Lucy, betraying a sudden excitement herself, "it would have been as well—it would have given me time to think. Sarah, you must not marry Reuben Culwick yet."

"You—you think that it is not right—it is not respectful to the memory of her I have lost?" asked Sarah.

"Respectful!" cried Lucy contemptuously, "I have not given a thought to it! But—" and here followed a long pause, with Lucy glaring strangely at her visitor—"but," she continued at last, "something has happened in this room, that I have been keeping to myself, and which may alter both your lives."

"Something has happened?" repeated Sarah slowly.

"Yes."

"I have been waiting for it—it was not possible for any happiness to come to me," said Sarah mournfully; "tell me what you fear."

"I don't know—I can't say," answered Lucy, "I have not had time to think. I have been trying to set it apart from my thoughts, until I could have spoken to Reuben about it quietly to-morrow; but you come in upon me, and disturb me with fresh revelations, and there is never peace!"

She held her arms up as if protesting to Heaven against her trials, and Sarah watched her with a nervous interest.

"What has happened which may alter Reuben's life and mine?" she asked again; "and why in this room, where—"

"Where a woman named Mary Holland lived for some years," said Lucy quickly—"a woman whom you learned to distrust at last?"

"We did, and yet—"

Lucy Jennings interrupted her again.

"You did not distrust her in vain, perhaps," she added. "I will tell you, Sarah Eastbell, what I thought of telling Reuben Culwick—but it may be

your right to hear this first of all, as it may affect you most of all—who knows?"

"Go on," said Sarah impatiently, "let me hear the worst."

"It is not in my power," was the answer, "you must learn it for yourself. Read what is written on that paper."

Lucy Jennings had opened her desk and produced

On the envelope were written these words :—

"Herein is contained the last Will and Testament of Simon Culwick, of Sedge Hill, Worcester."

There was a date appended—the date of the day on which Simon Culwick had called at Hope Street, Camberwell, for the first time, and last, in his life. It was a will made before he had come



"SHE HAD LETTERS TO WRITE."

a long blue envelope, on which were written words in a large clear hand, to which she pointed with her finger—the finger of fate to the timid girl who followed every movement, and leaned forward to the paper cautiously and eagerly.

"Great Heaven!" she ejaculated.

Yes, Lucy Jennings was right—that which might affect the whole after life of Reuben Culwick and of herself was in the hands of the woman-preacher.

that day in search of his son, and it over-ruled all other testaments to which in his life of change he had set his trembling hand.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

FACING THE TRUTH.

SARAH EASTBELL turned the sealed packet round in a helpless fashion, regarding Lucy piteously meanwhile. Here was a new calamity to change

the current of her life; nothing written therein could bring peace to her, she thought already. It was a will that struck her from this home and set her in her rightful place, a poor dependent or a struggling woman; it set aside the other will, or Simon Culwick would not have signed it at the eleventh hour. That it left her poor, she did not mind; but that it made Reuben rich—as she believed it did—seemed to take him from her sphere for ever. Why it should do this, why she felt already that she had lost him, was singular enough; but then Second-cousin Sarah was very proud, and very strange at times.

"Where did you find this?" she asked at last.

"In that box," Lucy replied, pointing to an old-fashioned hair-trunk studded with brass nails—one of the boxes which Mary Holland had never claimed.

"Was it not locked?"

"The lock had not caught the hasp, I found, and last night I uncorred the box, thinking to refasten it, and render it more secure."

"Yes—and then?"

"And then I opened the box—I looked in for a moment, and this was the first thing that caught my attention," said Lucy Jennings. "Is there anything to blame me for?" she added sharply; "in seeing to the safety of Miss Holland's property, have I not unmasked a spy?"

"I don't know," answered Sarah.

"What right had that woman with Reuben's father's will?" asked Lucy, "has she not committed a crime against the law?—is not this an act of revenge against him?"

"I don't see all this yet," responded Sarah Eastbell, still thoughtfully.

"This will is sealed; it was given in trust to Mary Holland before Simon left for London. It leaves his property to Reuben, and she would have kept him from it. I see it all. I despise that woman, although I have never met her in my life."

"Mary Holland is not here to answer for herself," said Sarah; "and Mary would have preferred Reuben's being rich, to my poor grandmother's coming to this house."

"She brought your grandmother here herself; there was a plot in it. Read the will."

"What right have I to read it?" asked Sarah.

"You are in possession. Reuben is too weak to bear the shock. There may be something in it which he is not to know first of all," she added, with a sudden doubt—"which is to be broken to him by degrees."

"Reuben is as brave as a lion."

"Oh, you don't know him," said Miss Jennings pityingly.

"I don't think so meanly of him as you do," cried Sarah, with sudden spirit; "I don't believe he has fretted for an instant about his father's money,

though he told me so once. He has denied it since; he is above all mercenary thoughts."

"You will be his wife; you have a right to set him upon a pedestal and call him hero," was the reply. "I do not blame you for it. It is a woman's duty when she gives up her heart. You love him, that's enough."

"Love him—yes!"

"If you love him, read that will first, and prepare a weak man for all that it contains. It is probably riches, but it may be a complete disinheritance, and which will be the greater shock to such a mind as Reuben Culwick's, I cannot say," Lucy added bitterly.

"Come and see how he will take this news," cried Sarah, defiantly now.

"I have no interest in it; it concerns me not," said Lucy very sharply; "I should not have mentioned it till I was prepared to leave the house, had you not come in with your foolish story of a hasty wedding. Go to him, Sarah. I am busy with a holier task than yours."

She turned her back upon her companion, and bent herself closely over her desk; and when Sarah spoke to her again, she maintained a rigid silence.

It was as well, perhaps, to go alone to Reuben. Sarah had greater faith in him than Lucy Jennings had. She had also a greater power to console him if this were a new trouble; and if it made him very rich, she had to lay her love down at his feet, and say she was unworthy of him. What he would answer in return she did not know; and yet at times she thought she did, knowing Reuben Culwick best of all of them, and being closer to his heart than they could ever be.

She went down-stairs to the dining-room, where Reuben was not now. She proceeded to the great picture-gallery, where she found him, hand-in-hand with the child he loved so much, telling into her rapt ears the stories which the canvas breathed in glowing colours to them. He left Tots the moment Sarah came into the room, and advanced eagerly towards her. She was glad of that, for she was jealous of his love for Tots, although she loved Tots because Reuben liked her, rather than because the child had delivered her from bondage.

"Well, what does the great preacher say?" Reuben asked lightly; "does not Lucy think——"

Then he stopped, quick enough to read the new expression on Sarah Eastbell's face.

"What has happened?" he asked in a different tone; "what paper is that?"

"It was found in Mary Holland's box," Sarah said timidly, "and it belongs to you."

Reuben took the packet from Sarah's hand, and read the superscription, his eyes dilating with surprise. He made no attempt to break the seal of black wax, but walked with her slowly towards the bay-window at the end of the room, as though his

sight were weak, and more light were needed to assist it.

She seemed to hesitate in her progress with him, and he put his arm round her waist, as a privileged lover under these circumstances had a right to do.

"For better or worse, for richer or poorer, my First-cousin-once-removed Sarah," said he lightly, but meaningly; "now tell me where this sprang from."

Sarah told him, whilst he listened, with the paper in his hand, and looked out at the garden and the rising ground beyond it. Tots stole away during the narration.

"Mary Holland may have received—possibly did receive—private instructions from my poor father with this will," said Reuben, when Sarah had completed her narrative; "she is not to blame, I trust, even if it comes at us in this fashion. It was to be kept back, at Simon Culwick's request, a certain time, possibly, he being a secretive man."

"Has that time arrived?"

"Miss Holland is not here to tell us," answered Reuben, "and you and I stand in a false position, with this will lying like a bar upon the freedom of our thoughts. I take all the responsibility; it is my right, as Simon Culwick's son."

"You are not afraid of the contents?" she asked, remembering suddenly Lucy Jennings' criticism of Reuben's temperament.

"There is nothing within the will to frighten me," he replied firmly, "or to make me glad, or cast me down. See how steady the hand is that turns over the page of this new book of fate."

His fingers broke the seal and took from the envelope the document contained therein. As he opened it very coolly, he looked steadily at Sarah.

"My second-cousin, whom this affects more than myself, will imitate my philosophy, I hope, keeping strong with me."

"Yes," answered Sarah.

"She was not brought up to expect riches, and riches can pass away without repining at their loss, for she is young and true."

"If they pass from me to you——"

"As they will not, Sarah," he said—"as they never will."

He looked at the paper for the first time. It was a brief will, which a few lines made clear. It was written by Simon Culwick himself, and witnessed by two servants who had left the house two years since, and it left, as Reuben had imagined from the first, the whole of his property, free and indivisible, to his old friend's child, his faithful housekeeper, Mary Holland.

He refolded the will, and regarded attentively his second-cousin, who remained dumb with amazement.

"And Mary Holland I have turned out of her own house, so that she is not here to receive our congratulations," said Reuben Culwick coolly.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

CONSOLATION.

REUBEN had acted like a philosopher in this matter, and he took the final disposal of the Culwick property in a way that showed his heart was not deeply affected by its loss. Here was Second-cousin Sarah to keep him strong, and to keep strong by his example. It was her loss rather than his own; and to show that he valued her affection above the riches she might have brought him, was an opportunity not lightly to be missed. For Sarah Eastbell was not a philosopher after all; she was unselfish, but she gave way for the sake of him whom she had no power now to make rich. She went from the window with her hands before her face, and sat down trembling in the arm-chair wherein her grandmother had died protesting her faith in her.

She was crying, Reuben saw, when he had drawn the thin hands from her face, and was looking tenderly into her tear-dimmed eyes.

"Courage, Sarah!" he said; "you have never cared for the splendour of this place; you wanted to give it all away, you know."

"And now I cannot help you!"

"Oh, yes, you can!"

"I am a burden on your life, Reuben," she murmured, "for you are very poor, like me. I must forget what you have said, and you—you must never think of me again."

"And what else?" he said.

He perched himself on the broad arm of the chair, and looked down laughingly at her, resting his hand lightly on her shoulder.

"I cannot make you rich now," she faltered forth.

"I did not ask Sarah Eastbell to be my wife because she was an heiress," he replied, "but because she was the most unselfish, the most faithful little woman whom I had ever met. She made my heart light when I was losing faith in humankind, and I am not going to part with her again."

"I do not see any hope for you and me now, Reuben," said Sarah sadly; "we must find Miss Holland."

"Yes, we must find Miss Holland," he echoed; "what will *she* say to this accession of fortune?"

Is she not aware of it?"

"The will was sealed. It was placed in her hands, to be opened at some future period and some stated date, I think, and most probably without a knowledge of its contents."

"And then?" said Sarah wonderingly.

"And then, when the usurpers were at rest, and had grown purse-proud and ungrateful, this mine was to be sprung beneath their feet. It is after my poor father's fashion, and I bear him no ill-will for thinking of Miss Holland. She was a friend to him; I was his enemy to the last."

"Not his enemy, Reuben."

"I might have acted in so different a way," he said regretfully, "and he might have parted with me in less enmity. A few more kind words between us might have changed his life as well as mine."

"You would have been in this house as its master."

"I was not thinking of that," said Reuben, "for by this will I am not left a poorer man. Cannot I prove that I love my second-cousin for herself, if she ever doubted it before this?"

"No, Reuben, I don't doubt. I have been happy enough to win your love; but I should be very selfish to seek to keep it."

"Do you regret the coming change in your position?"

"Yes."

"For yourself?"

"No—no—for you. Oh, Reuben!" she cried suddenly and passionately, "I would not marry you for all the world!"

She shrank at last from the touch of his hand upon her shoulder, and bent her head away from him.

"What does it matter, Sarah, if we are going to be poor instead of rich?—we two together!"

"You have been always unhappy in your poverty," she murmured, "only an hour or two ago you told me this."

It was hard to have a few jesting words hurled back at him in sober earnest, but he was not to be baffled by his second-cousin in this way. He had mastered the position, and he understood all that was in her mind, he thought.

"I have been unhappy in my poverty, because I have been alone in it, without a hope, Sarah," he said more earnestly; "I should go back to it trebly miserable if you feared to share it with me."

"I fear it for your sake."

"God forbid that I should be coward enough to drag you down to it from this," said Reuben, "or expose you to all the miseries of my petty indigence. But you are young, and I am not old, and time is before us both. Are we going to say good-bye because

Simon Culwick leaves his money to his house-keeper?"

"We must cancel this engagement," said Sarah less resolutely, "I—I—I—am in your way."

"We will cancel no promises that we made a good old woman," answered Reuben; "I will not release you from your word. I see debts growing less—work more remunerative—a little suburban cottage somewhere for two simple folk of scanty means, but great big hearts, and it is only waiting for a while. Let the money pass from every thought of ours; it has brought you trouble—it has led others to crime, and the blessing of our life lies a long way beyond it. Why, Sarah, I am proud of my poverty at last!"

Reuben had grown quite eloquent—Lucy Jennings would have told him to keep his fine tall talk for the books that he could not sell, but the little trustful heart at his side knew only that he talked "like a book," though he talked in earnest. After this she was glad to be persuaded that Reuben would be happy with her, rather than without her—that she could only add to his troubles by setting him free, or to his happiness by believing in his love; and she was too young to grieve long over her incapacity to make him master of his father's house.

She did not study the position of affairs after his last speech; she was happier poor than rich, perhaps; she agreed to all his reasoning, she looked forward with him to the future, as he sketched it for her with those cheering words of his which made her heart glow. Here were the true courting days then, the happy days which no after time could take away. If she looked back at them presently, as at things gone by for ever, if they faded by rough contact with the world, still they were no less bright for being looked at through a rain of tears, and there were no regrets for unwise words or deeds to mar the recollection of that day.

The happiness born of it, and of faith in each other, might not last, but then the bliss that endures lies beyond the arid sands of our mother earth.

END OF CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A CEYLON ELEPHANT.



IN the early part of the year 187—, I was paying a visit to a coffee planter, who had a large estate in one of the most out-of-the-way places it would be possible to find in the Island of Ceylon.

I could never clearly understand what had induced my friend C— to purchase the property, unless it was because he had a great *penchant* for sport of all kinds, and he could indulge it there, as there was any amount of bears and chetahs (the Ceylon tiger) within a few

miles of his bungalow. This, I believe, was his chief reason for taking the property, and almost isolating himself from other Europeans in the district; his "next-door neighbour," as he facetiously called him, residing more than fifteen miles distant.

Under these circumstances, C— assured me that nothing could have given him greater pleasure than the receipt of a note from me, stating that it was my intention to come up from Point de Galle—at which port I had arrived by P. and O. steamer the previous day—and spend a week or so.

After a pleasant run up to Kandy by train, and thence by coach and bullock-cart, I ultimately reached my destination in safety. Travelling by bullock-cart is by no means a comfortable performance, and as this was the first time I had experienced it, I naturally felt the jolting very considerably. When I did arrive, however, I was fully recompensed, for I received a most hearty welcome from my friend, and we spent the best part of the night in talking over schooldays, and the latest news from the "Old Country."

In the course of conversation C— mentioned that a "rogue elephant" had been seen in the neighbourhood a few days previously, and he thought he would be able to arrange for a portion of the jungle to be beaten the next evening, when I should probably have a chance of my "maiden shot" at large game.

Par parenthèse, I may mention that a "rogue elephant" is one which, for some misconduct, has been turned out of the herd by its companions, and wanders about the country alone, committing all kinds of depredation, and frequently pulling down the native houses and attacking the inmates.

When I awoke at sunrise, I had some vague idea that I had been distinguishing myself in the eyes of the natives, by having with a well-directed shot disposed of their enemy.

After breakfast C— went out to look after some of his coolies on the estate; and, before doing so, he suggested that I should ride his jungle-pony over to the tappal station and get the latest English papers, which would have arrived by the steamer by which I was a passenger.

Having nothing else to do during the early part of the day, I willingly acquiesced in this proposal, and accordingly started on a five-mile ride through the jungle, accompanied by a native horse-keeper, who, by-the-by, was not of much use to me, for I could not speak a word of his language, and he did not appear to understand me any better.

The bridle-path through the jungle was a very narrow one, but my pony seemed pretty well used to it; indeed, he wanted to get along rather faster than I cared about, as his rapid progress resulted in my tearing my clothes several times, in consequence of their becoming entangled in the branches of the thorny acacia, which flourishes most luxuriantly in that part of Ceylon. I arrived at the post-office without meeting with any adventures, and having procured the papers, commenced my return.

The weather was such as cannot be realised, except by those who have travelled in the East. Although the sun was shining brilliantly, it was not sufficiently hot in the early part of the day to render travelling unpleasant. In the lower districts of Ceylon; the heat would have been almost unbearable; but among the hills, where my friend's estate

was situated, it was not warmer than a June day at home.

As I was in no particular hurry, I did not allow the pony to proceed at a quick pace, but amused myself by watching the many-hued butterflies and humming-birds, which flitted about in front.

Just as I had got about half-way through the jungle, and was in one of the most narrow parts of the pathway, I was suddenly aroused from my reverie by what—to me—was a most unaccountable sound, somewhat resembling the tumult I should have expected to hear if half a dozen bulls were bellowing; the noise was accompanied by a rustling of the underwood, and snapping of branches.

It instantly flashed across my mind that I had inadvertently come upon the "rogue elephant," and as the uproar was immediately in front of me, I deemed discretion to be the better part of valour, and endeavoured to turn my horse's head.

I could not succeed in my attempts, however, the path being so narrow, and the underwood on either side so dense, that I had no choice but to stop where I was or advance.

To my astonishment the pony did not appear in the least discomfited, but remained perfectly still, with the exception of its long bushy tail, with which it kept switching off the brown buffalo-flies.

My surprise was consequent upon my conversation with C— the previous evening, when he mentioned that horses had a great antipathy to elephants, an antipathy which was only equalled by the dislike which elephants had for horses.

Although it takes some minutes to describe the position in which I was placed, and what my feelings were on the occasion, it is hardly necessary to say that but a few seconds elapsed from the time I had first been aware that some large animal was approaching me, until the cause of all the uproar was fully explained.

I had just turned round in the saddle to see where my horse-keeper had got to, when I found myself within a few feet of an immense elephant. I had no firearms with me, and perhaps it was fortunate I had not, for to place an elephant *hors de combat* with a single shot is a feat to be proud of, and one which is rarely performed. The chances were that, had I been armed, I should have fired at the elephant, and so irritated him that he would have immediately rushed upon me.

My first movement was to draw my feet out of the stirrups, and slip off the horse in a very undignified manner. In doing so, my clothes, which were of a very light material, were torn by the thorns of the brake through which I was passing.

I struggled to regain my feet—having lost my balance in dismounting—and as soon as I did so I perceived the elephant making a way for himself through the jungle, in a direction at right angles with the path I had been following.

Much to my surprise, the animal did not appear to any extent disconcerted at our encounter, and was moving off at a pace but little quicker than a walk, forcing the underwood away on either side of him with his trunk.

My surprise was also enhanced when, on glancing behind me, I saw the horse-keeper regarding me with a broad grin on his ugly features.

I knew well that the natives were not celebrated for their pluck, and had anticipated that he would disappear as soon as the elephant came in sight.

Under the circumstances, I thought the best course I could adopt would be to proceed on the journey back to my friend's bungalow. I accordingly re-mounted my horse, and in due course arrived home without further adventure.

When I reached the bungalow I found that a couple of "neighbouring planters"—as my friend called them, notwithstanding the fact that their estates were considerably over fifty miles from his own—had called, *en route* for Kandy, the "up-country" capital of Ceylon.

In accordance with the rules of planting hospitality, they were to remain to dinner, and not to leave until the next morning.

Considerable anxiety was evinced by C—— and

his friends to know what was the cause of my tattered appearance, in addition to which I was scratched a good deal about the face.

I was not inclined to relieve their anxiety at the moment, and therefore retired to one of the bedrooms for a wash and to change my clothes, promising to give them the particulars at dinner.

Dinner being announced shortly afterwards, I proceeded to relate my encounter with, and escape from, the "rogue elephant," and at the conclusion of my narrative expressed my surprise at having had what I might almost term a miraculous escape. Turning to C——, I asked him how he accounted for the quiet way in which the horse had conducted itself.

I was greeted with roars of laughter on every side.

"Why, Jack," said C——, "do you think a 'rogue elephant' would have skedaddled as that fellow did? Your *adventure* (save the mark!) has been with a tame elephant belonging to the head man of the village, and, I may tell you further, the horse is as blind as a bat!"

I need scarcely mention that I took care not to allude to my "Adventure with a Ceylon Elephant" during my sojourn in the island. C. B.

AN EAST-END NIGHT-SCHOOL.



EW scenes are more different than a rural and a city night-school. The former is probably a pet institution, of the squire, certainly of the squire's daughters. Hodge, Podge, and the rest of them, evening by evening leave the corner-post in the village thoroughfare, where they are wont to enjoy pastoral felicity by lounging pipe-in-mouth against the wall, and occasionally flinging a rustic compliment to passers-by, and meekly betake themselves to the school-room. The young ladies are already there, having been escorted thither from the dinner-table by the rector, and work at once commences. Only those who have tried know how difficult it is to impress upon a ploughman, fresh from several wet days on heavy fallows, that twenty-eight and seven make thirty-five; or to keep a stable-boy's attention sufficiently awake (it having commenced observing that day at 3.30 a.m.) to appreciate the exact political changes wrought by Ethelbald and Ethelbert. At all events, they are quiet and respectful, for it would never do to offend "the leddies;" so the requisite years' attendance is yawningly completed, and the sees his fair helpers home.

With town boys, and especially with London boys, the difficulty is not so much how to stir up a dormant intellect, as how to overcome its bashfulness in the first place, and induce its owner to enter school, and then to supply his omnivorous maw with a sufficient amount of mental food suitable to his digestion. It is difficult to get the boys to school, and equally hard to content them with elementary knowledge. They lack patience thoroughly to master the first steps on the road to learning. Though this is a difficulty which encounters any one who attempts to make up in after years for the omission of a regular grounding, it tells with especial force upon city boys at a night-school. To do any good, such a school must possess a large staff of teachers, and perhaps they should aim rather at instilling habits of perseverance, deference, attention, and other moral virtues, than inculcating any particular scraps of knowledge. What is wanted is to point out the paths of learning to a lad, and then draw out his own powers of self-reliance. In a word, self-discipline rather than instruction should be the motto of a school which for an hour or so catches a lad fatigued with the day's work, and willing to be impressed, and which may not afterwards see any more of him for ten days or a fortnight. The fluctuating character of the attendance, and the diverse degrees of crass ignorance, must ever be serious

drawbacks to all regular instruction in a city night-school, until the Elementary Education Act has been in force for a few years. And it should never be forgotten that the reins must be held very lightly; the horse must be driven with blinkers, as it were; or if it see those bogies of London youth, subordination and discipline, it will speedily run away, and then a chance has been lost, it may be for ever.

Let us visit a night-school which a clergyman has opened during the winter evenings at the East-end of London. Starting from more fashionable parts towards the West-end, after dinner, on a peculiarly raw night, with drifts of rain at intervals, it is only the consciousness of doing good as a teacher that tempts us from the fire-side. Battering the elements as best we can, the station is reached, and we are soon rushing under street after street of the great City, till we near the Tower; when suddenly emerging, the train hurries us over house-tops, through a myriad of chimneys, to the classic regions of Wapping and Shadwell.

There we once more dare the wind and rain, and press on foot through gloomy half-deserted streets, under the shadow of vast warehouses, or over a draw-bridge every now and then, with the water beneath gleaming as black as ink, and the reflection of a gas-lamp flaring on it. A solitary policeman, a watchman, two or three squalid women with shawls over their heads, a few noisy revellers with pipes in their mouths—these are all we meet, till at a sudden turn we enter a narrow street, evidently thickly populated, and find a crowd of men and lads brawling round a door. That is the school, and these are companions of the scholars, who, for some reason or other, will not go in, preferring to make a disturbance outside. They stand back for us to enter, and on opening the door we find ourselves in a small room (which has been hired in default of a regular school), crammed with boys and youths at desks, writing (or trying to write), and anything but orderly. One silly pulls another's hair behind his neighbour's back; another smudges his friend's copy; a third walks down a row to ask a question of the clergyman, and thumps each one in the back as he passes, lookingly smilingly unconscious at the end of the trip that he is the cause of the hubbub that results.

The atmosphere is indescribable; but the sooner we get to work and assist our clerical friend the better, so we boldly dash into the little Black Hole of Calcutta, and commence setting copies. Writing is the special occupation which these lads love. Reading they seem to tolerate merely for the sake of writing. Turning round, we find a lad of small brain-capacity, and with villainously low forehead, amusing the neighbours at our expense; he has probably been pouring ink on our coat. We ad-

monish him, and things are quieter, till a lad with very close-cropped hair (the unmistakeable gaol cut) kicks a smaller one opposite to him by way of a diversion. That small lad cries out, and all but swears, whereupon the clergyman, at length justly incensed, takes the offender by the arm and thrusts him out of doors. The mob outside, which has hitherto contented itself with howling and singing comic songs, greatly to the distraction of the pupils, now hails the new-comer with a shout, and at once, under his instigation, proceeds to overt measures, kicking the door, beating at the window, howling like fiends, etc. etc. Let the reader fancy the forty lads inside, who are supposed to be learning, under the influence of this delightful brawl, as their ears think it—let him fancy their grimaces and distraction (the dirtiest of faces matching hands that have been strangers to soap for many a day)—then let him picture to himself our efforts to keep up their attention, and a diplomatic visit to the door by our head, which is completely thrown away, as his expostulations are received with a volley of yells, and he will see that teaching a night-school at the East-end is no light matter.

At length there is a lull outside, and—save that a shock-headed rascal has just put the candle to the red hair of a lad by him, busily engaged, with sprawling arms and mouth wide open, in trying to write "Mother," which naturally raises a slight commotion—our prospects seem brighter. There is a second room overhead, where a dozen men are at work reading, when suddenly we hear a crash of glass and a disturbance amongst them, and one comes down with rueful face to say that a potato has been thrown through the window, and struck him. At the same time a roar of laughter outside, and rush of scampering feet, testify to the delight of the perpetrators. Much, too, do the lads laugh over their books at the man's anger, and the poor curate feels that this is anything but a propitious night for teaching. He goes to the door, carefully, for all is unusually silent outside, and he fears an ambuscade. Welcome sight! Policeman X 1264 stands there, touches his helmet, and says—

"Sorry I could not come sooner, sir, but I will see that these horful boys don't annoy you no more to-night."

Much gratified, the curate resumes his work till the hour expires, when, with a chorus of shrieks and groans, every lad seizes his cap, attempts to upset his neighbour or the candles, and rushes off. The curate sighs, but knows it would be worse than useless to keep them in while he said a prayer or two. They would never come again, and all his hopes of them, small though these be, would be at once dashed to the ground.

It is only fair to say that this school which we have described is an exceptional one, in a low

population, and presided over by too small a teaching power. Hence the licence that prevails; our friend the curate thinking it better to get hold of these lads in this way than not at all. A small percentage profit by his labour of love. The seed of better things may lie dormant in others, till a more fitting season (often solitary confinement) causes it to spring up and bear a scanty crop. At all events, he feels that, like Milton, he must "bear up and steer right onward," doing his duty while he can, and trusting to the future, in which his successors may see some results of his toil. So he cheerfully blows out lights, turns off the gas, and then, locking the door, takes a gasp of fresh air and our arm, and steps out, through rain and mud, to his solitary lodgings. Doubtless, one day, he will meet with his reward.

As School Boards extend their operations, and compulsory attendance while young at an elementary school begins to tell upon such an ignorant and degraded population as this, in which we have so slightly been aiding the curate, the necessity for night-schools will either be lessened, or a better class of pupils, one which has already overcome the drudgery of letters, will attend them. So our friend has some sure grounds of hope in the next few years, and, by way of defeating despondency at present, he tells us some anecdotes of what he has seen and heard at his school, which may amuse our readers. They must remember that these lads, being many of them mechanics, and all their wits being sharpened in the hard school of want and wretchedness, possess a keen sense of the humorous, and a great aptitude for rough practical jokes.

Yet they are shrewd withal, and respect to a certain degree any one who has gained their confidence, but they think all strangers fair game. Thus it actually happened down here, says our friend, that a strange clergyman having come into the district, and being sent for to a house where a man was lying dangerously ill, his companions picked the clergyman's pocket while he was on his knees praying for their sick comrade. But to our more immediate object. One night, he told us, he was at a night-school further east again, to which a wicket-gate, opening on a small playground, gave admittance. A lamp stood by this gate, and after a Saturnalia of yelling outside, much to his discomfort within, an active lad climbed up the lamp-post and turned off the gas, then, blowing down the pipe, endeavoured to put out the lights in the school. This was too much, so the curate rushed out to seize him, but stumbled, in the dark, over the gate, which had been taken off its hinges and cunningly laid in his way. A rush of feet, and a shout of "He's fallen over it!—run!" him all he heard of his tormentors when he picked himself up.

On another occasion he had secured the aid of

a young medical student. During the evening he was hit in the eye by some missile.

An elderly clergyman took the mastership on yet another night, but he never came again. The boys put out the gas (which, by the way, is considered amongst them the height of cleverness), and then commenced a free fight. The unfortunate clergyman leapt upon the table, and let his unruly pupils fight it out between themselves.

A wag attended sometimes, who was nick-named "Napoleon" by the rest. When all were at work one night, in such silence as could be obtained, a boy, with a very black face, looked shyly in as if doubtful whether he should enter. Much to the amusement of all, Napoleon half rose from his seat and said, "Thank you, we don't want any coals to-night!" Of course the boy abruptly disappeared.

Some are so noisy that whenever the teacher's back is turned they begin a comic song.

The curate adds that once he reprimanded a boy for drawing on his copy-book, saying in fun, "We do not teach drawing here," to which the boy rejoined directly (being himself probably what the law terms *nullius filius*), "Am sorry, sir, for my father sent me here specially to learn it."

Another young "scape-goat" (as an old lady termed them, meaning probably "scape-grace") put red-hot coals from the hearth into his neighbour's copy-book, and shut it on them. But we have said enough to show what some East-end night-school boys are. It is impossible to give one a good thrashing to restore discipline, or the school would at once be deserted. Indeed the curate, when attempting to put out eight noisy fellows one by one on a certain occasion, was himself struck with a handful of mud in the face by a comrade outside. He bore it all, however, very philosophically. And it is only by such self-sacrifice that good can be done in the East-end.

How different is this uproar—this venture which one or two earnest men make against ignorance and insubordination—to the trim and regularly attended village night-school! Doubtless it is far more unpleasant to work in the city school, but we came away from this with the sense of having done, it may be, a little good on our neighbours' behalf; we felt that we knew more of our fellow-creatures, and had learnt greater toleration, from even in this slight manner having taken soundings, as it were, in the unfathomable ocean of crime and ignorance that surges around the richest city in the world. All honour to those who voluntarily give up the leisure and quietness of their winter evenings to work, as we have described, at ameliorating these East-end lads! And while the educated and refined English youth of a higher social grade are what they are, these teachers, we are assured, will never ask for assistance from them in vain.

M. G. W.

THE ANGEL OF "SPRING."



"TENDS HER BIRDS AND FLOWERS."

WHEN lowering skies and grey cold mists
have vanished,
Borne hence on Winter's slow reluctant
wing,
Fay Lilian gaily tends her birds and flowers,
And as she tends them, carols to the Spring.

VOL. VIII.—NEW SERIES.

"Dear Earth, to deck thee come four bounteous
angels
About thee hovering, while with loving care
Their teeming hands, unseen, unfelt, drop bless-
ings,
God-gifts, bestowed to make thee rich as fair

"Angel best loved is she the storm-blast heralds,
Who stills the March winds as she draweth near;
Who, for her hand-maid, bringeth hope renewed,
And wakes the blossoms with a smile and tear.

"Life, at her touch, within the brown soil stirreth;
By her the branch with bud and leaf is clad;
Warmed by her breath, from his long sleep up-
starting,
The russet bee flits forth, alert and glad.

"Deeper thy verdure, golden-gloried Summer;
Richer, brown Autumn, are thy fruits and grain;
But those fair flow'rs thy touch, O Spring! evoketh,
We from thy sister angels seek in vain!

"Incense the violet flings abroad to greet thee,
For thee the cuckoo chants his changeless lays;
And while the mother bird broods o'er her nest-
lings,
Her happy mate sits by and thrills thy praise.

"Wooed by thy sunny skies, and southern zephyrs,
Nature rejoicing dons her tenderest hues;
E'en the full-hearted mourner stills her weeping
The while thy balm her patient faith renews!

"Sweet to the souls that in life's struggle weary
The rest that Winter symbols; but we cling
With fuller joy to hopes thy coming wakens,
And watch and wait for an eternal Spring!"

L. CROW.

THE COLLEGE-LIFE OF MAÎTRE NABLOT.

BY ERCKMANN-CHÂTRIEN.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

AFTER such teaching as this, and after the kind of intellectual discipline which he made us go through, I suppose Monsieur Perrot was not far wrong, according to his own views, in condemning the eclectic philosophy invented by Monsieur Cousin. To discuss ideas without presenting any positive fact in support is a mere waste of time.

At any rate, this kind of exercise gave us supple tongues, and several of my schoolfellows became excellent advocates.

I could now tell you of the visit of Monsieur Ozana, the inspector from Paris, who was astonished at our wonderful fluency, our forensic fervour, and the novelty of our arguments. I fancy I can still see him coming and going in a thoughtful, dreamy mood, perhaps asking himself if he was really to believe his own ears. I remember that he spoke to one of us, whose voice was not quite so strong, nor his manner so forward as the rest, and asked him good-humouredly—

"Come, come! that is not bad at all. Your course is nearly over now. What profession have you chosen for yourself?"

"I should like to become an advocate, Monsieur l'Inspecteur."

"An advocate!" he cried; "then, my friend, you must do as the others do; you must shout. When a man shouts loudly enough, he cannot hear his own voice, and he drowns the voices of his opponents, and this is an immense advantage."

Monsieur l'Inspecteur soon found out what sort of philosophy we favoured. No doubt his own opinions squared with those of Monsieur Perrot in philosophy, and he wound up by paying him a compliment upon his method of instruction.

But it is time that I should finish the history of college-life, for I find that the interest I take

in it has caused me to neglect more important matters.

I should have a great deal more to tell you about my examination for my degree; and it would be easy to point out the absurdities and anomalies of this system of examinations. It leaves to chance the selection of those questions by which each scholar is to be examined, so that if you are in luck, if you stumble by chance upon a passage in Virgil, or the Cyropædia, and if in history you happen to be taken in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, or in geography upon the straits in Europe, and in composition upon something equally easy, your examination is a farce, and a boy in the fourth class might very easily get through it. If, on the other hand, you get the choruses in Sophocles, or the principles of reasoning in Doctor Kant of Königsberg, you are safe to be plucked without loss of time.

I had this terrible misfortune. All my class-fellows passed as easily as a letter through the post, but I had to return at the end of the holidays for six weeks more.

Ah! if you had but seen my distress, and how I cried on my return home that night at eleven o'clock. I had walked all the way from Saarstadt to Richepierre. My father opened the door to me. He had risen in haste, on hearing me tap at the shutter, expecting to hear none but good news.

"Well," he cried, "you have passed?"

I could only answer with broken exclamations.

And so I was obliged to set to work again during the holidays. Monsieur Perrot, when he heard the fatal news, raised his hands to heaven. He declared I was his best pupil, and he could not understand this unexpected catastrophe at all.

On my supplemental examination I passed with the comment *Valde bene*, the only one of all the

candidates who was honoured with such a distinction. And yet surely I could never have acquired all this ability in six weeks after having been pronounced an incapable! What would you have? I had been unlucky.

Luck or no luck, it is all the same for young men of means. For poor lads, ill-luck means the failure of all their expectations.

Never should the responsibility of such important issues be left to mere chance. An examination, to be satisfactory, ought to cover a very large extent of ground, and be, in fact, searching and decisive. The most serious and the best concerted measures ought to be taken. Written and competitive examinations seem to me far preferable to the *viva voce*, although they occupy more time.

The further I go, the more I wish to say; but, as the rules of rhetoric say, limits must be laid down, and we must be on our guard against the influence of excitement. I therefore proceed to sum up.

It was not to please myself that I have undertaken to relate to you the events of my college-life; on the contrary, I have done so in much bitterness of spirit. But it is my opinion that, in the present melancholy state of things, it is the duty of every good citizen to enlighten the representatives of the people with the fruits of his experience, and with such observations as he has been able to gather together on so important a subject as Popular Education.

The habits of mind and of body acquired during the years of childhood and youth cleave to the man through life. Into whatever mental attitude you throw a child of seven, he will hardly alter from it through life. Now the college course puts us all into an attitude which I cannot but condemn, inasmuch as it aims in a disproportionate measure at the development of mere memory, at the expense of the powers of active thought and will. It tends to educate men into functionaries, and crushes independence of thought and action; it deprives the individual of the faculties required to initiate enterprises, and subjugates his mind to the dominion of Rule. In a word, it makes men into machines, and does this of set purpose. The whole system is devised with that object in view, and has no other end. Here is the method invented by the old royal colleges, formerly brought to perfection by the Jesuits, to gain the possession of our fair country; it is simple enough—it consists in losing a great deal of time over useless matters, and in leaving men in ignorance of whatever might be suspected of leading to their emancipation, by supplying them with information which would give them an assured means of livelihood.

Under such a system, originality of character is put out of countenance, and men are all shaped upon one mould. Every man having his little square marked out for him, and not having an idea how to live outside of it, stays in it, and submis-

sively bows to any government which may present itself. In forty years I have beheld the falls of Charles the Tenth, Louis Philippe, the Republic of '48, and Napoleon the Third, and the day following each of these frightful catastrophes the machine still worked on just the same as ever. The ruins of Paris, the volleys of musketry, the deportations, the acts of violence and flagrant injustice in all directions made no perceptible difference. Every functionary sat quietly at his desk, making notes of the new measures, the new laws, and the new authorities, and taking special care not to express any sympathy for those who were removed by any cause whatever.

All these revolutions which are allowed to take place for fear of losing situations, are the natural result of our system of education.

But this famous system not only gives birth to the functionaries who accept every change of government; it also engenders in considerable abundance the very movers of revolutions themselves. The State cannot give employment to all the Bachelors that the university turns out every year. Not a few are left out in the cold. What can these unfortunate individuals do, with their Greek, their Latin, and their rhetoric and philosophy? Nothing whatever. They are not wanted for clerks either in arts or in commerce. They are unclassed; they are sore and irritated, and naturally find fault with everything.

If, instead of cramming them with Greek and Latin, they had learnt something of modern languages, of chemistry, mechanics, commercial geography, political economy, these very malcontents would only be too happy to go off like the English and the Germans, to seek fortune in other lands, and would not stay at home in useless crowds to criticise, find fault with, and upset everything.

Many others, hearing of their success, would follow their example. The grand but terrible question of rich and poor, which seems to open a wider breach after each social convulsion, would lose its most dreaded agitators, and the example of emigration once fairly set, who knows if, with time and fair treatment, the whole body politic and social might not rise to a state of calm peace and regularity?

Again, instead of drawing a hard and fast line between elementary and higher education, it seems to me that it would be wiser to give all the elasticity possible to the work of popular and elementary instruction, in order to efface the sharp line which separates the people from the *bourgeoisie*, and to destroy to its foundations that mistrust and defiance which now keeps them asunder. This would enable those to walk in concord who now never will work cordially together.

Napoleon the Third, during the twenty years his reign, had but one invariable object in view

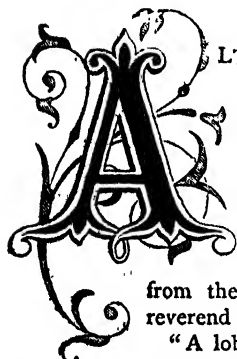
divide the people from the *bourgeois*. All his measures bore the complexion of this fixed resolution. And let it be well known, for it is a fact to which men shut their eyes; he only succeeded too well. Bonapartism has grown and fed upon the division and separation of the two great classes of Frenchmen. It may grow again with fresh life, unless the *bourgeois* will hasten to bridge over that gap by educating the people, and by yielding to them their just rights.

I am not saying this to please the Bonapartists. I am only pointing out what is an undoubted fact, clear as daylight. All the Jesuitry and all the refining in the world will have no effect in altering this fact. The fusion so much talked of should be the fusion of the two great divisions in our nation. This alone will destroy Bonapartism, and regenerate an unhappy country. Let the *bourgeois* reflect on my words.

LOBSTER SALAD.

BY GREVILLE FENNELL.

'My salad days! when I was green in judgment—cold in blood.'—*Shakespeare*.



ALTHOUGH the oyster is said to be the most incomprehensible of crustacea, as—

"It wears a beard without a chin,
And gets out of bed to be tucked in,"

the lobster in its turn claims its share of physical eccentricities, as may be gathered

from the following description by a reverend lecturer:—

"A lobster is a standing romance of the sea. An animal whose clothing is a shell, which it casts away from time to time in order that it may put on a larger suit. An animal whose flesh is in its tail and legs, and whose hair is in the inside of its breast, whose stomach is in its head, and which is changed every year for a new one, and which new one begins its life by devouring the old! An animal which carries its eggs within its body until they become fruitful, and then hides them away outwardly under its tail. An animal which can throw off its legs when they become troublesome, and can in a brief time replace them with others; and, lastly, an animal with very sharp eyes placed in movable horns."

This picture is far from overdrawn. A wondrous creature is our lobster!

The tale of the lobster is lost in the mist of ages. "Antediluvian monuments," found in the East, are said to portray the rude forms of the lobster, which perhaps might be difficult to determine from that of the scorpion. There is, however, but little doubt that its remote antiquity is sufficient to place it with other notoriously ancient creatures of the ocean.

Dr. Robert Blakey, adopting the antediluvian hypothesis of its then existence, says: "Only think of Adam and his immediate descendants regaling themselves on boiled lobsters, or indulging in the stimulating properties of the various forms of *ices*! Who knows the part lobsters may have

taken in the roystering and Bacchanalian revelries among the citizens of the Plains—how many convivial spirits were wont to gather in the evenings around its savoury fumes, preparing to whet the appetite for more varied and sensual indulgences, ere their gluttony and other sins consigned them to divine chastisement! Speculations crowd on our mind in all shapes and forms when we think of the lobster feasts before the Flood."

In old cookery-books the lobster holds a high place as a soother of irritability, which is somewhat contradictory, when we know that the eating of them by some will bring a sort of nettle-rash out over the face and body.

Yet Belon tells us that Alexander the Great was so enamoured of this shell-fish, that his courtiers always endeavoured to allay his periodical paroxysms of passion by furnishing him with lobsters, either in the entire state or as a sauce to other viands; and Cicero is said to have made one of his greatest triumphs of oratory after a repast of stewed lobsters.

The Emperor Vitellius, at a dinner given to his brother, placed eight hundred lobsters before his guests. But we are not told the number of the invited. However, they may be easily enumerated if they all had appetites equal to that of the Roman Emperor Maximinus, who, it is affirmed, devoured twenty large lobsters at one sitting.

Aristotle describes this fish, and pottery bearing its effigy has been brought to light in the excavations of the ruins of Herculaneum.

In "Things that Be Olde and Newe" (1611), we learn that Charlemagne and his private secretary, Eginherd, used to closet themselves every night to feast on this excellent dish, and that a severe punishment was inflicted on those fishmongers who presented stale lobsters for sale.

The Papal Court for centuries patronised the lobster, little cliques of lobster supper eaters being common amongst the clergy; indeed a Pope absolutely gorged himself to death on this luxury.

Bellinda ("Opera," Book VI.) recounts how "a

celebrated general, who commanded the troops of the Church before the attack of Regusa, refused to go to battle unless his favourite dish of lobsters was served up to him."

Some excellent anecdotes are related of lobster eaters in "Old Faces and New Masks," including references to Lord Lytton, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Doctor Johnson, Garrick, Oliver Goldsmith, John Horne Tooke, Parson, and others, which our space does not permit us to extract.

Doctor Parr once informed a friend that he "wrote some of his finest pieces after a supper on hot boiled lobsters and shrimp sauce." This was butter to bacon with a vengeance!

Old Elwes, the miser, was well known for his partiality to this delicacy, and it appears to have been the only fish that could get its claw successfully into his pocket.

It is said of this penurious man that at the famous sitting at whist held with the Duke of Northumberland of that period, and two other gamblers, which lasted for three days and three nights without the parties retiring to their bedrooms, Elwes lived almost solely on chocolate and lobsters. After paying the balance of his losses—eight hundred pounds—he rang the bell and ordered the waiter to bring him the tail of a good lobster, with which he set off to Harrow Common, where he resided.

There are several legends and miracles in which the lobster plays an active part, and it has greatly figured in caricature, while a few poems have been written to its honour, particularly that by *Punch* of "Lobster Salad," to the air of "Blue Bonnets over the Border."

Jeux-d'esprit are likewise sprinkled plentifully through our literature, but the one of the pert punning Oxford waitress we have never met with in print.

The girl, getting impatient with a student who could not make up his mind what to have for supper, exclaimed, "Say, lad, you'll have a salad!" and was promptly and equally alliteratively answered, "Well then, Letty, let us have a lobster and a lettuce."

During the early period of its growth the lobster casts the whole of its shell frequently—in the second year every two months—but as its size increases a new dress is less often required, till at last, when arrived at the fulness of physical dignity, its armour grows as it were rusty, and becomes coated over with parasitic shells.

Dr. Peard tells us that "the lobster only increases in size during the short period of moulting, but this increase is so great that it is almost as difficult to believe the cast-off clothes ever fitted the large fleshy mass lying languidly beside them, as that the gigantic Genie ever came out of the jar, the lid of which had been in an evil hour removed by the Arabian fisherman."

The place in which the spawn is produced is near the tail, where a red coral-like substance may always be found.

This mass, composed of atoms closely adherent, is in fact spawn too crude for exclusion.

When the pea is sufficiently ripe, the fish has the power to place her eggs under the protection of her over-arching shell, where they advance gradually to maturity, one lobster producing from 20,000 to 25,000 eggs each season.

The spawn is thus carried by the mother till nearly fit to commence independent life, and when cast off it soon gives birth to the young lobster, which grows rapidly, but passes through many changes before it assumes the form and colour with which ordinary observers are most familiar.

Enormous as is the increase from a single female lobster, their numbers are considerably diminished by predatory fish, which devour them with great avidity and relish. But we are told that the mother protects her progeny to the utmost, and by no means ceases her care with the deposit of her spawn, but continues it in a very pleasing and interesting manner, longer than in most animals of a far higher grade of organisation. Many fishermen assert that they have frequently seen during the season the old lobsters with their young around them. "Some of these infants have been noticed at six inches long, the old lobster with her head peeping out from under a rock, the young ones playing around her. She appeared to rattle her claws on the approach of the fisherman, when herself and young family took refuge under the rock; the rattling was, no doubt, to give the alarm. This is told by old and experienced men, without the slightest concert or question of collusion."

Who, after this, will not believe in the loves of the lobsters as willingly as in an oyster crossed in its affections?

"The lobster's home," says Dr. Peard, "is in the purest water, beneath which he walks through brown and tangled forests of palmy weeds, a warrior in full panoply, ever ready to do battle with all comers."

It is here in rocky ground, and in the fastnesses such localities afford to a creature so frequently defenceless, he feeds chiefly on the aquatic vegetation which surrounds him, chopping up *his* salad with the large claw, little conscious how his example may be followed by man, at a feast at which he may be the principal invited guest.

Lobsters are generally taken in pots made of willow twigs, and Cornwall Simeon tells us in his "Stray Notes" how he utilised, while in shooting quarters by some of the Western Islands, with great success a common drum-net, and caught some very fine fellows. Lobsters and crabs differ in their tastes. Lobsters will be attracted by almost any description of offal, the more putrescent the

better; the crab will refuse to enter if the bait is not sweet and fresh.

Doctor Blakey says the lobster is considered an unclean eater, and is often called the scavenger of the seas. He is a fierce marauder, pouncing on dead or living substances of all kinds. He appears to have a powerful sense of smell, although no distinct organs for this office have been as yet detected. His carnivorous voracity leads to the animal's destruction. Baited traps made of strong twigs, like the common wire mouse-traps, are lowered into the water, and marked with a buoy, and these become the most effectual means of capturing this epicurean crustacean. In some parts of the coast of Yorkshire, strong bag-nets are used.

We have known lobsters occasionally taken in deep line fishing, but they generally fall off from their attachment to the bait if they are not most carefully lifted into the boat, being scarcely ever securely hooked.

In J. G. Campbell's "Life in Normandy," there is an amusing description of the sniggling of lobsters by the Normandy peasant girls; the cuttle or squid fish being thrust with a short twig into suspected crevices of the rocks, from whence lobsters tempted to follow the bait from the entrance are received in a landing-net in wait for them.

There is likewise a good description of a sort of pic-nic of gourmands, from which we summarise the following:—

The lobster being fixed upon the spit (we should hope it has been boiled first) is basted continually with a sauce, which is a secret. As the heat touches the animal the shell slightly opens, and through these cracks the rich sauce enters, and amalgamates with the flesh within the shell. As the process advances the flesh dilates, and these cracks become wider; to prevent which, or perhaps to prevent the *plat* from being too rich, a choporlure of champagne is poured over it. The wine flows into the dripping-pan, where it is well mixed with the first sauce; and the process of constantly basting is still kept up till the animal is thoroughly done, when it is served as hot as possible, the sauce being strained and sent with it; although this is hardly necessary, for the great beauty of the dish is that the sauce and the fish are so intimately amalgamated within the shell, that it requires no addition whatever, being juicy, savoury, and super-excellent.

It is said that in London lobsters are sometimes boiled and reboiled every day for a week or longer, to keep them sweet externally; but notwithstanding this precaution, their inner parts lose first their firmness and consistency, then become watery, and ultimately putrid.

It is told that while an ambassador from India was staying at Osborne's Adelphi Hotel, from the balcony of which his daily habit was to watch the people passing along the Strand, he was persis-

tently requested every morning by an itinerant fishmonger to "buy a lobster." At length this perseverance induced the nabob to ask the landlord, through his interpreter, to reward the man by his patronage, and the purchase was duly placed before him; but the flavour being so offensive, it had to be removed. The next morning, true to his habit, the man was again beneath the window requesting a like favour, when the enraged Indian poured upon his devoted head a volley of anathemas, which being translated, the man replied that it was the gentleman's own fault that the lobster was not fresh, for he had asked him every day for a week previously to buy it. The Indian is said to have been so pleased with so Oriental an excuse, that he regaled upon fresh lobsters every morning afterwards.

We have mentioned that an immoderate use of lobsters is sometimes attended with eruptions on the face, or a species of nettle-rash over the body; but we are inclined to believe that these effects proceed almost entirely from the meat of the lobster being in an unfresh state.

The best course is always to purchase the lobster alive; you thus insure its freshness. We say alive, for we do not mean only unboiled and in its blue-black armour, but when full of activity and vigour; for it may be that, although unboiled, it has met a natural death, the date of which is unknown, either in the well-boats, or in the wooden trunks or baskets in which they have been confined *en masse*. It is not unfrequently that we find a sudden influx of lobster-sellers in the streets of those towns near the lobster depôts; this is always suspicious, for as a rule the entire stock is kept for the London market; and it is only when an incursion of fresh water, very destructive to lobster-life, gets amongst the stock and proves fatal to many, that this unexpected treat of the dead is offered so imploringly to the inhabitants.

All writers and practical men agree that favourable localities for the lobster may be rapidly found out, and that the demand is of late becoming greater than the supply, and that the time must arrive, if we desire to renew our lobster resources, when practical water-farming will be applied to the cultivation of the lobster and other crustaceans. Dr. Peard urges an immediate attention to this subject, and after giving instances of the rapidity with which lobster-beds may be deteriorated, tells us: "The only experiment in lobster-farming with which we are acquainted was made in 1866 by Mr. Hart, at Hayling Island, Hampshire, who early in that year placed about two dozen lobsters in a small pond, supplied at spring-tides with water from the neighbouring estuary. I visited the nursery in the autumn, when I saw thousands of infant lobsters. From causes with which we, perhaps, are not acquainted, the brood perished

during the winter. Mr. Hart was perfectly aware that the experiment could hardly have been tried under more unfavourable circumstances. The pond seemed to want all that we are accustomed to consider essential to lobster-life; yet the old fish spawned, the young ones grew, and all promised fair, till either the frost or the want of some indispensable conditions killed them. But who can say this attempt has been in vain? It proved that lobsters can be domesticated, and has left no doubt on our minds that under more favourable circumstances lobster-farming will prove a great success."

Many persons give a preference to the male or cock-lobster, as possessing flesh of a more firm and delicate flavour, and as presenting also a more pleasing appearance to the eye, but the majority of really accepted *bons vivants* are in favour of the hen.

The common way of testing the freshness of a boiled lobster is to try the spring of the tail, which is strong and elastic if the fish be fresh, but slack and loose if otherwise.

The lobster season is presumed to come in with summer, picnics, and races. The cracking of lobster-claws is generally in full force from March until the end of August, but there are those who affirm this to be an error alike unjust towards mankind in general, and the stomach and palate of the epicure in particular, inasmuch as it is after August that the adult lobster casts its coat, acquires an inordinate appetite, and rapidly attains flesh and condition, with a fulness of flavour which far surpasses its gastronomic attractions during any other period of the year. It is then, and then only, that a lobster offers the highest excellence and nutrition, and is deserving of all that has been said in its favour.

But, on the other hand, there are those, equally

entitled to be heard, who assert that there is no particular season for moulting, which, they say, varies with the temperature of the water it inhabits, and other influences. Therefore they urge that there are no just grounds for maintaining, like the Dutchman's song in favour of drinking, that it is not always in season.

We are, however, inclined to believe that vegetable, and not altogether animal influences, exert the greater effect upon the selection of the lobster season; for do we not often think first whether a lettuce can be secured, and then of the lobster?—the crisp and fresh salad, so grateful and cooling to the human interior, throwing the mind from the garden (that of Covent if you will) into the shop of the shell-fishmonger. Is it not the season, likewise, when the Alderney cow takes her salad?—crops the luxuriant meadow, and converts the herb of the field, by Nature's wondrous alchemy, into rich and luxurious cream, thus blending in our imaginations—if not in the bowl—the essential conditions of a concoction which no man was ever bold enough to refuse when left alone with it, and seldom when in company.

But if a caution be necessary before partaking of this most delectable of all refectations, it would be—after the manner of the house-painter—"Beware of the oil."

True cream is certainly to be preferred, but it is not always to be obtained, and then oil is resorted to; but be sure that it is free from taint, or you will deprive your dish of all aroma, and your lettuce of all succulence. Rather do without than render the whole intolerable to any palate but that of a Laplander. Tastes differ.

"Every one to their opinions;
Some likes apples and some likes ignions."

is a vulgar but a very true axiom.

THE SAILOR'S DIRGE.



THY ship they say
Is in the bay,
And thou not of her number;
Beneath some far
And foreign star,
They've left our boy to slumber.

No sweet friend keeps
Thy grave and weeps
By stealth where thou art lying;
But o'er thy home
The white sea-foam
For evermore is flying.

The sea-moss spread
Is all thy bed.
The sea-weed is thy willow;
The salt wave all
Thy shroud and pall,
The coral stone thy pillow.

Yet rest thee well,
The deep-sea-shell
Shall sigh with those that love thee;
And wild winds urge
From ev'ry surge
A solemn dirge above thee.

ALEXANDER HUME.

SECOND-COUSIN SARAH.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

TOTS' NURSE.

THE winter set in sharply that year, like the sudden frost to the hopes of Reuben Culwick and his second-cousin. It was a severe winter, that nipped things to the heart before the old year was seven days dead. A few weeks had gone by since the date of our last chapter, and all with whom we are interested, or in whom we have endeavoured to raise an interest, had settled down to the position born of the discovery of Miss Holland's good fortune.

Miss Holland had not been found, despite much pertinacious searching; the boxes remained unclaimed at Sedge Hill, and Sedge Hill was held in trust for her. Those interested in advertisements wondered who Miss Holland was, and why her friends were begging her to return, and hear of something to her advantage; and private inquiry offices, taking up the matter on the strength of future emolument, set all their complex machinery in motion, and ground not out one spot of information.

Reuben accepted the position very cheerfully, although Lucy Jennings thought that he was too cheerful to be natural. He was anxious to see the provisions of his father's will carried out in their entirety, and he showed no sense of disappointment at the low estate to which they infallibly reduced him. He had confidence in himself, and he was anxious to do justice to Mary Holland, despite the unjust character of a will which struck him out of affluence.

His father's last wishes were to be respected, though his father had never loved him, or understood him, or regarded one wish of his son's. He was anxious to abide by the strict letter of the law, and knew no disappointment afterwards. His sphere of life would remain for ever a low one, but there would be more content in it than all the splendour of Sedge Hill, without his cousin, could have given him. These were the happiest days now, considering all things; for he was a strong man, with his heart at rest.

He was rising in the world too. The work grew under his hand, debts became less, more money fell to his share from the great lottery-bag of letters, and if there were no big prizes, still he drew no blanks. Amongst the busy unknown crowd of clever "newspaper men," he was already known, and three weeks ago the promoters of the *Trumpet* had burst out with big offices and more machinery,

and higher terms for Reuben, who had been with them in struggling days, and was now called upon to share a little in their prosperity.

Reuben was content then; he had found his right level, and his hopes of being famous he had given up for good. He had not failed with his pen because the world had not cared for his novel; he had found that his main strength lay in another direction, where fair profits would follow, and where the strongest and best work goes on steadily day by day, without a flourish on each occasion over the details.

He was happy in his courtship too, for he found many opportunities to see his Second-cousin Sarah, and she was glad—ah! very glad—to see him. Sarah was in London—in apartments in York Road, Lambeth, with the woman who had striven hard not to have her for a companion or friend, and yet whom she had conquered by that sweet persistency which was an attribute of her character. Sarah Eastbell was very much alone in the world now, and when the signal of distress had been raised, Lucy Jennings, with all her hardness, was at her best, and ready to be of assistance. When the woman-preacher had done her work, she would begin her scoldings and reprimands—never before—and then she scolded and repined with a vengeance. She did not like Sarah Eastbell, she had honestly confessed once, and if Sarah had asked her for an opinion she would have given it almost in the same words, although she was willing to take care of her. She was as kind as in Hope Street days, perhaps, although there were strange sullen fits that were incomprehensible to every one. She and Reuben did not exchange sharp words as heretofore; but Lucy was cold and distant, and Reuben had grown strangely deferential. He put himself out of the way to be complaisant to Lucy Jennings, but Lucy was not softened by the effort.

"It's because you are here that he plays the hypocrite," said Lucy one day to Sarah.

"It is because he has learned to understand your good heart," Sarah replied.

"He always hated me," affirmed Lucy, "although he disguised it for a time—whilst his mother lived, and I took care of her, as I take care of you. He thinks when he smiles a little, and drops his hateful jesting at religion, or at me, that he is showing his gratitude for all I have done."

"Now, Lucy——"

"I don't want to argue about it—I am not likely

to be deceived," said Lucy, and she hurried away to evade a discussion on the subject which always shook her variable temper the most.

Reuben came courting in the evening once or twice a week at first, when the newspapers would allow him; and there were odd half-holidays when Reuben and Sarah would stroll in St. James's Park, and talk of the happiness ahead. They both spoke of the patience to wait for each other—of a calm present and a happy future—and they laughed together, not before Lucy, at Lucy's past fore-

perfect peace—Reuben was clever at this, and was worth more money at it than his employers cared to inform him, though they did not begrudge him a few extra guineas. When there were stirring times in the provinces, Reuben was dispatched to report upon them—and he had flitted once to Paris, in the stormy days when "a little revolution" was on the cards, and Sarah was dull and miserable till he came back safe and sound again. When he was very busy—and he got very busy by degrees—when he was earning money with a fair



"SLUNK AWAY INTO A SIDE-COURT."

bodings of the misery in store for them. They laughed at the riches of Sedge Hill too, these happy philosophers whom love had made strong, and the epochs of past privation, of past misunderstanding, became the fairest reminiscences in the clearer light about their lives. They loved each other all the more, these two, talking of the railway station in the rain where Sarah Eastbell was first of service to her cousin; of the alms-houses of St. Oswald, where he thought her a cross-tempered and untruthful girl; of the Saxe-Gotha Gardens, and Pötter's Court, and Hope Street, all shining in the sun now, with their hard angles softened down and tipped with gold.

The special reporting was the one drawback to

amount of rapidity, Sarah became less happy, because she saw less of him—because a week would pass, and nothing but hasty lines on odd sheets of paper told her of his existence. Lucy Jennings was grave at these periods too, and regarded Sarah with a grim attention that she did not at first explain, although a time came for explanation before the spring buds were green.

Tots was at Reuben's house in Drury Lane, too. His love for this little waif was still as much part of his life as his love for his second-cousin. Tots belonged to old days; she had been his one comfort when he felt wholly desolate; she had been lost, and his heart had been terribly wrung in losing her; she was back, and as fond of him as

ever, although there had come never again a memory of Hope Lodge. His landlord's wife took care of her as Lucy Jennings had done, and it was pleasant to have Tots with him at breakfast time—his only leisure hour very often—or Tots sitting quietly with her doll in a corner of his room, whilst he worked on with his "copy."

When the extraordinary rush of business set in at which we have hinted, there came a strange nurse for Tots—a faithful attendant, who took Tots for long walks, and was very careful of her, and drank no whiskey till he had brought her back in safety to Reuben's apartments. It need hardly be said that this was the weak and maimed John Jennings, whom his sister had not forgiven, although Reuben Culwick had.

Lucy Jennings, as well as Reuben, found a little money for John, and John at times, and in firework seasons, worked as journeyman to pyrotechnic artists greater than he—or who had certainly not blown themselves up so often—and did justice to his employers until whiskey came in his way after a week's savings, and he fuddled himself out of his situation by slow and sure degrees.

Still John was a capital nurse, and he had been always fond of Tots. He taught her to call him Uncle John again, and though the child was older and sharper than when Reuben found her first in Camberwell, there was quickly a return to the old affection under the old kindness and attention. Life with Captain Peterson and his brothers had not hurt her—it was part of a bad dream in the beginning of the new year, though the dream-figures had scarcely vanished, and one presently crossed her path, and startled her.

This was the man whom she had seen frequently at her father's house, who had lodged with them at the button factory, and of whom she had caught a glimpse even at Sedge Hill. Tots and John Jennings were in the main thoroughfare of Holborn, both interested in the shops, when he touched Tots on the arm.

"Don't you know me?" he asked in a husky voice.

Tots gave a little scream, and clung more closely to John Jennings.

"Oh! don't let him take me away!" she cried at once.

"I don't want to take you away, Bessie—I only want to ask you how you are, after all these months," said Thomas Eastbell, offering a very dirty hand to the child to shake.

"Come, you let her alone, will you?" said John Jennings sharply. John did not admire the looks of the man who had forced himself upon the notice of Reuben's adopted child; John held Tots in trust, and was watchful of his charge. The man before him was a forlorn specimen of humanity, ragged and dirty, with an old great-coat hanging loosely on an attenuated frame, and a red worsted com-

forter twisted round a neck which seemed less bull-like than usual, despite its wrappings. John did not know Thomas Eastbell at first sight, but he was a judge of disreputability—he had seen so much of it in Hope Street—he had become so disreputable himself.

"I have as much right to the child as you have," said Tom in a surly tone, "or as your master has, for the matter of that. The child's stole, and you know it."

"I don't know it."

"And its father will come to claim it precious quick too—see if he don't—and you can tell Mr. Culwick too, directly you get home. Say Tom Eastbell told him so—or Vizzobini. You ought to know Vizzobini of the Saxe-Gotha."

John Jennings was surprised at last. He held the child more tightly by the hand, and said—

"You are Thomas Eastbell then?"

"Yes, and I don't care who knows it. You can give me in charge if you like—say for coining last year—I shall do it myself in an hour or two, if you don't—I hate the workus, and it's awful cold outside the prison. Where's Sally?"

"Your sister, do you mean?"

"Yes, of course I do," answered Tom; "she ain't at Sedge Hill."

"Never mind where she is."

"Oh! I don't mind. She won't help me—I'm her only brother, and starving in the streets. But you can take my compliments to her, Mr. Jennings, and I'm to be heard of at the 'Magpie.'"

"That's over the way, isn't it?"

"Yes—the next street," he added with a jerk of the thumb in the direction which he desired to indicate.

"I shan't tell her anything of the kind," said John Jennings sturdily.

"You could let her know I'm starving—and I'm sorry—and my wife's run away from me. Blest if I've set eyes on the old 'ooman since that young cat" (turning sharply on Tots) "took a key from the door, and let the couple on 'em out."

"Think yourself lucky you are not in prison for that," cried John indignantly.

"I want to go to prison—it's comfortable—it's warm—and it will disgrace the family a little more. If nobody comes to me at the 'Magpie' to-night, with an odd sixpence, I shall disgrace the family. I shall give myself up."

"It's the best thing you can do. You'll be out of the way."

"I'll put you out of the way, old man, if you give me any of your sauce," snarled Thomas Eastbell, groping in his right-hand coat-pocket in a manner that suggested clasp-knives.

John Jennings was not naturally a brave man. He turned and fled, dragging Tots not unwillingly along with him. Thomas Eastbell stood on the

edge of the kerb, and watched their unceremonious retreat, his little sharp eyes glinting from under the broken brim of his hat. When they had turned the corner of the street, he followed them, seized with a sudden desire to track them home, to ascertain the dwelling-place of Reuben Culwick, or his sister Sarah. John Jennings and Tots both looked behind, saw him in their wake, and went on at a more rapid pace; and Thomas Eastbell, exulting in their fear of him, increased his rate of progression after them.

It was a brief pursuit—a tall thin man, in a fur cap, sauntering along on the opposite side of the way, with his hands in his pockets, and a thick yellow stick under his arm, stopped the chase, though he was unaware of it till his dying day. Tom saw him, recognised in him an active member of the detective force, Scotland Yard, and slunk away into a side-court at once. Tom was in great difficulties, and had determined to try prison fare for a change, he said, but his nerves were not wholly strung to the sacrifice, and the sudden sight of a policeman in private clothes turned him heart-sick.

He would keep out of the way a little while longer, if he could. The world was against him, and even his old pals would have nothing to do with him, but liberty was precious, after all.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

THE "MAGPIE."

REUBEN CULWICK was hard at *Trumpet* work when John Jennings and Tots arrived home with the news of their meeting with Thomas Eastbell. He was working against time somewhat, but he set his pen aside to listen to John Jennings' recital and Tots' scared interpellations, paying particular attention to Mr. Eastbell's information that the child would be fetched away presently by her father.

"And he said that Sarah might hear of him at the 'Magpie?'"

"Yes," answered John Jennings.

"Where's the 'Magpie?'"

"It's a little public in Burker's Street, where they sell very fair whiskey."

"Ah, yes, poor John, I suppose you know it," said Reuben, shaking his head at him. "Well, will you go there this evening for me and face that man again?"

"If—if you wish it, I will," answered John, taken aback by the request.

Reuben had promised to see Sarah that evening. It was a leisure night, on which Reuben could leave work with an easy conscience; and he had written that morning, announcing his intention of calling at York Road; and now Thomas Eastbell, her brother, had started up, and he felt that he had

more than one question to ask him. He could not trust John Jennings at a whiskey-shop, and in Tots' defence, perhaps in Sarah's, it might be necessary to proceed with caution. He wished to see Captain Peterson too, and Tom Eastbell might be able, for a bribe, to tell him where he was. He must act for himself, and with caution. He would not alarm Sarah by any mention of her brother's name at present. She was easily excited, and for ever in fear of the scamp.

"John," he said suddenly, "you must take a letter to Sarah at once."

"Very well, Mr. Reuben."

"Don't say anything of your meeting with her brother."

"Trust me for that," said John knowingly.

"She is not strong enough for any fresh trouble," said Reuben, as he drew a sheet of note-paper towards him, and wrote very reluctantly an excuse for not being able to see her as he had promised. He alleged no reason—he would explain when he saw her, he said—and he re-read the letter somewhat critically after he had finished the writing of it. It was a brief epistle; he should see her to-morrow, he hoped, and that would be time enough for explanation of his breach of promise. Sarah trusted him implicitly, and would know that only business of importance could keep him from her. She did not expect a long letter from him, and a heap of reasons, at that busy hour of the day. Let the letter go.

In the evening, somewhat late, Reuben Culwick, not too fashionably attired, was at the bar of the "Magpie," endeavouring to relish the ale with which its proprietors had furnished him, and smoking a pipe by way of giving character to his present appearance. On a Saturday night the "Magpie" was full of customers, chance and regular, and his presence called for no particular degree of attention. The "Magpie" was a respectable house in its way; that is, it did not put itself out of the way to become a very bad one. Bad characters, patent to bad neighbourhoods, came in and out at all hours for their drams, and were welcome enough so that they paid their money and drank their liquids without quarrelling over them. But the landlord was respectable and had no back parlours wherein thieves might congregate and talk treason against householders. When thieves required stimulant in front of the bar, which they often did, they could have it as well as honest men, and their money was as welcome to the "Magpie's" rattling till.

It was eight o'clock, or later, when Thomas Eastbell's pock-marked countenance peered round one of the swing-doors. The "Magpie" was Tom's forlorn hope. He had sent a message to his sister, and she might attend to it. Who knows? He caught sight of Reuben Culwick, and his first

impulse was to back into the street. Then he wavered; and whilst he was hesitating, along with a crowd of orange-women and costermongers, Reuben came from the public-house and confronted him.

"You need not run away, Tom Eastbell," said Reuben.

"You're not going to split on me?"

"No."

"I haven't done you any harm," he returned; "I haven't done nobody any harm—never. All that you have heard about me has been a pack of lies. I've been as honest as I could be, and this is what comes of it."

"Indeed!"

"I'm hard up—I'm starving. Wish I may die, Mr. Culwick, but I haven't tasted food to-day."

"Where are your friends?"

"I haven't got none."

"That's hard," said Reuben; "but the Petersons?"

"They turned me out of their house. They said I was a blundering fool. One of 'em kicked me, last time I saw him."

"The captain?"

Tom Eastbell laughed sardonically.

"No, he can't kick. He broke both his legs in the country, jumping from a window of the button factory to get out of the way of the police. He can only swear and cus me now."

"But——"

"But talking's dry work," Tom hinted.

Reuben Culwick took the hint. There was information to be gained from this outcast, with whom crime had not agreed, and Thomas Eastbell was to be rendered communicative at a small outlay. They re-entered the "Magpie," where Reuben, at his request, gave him cold gin and Abernethy biscuits, the former of which was tilted speedily down his throat, and the latter voraciously devoured. He was a thorough black-guard, but Reuben felt a strange kind of pity for his low condition, villain as he was. Was he not going to be a relation by marriage, too? Reuben thought, as he watched him tearing wolf-like at his biscuits.

"Have you brought me any money from Sarah?" Thomas Eastbell asked, suddenly and eagerly.

"Not a penny."

"Now, that's too bad——"

Reuben did not allow him to finish the sentence.

"Your sister Sarah is very poor. Another will of my father's has been found," Reuben condescended to explain, "and she has no money to spare for you, even if she had the inclination."

"Good lot! Then you——"

"I have brought you a little money, though I am poor too. Your sister has done with you for ever."

"So she said, sir. It was an unfeeling speech, he added with a faltering voice, "and I've never got over it. But poor, you say?"

"Very poor."

"I don't believe a word of it," he muttered.

"I haven't come here to explain," said Reuben, "only to give you a couple of sovereigns—more than I can afford—for information."

"Oh, that's it," said Tom artfully; "well, sovereigns are sovereigns just now. Hand them over, governor."

"First—is this Edward Peterson the father of the little girl you met this morning?"

"He says he is. He gave me money to take care of her altogether. But it wasn't enough, so I lost her," said Tom coolly—"or rather," he added, interpreting Reuben's look of disgust correctly, "my old woman lost her. It was her fault. She never had a mite of feeling in her for anybody save herself."

"And I found the child when she was lost."

"And then Peterson turned up, and stormed and raved at me, till I told him where the child was, and he stole it from you back again. He was fond of that child when he was in a good temper, which wasn't often, though."

"His wife—is she dead?"

"Long ago, he tells me."

"Where is Edward Peterson now?"

"In Worcester—Mitcheson's Place, near the river—and you can put the bobbies on to him, if they're not taking care of him already. He has treated me bad enough."

"How's that?"

"He says it's all my fault that—are you going to stand any more gin?"

"Here is your money. Do what you like with it."

"Thankce. Are you going to split on Ned Peterson? Ha! ha! He can't run away."

"Who is with him?"

"An old sweetheart, who will marry him when his legs get better. She has always been dead nuts on him, Ned tells me."

"Is it Mary Holland?"

"That's her name. The woman who was at Sedge Hill. You know her well enough."

"And she is with Edward Peterson at Worcester?"

"Yes."

Reuben Culwick waited for no further news; he had learned more than he had anticipated; he thought he saw all very clearly to the end now, and where his duty lay. He darted from the friendly shelter of the "Magpie," and hurried into Holborn, and from Holborn through sundry back turnings into Drury Lane, where he met John Jennings, who passed a great deal of his time walking up and down the street in which Reuben Culwick resided.

"John," said he, seizing him by the arm, "are you sober?"

"Quite sober," answered John.

"Not quite. You have had a glass, you dolt!"

"Only one. It's such a dreadfully cold night."

"Don't take any more. Think what a fool it makes of you, John, and what Lucy will say."

"Lucy!" said John aghast. "I'm not going to see her again to-night, am I?"

"You must go to your sister's house once more."

"Oh, gracious!"

"You must see Sarah——"

"Bless her, yes. If I had married her, Mr. Reuben, what a different man I should have been! What a——"

"You have had more than one glass. You're maudlin."

"Only one since tea, upon my honour."

"Where did you have tea?"

"Since tea-time, speaking more correctly. But I am sober, Mr. Reuben, I really am."

"Find Sarah Eastbell. Tell her I have discovered that Miss Holland is in Worcester, that I have left London in search of her, and to end all suspense at once—her suspense as well as mine."

"Yes."

"I hope to be back on Monday."

"Is that all?"

"Yes. Now be off at once."

Reuben hurried to his lodgings, begged his landlady to be careful of Tots till his return, looked in at Tots sleeping calmly in her little crib, stooped over her and kissed her without awakening her, and then hurried away to the railway station, in the hope of catching a night mail that should carry him on a portion of his journey towards Worcester.

END OF CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.

BY WILLIAM GILBERT.



AMONG the terrible phenomena connected with the vice of intemperance, the one most to be dreaded is that least spoken of by temperance advocates; I allude to the delusion the unhappy victim of this vice is very frequently under—that he is haunted by a phantom, whose mission it is to prevent his return to the paths of sobriety. And this omission on the part of the temperance advocates is the more remarkable as the delusion is very common among habitual drunkards. In fact, there is scarcely a physician of a lunatic asylum in England who has not had one or more cases of the kind under his notice.

This delusion has also a feature of interest about it distinct from its psychological phenomena. It frequently so much resembles the mediæval tales of individuals who had sold themselves to the fiend, and afterwards repenting of their bargain, had endeavoured ineffectually to break it, that one is almost tempted to believe that dipsomania, imagined by our forefathers to be demoniacal possession, was a very common mistake in the Middle Ages.

Admitting this to be the case, it would be a singular study to trace out how many poor wretches have suffered at the stake for imaginary crimes connected with sorcery, which, after all, were merely the effects of habitual drunkenness bringing on this peculiar phase of insanity.

The particular phenomenon I allude to as common in the Middle Ages, as well as in the present day is that the victim of drunkenness imagines that a phantom appears to him whenever he attempts to recede from his bargain with the evil one, or, according to our modern ideas, to return to the paths of sobriety, and pertinaciously following him, drives the unhappy wretch to continue his habit till it forces him into the grave. So close did the affinity between the mediæval tales and the present drunkard's phantom appear to me, that I determined to make a collection of the latter cases, in order, at some convenient season, to bring them under the notice of the public, so as to add one more effort—and, perhaps, as fruitless as the many that have already been made—to stem the increasing misery occasioned by the vice of drunkenness. Circumstances, however, occurred which obliged me to delay the publication of the whole collection. One among the number, which may be taken as a sample of the rest, I now bring under the notice of the reader.

Some thirty years since, there resided at X——, a flourishing city in the north of Italy, an English gentleman, whom I will designate by the name of Smith, admitting that, for obvious reasons, it is an assumed one. At the time of my making his acquaintance he was between twenty-five and thirty years of age, of middle height, and, although not decidedly handsome, had a very intelligent cast of countenance. He was well educated, had naturally courteous manners, and was generous and charitable.

With all Smith's good qualities he had one be-

setting fault, which went far to neutralise his many virtues; or, to tell the strict truth, he was a confirmed drunkard. He had acquired the habit in England, and in Italy, where he was under little subjection to his family, it increased in intensity.

One of the results of this failing was, that it shut him out from the better class of Italian society, by whom intemperance is justly considered as a filthy and degrading vice; while many of the worst portion of the Italian young men in the city collected round him, tempted by his great liberality and unbounded hospitality to ignore his faults, or rather, they encouraged him in them, they profiting to a great extent by his failing. It is only justice to Smith, however, to state that his senses were not entirely deadened to the degrading course of life he was leading. Naturally gentlemanly and high-spirited, he felt keenly the tacit refusal of the better class of Italians to associate with him. So keenly, indeed, did he feel this aversion, that he made several attempts to break himself of his habit, and at last so far succeeded that he would frequently keep sober for a fortnight or three weeks together. And then again would come over him the irresistible temptation to return to his old habit, and in it he would indulge for nearly the same space of time he had remained sober.

He possessed another noteworthy feature frequently to be detected in these occasional drunkards, that when sober a more amiable or gentlemanly man it would have been difficult to meet with, or a greater ruffian and blackguard when in a drunken fit. His violence would then, however, be restrained by his parasitical friends, so that he was seldom allowed to make himself publicly obnoxious, or at any rate not to a greater extent than to call down on him the courteous remonstrances of the police.

Although the city of X—— was my head-quarters in Italy, I was frequently obliged to leave it on matters of business for three weeks to a month at a time. On my return after one of these absences, Smith paid me a visit. He appeared in much better health than usual, and in good spirits. Moreover, there was a remarkable change in his dress, which, although it could hardly have been called slovenly, had generally in it an affected air of carelessness, as if he were totally indifferent to what others thought of his appearance. He was now, on the contrary, remarkably well dressed, in excellent taste, and his clothes, it was easy to perceive, had been made by an expert tailor. After conversing together on indifferent subjects for some little time, he said to me—

"I have at last determined to break myself of my unfortunate habit, and have no doubt I shall succeed."

"I am glad to hear you have come to that conclusion," I replied. "You may depend upon it, it

will contribute greatly to your happiness; but it is no use having come to the conclusion if you do not resolutely abide by it. You must remember how often you have already come to the same decision on the subject, and never had the constancy to keep it."

"My dear fellow," he said, "the present case is quite different. I have now a stimulus which I never had before. To make a long story short, I have fallen desperately in love, and am going to be married. I am sure you will admit that, whatever my failings may have been during my bachelorhood, things will be very different with me as a married man."

"I congratulate you on your determination, and sincerely hope you will keep it," I said. "And now tell me who is the young lady?"

Smith told me she was of a highly respectable family, the daughter of a widow, and that she was a very pretty and amiable girl, very intelligent, and would no doubt make him an excellent wife. They had applied for a dispensation from the Pope for a Catholic to marry a Protestant, and hoped it would soon arrive, and immediately afterwards they were to be united. In fact, he hoped in the course of a fortnight all would be over, and that he would be a married man.

The next day Smith introduced me to his future bride, who was about as fine a specimen of Italian beauty of the Leonardo da Vinci school as I ever saw. I must say that as I gazed on the poor girl I did not look on her future prospects without some misgivings. The marriage had been concocted no doubt by her friends from the worldly advantages a union with so wealthy a man would bring with it, rather than out of any consideration for the poor girl's happiness. Should Smith, after his marriage, again return to his drunken habits, what a life would she lead—if, in fact, she could live under the treatment she might possibly then receive. The affair was, however, concluded, and all interference on my part would have been useless, so I remained silent on the subject.

The dispensation at last arrived; a brilliant marriage took place in one of the principal churches of the city; and, the ceremony over, Smith started on a wedding trip for Venice. About a week afterwards I left X—— for Rome, where I remained without receiving any intelligence of the bride and bridegroom for more than three months. I then returned to X——, and made inquiries of a mutual friend respecting Smith, how he had conducted himself during my absence.

"Oh! it's all over with him," he replied. "He behaved very well for the first five weeks, when his old habit broke out again, and he committed more than one terrible assault on his wife. Her family were at last obliged to interfere, and they were separated. She has returned to her mother, and

they are now living in Turin; and Smith has been informed by the police that if in any manner he attempts to interfere with her, or annoy her, he will be arrested."

I now called on Smith in his new abode, and found him at home. His appearance was very different from what it had been at the time I left him. He was, then, in good health and spirits; but now, on the contrary, he appeared low-spirited and miserable. Pretending I had heard nothing, I inquired after his wife. For some moments he made no reply, and then, the tears starting to his eyes, he said to me—

"My dear fellow, it's of no use my concealing matters from you. My wife has left me."

I assumed a look of great surprise, but made no remark.

"It's all my own fault," he continued; "I cannot blame her for it, dear girl. I must, however, get you to play the part of peace-maker between us. I know she has a great respect for you, and if any one can do it you can."

"Candidly, Smith," I said, "I don't like interfering, and that for both your sakes. In one of your drunken fits you might either kill her or inflict on her some serious injury. You must be perfectly well aware you are not master of your actions on those occasions; and strong as your determination at the present time to remain sober may be, it is no guarantee that you will keep so; and I would rather not interfere in the matter."

"Do not give me a positive refusal," he said, "but try what you can do. If peace is not made between us it will break my heart, or, what is still more probable, induce me to commit self-destruction, for I cannot live without her."

"But consider the consequences," I said.

"There is no fear this time," he replied. "I give you my word of honour that for the last fortnight I have not touched one drop of wine or spirits."

"But you have often kept sober for as long as that before, and had not the courage to continue it," I remarked.

"It is different with me in the present instance," he said. "Nothing shall ever induce me to take to the habit again."

Poor Smith pleaded so earnestly with me to be peace-maker between him and his wife, that at last I made a conditional promise. I told him I was about to leave X—for Switzerland, and should be absent about a month, and that if on my return I found he had kept his promise—and I would accept his word as proof without further inquiry—I would try to make peace between him and his wife. He willingly accepted these conditions, and the following day I started on my journey to Switzerland.

On my return to X—at the time specified, I

called on Smith. He certainly looked in better health and more cheerful than when I left. He told me he had scrupulously kept his word, and that it was more than six weeks since he had tasted either wine or spirits, and he now called on me to fulfil my promise.

I unhesitatingly agreed to do so, but on inquiry found his wife would return to X—in about a fortnight's time, and thinking I could better intercede with her by a personal interview than by letter, to which she might reply under control of her friends, I proposed to wait till she arrived, and this I did the more readily as it would give Smith another ten days or so to practise his sobriety. To this proposition he agreed, and we said no more on the subject.

"And now I want to speak to you," he said, "on another matter. You are acquainted with the head of the police, and I wish you would call on him and implore him to take away a spy he has placed over me. The fellow almost drives me mad. Wherever I go I see him with his eye fixed on me, watching my every movement. I suppose they are afraid I should quit X—and crossing the frontiers, visit my wife in Turin, where I should be from under their control. You may assure them I have no intention of doing anything of the sort, and it would be an act of kindness to relieve me from this intolerable surveillance."

I promised Smith I would do as he wished, and calling on Count Velletri, the head of the police, told him my mission.

"Your friend," said he in reply, "is under some great mistake. No police officer has been set to follow him, nor do I wish in any way to annoy him. All I require is that he shall not insult or injure his wife, and that almost as much for his own sake as hers."

I gave this reply to Smith, who said it was untrue, and that the spy was perpetually following him.

A few days afterwards he spent the evening with me, and I accompanied him home to a large rambling sort of half palace, half dwelling-house, in the outskirts of the town, in which he occupied apartments on the ground floor; General R—, commandant of the troops in the district, having apartments on the first floor; and with the exception of the sergeant's guard always on duty, whose quarters were in the rear of the house, there were no other inhabitants. On our way home Smith conversed volubly, sometimes on matters connected with his wife, at others on the infamous behaviour of the police in setting a spy to watch him. Presently, on entering a broad straight street, brilliantly lighted by an Italian full moon, Smith suddenly stopped, and clasping me by the arm whispered—

"There the fellow is! Now let's catch him!"

"I see no one," I said. "You must make a mistake."

"He darted into this passage," he said; "come here, and we shall find him."

We now went into a narrow passage through a doorway, and closed at the end so that no one could have escaped, but he was not there.

The idea then first crossed my mind that Smith was labouring under a delusion. I asked him what sort of a man the spy was, and he replied that he was tall and thin, with a pale face, and cold glassy eyes; that he was dressed in black, had three black studs in his shirt, and always carried a black glove in his right hand. This immediately tended to convince me that Smith was labouring under a delusion, and I questioned him further on the subject, endeavouring to prove to him that he was in error. He remained firm, however, to his conclusion, and finding it was useless to argue the matter with him, I gave it up for the moment, determining to watch him narrowly, and find out whether or no a spy followed him in the manner he described.

During the next week I called daily to see Smith, and received from him a most minute account of the persecution he endured from the spy he imagined to be following him. He told me that instead of diminishing it positively increased, and that even in the night he could frequently see the fellow's eyes peering through the interstices of the wooden window-blinds.

Here was a further proof to me that the whole was a delusion, but before determining what course to take to prove it to be one, I resolved to make one more effort to ascertain whether there was the shadow of truth in his statement.

Knowing one of the aides-de-camp of General R—, I asked him as a favour to allow the sentinels to watch during the whole of one night the windows of Smith's range of apartments, which he promised should be done. The next morning he informed me that no person such as described had made his appearance; in fact, not an individual had attempted to come near the house. I then questioned Smith, who told me that several times during the night he had risen from his bed and seen the spy lurking about outside the house; and that he had watched him the day before so pertinaciously, it had almost driven him out of his senses.

It wanted but three days to the time for Mrs. Smith's return to X—, when the servants in the house were in the night aroused by violent cries from their master. On going to his assistance they found he had quitted his bed-room and entered another, where, armed with a sword, he was stabbing the bed-clothes through and through. On inquiring the cause he replied—

"The fellow is here, and I have caught him at last. He shall not escape me this time," and he again commenced stabbing through the bed-clothes till he was so exhausted that he fainted.

The servants, now terribly alarmed, sent for a

doctor in the neighbourhood, who finding Smith in a fainting fit, attempted to revive him by pouring some brandy down his throat, and in a little time he succeeded in restoring animation. Smith, on recovering his senses, glared in a terrified manner round the room, and then exclaimed, "Thank Heaven the wretch has gone at last!" He was then conveyed to his own bed, where he slept soundly till the following day.

I was now fairly puzzled what steps to take. To have informed his wife's family of the mania Smith was labouring under, would be to preclude all possibility of a reconciliation; and yet to keep it a secret would scarcely have been justifiable on my part. As Mrs. Smith was expected to arrive on the following day, I resolved at last to call on her husband and argue the matter coolly with him. I found him in good spirits. He told me he had now discovered I was correct in my conclusion that he was labouring under a delusion, and that the spy was merely a phantom of his own creation.

"The doctor," he continued, "advised me, whenever it appeared to me, just to take a little drop of brandy, and no doubt it would vanish. I have twice tried the experiment, and in both instances it succeeded. The merest taste of brandy I find is sufficient, so you need not be afraid of my falling into my old habit again."

Of this, however, I was by no means persuaded, and I determined not to call on Smith's wife for some days after her arrival, so as to ascertain clearly that there was no danger of her husband's returning to his old habits.

It was well I did so, for unfortunately it turned out that, although for the first few days the small drop of brandy was sufficient to dispel the delusion, by degrees it required more, and so on till it terminated in a violent fit of intoxication. When the fit was over, Smith again begged of me to effect a reconciliation with his wife, assuring me he would not return to the habit again. I told him I should take a week before deciding anything in the matter, and during that time he made the most strenuous efforts to abstain from drinking; but so pertinaciously did the delusion pursue him that, in spite of all his good resolutions, he was obliged to have recourse again to his little drop of brandy. This was effectual for a short time, but after a little use it required a greater quantity to take effect, and it again culminated in a drunken fit.

In this manner affairs continued, the poor wretch struggling continually in a most determined manner to abstain from vice, and on each occasion the delusion appearing to him, and standing motionless before him, gazed on him with its cold inexpressive eye, till at last this poor victim of drunkenness utterly succumbed, and a few months after his wife's return to X— he occupied a grave in the city cemetery.

AUNT SUE'S PANIC.



"HERE SHE APPEARED TO WHISPER SOMETHING IN HIS EAR."

DID you ever see a dwelling-house the outside of which evokes such notes of admiration as "How charming!"—"How sweetly pretty!"—"How picturesque!" from every passer-by, that is not in its interior arrangements the very reverse of charming? I have lived in a cottage smothered

in roses, swathed in jessamine, and with honeysuckle tapping at every window-pane on the upper floor, with a gabled porch that the Wistaria has made a bower of blossom, such as has caused many a travelling artist to pause upon his way, and transfer it to the canvas; but while I have

resided in that earthly paradise, I have never known what comfort is. Nay, I have been a guest in lordly mansions, "royal-rich and wide," to which sight-seers come upon appointed days, and are shown through the "state apartments" by a stately housekeeper, who exhibits to their wide-eyed curiosity the room where His Sacred Majesty the First Charles pillowed his head while it was yet upon his shoulders; and the apartment where Queen Bess might have been seen by early zephyrs without her ruff—mansions where eighty beds are made up on occasion, and every visitor sticks his card outside his door, so that, in case of fire, as I suppose, it may be known exactly who is to be succoured first, according to his rank and station—where the list of guests is printed in the hall, and in every room hangs up a "notice" of the unalterable hours for meals and prayers. Pictures of "interiors" of such dwellings are to be seen in every great collection, labelled, "The Corridor at Coucy Castle," "The Great Staircase," "The Private Chapel" (with its Grinling Gibbons' carvings), and perhaps even "The Haunted Chamber." The picturesqueness of these spots is as patent as is their grandeur, but their excessive inconvenience is even more undeniable than either. The latticed windows do not open wide enough; the oaken doors do not thoroughly close; the tapestried walls are mouldy and insect-riddled; and the whole atmosphere is stuffy and stifling. To be lord of such a residence is to be king of a county, and gives one a thousand privileges; but the home comforts of his lordship's steward at Victoria Villa, Newtown (an erection about as picturesque as the parish workhouse), are infinitely greater. He has at least fresh air and abundance of light, which at Coucy Castle are unattainable.

What is true of dwelling-houses is true, though in a less degree, of whole localities: the picturesqueness of them is always in inverse proportion to the convenience. It seems, indeed, well-nigh impossible to attain both advantages. The most beautiful spot in England is, for example, Clovelly, in North Devon, made familiar to every reader by Kingsley's "Westward Ho." The view afforded from the village is not extensive, but it includes almost every element of natural beauty. On the west, the sea, down to which its single street descends so steeply that no wheeled conveyance, nor even horses' hoofs, may traverse it; and a small but strongly built harbour, where the fishing-boats toss and tumble, or lie stranded on their sides, according as the tide is in or out. On the north and east, "wood overhanging wood, like cloud on cloud," and crowding to the cliff-tops, against whose bases the Atlantic wave for ever beats and foams. Nothing but these objects—which for beauty, indeed, are all-sufficient—are to

be seen by those who sojourn in Clovelly—these and a little strip of sky. The houses are too near their opposite neighbours to admit of more extensive vision. A noble park, however, stretches to southward; and beyond it, headland after headland, till the last of England's soil yields to the sea, and the knowledge of their proximity seems to fill up the measure of delight to those who gaze and gloat upon the present treasures. It is fair here, surpassing fair, but would be fair there also. There is no apprehension of overstepping the barrier of home beauties, and coming upon anything barren.

The houses in this little town are themselves most picturesque and pleasant—to the eye at least; and each of them, if not from porch or window, still from some crack or cranny familiar to its inmates, commands the field in which all tenants of the place are labourers—the ocean. Whatever little coign and vantage-ground of space there is beyond what is occupied by their dwellings and the narrow street, is filled with flowers; but in the centre of the village, at the beginning of the winding steps that lead down to the harbour, there is a vacant spot, in which is placed a long low seat, where all that have toiled up the steps may stop and rest; and where in the calm eves, when toil is done, men come and sit, while the moon mounts the sky, and pours her splendour over wood and wave. The village dwellings are of the humblest kind; and even the little inn which lords it over them, as being twice the size of any of its neighbours, is such as the fashionable or even commercial traveller may deem but a sorry resting-place; to others, however, of a more imaginative type, it will afford a richer accommodation than many a so-called "hotel." Its little rooms are furnished with rare china and curious ornaments, "picked up" by the Clovelly men (who are all sailors) in many a distant land; and its fare, if plain, is of the best: the thickest cream, the freshest eggs, fish straight from the net, and such a store of jams, home-made, as makes the mouth water with the remembrance of them.

And yet in this earthly paradise the trail of the serpent is over all, in a certain "ancient and fish-like smell" which pervades the whole lovely scene, and distracts one's thoughts from its marvellous beauty. The ocean breeze itself, as it comes up the woody cleft, is often tainted by it, and by the time it reaches one, speaks of the finny denizens of the pathless deep rather than of its cavernous cells. When there is no breeze, and the noonday sun beats down on the quaint village—which, notwithstanding its narrowness and the shades of the envining woods, it does with pitiless force—the case is greatly worse. The unhappy visitor likens himself to one in a hot-bed, and a hot-bed of no very savoury materials.

"Good Heavens!" said I to my nephew Frank Hotham, the artist, as we sat together at the window of the little inn, during such a noonday as I have described, glutting the eye with a noble feast, but much at the expense of our olfactory organs—"Good Heavens! suppose any epidemic was to break out in this Eden here, not a soul would escape it!"

It was said without reflection, for Frank had his young wife and only child with him; whereas I, an old maid with no "ties," had but my own safety to look to; and directly I had uttered the remark, I regretted it.

"By Jove!" said he, with sudden nervousness, "I never thought of that, Aunt Sue; and there's not a doctor within five miles, I am told. Not that a doctor would avail one much, shut up in this cloven ravine without a breath of air. And there's small-pox about too—isn't there?"

I hastened to say that I had never heard as much, as indeed I had not. If Frank had done so, the news had probably "gone in at one ear and out at the other" with him, as most things did which were not connected with his "art," as he called it. He was a really excellent landscape painter, but his devotion to his profession was a very serious nuisance to those who had to listen to his dissertations upon it. It was necessary not only to admire what he admired, but for the same identical reasons; and it was even still more obligatory to despise what he despised. If lawyers talked of law, authors of literature, or soldiers of war, in the same vague yet dogmatic style in which some painters speak of painting, conversation would become impossible. Frank seldom escaped from his "shop," and he compelled you to take his goods whether you would or not; but when he did escape, he was charming. Lucy and he were the handsomest young couple I have ever seen, and were devoted to one another, and to Baba. Baba was their little boy, just four years old, and their idol. I think they would have allowed, too, that he had a third worshipper in Aunt Sue. He always accompanied us in our excursions, and made the very prettiest figure conceivable in the "foreground" for his father's pictures. At home, too, on a wet day, he was quite a little treasure in his way; for he would sit or stand as still as a mouse, while he was being "worked in" on the canvas. A lay-figure such as painters use costs thirty pounds, which was beyond Frank's slender purse, so that he was always glad to get a sitter—a post which was no sinecure to him who filled it. Even Aunt Sue was pressed into the service occasionally, and then it was: "Steady, steady—Don't blink your eyes so much—The right arm a little straighter—Bend more to the right—Throw a little pleasanter expression into the mouth, if you please—Thank you."

My brother, the rector, was a welcome guest

with his artist son, but always averred that this was on account of his own venerable appearance: "You can't get a lay-figure, my boy, so you must put up with a clerical one." They had both a very pleasant wit; though, since Lucy and I were sometimes unable to "see the joke," we were wont to describe it as too subtle. For instance, on a certain excursion of ours on the day previous to that on which this little story begins, we passed through a sea-side village where the coast-guard station was a very commodious building, and the house where the clergyman lived was by comparison a very humble one. "There!" cried Frank, "that proves what we have often heard, that 'prevention is better than cure.'" It took us some time to remember that the coast-guard is also called "The Preventive Service," and a church-living a "cure of souls;" and by the time we had found it out, Frank had made another joke. Our very dullness, however, was the occasion of mirth with us; and when we laughed, that set Baba off, so that I don't think there was a merrier party in North Devon that summer than we four. It was all the sadder for me when the blow suddenly fell upon us, of which I alone was conscious, but which threatened to cloud all this brightness in the shadow of death.

The day, as I have said, was hot and steamy; but in the evening the air became delightful, and we all went down as usual to enjoy it upon the breakwater of the little harbour. Even then there was not a breath of wind, and though the tide was up, not a single one of all the fishing-vessels had yet returned; we saw the straggling fleet making their way home indeed, but at a long distance off, and they seemed to get no nearer; the broad blue sea was flecked with their white sails, as the sky is sometimes dotted by lines of wild-geese clanging to their homes; only in this case there was no noise. The flowing wave sighed faintly as it reached the stone beneath us, like some exhausted swimmer who gains the shore with his last gasp. The tiny flag upon the roof-top above us could not flap, but hung heavily about its staff. There were no other persons about the harbour but ourselves, but the witchery of the scene stilled our talk, and little Baba's prattle was the only sound that broke the silence of sea or shore. After a while it became the child's bedtime, and Lucy rose to accompany him to the inn. As I expressed my intention of remaining, Frank kindly offered to stay with me; but I knew how great were the attractions for him of seeing Baba in his bath and at his prayers, so I would not permit him to do so. "Clovelly is a very queer place," said I, "and its sailors are very enterprising; but I don't think that anybody—even in Clovelly—will think of running away with your Aunt Sue." And so I was left alone.

In that still summer night, with the quiet stars

shining above me, and below me—for the great deep was like a mirror—an old woman like myself, you may say, reader, might have occupied her thoughts to better purpose; but instead of reflecting upon the transitoriness of life, and my latter days, I confess they were principally fixed on a certain picnic that was to take place upon the morrow. I had bespoken some cold meat and potted trout; but I was bent, if possible, on securing some fruit, principally on the child's account, and as a surprise.

Well, I had settled in my own mind about the fruit, and also which cushion of the sofa in our little sitting-room would suit best to prop dear Lucy's back in the somewhat jolting carriage which we had engaged for the morrow, and was slowly toiling up the steps to the inn, when this occurred. Half-way up the steps, there is an ancient archway occupied as a dwelling-house; here I stopped to gather breath for the remainder of the ascent; it was almost dark by this time, and standing in the shadow of the arch, I was quite invisible to any passer-by who should not absolutely touch me. I had scarcely reached this resting-place when my ear was struck by the faint and suppressed sobs of a woman. She was evidently in some room on the other side of the wall against which I leaned, and but for it I could have touched her with my hand.

"Dead, dead, dead!" she moaned. "Oh, what shall we do without our bread-winner?"

I was about to knock at the cottage door, to see if I could be of any sort of comfort to this poor bereaved creature, when I heard the step of a man coming down the hill, so unsteady that I could not but conclude that he was in liquor. Such an occurrence is not an unexampled one in any fishing-village, but I have a particular horror of a drunken person, and therefore shrank quickly back into my corner. The man came on, and stopped at the very door at which I had been about to knock.

"In tears! Why, what's the matter, lass?" I heard him say.

"Matter enough, man," returned she, in heart-rending tones: "our Polly's dead!" and once more she burst into sobs.

"Dead?" repeated he, in a dull dazed way, as though he could not picture to himself the dread reality. "Don't say she's dead."

"Hush! Don't speak so loud, man. Yes, she is dead, and dead of——" And here she appeared to whisper something in his ear.

Great Heaven! what was it that the poor woman had died of, that those two should be so secret about it? A terrible conviction flashed upon me that the hideous disease of which Frank and I had spoken that very morning had actually broken out, in the place where of all others we had most cause to fear it.

"You will not breathe a word about it, Alec," continued the sobbing voice. "It is bad enough as it is; but if it comes to be known how she came by her end, it will be even worse."

For an instant it struck me that the poor creature whose death they were discussing had been put out of the world by foul play; and such is the selfishness of human nature (though, to do me justice, the thankfulness would not have been on my own account) that I should have been almost thankful for such a solution of the affair. The next few words, however, convinced me of my mistake.

"Can I see her?" inquired the man gravely, his fuddled brains appearing to have become cleared a little by the greatness of his loss. "If I had thought her to have been so bad, I would not have gone up-street to the alehouse."

"You couldn't have saved her, Alec; naught could have saved her, and naught but harm could come now of going to look at her. The only thing to be done is to keep all quiet. She is a heavy loss to us and the bairns; but we shall be well-nigh ruined if the inn folks should be frightened away from us."

The inn folks! Here was a family who evidently derived their living from the customers at the inn. The man perhaps had a boat for hire; the woman doubtless took in the washing of the visitors—*our* washing amongst others! Whether it was small-pox or scarlet fever, we were equally doomed if any article was used from that cottage; and I silently resolved that it should not be used. The things from the wash, the landlady had informed me, would be sent home towards the end of the week; and in the meantime I would devise some excuse for leaving Clovelly without, if possible, giving any shock to poor Lucy.

"But how are we to help the inn folks and every one else from knowing it?" urged the man. "We must get the certificate——"

"Whist! Come in. I've a plan to manage that"—then the door closed behind him, and I heard the steps of both of them ascending some rickety stairs to the upper floor.

Though almost breathless with terror, I contrived to stagger away from that hateful house, the very touch of which seemed to be contagious, and reach the bench of which I have spoken, at the top of the steps, and there I sat down to think the matter out.

The atmosphere was as heavy as wool, and dry as Gideon's fleece. How the morrow's sun would scorch up that narrow street, and fructify the seeds of disease and death! The least itching in my limbs or features seemed to be the precursor of small-pox, and every flush the herald of scarlet fever. I saw Lucy's frightened looks when the news should first be told her of the enemy that had made its appearance amongst us, and her hopeless face as she bent over her dying boy. Of course it

was wrong and wicked in me, and showed a great want of faith ; but, at all events, my fears were not for myself. I thought of the delicate mother and her frail child, and of dear handsome Frank smitten down in his youth and happiness.

Of course we could not leave the village that night, but I resolved to hasten our departure for the projected picnic as much as possible, and that, once away, we should never return to Clovelly. I would tell Frank what had happened at the place it had been agreed on that we should dine, and then he would break the news to his wife, and we would take up our quarters elsewhere—in some town that had a resident doctor—and await our fate. If the disease was in the air, as the papers said, we should probably carry it with us ; but at all events we should be in a better position to combat it than where we were at present. To be in Clovelly, as it seemed to me, was to lie down in our coffins at once ; and indeed there was not much more room to turn round in it. My morbid fancy pictured a sad procession winding up that very street, carrying on their shoulders a dreadful something with a white pall upon it, and which contained our little Baba.

When I reached the inn I found, to my great relief, that all our party had retired to rest ; for, indeed, to have to converse cheerily with any of my dear ones with such a burden on my mind would have been a terrible ordeal ; but the good landlady was up and about, and as brisk as usual.

"I am afraid, ma'am, you won't get your clothes from the laundress quite so soon as I had expected," were her first words, "for her sister, who helps her with the washing, has fallen ill. All the small things shall, however, be sent without fail, she says."

My heart seemed to stop beating, yet I somehow contrived to say that there was no hurry about the things. If so much as a collar or a pair of cuffs had come, I would have burnt them with my own hands. I occupied myself at once with packing up not only my own clothes, but all of Lucy's that I could lay hands on, in order that they might be ready to send after us, and then retired to bed—not to rest, but to think and fear.

In the morning Frank got up betimes, as was his custom, to go down to bathe. As he ran whistling down the stairs, I thought with a shudder how he would have to pass the infected house, and perhaps bring back with him the very peril from which I would have preserved him ; still I dared not speak. I knew his nervous organisation, and that he would not be able to keep the dreadful secret from Lucy for a single hour. At breakfast, all save myself were in the highest spirits, looking forward to their day of pleasure, and even planning others to be enjoyed "while this beautiful warm weather lasted."

It seemed to me as though the poor deluded

creatures were dancing upon the brink of their own graves.

At last I got them off, and we walked together to the top of the hill, which was the nearest spot to which a carriage could be brought, and began our journey. Every mile which we put between ourselves and the village took a load from my heart, and yet they rallied me upon my silence. I did my best to seem like myself, but the effort was beyond my power. Every ring of Baba's laughter went through me like a knell, and I feared to speak, lest I should utterly break down and burst into tears.

At our first halting-place, however, the long-looked-for opportunity offered itself of conferring with Frank alone, and I told him all the wretched story.

To my intense horror, when I had quite done his only reply was a roar of laughter. At first, I thought his fears for Lucy and the child had driven him out of his senses.

"Be a man," said I, "and help me to do the best we can."

"But, my dear Aunt Sue, it's all a mistake," cried he : "I heard all the story of Polly's death this morning, and what she died of. *Polly's a cow* ; and the foolish woman it belonged to thought it had died of the *cattle plague*. Her husband was too drunk last night to find that this was not the case ; but this morning he has been making merry with his wife's mistake."

"But, Frank, she said that it was their breadwinner!"

"So it was, in a sense, because they supply the milk to our inn ; and if the creature had really had the disease, of course all their other cows would have had to be destroyed. As to the sick washerwoman, who does not happen to live in the village at all, I was told, at the little post-office this morning, among other local intelligence, that she has got hay-fever. That's not a fever to be afraid of."

I burst into tears, threw myself into Frank's arms, and fainted away.

When I came to myself, Lucy was wetting my forehead with eau-de-Cologne, and Baba fanning me assiduously with the "Guide-book to North Devon," while my nephew was regarding their united efforts with a face in which concern struggled with a very strong sense of the ridiculous.

"Frank," whispered I imploringly, "don't tell them that I packed up our things, or anything about it."

And he never did.

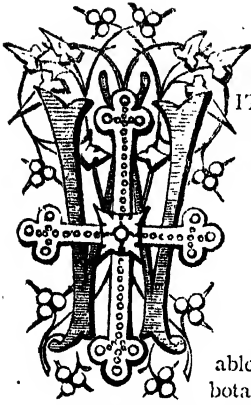
"It was the heat that had overcome me," he said, only half a dozen times during the day the rogue would inquire, "How's Polly?—I mean Aunt Sue."

Except for that, I never enjoyed a picnic more.

HALF-HOURS WITH NATURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HALF-HOURS AT THE SEASIDE."

ROCK BREAKERS.



WITH this name our readers may associate the popular idea of geologists, or their more humble representatives who, squatted by the roadside, diligently and monotonously devote themselves to stone-breaking, minus the science. Or possibly the term may be thought applicable to that order of flowers botanically named *Saxifragaceæ*—literally "rock-breakers." But it is to none of these that we wish to draw attention, although the last-mentioned group of objects is not without an archæological as well as botanical interest. Most of the species are mountainous, and adorn the hill-sides where few other flowering plants will grow, one of our English species covering the surface with its diminutive leaves in place of grass. Growing thus on the hardest rocks, we can hardly wonder at the old notion that the roots of these plants possessed the power of fracturing and crushing them, so as to maintain a foot-hold where no other species could.

Whatever may be the amount of truth (and we suspect it is very little) in the old notion that the *Saxifrages* could decompose rocks, it is very certain that a large number of another but, botanically speaking, much lower order of plants have this power. Where nothing else can grow, the *Lichens* will flourish. The hardest rock is not superior to their parasitical attachment—the most indurate quartz boulders are obliged to find them not only room, but mineral supplies. The lichens are the most cosmopolitan of all vegetable forms. Although most abundant in the more northern and southern parts of each hemisphere, they are to be met with in no small abundance even in tropical regions; and should the explorer in the latter districts ascend some mountain-side, he will infallibly find that the higher he ascends, and the more the colder climate resembles that of the extreme temperate latitudes, the more abundant do the lichens become. Let him ascend as high as he can, and he may perhaps reach a zone where all vegetable life has gradually dwindled down to lichens alone, and these become the sole but varied representatives of the kingdom to which they belong. But whether in Arctic or Antarctic regions, in the temperate zones or along the flanks of equatorial mountains, lichens will be found performing, slowly but surely, a most useful

part in the great economy of nature. They not only grow where no other plants can, but they disintegrate the hardest rocks, and thus by slowly reducing them to powder, and mingling with the result their own decaying parts, they form a thin soil on which it becomes possible for higher plants to flourish. In the present as well as in the past economy of nature, the lower forms of life have always been made to act as the forerunners and preparers of the way for the higher. The most recently elevated coral islands, or cooled lava sheets, have for their first occupants various species of lichen, which must do a work, in conjunction with the disintegrating power of the atmosphere, before higher orders of plants can appear. It was so in the earlier geological ages of the globe; the first vegetation was cryptogamous; and Humboldt speculated on the likelihood of geologists one day finding fossilised, in the oldest rocks, gigantic species of lichen, analogous to the huge species of club-moss or "horse-tails," which are the earliest of known vegetable forms. Up to the present, the speculation remains unproved, but the probability that the earliest forms of vegetable life on the oldest dry lands were lichens, is held by all geologists.

The first lichens to take possession of a bare, hard rock surface, are those species known as crustaceous. The holiday climber sees them attached to the most indurated quartz rocks, covering them with a crust scarcely less hard than the stone itself. But these are gifted with the necessary organs of reproduction, to which we shall presently refer. Although there can be little doubt that the age of individual plants is tremendous, perhaps extending over hundreds of years, yet die they must at length. Meantime they have decomposed the rock-surface, and thus caused a thin film of soil to accumulate. This is soon taken possession of by another group of lichens, not of a crusty kind, but foliaceous, such as may be seen in abundance at this time of the year on old hawthorn stems, or on the softer limestone rocks, yellow, grey, and black in colour. These frondose lichens decay, and add to the newly formed soil. Mosses next take possession, and subsequently ferns, and thus the soil increases, higher and higher groups of plants replace each other, and a hard rocky surface becomes an epitome of what has taken place on the dry-land crust of the earth since our planet left the hands of its Maker!

The crustaceous lichens are much richer in mineral matter than the foliaceous or leafy species. After burning, you get at least ten per cent. of ash,

consisting of oxide of iron, lime, silice, soda, potash, alumina, etc. These minerals are usually in combination with carbonic, phosphoric, sulphuric, and muriatic acids. That such lichens obtain a good part of their mineral matter from the rocks on which they grow, is evident from the fact that those containing most silica grow on quartz rocks, and those having most iron on ferruginous rocks. That best known and most useful of all lichens, the "Iceland moss," contains soda, potash, magnesia, and iron oxide, in combination with the acids above mentioned.

One reason why, of all plants, lichens are most independent of climatal change, is their power of rapidly absorbing and effectually retaining moisture. On this account they maintain such a world-wide distribution. No fewer than eight hundred species are catalogued as British, and yet two-thirds of these are to be gathered in the southern hemisphere. Indeed, of the splendid collection of lichens brought by Sir James Ross from Antarctic regions, two-thirds were found growing in equal abundance in the Arctic and northern areas. There is a philosophical significance in this fact worth pausing over, before we let it go. Biologists are aware that the rule is good that the lowest forms of life, animal and vegetable, are those possessing the highest geological antiquity. Again, of existing species, those having the widest or most cosmopolitan distribution also, as a rule, are geologically ancient. Now, the most widely distributed of all objects are undoubtedly the lowliest in organisation, and we now see how curiously these general laws illustrate the identity of lichens brought from the extremest parts of the globe, and at the same time attest the vast antiquity of this order of plants above any other.

Thanks to the microscope, which has done for natural history what the telescope did for astronomy—raised the science from the region of mere speculation to that of actual fact—the structure and mode of growth of lichens is now as well known as that of large and more highly organised plants. Let us follow one of them from its earliest stage, and witness its mode of development. First of all the *spores*—which answer to the *seeds* of flowering species, only that they possess the power of being able to sprout from any part of their surface—are brought by the wind. They are each so small as to be practically invisible to the unassisted eye. When a sunbeam is made to pass through a hole in the window-shutter, so as to strike against the wall on the other side, you can see the air through which the ray passes to be quite thick with myriads of dancing germs, among which doubtless are the spores of moss and lichen. We will suppose we can see one of these spores, and watch its movements. It eventually settles down on some rock-face, where it becomes fixed by throwing out

minute tubes, as if to anchor itself. These branch and lengthen, and thus interlace among themselves, until eventually there is a kind of loose felty tissue formed by them. If you just moisten the frond of a lichen, and then cut it in two, you will see very plainly, under the microscope, that the frond is composed of three distinct layers, the lowest of which is called the "medullary" layer. It is by means of the branching and interlacing of the tubes which proceeded from the fixed spore, that this lowest or medullary layer is formed, after which the older provisional modes of attachment of the lichen to the rock wither away.

On this newly formed layer, supposing that circumstances are favourable, it will not be long before another is superimposed, differing from the first in having scattered through its tissue a number of peculiar cells, which are intermediate in function between ordinary vegetable cells and those employed in reproduction. This power, often seen in, and indeed confined to, the lowest forms of life, of the same substance, or part of an organism, being able to do two or three different functions, is not confined to vegetation. It exists among animals as well, and is the result of that absence of physiological division of labour, commonly called "differentiation," which is the distinguishing feature of lowly organised species. Lastly, on this second or "gonidial" layer, as it is technically termed, in the progress of the lichen's growth there is formed another, very tough and leathery, and hence called the "cortical" layer. It is in this that the colouring matter of lichens usually resides, and it is this which gives the different species their characteristic tints. Through this outer leathery layer the reproductive cells ooze, so as to cover it with the mealy dust we often see besprinkled over the surfaces of lichens. If surrounding circumstances are not favourable, lichens cannot pass through these several stages, and their development thus becomes arrested, causing them to present appearances so distinctly different that the various stages of growth have been regarded as so many genera, and as such, in works on lichenology, we often find them figured and described. Specific differences can only be determined by adult lichens, when the various shapes of the spores greatly assist in arranging them in their true order and relationship. It will be seen, therefore, that the structure of lichens is exceedingly simple, and that they are composed entirely of layers of cells, the principal division of labour in which is that devoted to the all-important work of reproduction.

The name lichen comes from a Greek word signifying a "wart," a very apt term when applied to the crustaceous lichens usually found so firmly united to the hardest rocks that you cannot dislodge them by force. The largest species are those termed "frondose," which possess an expansion we

should popularly call a leaf. This may be attached by its under side to the rock, as is often the case, or may be fastened by only one end, so that it can grow in an erect position, like the "Reindeer moss," as it is commonly called. Popular description, however, is always wrong in its classification; hence we have many species of lichens which go by the name of mosses, such as those to be seen on moss-grown trees—"Iceland moss," "Cup moss," "Reindeer moss," etc. The age of some of these, individually, must be immense, one of the authorities on this subject expressing his belief that some of them may attain to a thousand years. The great number of native species has already been noticed, and we have remarked on the variety afforded by their different stages of growth presenting so many varied appearances. Artistically considered, these stages and lichen differences lend a charm whose loss would be appreciably felt. They throw a veil of beauty over rock and boulder, over old ruin and tree, and not only soften down the asperities of decay, but give to it a beauty which the original sound condition never enjoyed. Let any one with an eye for beautiful objects note the lichens now to be seen clothing the rugged stems of hawthorn or apple-tree. They festoon them with the liveliest yellow and brightest grey, for the lichens have not now to compete with the floral wealth of summer, and therefore their charms can be more easily appreciated. Note the pictures of mountain scenery by our best artists, and see the effect which lichens impart to the stony foreground.

As a study, lichenology possesses many advantages over others. It can be profitably and healthily pursued when other natural science pursuits are prohibited. The winter is the best time for it, and the student need not travel far from his own home. Old walls, old palings, rocks, trees, shrubs, stones, and ruins will supply him with abundant species; and by the aid of the microscope he may observe all the changes which these humblest of vegetative objects undergo.

But, apart from their beauty and scientific interest, lichens are not to be despised for other and equally valuable utilitarian properties. Many species are useful in the arts, although the progress of chemistry has recently found other and cheaper sources. The collecting of lichens was formerly a branch of industry in Scotland, and it is more than probable that it could be again revived with advantage. No fewer than seven genera of lichens yield valuable dye matters, and the extract made from them goes under the various names of "Orchil," "Cudbear," "Litmus," etc., these being its English, Scotch, and Dutch names respectively. The lichens growing on rocks are, as a rule, the richest in colouring matters. The Scotch peasantry are well aware of the dyeing properties of their native lichens, and have long been in the habit of extracting the dye by

boiling. In many parts of this country dye lichens go by the name of "Crottle." The colours yielded by them are chiefly purple and yellow; and the dyeing properties of these objects seem to have been known to the ancients, as several references to them are made by Dioscorides, Pliny, and others. Oxalic acid, mostly in combination with lime, is a very generally diffused substance in lichens. Not long ago, a visitor curious enough to investigate such matters of domestic economy, might have found in nearly every cottage in some parts of Scotland, and the adjacent islands, a barrel in which lichens were soaking for the purpose of extracting the colouring matter, which, among the Shetlanders and others, is used for dyeing the woollen goods they manufacture with such ingenuity.

Although not used so much in our Pharmacopœia now as they formerly were, still lichens find a useful place there yet. In the Middle Ages, and for a long time after, a good deal of superstitious reverence was paid to the supposed medical properties of lichens. Iceland moss still holds its own, perhaps more firmly than ever, as an antidote to complaints of the chest, dyspepsia, etc. Other species of lichen certainly possess astringent, tonic, and febrifugal properties, although, owing to the great ease with which these can be extracted from more available sources, the former are rarely used. As an article of food in just those countries where food is most wanted, as in Arctic and Antarctic regions, and on the dry and barren steppes of Asia, lichens are really valuable. In the deserts of Algeria, a species grows abundantly, covering the ground far and wide in a single night. The French soldiers in that country on one occasion subsisted on it for several days together. The same species is equally abundant on the steppes of Tartary, where it is often no less welcome to the nomadic tribes than the manna was to the famishing Israelites. The well-known "Iceland moss" (*Cetraria Islandica*), here used chiefly for medicinal purposes, is in Iceland a basis of food to the greater part of the population; and perhaps all our readers have heard of another species of northern lichen, called "Rock-tripe," which has on more than one occasion saved the lives of wrecked and foodless voyagers. The abundant "Reindeer moss" of Arctic countries, and its use as an article of winter fodder to the animals whose name it bears, is well and widely known. The employment of lichens as food, especially to man, depends principally on the presence of a gummy matter nearly allied to dextrine. Iceland moss contains it very largely. It is a substance intermediate between starch and sugar. But enough has been said to prove that these humble "stone-breakers" are to be esteemed among the most useful objects in nature, and that their abundance is only a correct index to their importance. J. E. TAYLOR.

SECOND-COUSIN SARAH.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

IN WORCESTER AGAIN.

REUBEN CULWICK was in the loyal city early the next day. He had travelled by a roundabout route,

as the surrender of all claims, on his part and his cousin's, to the estate at Sedge Hill. He should be happier when that was settled, he thought, when he had found Mary Holland, and surprised her by the



‘IT WAS MARY HOLLAND.

catching a night mail that took him a certain distance on his way, whereby he was enabled to start early for Worcester on the following morning, in search of Mary Holland. He passed over some superfluous ground, but he saved valuable time—on Monday he hoped to be back at his work in Drury Lane, as if nothing so serious had happened

news of her good fortune. Whether she deserved that fortune or not, he did not stop to consider—she was a mystery to him, and would probably remain so to the end of the chapter. Perhaps he had misjudged her—possibly she had betrayed Sarah Eastbell—certainly she was in league with Edward Peterson—and under all circumstances of life his

father had willed that Mary Holland should come into the property. So be it. It was his father's last wish, and it should be carried out to the letter and in the right spirit. It was the one wish of his father's that he had respected of late days, and there was a strange satisfaction in setting about its accomplishment. After all he did not care for money, for he took extraordinary pains to get his father's property out of his reach, as if to prove in his latter days how far he was above its temptations.

The cathedral bells were ringing when he was searching in Mitcheson's Place for Edward Peterson. The man who had leaped from the top window of the button factory, and broken both his legs, was not difficult to find—the inhabitants of Mitcheson's Place knew all about him, who he was and where he was, and the county police had been watching for his convalescence for weeks past, in order to conduct him to safe quarters. Edward Peterson was too ill to be moved at present—indeed of late days the police had not been vigilant, a turn for the worse having taken place in the sick man's condition, and it being tolerably certain that he was drifting from the laws of his country in undue haste.

Reuben understood the position before he had reached the house—a policeman on duty in the street gave him the fullest particulars, when he was certain that Reuben was not one of the gang who had swamped Worcester with pewter half-crowns and he went up the steep and rickety stairs of the place, wondering if he should meet Miss Holland after all, and of the nature of the tie between her and the coiner that had taken her from their side to his. There could be only one solution to the riddle, he thought, and he was close upon it.

It was the back room of the first floor to which he had been directed, and where he knocked softly for admittance. Someone crossed the room lightly, opened the door, and looked hard at him, with the colour flickering faintly on her cheeks. It was Mary Holland, pale and thin, who faced him on the landing-place, drawing the door behind her very carefully so that the whispers of their conference might not reach the ears of him who lay within the chamber.

"You have found me at last, then?" she inquired.

They did not shake hands—the shadow of the past mistrust was still between them, and there was no getting from it in the first moments of their meeting.

"You know that we have been searching for you—advertising for you?" said Reuben.

"Yes, but I did not care to answer yet," she replied.

"You are attending upon Edward Peterson?"

"My husband—yes."

"Your husband!" repeated Reuben slowly.

He was prepared for the avowal; he had looked forward to this explanation, and yet it came to him with a surprise for which he could scarcely account.

"He is wholly friendless now—he is terribly alone—and at the last I have found the courage to do my duty," she said.

"Then the little girl—Tots——"

"Is mine. God bless her, yes. It was his promise that I should have the child back—it was the revelation that she lived—that kept me silent when my suspicions might have given a clue to the truths which perplexed you. To have betrayed him at that bitter hour, was to kill my little girl. He swore it—and I knew how desperate a man he was, years ago," she added sadly. "When he first came to Sedge Hill, I wrote warning you of danger—but not knowing what the danger was which threatened Sarah Eastbell."

"I see," murmured Reuben Culwick.

"I was a woman in the toils, and knew not what to do," she continued. "When Sarah had disappeared, he said she should return in safety to Sedge Hill, if I would keep my peace—and I was forced to trust him. Ah, sir! do not blame me too harshly—it was my child's life, my child's happiness against Sarah Eastbell's, and I acted like a mother, in the one hope of clasping her to my heart. I could not have brought your cousin back, had I owned that man for my husband—I was in the dark with you—and my little Bessie lived."

"I understand," said Reuben still thoughtfully.

"When the child did not come to me—when I thought he had deceived me—I grew mad and desperate. It was I who set the police in search of Edward Peterson—who gave the clue by which they knew where to find him—who accompanied them to identify a man of whom they had been long in search—who betrayed him and brought about this tragedy. Heaven help me!" she added very sorrowfully, "I have been always in the wrong."

"What does he say?"

"He has not forgiven me," she said, "but I am at his side to the last—asking for no thanks, expecting none."

"Is there any hope of his life?"

"Not any."

"Is he aware of his approaching end?"

"At times," was the reply, "and at times he loses all recollection of his danger, and talks of a future which can never come."

"And you love this man?"

She answered, "He killed my love years ago. I do my duty in calm apathy, that is all."

"Poor woman!"

"Years ago, he was my hero. He was honest then, and I was very young," she said. "We were

married secretly. When he grew tired of me, when he went wrong, he abandoned me without remorse, and took my child with him, in a spirit of revenge that nearly broke my heart. My marriage and that child's birth were not known to the world I found at Worcester—although your mother always doubted me. I tried hard to live apart from the past, when I believed my little girl was dead, but it all came back last autumn. This," she added almost bitterly, "is a strange time for explanation."

"I have not come for explanation—I have no right to demand it," said Reuben, "but let me ask if my father knew of your marriage to Edward Peterson."

"I dared not tell him. I was very poor—I was alone in the world, without a friend, and he had confidence in me, and liked me for my dead father's sake. Would he have wished you to marry me, had he dreamed of this?" she added with an impressive gesture towards the door of the sick-room.

"Why did he wish this marriage?" said Reuben.

"He told me on the day he died that he had ruined my father—deceived him in some way of business, and got rich by his disgrace," she said. "Heaven knows if this were true, or the wanderings of a demented mind. It is beyond our guessing at and belongs not to our present lives."

"Mary Holland, it was true," said Reuben solemnly; "I bring a proof of it, in his atonement—reparation."

"Impossible."

"He has left you all his money."

There was a wild scream—an awful yell from the room which Mary Holland, or rather Mary Peterson, had quitted, and Mary ran back into the chamber, followed by Reuben in his haste to be of assistance to the affrighted woman.

It was only a cry of delight. Captain Peterson had heard all the news.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

EDWARD PETERSON LOOKS FORWARD.

THE man sick unto death lay in his bed a prey to violent excitement, Reuben saw at the first glance as he stood with Mary looking down at Edward Peterson. The eyes were widely distended, and two claw-like hands had clutched at the bed-curtains in a vain effort to raise the body, whilst the whole room vibrated with the passion which shook the sufferer. It was a ghastly face that met Reuben Culwick's at this juncture, and the terrible earnestness and greed stamped on it was not a pleasant sight to witness.

"Is it all true?" he gasped forth, turning to Reuben as if to a friend on whom, in this crisis of his life, he might rely.

"It is true," responded Reuben.

"That she has got the money—that it is all left

to her—for God's sake don't keep me in suspense! Think what a deal depends upon my being calm just now," he cried.

"All the money is left to Mary Holland," answered Reuben.

"How is it—how is it that—that—this can be?" he inquired, catching at Reuben's hand and clasp-
ing it with his trembling fingers; "you see how excited I am, but I can bear good news. Good news will save me yet—please Heaven."

Reuben looked across at Mary, who said in a low tone—

"Tell him."

"There has been discovered another will, signed by my father the day before his death."

"Yes—yes—go on."

"In it, my father bequeaths the whole of his property to his faithful friend and housekeeper, Mary Holland."

"That's my wife," said Peterson quickly—"don't forget she's my wife. We were legally married years ago, upon my soul, I swear it—it's easily proved—isn't it easily proved, Mary? Tell him so—don't stare at me like that."

"Yes, I am his wife," said Mary, thus appealed to; "I am not Mary Holland."

"Oh! that makes no difference," cried Peterson; "you were Mary Holland, you have always been known by that name to old Culwick, and it's your money, by Heaven it is—I know law enough for that. All yours—and all your husband's—why, it's as clear as daylight. This brings me—back—to—life!"

The fingers relaxed their grasp of Reuben's, the eyes closed, and a dull leaden hue spread itself over the face.

"He is dying," cried Reuben.

"No," said the wife, "it is only the reaction which has exhausted him."

She placed a glass to his lips, and he drank with difficulty of the spirit which it contained, after which his eyes opened and he lay and looked at them, his breath flickering at his grey lips like a dying man's. He was too weak to speak, and conscious of his weakness he lay and gathered power to himself, watching the wife and visitor meanwhile.

"Why did you come at such a time as this?" Mary said reproachfully.

"I was anxious you should know the truth."

"I knew it long ago," she answered.

Reuben uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Was not the will given to me?" she asked.

"But you were unaware of its contents?"

"No," said Mary; "he told me, on the day he left for London, what was in the will entrusted to my care."

"And you have not acted upon it—you have suffered a prior will to be proved—you have preferred to be poor!" he cried.

"I have preferred, Reuben Culwick, to wait," she said coldly, "to see who were my friends or enemies—who loved me a little, and who distrusted me altogether. Take that for all the answer I can afford you now."

"Where—is—the will?" said a voice like a sick child's.

They turned. Edward Peterson's interest had re-awakened in the great question of his life—of the little life that was left in him.

"I have brought it with me."

"Give it—to me," said Peterson; "it isn't safe in other hands. I—I will keep it till I'm—stronger."

Reuben hesitated.

"Let him have it," said the wife carelessly, "it will calm him—and rest is necessary."

"I would prefer your taking it, Mrs. Peterson," said Reuben, producing the will; "better still to leave it with a trustworthy solicitor to act upon. There will be no opposition to it in any way from Sarah Eastbell."

"It will be safe enough in my husband's keeping," said Mary, with strange listlessness.

Reuben gave her the will, and she crossed with it to her husband's side, and placed it in his hands, which with great difficulty began to unfold the paper on which Simon Culwick's last testament was written.

"I—I shall be glad—when I'm better," Edward Peterson whispered at last; "you can put it under my pillow—now."

Mary did so at his request.

"We may begin a different life together now, Mary," he said, with a sudden tenderness in his weak tone of voice that was startling at that time; "I only wanted to be rich—it was poverty that made me bad—that turned me wrong—altogether."

"Don't speak any more," adjured his wife.

"You kept this back—because you were—afraid of me?"

There was no reply.

"Why don't you answer?" he cried querulously.

"I was afraid of you," she replied; "I knew that with these riches there would come from you cruelty and oppression. I was happier in my dependence."

"But—when I get better?"

She looked sadly at him.

"When you get better, Edward, we will claim the money which Simon Culwick has left me."

"That's a good—girl. That's well," he cried exultantly. "I thought, Mary, there was some *plant* in this. I couldn't see why—"

"Couldn't see what?" inquired his wife, as he came suddenly to a full stop.

"I couldn't see why you should care for me like this—after the scamp that I have—been—to you."

"I betrayed you in my rage and haste. It is all my work," she said regretfully, "and I am at your side again."

"It was a mad trick certainly," he muttered, "and you—couldn't trust me. Ah! that's like a woman!"

"It is like a woman, Peterson, to take her place here, wife and nurse and comforter, in the hour of your distress," said Reuben.

Edward Peterson looked hard at Reuben Culwick, and a faint smile hovered at his lips.

"Are you a preacher?" he asked.

"No."

"Then you must be trying to come round Mary—though, mark my words, she is not going to be a rich widow—yet awhile."

"Peace!" she murmured.

"I am—going to take care—of Mary now. We've forgotten our—old quarrels. It's all made up—we shall be happy—and rich—and very rich together. I wasn't always—a rascal, sir."

"And the child?" Reuben asked curiously.

A gesture, quick and deprecatory, from Mary Holland came too late to arrest the question, or to check the excitement of the prostrate vagabond, who half raised himself in bed in his vehemence.

"I'll never see the child again—I'd rather die than see her. She shall never be more than the beggar's brat she is!" he shouted.

"What has she done?"

"She turned against her own father—when there was a chance of making money, it was she, that cursed child, who betrayed me. My own child—the only thing I ever cared for. May she—"

The colour vanished from his face again, and once more the leaden hue suffused it, and the eyes closed as by the pressure of the hand of death itself upon them. Mary was at his side with the stimulant; when life seemed coming slowly back again, she said to Reuben—

"Leave me now. You see what he is—what he has ever been."

"We shall meet again."

"Yes. Take care of Bessie till I come for her."

"If I could help you in any way," said Reuben—"if Sarah Eastbell could be of service here with you—if—"

"I would prefer to be alone—to the end," she said in a low tone.

Reuben passed from the room and left the dying man to his strange wife's care. He had done his duty, he had surrendered his father's will into the hands of those whom it was to benefit, and it had been coldly, almost unthankfully received. Let him get back to Sarah Eastbell and to the brighter life wherein she moved.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

JOHN DELIVERS HIS MESSAGE.

JOHN JENNINGS departed on his mission to Sarah Eastbell late that Saturday evening in good faith. It was never a pleasant task to face his

sister Lucy, at whose house Sarah was residing, for Lucy was always "down" upon him, and taking him to task for his numerous transgressions. Certainly Sarah would be at home, and that would be some recompense, although Lucy would not study her company, or "let him have it" less on account of the presence of a visitor. He was not drunk; he had not been too often to his favourite bars; but there was the painful consciousness of a certain amount of whiskey in his system that it was impossible to disguise from his lynx-eyed sister.

John Jennings went down Bow Street and crawled over Waterloo Bridge for the second time that day, like a man going to be hanged; and he thought so much of his meeting with Lucy, and so little of the nature of his errand, that he had only a confused idea of the message he had been entrusted to deliver, when he was clinging to the railings of the house where Miss Jennings resided.

It was half an hour later in the night when he knocked at the door, and was presently stumbling up the stairs, a limp and miserable visitor. His modest tap at the door of the first floor was answered so quickly by a sharp "Come in," that he went down two steps in dismay before he resumed his progress and entered the room with gravity and decorum. He was not prepared at the York Road lodgings for half a dozen people besides his sister and Miss Eastbell, but he was glad to see them nevertheless. In a small crowd like this he might escape observation or comment. Lucy was at a table covered with books and papers, and Sarah Eastbell at her side was evidently acting as her amanuensis. The men and women in the room were poor cadaverous beings connected with the Jennings mission, and the order of the establishment under the railway arch to-morrow, and were receiving their final instructions after general rule. There were books and tracts to give out, and reports of the day's proceedings to hear; and other co-operators in Lucy's good work followed John Jennings' advent, and sandwiched him in with serious-minded folk, and kept him from the fire and the door.

Lucy saw him on his first arrival, and Sarah smiled at him a welcome; but no one inquired his business, until an angular man on crutches at his side asked if he were a new convert to the blessed work. John Jennings shook his head and said he wasn't, at which piece of information the cripple hung on to the lappels of John's coat and tried to convert him on the spot.

"Let him be, Hood," said Lucy Jennings, whom nothing escaped; "there is no hope for him. Where I have failed, you will fail."

"But we can't give him up."

"You can let go my coat, though," said John Jennings crossly; "what am I to do for buttons if you pull me about like this?"

"He is only a drunken brother of mine," said Lucy scornfully. "Take no heed of him; he is not in a fit state to be reasoned with upon the enormity of his iniquities," said Lucy more sharply.

"Oh, I didn't want to come here!" cried John. "I've brought a message from Mr. Culwick—that's all."

"Give it to me, and go, then," said Lucy.

"It's not a letter. It's a verbal com-com-communication."

"I am sorry for it. Wait."

John Jennings found his way to the fire and to a chair, which he occupied in a sullen spirit, until he fell asleep with his chin upon his dirty shirt. How long he slept he never knew, but it was a deep and profound slumber, with so much murmuring in his ears that he dreamed he was in Clare Market, haggling for to-morrow's dinner, until a heavy joint fell on him from the shop-blind of the butcher's, and he woke up with Lucy's hand upon his shoulder.

The room was empty of its visitors. Lucy was standing by his side, more grim than ever; and Sarah Eastbell was sitting opposite, watching him intently.

"Have you slept away your drunkenness, do you think?" asked Lucy.

"I haven't been asleep," said John.

"Oh, John! I think you have," cried Sarah.

"Well, I may have dozed," he confessed, "just a little."

"What message have you brought from Mr. Culwick?" asked Sarah very anxiously.

"What message? Ah! that's it! Wait a moment."

Lucy and Sarah waited several minutes, but John Jennings did not collect his faculties together, until Lucy told him to call to-morrow morning early, before the service commenced under the railway arch, if his message were really of importance. Then he dashed at something like the truth in his haste and confusion.

"Mr. Reuben won't be here to-morrow."

Sarah Eastbell felt her heart sink, for she had not seen Reuben for many days, and he had put off calling on that evening, and she had looked forward longingly to his Sunday visit to her—with wicked worldly eyes, Lucy had already affirmed.

"Not coming?" said Sarah with a sigh. "Did he say why he had altered his mind again?"

"No—yes—yes, he did. He was going into the country with Miss Holland."

There was a long silence after this explanation, and Lucy and Sarah looked at each other in a strange way, which John Jennings was not able to comprehend.

"What did I tell you long ago?" said Lucy in a low tone.



A TERRIBLE ESCAPE.

THE following letter was lately forwarded to a gentleman's house in Tipperary, the postman having no very great difficulty with the direction, being to the manner born:—

‘for P. STICKERS,
“under gardner at the castle,
“Ballyporeen, coy tip.”

“MY DEAR PETER,—Your a good boy for writin to me and I was plased to hear you was doin so well. Youll be sorry to hear your mothers enjoyin bad helth this time back thro frettin, and uncle Tims little boy died last week. It was a fine baby intirely, itself and its sister were as like as bad potaties and they used to say it resembled its father too in the expression of the back of the neck. Your brothers and sisters is well except poor Billy and thats what ails your mother. Leastways he isnt sick but got into trouble with the govmint and its a great blow to us all. This is how it happind. You mind the risin in 67, well you know he used to be out after them fanians tho I done my endavours to keep him at home and so when they riz that shrove tuesday night he riz too and the polis came to know he was out, leastways they guest it thro findin he wasnt at home. When I heared them axin after him I was greatly afcaired hed be porsecuted by the govmint, but he got off thro bein only a chap, and besides the boys didnt rise proper in connaught, for the great ginerall that was to have come, I disremember his name, took a wrong turn somewhere thro not knowin the way and got to Pais by mistake. Well Billy promised me faithful hed have no more to say to the fanians good or bad and I blieve he kept his word till the last fair day but 2 at tubberbracken where he met one of them organizin fellows that wud talk you out of your boots, and with that he begun to keep bad company again til the polis came to the master about it and I got afcaired hed be porsecuted after all. Well I tould the master the boy was only an ignorant omadthann and ment no harm, so he axed me if I thought a trip to England wud sarve him, and I sed I was shure if he saw a real big town and some railway trains it wud open his mind like, so he sed hed send him to liverpool to help tommy Oneill the first lot of bastes that was goin over. Well, I was real grateful and when the tunc come your mother and me sent him off wid new cloes on his back and a bank noat in the heel of his fist and lookin as plased as a turkey cock thats got safe to the far side of christimass, and shure thats the last we seen of him, for Oneill came home widout him, and we thought he was dead thro bein killed for the bank noat he was carryin, and bedad it was a good

job he had that same bit o paper, for didnt the last post from Ameriky bring us a noat to say he was goin there. He says the night they got to liverpool he slept in the house Oneill resorts when in them parts—the sign on it was the green man, tho I never seen ere a man of the color in galway, I suppose they must all have got hung for high treason, and by the same token it was right forinist the side of the polis barrick, but what did Bill care, for tho he was mortal unfond of the polis at home and glad to get out of the place for a bit, he never thought theyd know him over there, and no more they wud only for Tommy Oneill bein jelous I suppose at the master takin him up so kind. Well he takes a bit of supper and goes to bed, for Oneill tells him there was no call for their both stayin up wid the cattle, but what does he see the first thing in the mornin when he gets up but his own name wrote up in print on a boord forinist his winda. He thought at first it must be a dramie intirely, but after takin a look into the bed to make shure he wasnt lyin asleep, he goes strait to the winda, and shure enough there was the boord hung up on the side wall of the barrick wid writin on it that big that father Maguire cud ha red it without troublin the spectacles—*Bill stickers will be porsecuted*—thats what was on it. Bill says the heart got crossways in him and he thought hed have burst. He knew it was that dirty sneak Tommy Oneill must have split on him and his first notion was to murder him intirely, but then he was afcaired thro the polis bein so handy, so he slips down stares and squares the young fellow that was mindin the place thro tippin him a shillin not to let on what he was after, and then while things was quiet he slips out unbeknownst to every one and makes for the quay as if the divil was after him, and who shud he meet only the very fellow that was organizin at tubberbracken, and I must say when Bill tould him he was goin to be porsecuted for treasin he was real kind and showed him the right sort of boat for goin to ameriky in and helped him to get a ticket and squared some of the sailors to look after him in case the polis shud be axin for him at queenstown, and he says thats why he didnt write till he got to new York for the organizer tould him the govmint do be openin the letters and it isnt safe, and he says he'll never come back for thats a real free country wid no govmint to speak of, only a mayor or some such—at least he heared there was a mayor but hes not right shure yet thro bein there only one day when he wrote. And now my dear peter I hope this will be a warnin to you to keep clear of the fanians and mind your duties and this is a long letter and no more at preesent from your affectionate father,

“PATRICK STICKERS.”



THE RAILWAY CLEARING HOUSE.

THE Railway Clearing House is an establishment which, like some of the best of people, gets through an immense amount of useful work without anything approaching fuss or ostentation. It is one of the largest institutions in the kingdom, and its functions are so important and multifarious, that without it our railway system would inevitably collapse into a condition little short of chaotic. Without it, indeed, the system never could have attained its present development; and yet, important as it is, probably not one traveller in a hundred knows anything whatever about it, either as to where it is, or what it is, or what it does. One might, perhaps, venture to say that scarcely one person in a hundred is aware of its existence, though directly or indirectly all are benefited by its operations.

The Railway Clearing House is a huge building in Seymour Street, close to the Euston Square terminus of the London and North-western Railway. Some 1,200 busy workers are here employed in uniting the various independent lines of the kingdom into a system which, so far as the public are concerned, is practically one. What are the advantages of this, may be very clearly and forcibly shown by an illustration or two.

Billingsgate Market is every morning supplied with fish, perfectly fresh and good, which has been caught and packed on various parts of the Scottish coast. Without the assistance of the Clearing House this would be simply impossible. In its passage to London it has passed over perhaps six or eight distinct and independent lines of railway. If there were no other difficulty, it is quite plain that without some special arrangement the mere payment of the freight would be a matter involving delay, complicated accounts, and hopeless confusion. But, besides this, at the end of each company's line the fish would have to be transferred into different wagons before it could proceed another stage on the journey. Unless, therefore, somebody went with the cargo to pay the way and prevent stoppages, it would be very doubtful whether it ever reached Billingsgate at all. It certainly would never get there while it was fresh.

But, again, as regards passengers. Those who remember the days when railways were young, and the companies not only distinct, but usually antagonistic, will probably have a vivid recollection of the difficulty and vexation attendant upon a journey over several lines. Taking both parcels and passengers, it has been calculated that on the

average a journey by rail involves a passage over the lines of three companies. An average of three, however, means in some cases five or six or more. A passenger by the western route from Elgin to Plymouth would start on the Highland line, pass over the Caledonian, thence to the London and North-western, the Great Western, the Bristol and Exeter, and the South Devon. Between Darlington and Cardiff there would be the North-eastern, Midland, Lancashire and Yorkshire, London and North-western, Great Western, and Rhymney railways. Between Lynn and Stirling would be the Great Eastern, Great Northern, Lancashire and Yorkshire, North-eastern, North British, Edinburgh and Glasgow, and the Scottish Central; while between Lynn and Inverness there would be no less than ten different lines to be traversed. Under the old system each of these lines would form a separate and distinct journey. At the end of each the traveller would have to alight, turn out his luggage, procure a fresh ticket, and start again. It is evident that the delay and inconvenience, the worry and fatigue of such a mode of travelling would be something very serious—to many people, indeed, altogether prohibitory.

All this difficulty, with regard both to goods and passengers, is disposed of by the very extensive but very simple mechanism of the Clearing House.

The establishment is divided into three departments. The "Coaching" department is charged with arrangements for through booking of passengers, and whatever goes by passenger trains; the "Merchandise" department does the same for all that comes under the heading of goods; and the "Mileage and Demurrage" department enables the various companies to afford through carriage to both.

The passenger from Elgin to Plymouth pays the Highland company for the whole journey over six different lines, and receives a through ticket. This ticket is given up at Plymouth, and at the end of the week is sent up to the Coaching department of the Clearing House, where the whole amount paid for it is debited to the Highland company, and each of the lines credited with the fare over its section of the journey. At the same time it will, of course, happen that passengers from Plymouth are booked through to Elgin. In this case the South Devon company becomes the debtor of the Clearing House, and each of the other companies a creditor. The same may be said of all the intermediate lines. At the end of the month accounts are balanced; and although the sums received by each company for through fares may amount to many thousands of pounds, it may be that the sum paid and received in settlement are very trifling.

What the Coaching department does for all that is carried by passenger trains, as it has already been stated, the Merchandise department does for goods.

To be able to book throughout a journey over several lines is a great convenience, but without some further arrangement there would still be the necessity for the traveller, with all his belongings, to turn out at the end of each company's domain and take another train. To obviate this—the through fares having been settled—it is only necessary for the companies whose lines run one into the other to agree among themselves to run through trains. It is evident however that, without some special organisation to prevent it, the rolling stock of the various companies—the carriages and wagons, and even the tarpaulins and cloths that cover them—would soon become common property. Indeed, when the system of running through trains was first adopted, it was no unusual thing for one company to retain the rolling stock of another for weeks or months, and sometimes it happened that carriages and wagons were lost altogether by their rightful owners.

To insure the prompt return of all "foreign" rolling stock or cloths by levying "demurrage" on those who retain them, and to secure payment at so much per mile for each vehicle conveying goods or passengers over a "foreign" line, is the duty of the Mileage and Demurrage department of the Clearing House.

By way of illustration let it be supposed that a London and North-western train runs from London to Aberdeen. As far as Carlisle it will be on its own ground. On arriving here an agent of the Clearing House will register the number of each carriage, and the time at which the train sets out over the Caledonian railway for Aberdeen. On the return of the train the time and numbers will be again noted, and both registers will by-and-by be sent to Seymour Street. Here they will show that on a certain day so many London and North-western carriages conveyed passengers between Carlisle and Aberdeen, and as between these stations the Caledonian company will receive the fares of the passengers, they will be required to pay for the use of the carriages conveying them; in other words, the Caledonian company will be charged "mileage." Besides this the registers of the agent at Carlisle will show how long the carriages were on the Scotch line. The time allowed would be a day between Carlisle and Aberdeen, two days at Aberdeen, and another day for the return journey—four days altogether; and for any time beyond this, demurrage will be added to the mileage.

In facilitating the traffic both in passengers and goods, nothing further need be said to show the immense utility of this unobtrusive establishment. There are, however, some other very important

functions yet to be noticed. In the course of a journey over the ten lines of railway between Lynn and Inverness, a parcel of goods might very possibly be damaged or even lost; and if the owner had to seek his compensation at the hands of some one of the ten different bodies, each repudiating any blame in the matter, his chances of success could hardly be considered very encouraging. The Clearing House here steps in to his relief, and, if the claim for compensation appears to be a just one, orders payment to be made by the company which originally received the goods. If they were in the first instance booked at Lynn, the Great Eastern company would be ordered to discharge the claim, not on its own account, but on account of the Clearing House, whose business it would now become to investigate the matter, and debit the company responsible for the loss or damage. In all such matters the Clearing House is in fact a board of arbitration, whose decision is an absolute and final settlement, and cannot be disputed at law. A special Act of Parliament has invested the "Clearing Committee" with such authority, that in a case of compensation it has only to decide which company is responsible; and in the case of a disputed account, it has only to pronounce it correct, and the decision has all the force of the highest legal tribunals. Without a little despotic power of this kind the establishment would soon find itself in difficulties.

It should be observed, however, that the body to which this power is entrusted is composed of representatives of the various lines whose affairs are submitted to it, and that connection with the Clearing House is quite optional. Any company may withdraw from its jurisdiction by giving proper notice, though practically it would now be scarcely possible for any considerable line to do so.

The Clearing Committee referred to is the supreme authority in the Seymour Street establishment. Next below this is a conference of the general managers of the various lines, and below this again there are two boards on an equal footing—a conference of superintendents of passenger traffic, and a conference of superintendents of goods traffic.

These four managing bodies, a secretary—to whose courtesy we are indebted for information—a staff of nearly 1,200 clerks in Seymour Street, and a large number of agents scattered over all parts of the country, constitute together a power which, though for the most part unseen by the public eye, is the secret of that smooth and harmonious working together of the various sections of our complicated railway system, which is the admiration of all foreigners who have occasion to travel in this country, and without which a long journey by rail would, for a great many people, be simply impossible.

THE MOUNTAIN RUIN.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.



"DRINKING WATER OF THE WELL."

HERE, too, Man's unrestful spirit
Once at least hath tried to dwell :
See, a ruined Hut, and near-it,
Bubbling darkly, springs a well.

VOL. VIII.—NEW SERIES.

Still the roofless walls stand lonely,
Round a floor of weeds and grass ;
Not a soul lives near, and only
Red deer of the mountain pass.

'Tis the barrenest of places !
 Yet, all round the ghostly bield,
 Man has left his mark—dim traces
 Of the furrows of a field.

Long ago, some lonely mortal
 Held this dwelling desolate,
 Stood out-looking from the portal,
 Lone, or with some savage mate.

All around loom crags and boulders
 With black shadows in the heat ;
 Higher, on the mountain's shoulders,
 With the valleys at his feet,

Broods the eagle ; seeing under,
 How the misty morning breaks
 With a bright'ning touch of wonder
 On the glistening fjords and lakes :

All is still ; on the hill's summit
 Sleeps white vapour sinking slow—
 Rain within it, fading from it
 Ghostly colours of the Bow.

Here man is not ; here sounds never
 Cry of hate or sob of strife ;
 Far away, like a great river,
 Rolls the wrath of human life.

Oh, to root this lonely cottage,
 And amid the heights to dwell,
 Happy with a mess of pottage,
 Drinking water of the well !

Here like yonder eagle sitting
 To survey a world grown fair,

With the rain-clouds round me flitting,
 With the wild wind in my hair !

While some woman, in whose nature
 Blows the wind that maketh free,
 Some large-hearted mountain creature,
 Turned her lustrous eyes on me.

So to dwell apart from trouble,
 So to let the ages roll,
 And to feel the still songs bubble
 From the well within my soul.

Thus to make in Art's dominions
 Such a silent solitude,
 Where the eagle-thought, with pinions
 Folded silently, might brood ;

Where the wind might ever present
 Wander in the glens of dream,
 Where the vapours iridescent
 With the ghostly bow might gleam ;

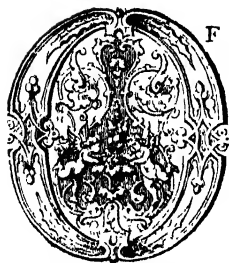
Where God's sun might sit in fulness
 While the pensive thoughts arose
 Dark and gentle, fresh with coolness
 From the silence and repose.

Then, some Pilgrim upward straying
 Might look round on such a scene—
 Ruins of a dwelling saying,
 "Here the hand of man hath been."

And the Pilgrim downward hasting
 Might, with weary world-worn face,
 Sloop to taste the well, and tasting,
 Bless the spirit of the place.

HORATIUS.

THE TAIL OF A CAT.



IF all the suburbs Deddingham-upon-Thames is the dullest, dreariest, and dirtiest, and although not far from London it is backward and unambitious, and has been quite outstripped by its more enterprising fellows. The people who come to live at Deddingham do so from necessity

rather than choice ; it is somewhat unusual for any one of comfortable means to settle there without some good reason, and it was therefore rather remarkable that, about six months before the opening of my story, one of the houses in Elysium Villas had been permanently taken and prettily furnished, by a handsome, comfortable-looking widow, upon whom not even the most inveterate scandal-monger could fix a breath of suspicion.

She was a large woman, with black hair and eyes, and fine white teeth ; she always dressed well and with taste ; she paid her bills regularly, exchanged visits with the clergyman's wife, gave occasionally a kettle-drum or an evening party, attended church every Sunday, subscribed to the town charities, and was altogether irreproachable.

Mrs. Partridge was pronounced by all her friends to be very charming ; she was kind and sympathetic towards the ladies, agreeable but dignified towards the gentlemen ; she had but one weakness—this was Horatius.

Horatius was not a man, nor even a boy ; he was only a cat—but such a cat ! So large, so sleek, so beautiful, so talented ! He could ring a bell, and shut a door, and really seemed to understand all that was said ; moreover, he was a very majestic animal, with a long aristocratic tail, and a white tie that vouched for his respectability. Upon

Horatius Mrs. Partridge lavished all her affection and care ; he was her chief companion and her prevailing thought. At meal times the choicest titbits were bestowed upon him ; his health was a continual source of anxiety ; there was no luxury too expensive for him, no indulgence too outrageous.

Horatius was not vicious, but unprincipled ; that is, he did not scratch and swear, but he was reckless as to whose property he appropriated and devoured. Captain Barnaby, who lived next door, was the chief sufferer ; many a tempting morsel set apart for his supper was surreptitiously seized upon by Horatius, who easily found his way over the low wall that divided Mrs. Partridge's back garden from that of her neighbour. The poor captain dared not retaliate, though he cordially hated Horatius, not only because he stole his supper, but also because he envied him the possession of Mrs. Partridge's affection.

The fact was that the captain entertained a great admiration for the handsome widow, and cherished a secret hope of one day persuading her to become Mrs. Barnaby. Under these circumstances it would have been very impolitic to quarrel with Horatius ; indeed, the captain could never summon up courage to inflict so much as a sly kick or push on him, even after the most daring depredation. He felt, too, that he needed all his forces to lay siege to Mrs. Partridge ; for he was aware that besides his own personal merits he had little to offer, and he had many fits of depression caused by the contemplation of his disadvantages.

Poor Barnaby was neither young, rich, nor handsome, but he was large-hearted and generous, and would have shared his last crust even with his enemy, if he had had one. He was besides very shy and modest, and oppressed generally by a painful sense of his own inferiority ; and the presence of Mrs. Partridge, which was his greatest pleasure, and for which he lived from day to day, was also his greatest pain.

Horatius was the chief topic of Mrs. Partridge's conversation ; she detailed his latest exploits, expatiated on his beauty and his merits, and consulted with the captain on his health, with all which poor Barnaby endeavoured to sympathise, while only too often he had gone to bed supperless the night before, because Horatius had forestalled his meal.

Mrs. Partridge had sent out invitations for a supper party, to which Barnaby himself was invited. Great pleasure was anticipated, as the widow was known to keep a good table, and to have the knack of entertaining her friends. At last the eventful day arrived, and about four o'clock in the afternoon Barnaby stood at his window watching the snow, which had threatened to descend all day and was now beginning to fall in light feathery flakes. He felt in unusually good spirits, and was whistling snatches of his favourite tunes, his kind

face shining with good-humour and pleasant anticipation, for was he not going to spend the evening with Mrs. Partridge ? had she not asked him to come as early as he could and help her make the last preparations ? and would she not take his hand and thank him, and wish him all health and happiness, in her pleasant cordial way ? Besides all this the captain felt that latterly he had made great advances in her favour ; that she was pleased with the interest he took in Horatius ; that she consulted with him, and treated him with more confidence and familiarity ; all of which was very flattering and delightful to Barnaby, who began to feel encouraged and emboldened. He had, too, another and less selfish cause for pleasure. Though he was more popular than he had any idea of, he was not much in the habit of receiving presents ; but, strangely enough, that very day a hamper of game and other good things had been sent him from some unknown friend, containing a fine turkey, a brace of pheasants, a raised pie, and several pots of preserve. One of the pheasants he had already given away to a poor old lady who had long been confined to her bed by illness, and whose impoverished circumstances prevented her from obtaining the little delicacies she needed to tempt her appetite ; the raised pie he had sent in to Mrs. Partridge, and the turkey he destined as a present to a friend with a large family of children, while the remaining pheasant he reserved for his own dinner the next day. Barnaby had already given notice to the poor woman of his intended gift, and promised himself great pleasure at seeing the children's bright faces upon its arrival. He thought of all this as he stood watching the soft white snow, and listening to the cheerful crackle of the fire, and it came into his head that he would go down-stairs and again inspect the turkey.

To his astonishment, however, on descending the stairs he heard sounds of merriment proceeding from the kitchen, and rightly suspecting that Betty was receiving some social visits from her friends, went as quietly as possible towards the larder, intending to take a look at the turkey and then make good his escape up-stairs again. "I am sure I hear a man's voice," thought Barnaby ; "poor creatures, I won't interfere with their fun."

So thinking, he walked into the larder. What did he see ? On the floor lay the mangled remains of the pheasant, with the dish that had held it broken in pieces ; and on the shelf was Horatius, busily engaged on the turkey, of which he had already devoured a considerable portion. Horror, disappointment, and rage took possession of Barnaby ; it was too much to bear, and the camel's back was broken at last. He stooped and seized a heavy earthenware jar that stood near, and as Horatius, alarmed by his approach, jumped to the ground and fled past him, he threw it at him with all

his might. The blow was too well aimed—the jar struck him full on the head, Horatius was stopped in his headlong flight and rolled over, dead. At first Barnaby did not recognise what he had done; he thought the animal was only stunned; but when he discovered that Horatius was indeed dead, his heart seemed to stand still, and a cold perspiration broke out all over him. What had he done? He did not comprehend at once the full extent and consequences of the catastrophe, but was seized with unutterable dismay and fear.

Hardly knowing what he did, he replaced the fatal jar, caught up Horatius, and sped up-stairs to his room and locked the door. Poor Barnaby's heart beat loud and fast as he contemplated the dead body of his victim, stretched out upon the hearth-rug; no murderer could feel more panic-stricken and remorseful. The thought of Mrs. Partridge overwhelmed him; should the knowledge of his crime come to her ears, he knew full well it would be the death-knell to all his hopes; she would never forgive him, never speak to him again. Such a result was too frightful to think of. At all hazards he must conceal the evidences of his crime. But how? He dared not take Betty into his confidence; she was certain to betray him to Mrs. Partridge's servants, and he must therefore guard his secret even from her. But the dead body; what should he do with it? How should he dispose of it unbeknown to Betty? Here poor Barnaby quite lost himself in a long vista of difficulties, and though he tried hard to fix his rambling thoughts, the vision of Mrs. Partridge's grief and just anger so persistently obtruded itself upon him, that he gave up reflection in despair. He could not think—not, at least, while the dead body of Horatius lay stiffening before him; he could not bear the sight of it, and so with guilty haste he took it to the door of a small cupboard, and drew from thence an old pasteboard hat-box. Into this he tried to insinuate the deceased, a matter of some difficulty, but which he at length accomplished by putting him in head first and then doubling him up.

The lid, however, refusing to fit on properly, Barnaby was obliged to dispense with it, and put the hat-box with its terrible contents back into the cupboard, the door of which he locked, and placed the key in his pocket. He then felt slightly relieved, and began to collect his thoughts and determine on his plan of action. He quite resolved to deny positively any knowledge of the fate of Horatius, and, of course, to express the utmost concern at his loss; and when the news of his last act of robbery should be told him, he must receive it with due astonishment. That the dead Horatius could not remain for ever in the hat-box was certain; sooner or later it must be removed. But where? If he threw it into the road he would infallibly be seen to do it; and, besides, the traffic

in front of Elysium^{*} Villas was not sufficiently large to satisfactorily account for the accident. The idea of burning the corpse was preposterous, and though to be sure he might engage a boy to carry the body away in a bag, yet he shrank from taking any one into his confidence. No, he could arrive at no determination; and at last, as the evening drew on, he was obliged to dress and prepare for Mrs. Partridge's party. His last act was to assure himself that the cupboard-key lay safe in his pocket. When he arrived at the widow's, he found her putting the finishing touches to her preparations, and looking very resplendent in a stiff black silk dress. She did not make any allusion to her missing favourite till she took up her position in the drawing-room to receive her guests, and then she said—

"By-the-by, where is Horatius? I had almost forgotten him. Would you mind calling him, Captain Barnaby? He'll come if he hears your voice."

Before Barnaby had time to reply there was a furious ring at the door-bell, and the opportune arrival of some of her visitors diverted Mrs. Partridge's thoughts.

All went well until the guests were arrived, and a general hum of conversation ensued before settling down to the card-tables and other amusements prepared by the widow for her friends' entertainment, when the curate, a meek good-natured man, who had a faculty for making unfortunate remarks, inquired tenderly after Horatius.

"Thank you, Mr. Stubbles," answered Mrs. Partridge, at the same time ringing the bell, "he is, I am happy to say, quite well, and I am surprised he is not here to bid you welcome; really, I think he grows more beautiful every day."

"You must take care he does not get stolen," said the curate; "the skin of such a magnificent animal must be worth something."

"Good gracious! Mr. Stubbles, how can you talk so?—Martha," continued the widow, as the servant opened the door, "bring Horatius up-stairs."

"Ain't he here, mum? Well, if he ain't, I don't know where he can be, for he isn't down-stairs, and we haven't seen him all this afternoon."

"Very strange!" mused Mrs. Partridge; "what can have become of him? I really feel anxious."

Mrs. Partridge was very uneasy, and gave orders that Horatius should be searched for immediately. The captain was miserable, and tortured with the horrible notion that somehow or other the secret of the cupboard would be discovered. His fingers would clutch the precious key in his waistcoat-pocket, and then for a while he would feel reassured and easier; but he felt worse than a traitor as he murmured words of hope and encouragement to the widow. How she would have turned from him and upbraided him if she had known all! As the evening passed on, and there were no tidings of

Horatius, a gloom fell upon the little party; the evident distress of the hostess demanded the sympathy of her visitors, and little else was talked of among the ladies but Horatius, and what could have become of him.

The widow's eyes filled with tears, though she made several attempts to appear cheerful, and, with the exception of a few heartless people whom nothing prevented from enjoying their sixpenny whist, every one was glad when the supper was announced, after which they all departed.

Barnaby made his escape as soon as possible, and passed an almost sleepless night, debating in his mind what he should do with the dead body. The live Horatius had been hateful and unbearable, but the dead one was much worse. Barnaby trembled to think how matters would be a week hence if the body were not removed. All of a sudden a thought flashed upon his mind—the back garden! What could be simpler, easier, and more appropriate than to bury the remains of his rival in that secluded spot, and near to the dwelling of his mistress? Beneath the shade of the cherry-tree, whose fruit Mrs. Partridge especially appreciated, the bones of Horatius would surely rest in peace; and as this happy idea occurred to him, Barnaby felt so relieved and comforted that he at last fell asleep.

Morning dawned, and with it the recollection of the poor woman whose children might look in vain for their dinner, for to this Barnaby had hitherto given no thought. His first care was to hasten to her cottage, and explain to her that the promised turkey had come to a premature end, and that all the shops being closed, it was impossible to get another; the blank dismay upon her face and the disappointed looks of the children were harder than anything else for Barnaby to bear; not even the gift of a sovereign, which he could ill afford to part with, seemed to compensate for their loss.

Barnaby spent nearly all the day with Mrs. Partridge, who, quite convinced that her favourite was stolen, could not be contented till she had composed advertisements for all the leading papers, and for a handbill to be posted up in all the shops in Deddingham, wherein was detailed an exact description of the missing Horatius, and a large reward offered for his recovery. In this sad office Barnaby had to assist, and was several times so touched by the widow's grief, and so oppressed by the burden of his secret, that he was on the point of revealing it; but his courage failed him, and he would shrink back, trembling to think how nearly he had been tempted to destroy his hopes, and draw down upon him the widow's hatred. And all this time Horatius lay packed in the bandbox in the cupboard of his slayer's room.

Barnaby watched the weather with the greatest anxiety, and, as the evening drew on, was in despair

at seeing a few premonitory flakes of snow, which after a little while increased into a downright snow-storm. There was no chance of burying Horatius that night; the trodden snow would bear witness to the deed; he must wait and hope for a more favourable opportunity, and in the meantime he must console Mrs. Partridge, and take active steps for the recovery that he alone knew could never be.

It was certainly a wretched time for him, being by nature a quiet inoffensive man, who could not feel happy with the consciousness that he was a murderer, although the victim of his crime was only a cat.

At last came a dark night, when there was no snow on the ground to tell tales against him, when the rain came down instead in a steady drizzle, when great black clouds covered the sky, and a sharp wind crackled the bare branches of the cherry-tree. A little after midnight Barnaby stole softly down-stairs, a shovel in one hand and the bandbox containing Horatius in the other, and let himself out into the back garden, where, under the cherry-tree, he dug a hole, in which he laid all that now remained of the once beautiful and stately Horatius.

Next summer, as Captain and Mrs. Barnaby stood together under the cherry-tree, a little after their honeymoon, the latter, as she ate the fruit, remarked to her husband—

"It seems to me, my dear, that these cherries are a great deal better than they were last year. I wonder why it is."

"I know," answered Barnaby, impelled by an uncontrollable impulse to confession, born of his great love and happiness—"it's Horatius."

"What!" cried his wife, "you don't mean to say my poor pet is dead, buried here, and you *knew* it?"

"Yes," stammered Barnaby, alarmed, and with reason, at her fury, and repenting too late of his proposed disclosure; "it was a dreadful accident, and I never dared tell you."

"Speak!" cried she, with flashing eyes, "and deceive me no longer."

"He was run over and killed on the spot by a brewer's dray," explained the captain.

"Thank Heaven! thank Heaven!" ejaculated his bride. "For the instant, only for the instant, Barnaby, a hideous thought entered into my mind, that it was you who had been the cause of my darling's death. In such a case—but how is it possible that so vile a crime could stain your noble nature? I see it all; you knew, but you wished me to live in ignorance: I wish you had done so now. You have acted for the best, I am sure; but spare me the cruel details."

"I will," said the captain fervently, and he did. It was the first and last attempt he made to ease his conscience.

KATE KEMELE.

POVERTY PASTURES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EPISODES IN AN OBSCURE LIFE."

FROM BILLINGSGATE TO BETHNAL GREEN.



“FEW small fishes” might seem a sorry feast for a multitude, but what hosts have been fed by the swarming shoals of those individually small fish, the *Clupeida*! Amsterdam, according to the Dutch proverb, is “built of herring-bones.” It was the herring, a Dutchman boasts, which enabled his countrymen to throw off the Spanish yoke; and although the Dutch herring fishery is now next to nothing in comparison with its ancient glories, the first herring of the season is still, I believe, considered a royal fish in Holland, whilst in honour of the first draught the Dutch fishmongers decorate their shops with flags, garlands, and dried herrings! There are herrings caught off Iceland, in Norwegian fiords, along whose wildly grand shores the tell-tale telegraph wire now runs—erected mainly to betray the fish’s whereabouts—in the Baltic and the Caspian, the White Sea and the Black Sea, on the coast of Kamtschatka and the coast of Carolina. Our Nova-Scotian colonists have herring galore, and a little time ago I read that on the other side of the world the same fish, or its pilchard cousin, had taken a freakishly sudden resolve of thronging towards and into Port Phillip Bay, in numbers so vast, that captains of Melbourne-bound ships reported having sailed for miles through closely packed shoals, whilst the fish were caught ready for market by the primitively expeditious plan of backing carts to the water’s edge, and bucketing the herrings into them in basketfuls.

Who has not heard of the fishery of Yarmouth, and of the four golden herrings (more genuine than that seen by Theocritus’ fisherman) which it gave to Charles the Second, in acknowledgment of the visit he had paid it expressly for the encouragement of its staple industry? One of the most exciting scenes I ever witnessed was when, after cantering backwards and forwards for hours over the waters of the Moray frith in a Buckie boat—which, after dark, ran frequent risk of running into others similarly cruising; the crews of all sleepily eating or drinking, yarning, joking, or smoking, or downright snoring round their fires amidships—I was roused about midnight from the nap into which I was nodding, as I sat beside the steersman, by an excited shout, announcing that the “fleet” of herrings had risen at last. The

news seemed to spread with an electric thrill of sympathy through the flotilla of fishing-boats on the look-out for them. Down came masts and canvas with a rattle; the nets were shot as fast as the buoys could be splashed into the phosphorescent water.

I scarcely ever saw a more beautiful sight than when I woke—or rather, was roused from my sleep on the floor of the boat to see it—in the morning. The sun was just coming up above the horizon, gilding the leaden waters, and the moist back-fins of the so-called “whales” that were cruising about, just giving a glimpse of their hog-backs, and tinging with a rosy-red the grey and white of the circling, screaming sea-birds. The dark net was being hauled in, each length as it came in thickly hung with flashing, flinching, fluttering green, blue, pink, silver, gold.

I never saw sprats the very instant they came fresh from their home, but, very shortly afterwards, I have seen wagon-loads of them grinding along the lanes about Wivenhoe and Fingrinhoe, in Essex; and when I saw them sparkling like heaps of polished silver coin fresh from the Mint, though only a weak watery winter sun fell upon them, I could not help wondering that such a wealth of (in two senses) beautiful food should be carting off for conversion into most unfragrant manure. Of course, this might not entail a very large absolute loss of aliment. The sprat would be eaten or drunk ultimately, metamorphosed into a small portion of a loaf of bread, or of a pint of beer, or of a slice of meat, instead of masticated as a little fish. In the case of the meat-metamorphosis, however, the very poor, whose condition has not gone up with the general rise of wages amongst the labouring classes—the helpless, shiftless folk who must be poor under any circumstances, since, even in case of a *cubule générale*, they would be too weak to get much out of the consequent scramble—would have altogether lost the good the sprats might have been to them. It is about sprats as a food for the very poor, a meat that contains its own sauce, as the oyster its own pepsine, besides the condiment of hunger, that I am going to write; although the sprat is not so much the very poor man’s friend as it used to be. Formerly sprats were sold for from a halfpenny to a penny a plateful; now they command from a penny to twopence a pound, which is considerably less than a plateful, as that vague measure used to be piled. But first we must go to Billingsgate, to see the poor man’s fishmonger buy his sprats.

Billingsgate, according to one account, derives its name from King Belin, who built a gate near the site of the present market, on which, in a brass vessel, his burnt ashes were placed. A mythologist of the modern school would say that the human mind, from the necessities of its nature, created King Belin to represent by his brass urn the impudence, and by his burnt ashes the all-portions-of-the-frame-to-burning-destruction-consigning freedom of speech, which still characterise the locality to which he is said to have given his name. It is not now, any more than in days gone by, a Billings-and-coolings-gate—not exactly the place to send any one to who would draw from “the pure well of English undefiled,” but still just the place to send any one to who would learn the richness of our tongue in rancorous and racily humorous abuse.

We shall doubtless hear plenty of Pope’s “shameless Billingsgate,” as on this winter morning, raw with a frost-fog, in which blurred gas-jets are burning, we try to sidle our way down to the damp market-shed through this dead-lock of basket-piled vans, with high-perched drivers (who are frequently asked whether it is cold up there, and, almost invisible in the fog, growl down gruff responsive “chaff”). fishmongers’ lighter four-wheeled and two-wheeled vehicles, pony-carts, donkey-carts, donkey-barrows, hand-barrows, wheel-barrows, basket-bearing men, women, hobbydechoys of both sexes, boys, girls, and little children, and toe-trodden-on and rib-“scrunched” sellers of street-wares. With our own toes tingling and sides aching, we (always excepting speed in both cases) zigzag like crackers, double like hares through the serried throngs, at times almost knocked over like ninepins by the projecting loads of heavy-laden burden-bearers, perspiring, panting, but still with breath enough left to indulge at our expense in language which we are very polite to content ourselves with characterising as rather more than slightly impolite.

Were you ever kept down in the “cabin” of a fishing-boat, in which the malodours of semi-putrid bait, bilge-water, bad spirits and tobacco, stale beer, over-night onions, and sodden woollen garments contended for mastery, whilst shipped seas washed about the dirty littered floor up to your ankles? If you have been, you will have some idea of the comfort of our struggle through Thames Street, sloppy and miry in spite of the frost. The greasy blue guernseys and green cords of some of those we get crowded up against, and who swear at us most lustily for our most involuntary proximity to them, unrefreshingly anoint us with fish-slime, and transfer to us a few of the scales with which they are spangled like harlequins. A great deal of shouting and gesticulating is going on in the gas-lit gloom.

It looks very much like quarrelling, down-right fighting, or at the mildest horse-play jesting, as

we edge our cork-screw way along the market’s crowded aisles, and the network of narrow alleys about it; but it is really most business-like buying and selling that is being transacted; hoarse top-coated salesmen trying to get the utmost for their consignments, or their own recently snapped-up bargains; buyers, the least school-educated amongst them, their wits sharpened by their small amount of capital, by no means the least ‘cute in their calculations, determined not to bid a fraction more than they think they can get a fair profit on. It is too foggy to see the traffic on board the plump, sprawling-finned Dutch eel-boats, which look in fine weather as if they had been varnished with treacle—that is, if any of those stolid-stage-smuggler-manned, fore-and-aft-chubby-checked craft are this morning lying in the river; but we can see oysters shovelled up like coals from the oyster-boats, and shot from sacks like coals afterwards on shore. We see sackfuls of whelks, brimming over like Benjamin’s; heaps of mussels, again coal-like—damped-small-coal-like—shovelled up into corners; a few piles of gritty cockles; hollow-pitted slopes of brown and pink shrimps; little heaving chaoses of live crabs and lobsters, with here and there a loose claw nipping spitefully at vacancy or its neighbours; boiled lobsters glowing through the fog like rowan-berries through a Scotch mist; dried fish in brassy-yellow bundles, smoked haddocks in amber-yellow strata; basaltic columns of fish-barrels; fresh herrings, spy; cod, stupid; haddock, sulky; gurnet, convivial; pike, devilish; and salmon, arrayed in silver scale-armour, royal-looking even in death; an array of dimly orange-freckled, brown-backed, white-waistcoated, Quilpishly grimacing flat-fish, and avalanches of our silvery sprats making a moonshine in that (in numerous senses) shady place.

Sprats are so plentiful this morning that, in spite of its inclemency, they sell very cheaply. Buyers of fresh sprats for poor neighbourhoods have to remember that a very raw morning sends the price coals up immediately and most exorbitantly (although all classes of customers have to complain of extortion somewhere or other in the ingeniously complicated coal trade) for those who have to buy coals for immediate use. Sprats may be exceptionally plentiful, but what will be the good of buying them to retail if the great—that is, the poor—consumers of the sprat, accepted as sprat, have not fuel to cook them with? The poor creatures must be too sharp-set to have even a copper to spend, before they could be brought to make a meal off raw sprats.

But their cheapness has tempted one of the costermongers to invest nearly all his stock-money in them. On the shaft of his laden donkey-trap his boy sits sentry, drinking the coffee and munching the bread-and-butter which his master has brought him out from the coffee-house, inside which

he now sits enjoying his own breakfast, and negotiating with his mouth full—a circumstance which muffles, not unpleasantly, the hoarse loudness (as of an angry bull that has got a sore throat through bellowing) of his normal language—for the loan of a barrow for his boy. The costermonger, still mouthfully masticating and maledictory, “emerges” (as half-educated people, anxious to avoid “commonplace phrases,” are very fond of saying) from the coffee-house ere long, and, partly by means of his maledictions, succeeds after a time in extricating his trap from the throng. Having driven to a dingy yard in Curtain Road, in which the barrow he has hired is laid up in ordinary, and transferred to it a portion of his glittering stock, he dispatches his boy with the barrow in one direction, whilst he drives off his cart in another. Crossing Shoreditch, the lad strikes into the Bethnal Green Road, and wheels his barrow up and down the melancholy streets that branch from it on either hand. Fog still chokes them, and although the frost has somewhat nipped nose-offences, as well as the blue noses of the poor shivering wretches who envy the comparatively well-fed and well-clad boy they meet (since he has had a warm, sufficient breakfast, his “cords,” cap, and boots are sound, and he has a comforter twisted round his throat and tucked into the breast of his sleeved waistcoat), still the air there is too normally malodorous with ancient stench constantly recruited by new-born ones, for even the purifying influence of cold to make it endurable by any except lungs “to the manner born.” Greedily the poor creatures glance at the heaped pile of succulent silver which the lad pushes before him, shouting with a lustiness which proves that *his* lungs, at any rate, have not been weakened by want—

“Sprat! Sprat, oh! Fine fresh sprat! All alive, all alive, oh! Penny a pound! Fine fresh sprat! Sprat! Sprat, oh!”

They pop their heads out of their doors like rabbits—only half-frozen rabbits—from their holes. They look hungrily at the sprats; they make hasty calculations of ways and means, by the simple process of fumbling in the pockets of their thin, skimp, patternless skirts for a stray copper. Ever and anon the barrow is stopped and surrounded by a little ring of lean women, watching the boy’s weighing, for all their leaden eyes, with the keenness of cats about to pounce upon a bird—holding up their broken, chipped, cracked, coarse, white and willow-pattern plates, and yellow basins, their crumpled colanders and battered sink-bowls, their aprons, or the “laps” of their dresses, for their tiny purchases—or trying to coax the coster-lad to throw in a few of the tempting little fish.

“Jest ‘alf a dozen—you’ll never miss ‘em,” whines one old woman.

“Shouldn’t I?” answers the lad, with a grin; “an

if I didn’t, wouldn’t the chap as I’m workin’ em for, if I was to give summut over to all as axes for it?”

If he had not eyes, so to speak, all round his head, and were not also of precociously bullying voice and bellicose deportment, he would not be able to preserve his stock from fraudulent or forcible diminution at the hands of famished youngsters, and lads as big as himself, or bigger, who crowd up to his barrow when he stops to trade. Their purchases completed, the poor bargainners hurry back with their feast, which they at once proceed to cook; those who live in the same house sometimes adopting the “co-operative system of house-keeping” by clubbing for a fire; squatted before which they follow out the cookery-book’s injunction that sprats should be “served hot and hot,” by hooking them out of the frizzling frying-pan with their fingers. “Fingers were made before forks,” says the adage, and hunger drives mankind back to the primitive state to which the saying refers.

On goes the boy, pushing and bawling. A good many of the black houses he passes have the long weaver’s casements, and now and then a magnified yellow shuttle can be seen projecting from a door-jamb; but a great many of the silk-weavers who once almost exclusively peopled this neighbourhood have been starved out of it. Here and there, however, in a bare room, there still stands a loom—for the most part silent, since either there is no work, or else the fireless weaver’s fingers are too numb to shoot the woof athwart the warp.

The boy stops in front of a ground-floor front room, in which a dirty woman with touzled hair, who seems to have scarcely anything on but a cotton gown, and her four daughters (the youngest has not yet been three years upon this, to her, most doleful earth) are hard at work matchbox-making, at twopence-halfpenny a gross. They look so famished that it seems wonderful they do not devour the paste—which they have to find. One of the little girls comes out with a broken platé.

“Can yer make us a good ‘a’porth?” she asks in a wheedling voice.

For once the coster-lad takes pity, and gives her a good deal more than the market value of her money. The poor little maid rushes back with unwonted brightness in her eyes.

The fish are tilted into the black pan; the miserable spark of fire in the grate is coaxcd into a tiny flame with scraps of refuse wood and paper, and, still going on with their work, the match-makers snatch a meal; wiping their fingers, after the Japanese fashion, on bits of paper, which they afterwards put under the pan to feed the fire.

If sprats do, indeed, form a portion of the Lord Mayor’s Feast, what a contrast between their condescendingly amused tasters there, and their ravenous consumers in Bethnal Green!

SECOND-COUSIN SARAH.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

A FEW WORDS.

THE inquiry which Lucy Jennings put to Sarah Eastbell was not responded to ; the younger woman

"Yes, Worcester ; that's it."

"Then he started for Worcester this evening?"

"Yes ; that's it again."

Lucy had no further questions to ask, and Sarah



"SARAH EASTBELL TOOK HIS ARM."

had turned her head away, and was looking very thoughtfully at the fire.

"Reuben Culwick knows where Miss Holland is, then?" Lucy asked of her brother.

"Oh, yes, he knows."

"Do you?"

"It's in the country somewhere."

"Worcester?" suggested his sister.

remained silent. John, half sleepy still, and half confused, rose to his feet and walked towards the door. He was conscious that he had not fulfilled his mission to perfection, but why he had blundered, or in what particular, he could not understand for the life of him. He had not made any positive mistake ; but Lucy was looking very grave, and Sarah Eastbell did not speak to him. When

he was at the door Sarah's voice arrested him, however.

"Did he say, John, when he should return?"

"Oh, yes—I had forgotten that. On Monday."

"Good night, John. Thank you for calling."

"Thank *you*," he answered, with a certain amount of emphasis.

"What for?" asked Lucy sharply.

"For many things. For not treating me quite like a brute," he added, with a flash of spirit.

"Are you any better than a brute to call here in this condition?" asked his sister.

"I'm in very good condition," said John, "I don't see anything the matter with me."

"When you do—when you are sure of what a poor degraded being you have become—I shall be glad, for it will be a sign of your repentance. It will be—"

"Good evening," said John Jennings, darting with alacrity from the room to escape the sermon which threatened him. He had delivered his message—it was correct in all its details, he was certain—and he was *not* drunk. If he had taken too much whiskey, he would have blurted out that Reuben had met Thomas Eastbell, and so have frightened Sarah, who was afraid of her vagabond brother, he knew. They had not received his message cheerfully—they were disappointed at Reuben's putting off his visit to them—but that was not his fault. He had done his best, and that Lucy had not received him cordially or treated him well was only what he had expected from the first.

When the street door was heard to slam behind John Jennings, Lucy rose and moved about the room, putting her books and papers away, and setting the place in order for the night. Sarah did not help her; with her hands clutching her rounded chin, and her great dark eyes fixed upon the fire, she had passed away into a world of her own, wherein there was speculation and doubt. The stern woman, whose weakness it was to think herself above the world, glanced at her from the background with more sympathy upon her face than she was in the habit of exhibiting in Sarah Eastbell's affairs as a rule. Sarah was downcast and disheartened that night, and Lucy watched her furtively. There was trouble at the heart of Sarah Eastbell, and for Sarah's good she had planted it there by a few meaning words, not knowing what was best for her, for all that. She thought that she did—but then she was not always in the right, poor Lucy.

She came back to Sarah's side at last, and drew her chair more closely to her. Sarah did not know that she was there until Lucy touched her hand.

"You are seeing the truth, as I saw it long ago," said Lucy very gently to her; "I warned you to prepare for it."

"No," said Sarah hesitatingly, "I do not see it yet, as you see it."

"He comes less often here."

"Because his work accumulates," answered Sarah quickly, "not because he is tired of me. Ah, Lucy! you would not ask me to believe that, if you knew how much I loved him."

"I do not ask you to believe anything," said Lucy querulously.

"You are too suspicious of Reuben."

"I suspicious! What next?"

Lucy objected to the accusation. She had never been able to see her own faults clearly, and yet she believed that she judged herself unsparingly. It is the natural weakness of such good folk as Lucy Jennings sometimes.

"You consider Reuben is inventing excuses to keep away."

"I consider Reuben is very poor, and must work. I do not dispute that he loses money every time he spends an evening in this house—do you?" asked Lucy.

"Ah! my poor Reuben, whom I cannot help any longer!" cried Sarah, brushing some tears from her eyes with a hasty hand; "yes, he loses time and money—not very often now," she added with a sigh.

"He does not tell you he is poor," Lucy continued; "he is too proud for that; and when he says he is not busy, and comes here, I am distrustful of the truth of his statement. But that is not being suspicious."

Sarah Eastbell did not feel disposed to continue the argument. In argument Lucy generally lost her temper, more especially when Reuben Culwick was the subject under discussion.

Lucy returned to the charge, however.

"I said a week or two ago that Reuben knew where Mary Holland was, but did not care to tell you."

"Why?"

"Because the discovery of her is complete poverty for you."

"I am not afraid of poverty."

"He is."

"No, Lucy—no," cried Sarah, still more energetically; "don't tell me so. I am afraid of that—I try to keep it back!"

"I have seen it for some time," replied Lucy pityingly, "but is it not better to face the truth than to hide from it, when the truth tramps on and gets bigger every day?"

"I know, Lucy, what you think would be best now," said Sarah.

"Well—what?"

"That Reuben should marry Miss Holland."

"It would be better for him—yes," was the moody answer.

"He does not think so."

"He does not *say* so," answered Lucy. "He

would never say it. He is pledged to you, and will marry you unless you release him of your own free will. And, Sarah, however hard and cruel my advice may seem," she added solemnly, laying her hand upon Sarah's arm again, "it is the best for both of you."

"I try not to believe it," murmured Sarah, bowing her head lower.

"He has a right to his father's possessions; it was his father's wish, long ago, that he should marry Miss Holland. Has he not told us both so, with many a forced jest?"

"He has laughed at others arranging his life for him—that's all."

"What is this new will but the father's latest effort to bring a stubborn son to his senses—perhaps to a sense of justice?" said Lucy restlessly.

"What do you mean?" asked Sarah, very quickly now.

"Don't ask me."

"Tell me what you mean?" demanded Sarah almost peremptorily.

"It is a thought which has haunted me for years," said Lucy very gloomily, "but you had better leave me with it."

"No, not now."

"Call it a suspicion, I don't mind," said Lucy; "Heaven send I am in the wrong, in part; but men are weak and vain and wicked, all of them! Why should Reuben Culwick be an exception?"

"Tell me what is on your mind, Lucy!"

Lucy still hesitated. It was a bitter thought, which she preferred to keep rankling in her own heart, but Sarah persisted.

"Lucy, I will know," she cried.

"Not from me," said Lucy, "unless you guess already."

"You would imply—you dare to imply—that the father wished this marriage between them because it was the one honourable act of reparation which Reuben could make to Mary Holland," cried Sarah—"ha! is that it?"

"God knows," answered Lucy, "but I have thought so—yes."

Sarah, breaking down at last, and sobbing very passionately, "for if this is truth, I will never believe in anything again."

"Sarah Eastbell, you are foolish and wicked to say that."

"What have *you* said to-night?" was the passionate rejoinder. "He never saw her till he came to Worcester—till he——"

Sarah broke down again, and Lucy regarded her with more concern. The abandonment to grief of this young woman melted her once more.

"I have no proof of this, remember," Lucy said; "it may be the promptings of an evil heart that will not let me think the best of him, but I have

grown grey brooding over it. The father's wish—the quarrel between them—this last will—the child Reuben cares for so strangely, and whose loss changed him so much till he recovered her—the likeness of the child to Mary Holland——"

"Ha!" cried Sarah again.

"These seem to be links of a miserable commonplace story of man's crime and woman's weakness."

"You are wrong," cried Sarah.

"I pray I am, with all my soul," said Lucy.

"You are very wrong," Sarah added in a lower tone, and Lucy repeated her wish that she might be; after which, the two women stared at the fire together, seeing different scenes therein, and reading each other's hearts with singular incorrectness.

They were a long while silent, and it was Sarah Eastbell who spoke first—who turned at last to Lucy, and looked very curiously at her as she spoke.

"How you must hate him, Lucy!" she said.

"Hate whom?" asked Lucy with a start.

"Poor Reuben."

"Why do you think I hate him?" she inquired in a husky whisper.

"You think so meanly of him; there come to your mind such terrible suspicions," Sarah said, shuddering; "any one who had ever cared for him, who had ever known him, as it seems to me, would have set him in a brighter light than you do. That I should give him up, because for all his life I should be a clog upon him, is good advice perhaps; but, Lucy, I should value it more highly if you respected this honest fellow more."

"You—you reproach *me*!" cried Lucy indignantly.

"Why not? when you degrade one I love so much—when, in your aversion, you invent these awful charges against his honour and good name."

"My aversion—my hate," cried Lucy—"you fool of a girl, I loved him with all my soul before he ever saw you!"

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

A PASSING TEMPEST.

It was a strong outburst of passion, that took the staid Miss Jennings out of herself, and transformed her into a jealous and excitable woman. Sarah Eastbell's accusation must have struck home, for the preacher to have given way in this fashion—to have owned that she was as weak and susceptible as the timid girl who shrank away from her. In all the dull cold life of Lucy Jennings, and under every circumstance thereof, she had treasured up this secret until now; she had fought against her passion and its hopelessness, she had kept strong and rigid and unswerving, till Sarah's accusation had overcome, suddenly and strangely, the self-command upon which she had ever prided her poor self. It was a virago

rather than a woman who glared at Sarah, with gleaming eyes, and hands clenched menacingly. Well for Lucy Jennings was it that religion had taken a firm hold of her, and turned a strong will and a fierce nature into a channel of self-sacrifice and prayer, or she might have been swept away by the current which for ever surges round our humankind. Religion saved her. If she had not become a gentle and amiable woman, it had given her work to do and set her in a sphere wherein she had become useful; and from this storm even, much good might follow in due course, teaching her in after days the lesson of more humility and patience.

"You—you loved Reuben!" exclaimed Sarah in her first surprise.

"Ay, you may well glare," cried Lucy, who was terribly roused now, "you may well turn pale at the madness that is in me. Yes, I loved him. What else on earth have I ever had to love in all my wretched life but that man? I would have died for him at any time, if he had asked me. I would have been his slave and thanked God for my bondage. I have prayed to Heaven for one kind word from him—he has stood between me and Heaven very often!"

"My poor Lucy!" said Sarah in a soft low whisper.

"Don't pity me—don't talk to me in that way," cried Lucy violently. "Did I ever pity you, or do anything but hate you for liking Reuben, and for Reuben's liking you? What are you but a child—what should he have seen in you but a baby's face, a baby's heart, and a trick of being grateful?—why should he be a beggar all his life, because he asked you to marry him when his inheritance had been stolen from him by your grandmother? Do you think I want consolation from you, of all the people in the world, who have vexed me nearly unto death?"

Sarah did not reply. This was a storm there was no quelling, she felt assured. It was the reaction after long years of self-repression, and must burn itself away. The face strangely convulsed, the fiery eyes, the figure swaying on the chair, the restless hands for ever clenched together, were all witnesses to it.

"But he never knew of this—I would have killed myself with shame if he had ever guessed it—I could kill you now, if you were to tell him what your taunts have dragged out of my heart in this way," she raved on. "It was an agony to love him—there was no grain of comfort in it; if he had died, I should have been happier. I felt he despised me—"

"No, no!" cried Sarah at this juncture.

"That he laughed at me—that he tried at times to make me hate him—that my poor ways, my bad temper, my mean house, this mean face with which

I have been cursed," she cried, striking it passionately with her right hand, "were all matters for his jest, or his indifference. I was nothing to him—not for one minute of his life—and he to me was all I cared to live for. I gave him taunt for taunt at times; but—oh, my God!—you know how much I have loved him to this day!"

"And yet—" began Sarah.

"And yet I saw his faults—distrusted him—knew that there were in the world hundreds of better men—is that what you were going to say?" she asked fiercely.

"Hardly—but—"

"Don't ask me any questions—you see what a wretch I am—how cast down, and torn away from every thought that should give me peace, if I were what I try to be."

There was a low long wail, and a sudden and passionate rain of tears—an utter collapse to a grief which saved her, and made her woman-like and hysterical. Sarah let her weep and sob, and made no effort to compose her—the younger woman felt that it was best to leave her thus, that the brain which had rocked strangely in the storm, would more quickly compose itself if she attempted no consolation.

She stole from the room when Lucy was cowering in her chair, with her hands outspread before her eyes, and it was half an hour later when she returned to her side.

Lucy Jennings was reading her Bible, with her hands clutching her temples, her grey hair pushed back, and her elbows planted firmly on each side of the book which she studied.

"Are you going to sit up late to-night?" Sarah said gently.

"A little while longer," was the slow reply.

"Are you well now?" she asked timidly.

"Yes," Lucy answered.

"May I kiss you before I say good night?" said Sarah; "may I think that we are more like sisters now, Lucy?"

"You should despise me," she said humbly.

"No!" was the quick denial, "I think I understand you at last."

"And love me none the less, child?"

"Ah! no," said Sarah.

"We may be sisters soon then—perhaps, in adversity together, we may grow to like each other more," she added mournfully.

"Good night," said Sarah kissing her.

"Good night. God bless you," answered Lucy Jennings.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

SARAH MAKES UP HER MIND AGAIN.

IT was the old position—and yet with a grave difference. It was the old line of argument cropping up afresh in Sarah Eastbell's mind, with no

Reuben Culwick at hand to laugh down her logic—with Reuben Culwick's power to laugh it down, perhaps, wonderfully diminished.

She must give him up—she must not remain that weight upon his life, that clog upon his industry, which she had always thought she was, when her love was not bewildering her too much. Reuben loved her, she hoped still—she did not put faith in those strange suspicions of Lucy Jennings which preceded a stranger confession—but Lucy was right in one thing: that she, Sarah Eastbell, could not add to the happiness of Reuben Culwick's life. She could only add to the expenses!—she could only keep him poor. If she stood apart now, perhaps he would marry Mary Holland, and be master of his father's house again, just as the father had wished from the first.

She had no right to bind him to this long engagement, to shackle his energies, to keep him from "bettering" himself—now that she felt herself as poor—morally, if not legally as poor—as when he came in search of her to Potter's Court.

She was very silent all that Sunday—very patient and thoughtful, and heart-sick, as a good woman resigned to the inevitable might be, knowing the mighty difference that her own sacrifice would make to every hour of her after life. She went with Lucy to the service under the railway arch, and strove hard to interest herself in Lucy's prayers and Lucy's sermon; but despite Lucy's being extra powerful, extra severe on her own particular failings—as Sarah saw at once—she could not follow the extempore devotions or the rough eloquence of the speaker.

It was a very quiet morning at these strange Sunday services; those who came to pray were not disturbed by those who came to scoff; but the evening was boisterous and stormy, and made up for it.

Lucy Jennings read the signs of it in the noisy crowd about the door, and compressed her lips and held her breath at the strong language which echoed from the street as she and Sarah approached, under the escort of two policemen, who were waiting for them.

"You are trembling—you are afraid," said Lucy Jennings to her companion; "will you turn back now?"

"Why?"

"There will be but little religion there to-night," said Lucy, "and you are not a strong woman."

"I was not thinking of the crowd—or the service," answered Sarah.

"Of what then?" was the sharp inquiry.

"Of all I shall say to Reuben presently. It's very wrong, I know, Lucy, but you must not blame me for thinking of him so much. I can't help it," she said plaintively.

"This is not a time or season for—What are

you going to say to Reuben then?" she asked suddenly.

"What you would say, Lucy, in my place—for his sake."

"I don't know what I should say," she replied; "I am a terrible hypocrite—and despicably weak."

They passed under the arch, where the service commenced, and was interrupted—where the old uproar went on, and the police were tolerably busy for an hour and a half—and where, amidst all the difficulties in the way, Lucy Jennings preached and pounded at sin, and worked herself into a white heat, and was so especially eloquent at last, that the crowd at the doors was silenced if unconvinced; and one tall man with a beard, who had recently arrived, and had kept guard as it were over the unruly, muttered to himself—

"It is her mission after all, perhaps."

The service came to an end; the stormy elements subsided; men, women, and children went their various ways, and Lucy Jennings and Sarah Eastbell came out together, and confronted Reuben Culwick, who was waiting for them.

"You have come back then!" cried Sarah in her first delight at seeing him, in her new forgetfulness of all that she had resolved upon.

"Yes—it was no use stopping longer in Worcester, Sarah.—Well, Lucy."

"Well," answered Lucy in her old short tones.

"I congratulate you on your sermon, but I wish the surroundings had been more orthodox, and the congregation less quarrelsome; for some of these days—"

Lucy was gone. She had suddenly "doubled," and disappeared down one of the dark turnings, and Sarah and Reuben were left looking at each other.

"There, I have offended her again," cried Reuben; "she never will listen to a fellow, or hear a fellow out. Poor old girl! she would have led a husband—if she had ever caught one, Sarah—a very sensational kind of life. It's no use waiting for her, I think."

"No."

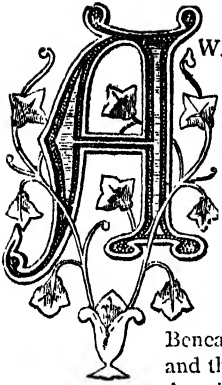
"She will be home before us, I dare say—being well-up in the back-slums about here. Take my arm, little woman, while I tell you all the news."

Sarah Eastbell took his arm, and sighed. This might be for the last time that they would ever walk together thus, who could tell? She had made up her mind now, and the sooner the truth was told him the better. He gave her the opportunity to speak at once, and her impulsiveness leaped towards it, discreetly, desperately.

I saw Miss Holland this morning—I gave her the will—and, by Jove, you are as poor as old Job, girl!"

THE FERN-PARADISE.—II.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE 'ROMANCE' OF PEASANT LIFE."



WAY into the heart of a Devonshire lane! The time is mid-summer, and the hot sun is pouring down his rays with burning intensity. But in yonder lane trees on each hedge that bounds the narrow pathway shoot up against the sky, and folding over at the top, shut out with their glorious masses of leaves the fiery heat.

Beneath, the coolness is delicious, and the verdant foliage which bounds the view on every side, tempts the enamoured tourist to plunge into the depths of this cool retreat. But the walk through it must be a saunter, because its many and varied forms of fern-life should be examined to be enjoyed.

I will not generalise. I will paint no imaginary picture, but will just describe my own impressions of two Devonshire lanes which, amongst scores of others, I visited during the past summer. I might be pardoned for giving a glowing description of the scenery of my native county; but mine will be no "glowing" description in the sense in which the word is used to mean exaggerated. No verbal description can accurately convey to the mind a fair and true picture of the exquisite loveliness of the green lanes to which I refer. The most brilliant word-painting would pale before the reality. Roughly, during my summer visit to Devonshire, I noted down my impressions of what I saw, and I will endeavour to reproduce those impressions on paper.

I must premise that, although the town in South Devon, of which I would speak, can of itself claim no especial notice, the scenery in its neighbourhood is surpassed by that of no other part of Devonshire. It is on "the English Rhine," for the Dart is the only English river which can claim that high distinctive title.

From the brow of a hill whose summit, about a mile from the town, commands a magnificent prospect of hill, dale, and river, two lanes run down, uniting in a point at the hill-top, but spreading away from each other as they sweep downwards towards the river's brink.

On leaving the town in the vicinity of the Quay the road turns round to the right, passes between high moss-covered walls, and after a short and sharp ascent for a few yards, suddenly wheels round to the left, and narrows into the dimensions of a lane. Turning for a moment before continuing the ascent, we get a lovely peep of the cluster of

houses lying just a little below us, with the church spire rising grandly up in their midst.

Now—wending upwards—the path narrows still more between high hedges which rise on each side. Two or three more graceful bendings to right and to left, and then our lane suddenly widens as if to invite the tourist to pause in his ascent, and turn round.

The view will well repay a look, for a charming sight is spread out below—hill and valley, town and river.

Upwards—narrowing as it goes—winds the lane. And now, for a moment, the bright sun in the valley which we have left below us is forgotten in the new sight which refreshes the eye. Hitherto the sunlight has shone upon the path, but now our lane becomes suddenly darkened as it creeps under the shadow of higher hedge-banks, and of overhanging trees. Just one glance through a breach in the shady mound which helps to shut out the sunlight, and the eye will catch a lovely glimpse of the bright hill-side sloping down into the valley below. The bright peep charmingly contrasts with the dark depths of the lane. But in this dark and cool retreat fern-life is predominant.

On the right the thick hedge is covered with an almost impenetrable mass of bushes, which rise high above its top, shedding upon it the dimness of evening twilight. Growing out from the dark background of bushes are some luxuriant specimens of the Common Hartstongue (*Scolopendrium vulgare*), one of the most easily recognisable of the British ferns, with its crumpled tongue-shaped frond, growing sometimes to the length of stem and frond together—of three feet. The thick and rich-looking yet leathery texture of the fronds of the Hartstongue, with their deep and shining green colour, make them look exquisitely cool and refreshing, growing up out of the dark hedge-bank as they do in thick and matted tufts—sometimes almost erect, at other times gracefully bending backwards their shining leathery tips. Underneath the curling tongue-shaped frond, lie the curious rows of seeds (spores), whose rich reddish-brown colour forms a beautiful contrast to the deep shining green of the frond.

The Hartstongue is a bold free plant. You will find it growing almost everywhere in Devonshire: on the top and at the side of walls; hanging from old ruins; growing out from the side of cliffs and deserted quarries; dropping down its long green fronds into the cool and limpid water of road-side wells hewn out of the rock: often exposed to the full blaze of the sun, but always in such

cases dwindled down to a tiny size. The Hartstongue is to be found in almost every conceivable form, from a tiny thing of half an inch in length, when growing on a bare dry wall, to a plant which is one rich thick mass of delightful curling fronds, each one a yard long, when growing in a moist bed of leaf-mould in the dark recesses of some hedge.

Far out of our reach on the top of the high hedge-bank, are some noble specimens of the Male Fern (*Lastrea filix-mas*), so called from its erect and robust manner of growth. From the crown, densely covered with rust-coloured scales, spring up a close circle of beautiful fronds, whose under surface is thickly covered with the scales which are so prominent a characteristic of this noble-looking fern. There it grows, perched shuttle-cock fashion on the top of the hedge, the points of its fronds gracefully turned outwards, its crown resting just above the surface of leaf-mould, into the depths of which its long fine roots are plunged. The whole plant rests under the cool shadow of the trees. For years this hedge-bank has evidently been left untouched, and the annual crop of leaves falling from tree and bush, have piled up on it a rich mass of pure vegetable mould, in which the ferns delight to grow.

In this same spot, and growing side by side with the Hartstongue and Male Fern, are to be found specimens of two other of the large-growing species of the British ferns—the Broad Buckler Fern (*Lastrea dilatata*), and the Soft Prickly Shield Fern (*Polystichum angulare*). Both, when finely grown, are most splendid objects. The former is one of the most handsome of our native ferns, its broad arching fronds sweeping upwards and outwards with exquisite grace, and sometimes attaining like the Male Fern, to which it is closely allied, a height of four or five feet. The chief characteristic of the Soft Prickly Shield Fern is the minute and beautiful manner in which its fronds are divided into small angular-shaped saw-edged leaflets. It is often densely clothed with rich brown scales, which contrast finely with the dark deep green of its fronds.

Turning now away from the dark shelter of the overhanging trees, the pathway, wending upwards still, passes between high hedges, whose dark and tangled vegetation almost meets overhead. Here, shooting up majestically from the deep rich soil of the hedge-bank, are the Wild Bracken (*Pteris aquilina*). These are the giants of the British fern family, growing in their branching tree-like form to a height sometimes of ten feet. Peering into the dark depths of the hedges on either side, we discover trailing out of the close masses of ivy which encircle the gnarled and matted roots of the trees, the pretty fronds of the Polypody (*Polypodium vulgare*). The Polypody, like the Hartstongue, will grow almost anywhere — on walls,

in hedge-banks, and on trees; but it becomes a puny plant when growing in dry, hot, and exposed situations. It delights most to nestle amongst the twisted branches of the pollard-tree. There its creeping fleshy roots, feeding on the rich leaf-mould which collects in the crevices between the matted roots of ivy, love to hide, and from these moist nooks are sent out dense tufts of bright green, narrow, lance-shaped fronds—a stem, a midrib with alternate lance-shaped leaflets, each leaflet mid-ribbed in its turn, and beautifully veined throughout; the round golden masses of spores—each mass collected in lines on the backs of the leaflets—giving to it a beautiful appearance.

Our lane still winds onwards and upwards, now widening to afford a prospect of the rich scenery lying below us, now sinking between high hedges, which get higher and higher, as the steep path contends with the steeper hill. At length we reach the brow of the acclivity, and turning round, we can command one of the finest prospects in all England. Away straight below us lie clustering houses, beautifully embowered in orchards and fruit-gardens, with the church spire rising calmly up above the whole. On the right of the town, still away below us, the eye delightedly rests on a wide extent of undulating meadows and tree-covered uplands. Beyond, the wooded uplands rise steeper and steeper, until in the dim horizon a line of lofty hills, looming grandly up against the sky, bounds the view. Far away in the same direction, the sunlight is reflected from the silvery stream of the Dart, where, flowing at the feet of two wooded hills, it brightly contrasts with the dark lines of trees.

To the left of the town, in the dim distance, are seen the wild moorlands stretching away far over the country. There the lovely Dart takes its rise, expanding its tiny stream as it moves onward, until, swollen to a torrent, it roars through deep ravines, foams over rocks and boulders, and still coming on! on! by wood-crowned heights and smiling upland meadows, it rolls into sight. Everywhere too, as far as the eye can reach, there is a grand network of green lanes, giving a marvellous aspect of diversity to the whole scene.

Two or three steps from the brow of the hill whence this noble prospect is obtained, and a turning round to the right will lead back to the town, through a lane which is indeed a veritable paradise of ferns. The narrow pathway winds downwards for a full mile between two tall hedges, whose topmost branches here and there meet overhead, forming a natural archway, so densely interwoven in some places as almost to exclude the daylight; now widening sufficiently to form a delightful green vista, now narrowing until the hedges on each side almost meet, and there is only sufficient room for the tourist to brush between

the luxuriant masses of vegetation which spring out from the hedge-banks. During one part of the way the lane runs at the foot of a dark wood. Then continuing its course it seems almost to dive down into the depths of the earth, whilst high fern-covered banks rise on each side. For a part of the distance a limpid stream trickles down the declivity. The ground is literally carpeted with grass and wild-flowers; and everywhere, hanging out of the pollard trunks, densely clothing the hedge-banks, and growing along the edge of the trickling stream, ferns are to be found in countless numbers. In places where the path has been cut deeply through the soft slate rock, the high banks of the cutting rise upwards almost perpendicularly, excluding the sunlight; and there, in the moist interstices between the soft fragments of stone, are numerous species of the rock-loving ferns, luxuriating most in places where the water is percolating through the surface of the embankment. Growing in positions where its tiny crown secures protection under some small jutting point of rock, is the little Wall-rue (*Asplenium ruta muraria*), a very diminutive fern, with its pretty little fronds. It has a great love for rotten stone and mortar, and is often found growing on the sides of houses. It is a very hardy little fern, and will thrive in the sunshine, but loves best moist and sheltered nooks.

Growing by the side of the Wall-rue is the beautiful Maidenhair Spleenwort (*Asplenium trichomanes*). Its fibrous wiry roots insinuate themselves into the crevices between the stones, and its crown throws up a dense mass of exquisite little fronds, with leaves like shining black hairs, and with little bright green, round, saw-edged leaflets alternately placed on each side of the stem, along the greater part of its length. Following the downward course of the lane we come, in the most cool, damp, and shady places, upon numbers of the Lady Fern (*Athyrium filix femina*), perhaps the most graceful of the larger British ferns. Its drooping feathery

fronds are indeed, when finely grown, most exquisitely beautiful, and the entire plant forms the most conspicuous ornament of the places in which it delights to grow. It throws up its fronds oftentimes in dense tufts; but it is to be found in perfection only in very moist and shady situations.

Now, as we go downwards, we pass over a tiny stream crossed by a rude bridge; and here overhead the tangled bushes again meet, throwing on bridge and stream a dark shadow. Down almost by the water's edge, revelling in the moist and shady situation, are growing innumerable little tufts of the Scaly Spleenwort (*Ceterach officinarum*). The Scaly Spleenwort is in truth a most exquisite little plant. The upper surface of the simple, saw-edged frond is dark green; its texture is like velvet. Underneath the surface of the frond is completely swathed in rich brown scales, where, snugly hiding, lie the spores.

Here, as we reach the end of this charming green lane, the exquisite grace and the exceeding loveliness of the scene appear to blend in one harmonious whole. We lean over the rude parapet of the bridge. Trees above us cast a cool shade upon all around and underneath them. Gurgling and sparkling along below us the brook babbles on its way, now foaming in playful fancy over its tiny stones; now smoothly resting in mimic pools; now rushing down in a miniature cascade, as its bed falls suddenly out of its smooth and even descent; and finally, with a parting "gurggle," disappearing under the dark arch of the bridge. On all sides, growing out of the steep bank that bounds the brook, dropping from the moss-covered sides of the bridge, perched on the tops of the tiny boulders that peep out of the water, ferns drop the tips of their wavy fronds into the cool mirror-like surface of the stream.

Above, around, beneath us, ferns, ferns, a paradise of ferns!

ZEPHYR.



HE spirit of air is about on the breeze,
His fragrant breath stirs the tulip-trees,
The blooms of the crimson rose;
The silver birch shakes her tassels fair
With a murmurous sound in the evening air,
And the honeysuckle glows,

In the golden rays, with a roscate flush,
Whilst from yonder lime doth the plaintive thrush
Rour, mellow his vesper hymn;
And couched to the earth doth the lavrock lie,
As the crescent moon mounts up in the sky,
And the light of day grows dim.

The white-starred masses of jasmine trail
With a bashful droop o'er the garden-rail,
The pansy-buds close sweet;
And the maid who flits to the trysting-gate,
To watch and listen—perchance to wait—
Treads daisies under her feet.

Young Zephyr loiters amid the flowers,
To while away the long weary hours,
As a bee at his nectar-feast,
Till his love, with her rosy fingers, dyes
With vermeil tint all the glowing skies,
And Aurora wakes in the East.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

OLD BELLS.



"DAY IS DYING."

AFTER years of city toil I hear the village bells ;
 They sing a new song while the old song
 in my mem'ry dwells —
 A strange new song, with strange new words that
 many sorrows bring ;
 VOL. VIII — NEW SERIES.

O would that I could hear again the song they used
 to sing
 When I was young, and love was young, and the
 green sod's daisy stud
 Was a sweet new thing that won the heart, and
 hope was in the bud !

Ring on, old bells! sing on, sweet bells! ring on!
for now I hear
The echo of lost melodies, and distant days seem
near.

Day is dying, the lake has lost the light of afternoon;
Stars shine, and waters murmur round the shadow
of the moon:

Ring on, old bells! and let me dream of a morn-
ing in the spring,

When I went out with my young love to hear the
small birds sing:

The sky was blue, the grass was green, the gorse
had spread its gold,

And little gusts of scented wind came laughing
o'er the wold.

Ring on, old bells! sing on, sweet bells! ring on!
for now I hear

The echo of lost melodies, and distant days seem
near.

GUY ROSLYN.

THE FERN-PARADISE.—III.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE 'ROMANCE' OF PEASANT LIFE."



I HAVE made no attempt in the two preceding papers to offer any help in the study of ferns. Botany is a beautiful science, and those who have time and opportunity will find almost endless instruction and amusement in studying it; but, as I have shown, there are very few indeed who possess the necessary time and opportunity.

All that I have attempted to do, is to give such general descriptions of those of our native ferns which are to be seen in the west of England, as might conduce to the more extensive artificial cultivation of these beautiful plants. Of all the varieties which I have named, I have not in any one instance given such a minute description as might enable the young botanist accurately to distinguish one from another.

I have simply endeavoured to create a general love for the plants themselves, with the object of showing that, exquisitely graceful and beautiful as they are when seen growing wild in the situations which are natural to them, they will carry that native grace and beauty with them wherever they may be transplanted; with the object, too, of urging that ferns should be grown in every garden, and be found in every house, however humble it may be, for the lovely plants will shed their soft charms no less in the cottage of the peasant than in the mansion of the squire—no less in the garret window than in the handsome conservatory.

I do not write for those who have any acquaintance with ferns; I do not write so much for those who live in the country as for those who live in our cities and in our large towns, and who too frequently are content to get their peeps at ferns during their rare and occasional visits to the country. There are few homes which do not possess plants or flowers of some kind. Even

when a house has no garden attached to it—and how many thousands of houses there are in big London alone without gardens!—an attempt is made to compensate for its absence. Sometimes the windows are filled with plants—generally with flowers. Even the poor hovel, even the most wretched garret is provided with at least one solitary flower-pot, whose occupant, pining perhaps for the sun which can never reach it, drags on its sickly existence, until at length it dies under the influence of an unnatural atmosphere, struggling to the last moment with its abnormal condition of life. But it is rarely that ferns are to be seen under the same conditions; and it is because I would show how it is that these lovely plants are admirably adapted to live under conditions which flowering plants cannot survive, that I have written these papers. Here I feel that it will be necessary, before I proceed any further, to define the position ferns occupy amongst the great portion of the living world which we call the vegetable kingdom.

The simple question then at once arises: What is a fern, and how is it to be distinguished from other plants? The general answer to this question is that a fern is a flowerless plant. Although flowerless, it is not seedless; but its peculiarity is that it acquires its seeds without the intervention of flowers. Let me borrow just one hard word from botany—and I only do so because in one word it explains the most exact distinction between ferns and other seed-bearing plants. Ferns, then, belong among plants to the class *Cryptogamia*, which literally means "concealed fructification." They are therefore, although flowerless, seed-bearing plants, and when they bear seed they hide it away. Those who have never seen a fern would naturally, at first, experience some little difficulty in knowing—although bearing in mind the general definition which I have given—how to distinguish a fern from another plant when both are—the one without seeds, and the other without flowers or seeds. No definition which would be sufficiently popular

for my purpose can be offered to remove this difficulty. Certain peculiarities of ferns can be mentioned, and when these are remembered, one or two visits to a country lane where ferns abound will be quite sufficient to accustom you at once to the difference between a fern and an ordinary plant.

Some parts of a fern bear different names to those affixed by botanists to the corresponding—I use the word corresponding in its popular, and not in its strictly technical sense—parts of another plant. First of all there is the crown, which may be styled for the sake of simplicity the mainstay of the plant, or the base of its stem. From the under surface of this stem or root-stock proceed the long fibrous roots which, diving down into the soil, or penetrating between the crevices in rocks and walls, seek and convey to the plant the abundant moisture without which it could not live. From the crown or root-stock upwards, grow the stalks which support what would be popularly called the leaves. Each of these stalks is called a *stipe*, and in most ferns both the upper surface of the crown and the stipes are covered with scales, a rust-coloured kind of excrescence.

On each stipe, at a length from the crown of the plant which varies in different specimens of ferns, commences the leaf, technically and beautifully styled the *frond*. At this point commences the exquisite grace and beauty of the plant. Its midrib, from the point where leaving the stipes the frond commences, is called the *rachis*. Should the rachis have ribs branching either horizontally or obliquely away from it, these ribs are still called the rachis, its parts being distinguished the one from the other by the terms, the *primary* or the *secondary rachis*. Upon the rachis it is that grow the leaves, leaflets, pinnules, and lobes, either in a simple or a compound form; and it is their infinite variety of form—simple, scalloped, saw-edged—and the exquisitely graceful manner in which they are arranged on the rachis, that constitute the peculiar elegance of a fern. The manner in which the fronds of ferns spring up from the crown of the plants is another peculiarity in their growth, and one that distinguishes them from ordinary plants. On starting from the crown, the fronds have the appearance of so many little balls, which as they develop unroll upwards. It is then seen that the whole frond has been rolled together in circinate manner—that is to say, from the top of the frond spirally downwards. In the simple fronds there is one simple unrolling from the base outwards to the extreme uppermost point of the frond. In the compound species of the plant there is first of all the primary unrolling, and that is followed when completed by the lateral unrolling of the leaves on the rachis, which lateral unrolling is followed by perpendicular and lateral unrolling in alternation.

I have offered these very simple definitions of the distinctive characteristics of ferns, merely as some kind of guide to those who are totally unable to distinguish a fern from another plant. But if at first there be any difficulty in making this distinction, it will be short-lived. About ferns, whether small or large, whether just starting into life or developed into their grandest proportions, there is an almost indescribable aspect of majesty and grace. I have often wandered for miles through ferny lanes, with no eye for any plant but ferns. They have seemed to speak to me, and they have invited and engrossed my attention. I have said, and I repeat, that the study of ferns has become on the part of thousands a passion. I know of no occupation in the country which is more enjoyable than hunting after ferns. I have singled out Devonshire, and given to that beautiful county the name of “the Fern-paradise,” and well it deserves the name. Who that has experienced the pleasure can deny that to wander after ferns through its beautiful woods—to search the rocks, the ravines, and the streamlets which abound in its magnificent moorlands—to cross, minutely searching from moss-covered boulder to moss-covered boulder, the beds of its brawling rivers, listening to the soft thunder of their numerous waterfalls, or to the loud roar of rushing torrents where the mountain stream sweeps down into the valley—who can deny, I repeat, that the pleasure of a wild ramble like this is exquisitely sweet?

But although, as I have said, the enjoyment to be gathered from a ramble either through the green lanes of Devonshire, or the ferny lanes of other counties, is beyond the reach of thousands, yet there are few places where even the poorest cannot obtain ferns. Flowers that are cultivated—and our garden-flowers require cultivation for their proper development—are often beyond the reach of the poor: no one brings the roots of wild-flowers into our towns, and if they were brought hither they would pine away, perhaps more quickly than our garden flowers; and they at least would not thrive any better in the absence of that one vitalising element—sun. But ferns that grow in wild-woods, and open plains, are in the free right of all who choose to gather them. They are gathered sometimes and brought into our towns and cities by itinerant vendors; but you seldom see them in the dwellings of the poor. They nevertheless might be there. If there were a demand, the poor purveyors of the poor would soon bring a supply from the free wild country where they grow; and there would be that demand if the poor knew more about these exquisite plants.

Ferns will grow where flowering plants would perish. They require moisture and shade—not stagnant, but percolating moisture. Place them where you will—on the floor, on the table of a dimly

lighted room, in the sunless window-sill, in a shady corner—anywhere, and they will grow and develop, unrolling their charming fronds, and exhibiting their sweet feathery forms with all their natural grace in the presence of squalor and misery. The poor seamstress painfully working in yon ill-lighted garret, where the glorious sun never comes, might perhaps have shed bitter tears over the withered flower that all her care had failed to rear. But a fern would grow where her flower had died, and would smile upon her with its mute flowerless smile, and would live in the dark light of her attic window, and unfolding its fronds day by day, would assume its most majestic and graceful form even in the presence of a poor seamstress.

But it is not only the poor who have to live in gardenless dwellings, and look out from sunless windows. The mansions of the rich, and thousands of houses of the well-to-do, and of the middle classes, are necessarily in this great London, and in other cities and towns, placed where the sun cannot exert his charming life-giving influence. Many a window of a grand house looks out upon nothing but brick walls, which tower up high and blot out the sun's rays. The occupants of these houses are often bound, by the exigencies of business, to make their homes for weary months in these shadowy dwelling-places.

Why, then, do they not bring the beautiful ferns into requisition? What exquisite grace would be shed over every room in a house, if every available space were occupied by the feathery fronds of these beautiful plants!—on tables and sideboards, on mantelpieces and in window-sills, hanging from window-rods, on the landing of the stairs, in the hall, in the bed-rooms—everywhere in fact. Why not?

Without any curtailment of necessary space, without any inconvenience, these beautiful plants might be so arranged as that every house, "be it never so humble," might become a "fern-paradise." The hardier kinds, if kept within doors, will survive the winter, and look fresh and green throughout; and the more delicate and fragile of the species may be preserved in all their natural freshness under a covering of glass. Plant them in a case, and cover them with a shade, and then you will have, even in midwinter, a miniature fernery. Do you want a sweet smell as from a country lane? Take off the covering of glass, and your tiny imprisoned favourites will exhale the sweet familiar odours; and where the moisture has rested on their feathery tips, there you will see as if it had been dewdrops.

Have you a dark damp corner in your garden, where you cannot get your flowers to grow? If you have—and few there are who have not, for everything has its shady side—throw some loose stones together in rocky form, and plant ferns there. They will revel in the obscurity of the retreat which you have chosen for them, and smile gracefully and thankfully upon you from out of their dark corner.

Everywhere if you will, in your gardens and in your houses, you may have a "fern-paradise"—"a thing of beauty and a joy for ever." Even the poorest of the poor, compelled by the unceasing pressure of "work! work! work!" to cry, in the touching words which have immortalised their author—

"Oh but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet"—

may have, if they will, a "fern-paradise" in the saddest and most cheerless of sad homes.

THE GIGANTIC SALAMANDER.

BY W. A. LLOYD.



ONE day in the autumn of the year 1863, when the Aquarium in the Hamburg Zoological Gardens was about half finished, some German sailors marched into the building, bearing something on their shoulders, coffin fashion, which they deposited upon trestles in the south room of the place; and it proved to be a very large oval tub, of cedar-wood, covered with a net, half filled with water, and containing a fine salamander, weighing seventeen pounds (twenty pounds English), from Japan—the present of the Prussian Ambassador, Herr Overbeck, Hong Kong.

English people are acquainted with the common water-newts (*Triton*) of ponds and ditches, of which Britain contains two or three species, the largest

weighing an ounce or two, and measuring no longer than one's finger; but here was a creature belonging nearly to the same group of soft-skinned and scaleless reptiles, of the family *Urodela*, and having some of the same habits as our little water-newts, but as big as the jack which Mr. Briggs states actually "barked at him like a dog" after he had hooked it.

He was just four feet in length, and his weight I ascertained by putting my hands under his arm-pits and lifting him out of his tub into a basket, which I weighed with him, and then deducted the weight of the basket—which I still possess, and we call it, at home, "the salamander-basket."

The captain of the ship that brought this salamander from China treated him with great attention, giving him an occasional piece of raw meat, and every now and then changing the water in his tub

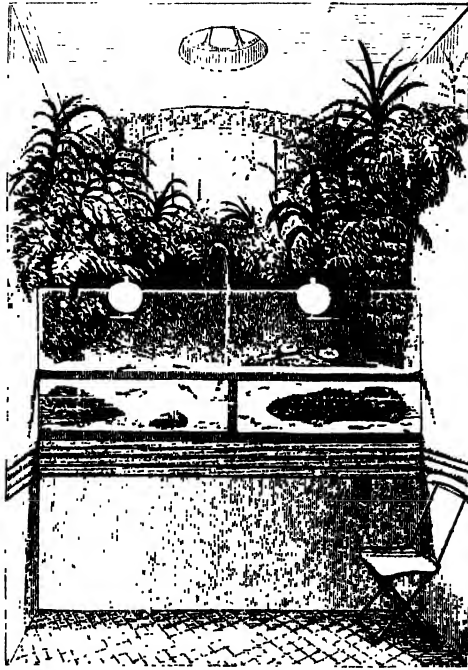
by withdrawing from the outside of the tub a plug, fitting a hole through which the used water ran away, and then replacing it and renewing from above. In this manner he reached Hamburg in fine condition, and I, for a short time, continued the same kind of treatment as that which had been pursued on board ship. I had never seen him in the act of eating his food; I put a lump of beef into his tub at night, about every other day, and found it gone next morning. But one evening I thought I would make him eat before me, so taking in my fingers a piece of steak, I caused it to touch his nose. In a moment he opened his huge cavern of a mouth, and as suddenly closed it, both movements being made with so instantaneous an action that it was perfectly awful, and some one standing by said that I turned "as white as a ghost" with fright, at the thought of the fate of my fingers had such a living spring rat-trap caught them, they being so near it. But suddenly as the thing had been done, and great as was the splash of water over me, it was long enough for the colour of the lining of the upper and lower jaws to remain impressed on my eyes: a pale yellow hue everywhere, and with no apparent entrance to a gullet.

They haunted me—did this terrific snap and this peculiar tint—and they haunt me still, though ten years have passed since I saw them. Of course I soon began to dream about being attacked and worried by a big, black, cold, wet, warted reptile, unjustly exaggerating all his "points" as one does in dreams—and I know I shall dream of it again after writing this. If I had only known of this dreadful snap, I should not have so fearlessly raised him with my hands from his tub into a basket, to be weighed!

However, as his tub was evidently not large enough for him to live in comfortably, so that he could turn round and walk about, I got a wooden box which had been used for the accommodation of a small alligator or crocodile. This box measured internally ten feet long, four feet broad, and two feet high; it was caulked and pitched so as to be water-tight, and was covered with a wire netting stretched on a frame, fastened down with a padlock.

At that time there lived in Hamburg (and perhaps is still there) a great authority on animals of this kind—Dr. Fischer—who said that *Sieboldia* (his generic name is in memory of a German naturalist, Professor von Siebold, and his specific name indicates his great size), like European salamanders, voluntarily left the water occasionally, and that any arrangement made for its accommodation in captivity should have a beach, or an island, sloping down to the water's edge, so that the reptile might easily climb up, and be high and dry. So I made a little beach of big stones at one end of the box, and after washing quite clean as much sand and

shingle as would cover the bottom of the box about four inches high, and pouring on that one foot high of water, I and two other people carried the salamander in his tub, and hastily removing the net from the latter, we tilted it over, and let him slide sideways into his new home, on which I instantly closed the cover. He snapped much and viciously at this treatment, but he was safely shut up, and soon began to show that he was "shut up in measureless content." For the first time in many months—possibly for more than a year—he had a place in which he could walk about, and turn round comfortably, and "stretch his legs," but not in the Squeers fashion, for no animal known to me, save



THE SALAMANDER TANK.

the human animal, is a dram-drinker.

The Board of the Zoological Society of Hamburg liberally voted the sum of £300 (equal to about £400 in England now) for an annex for the animal, and I at once planned it.

I placed it at the entrance end of the building, knocking a hole in the eastern wall for a doorway, with doors so as to make a separated room of it—the room measuring, within its walls, sixteen feet from end to end, eight feet from side to side, and twelve feet high. Half of the room, being the end furthest from the door, I converted into a tank—breast-high—measuring eight feet square internally, with a water-depth of twelve inches, and a sand-depth of eight inches, making (after deducting for space occupied by rock-work) the quantity about 350 gallons. The remaining floor-space, of eight feet

square, is for visitors. High up in the eastern wall is a window, and over the tank a skylight. Above the water's surface, over three sides of the tank, is built rock-work to serve as shadow for such a shade-loving animal as *Sieboldia* is. Rock-work should never be allowed in an aquarium when not in water, and serving for no other purpose than for the gratification of visitors who are unacquainted with the art-rule which governs the axiom that whatever is not necessary for service is vulgar, and wrong, and therefore ugly; but in this case, when made for an avowedly useful purpose, it is admissible; and being once so admitted, it is lawful to make it decorative, and even to plant it with suitable plants—ferns and others—and that was done in this case. In the water towards the front, and a little to the right of the centre, I had built a small island of stone, projecting a few inches irregularly through the water, for the sake of the greater shadow its consequently increased height would cast, and well shelving it in front downwards below the water, and facing visitors, so as to make this a daylight hiding-place for *Sieboldia*, and yet enabling him to be well seen by spectators. Therefore this island had a useful purpose in addition to, and prior to, being picturesque. Water was laid on to the tank in the form of a fountain, delivering no great quantity of fluid, because *Sieboldia*, being a lung-breather, needed not to extract air from water, and the large relative surface exposed to the atmosphere caused the tank to be well aerated for the living fish to be placed in it from time to time to be eaten. The light of day, falling on the hinder submerged side of the little island, would, as I planned, cause vegetation to grow there for the further good health of the fishes. Gaslight was also introduced, a couple of glass globes containing argand burners, affixed to movable arms, being placed at such a distance over the water that all below would be brilliantly illuminated for the observation of this essentially nocturnal animal. Some hot-water pipes were led round three sides of the room.

On Saturday, August 6th, 1864, all being ready, *Sieboldia* was introduced to his new home at five in the afternoon. We got him out of his wooden box by getting well under him a net made for the purpose—large, strong, deep, and new—and in spite of his much resisting the change, we—three of us—put him in his tank. He walked round and round for some time in a state of activity unusual with him by daytime, and I left him, and went to dine out.

In returning at midnight I let myself into the Gardens on my way home, to have a look at *Sieboldia*. Descending into the Aquarium, I got a light in my lantern; and entering the salamander's room, I found him in the act of getting out. He was climbing over the edge of the frame of his tank, and his two fore-feet were already on its broad upper surface.

I had no net or anything else to push him back with, so in a moment my coat was off and my shirt-sleeves tucked up, and I laid hold of his shoulders to slide him back into the water; but he, with a momentary action, laid hold of my bare right arm; and I, stepping back in affright, unintentionally dragged him out of the tank.

MY DREAMS HAD COME TRUE, and here was I, in the dead of night, in a Zoological Gardens, with the watchman not within call (he had just gone away on his rounds), with a twenty-pound-weight reptile hanging on my arm by his mouth! I stretched out my arm horizontally, resting my hand on the sill of the tank; and finding he only gripped me more tightly when I tried to shake him off, I just kept quite still, feeling sure that my bones were not to be broken, as if that was to be the case it would have been done at the first snap. So I let him hang till he dropped, as in about a quarter of an hour he did, with a heavy wet flop, on the floor. I was none the worse for my grip, which, indeed, was not half as bad in reality as in anticipation, and so I got the net to put him back again; but he refused to be netted most viciously, and I ceased to try to bag him, as I thought he might again get out in my absence and hurt himself. Therefore I got a pailful of water, which I threw over him, to keep him and the asphalt floor moist, and locking him in, went home. In the morning at six, I, with assistance, got him from the floor into his tank, and put up a temporary wire barrier—afterwards of glass. All day on Sunday *Sieboldia* could not sink at all in the water, he having somehow got into his body much air during his night on the floor. Next day he was less helplessly buoyant, and his specific gravity got more by degrees until he was able to resume his normal habits; but for more than a fortnight he had a slight difficulty in lowering himself into his hole after he had taken in air at the surface; and it was quite a month before this too great lightness completely passed away. I think this is conclusive against his voluntarily leaving water under ordinary circumstances, and that his getting out in the manner I have related was owing to his discomfort at finding himself in a strange place, for the animal appears to grow singularly attached to particular spots.

When he got accustomed to his final abode I was rejoiced to find that, exactly as I had devised, he used to remain nearly all day in the cave (which he excavated deeper by moving away the sand, by shuffling his body) in front of the island. When he wished to breathe, at intervals of from fifteen to twenty minutes, he moved slowly and obliquely upwards till his nostrils were just above the water's surface, and sent the used-up air out of them with a faint hiss, and then took in, inaudibly, a fresh supply, it being however always in excess of his wants; and the superfluous amount was allowed to

escape in bubbles from his mouth as he was in the act of retiring backwards into his hole, or after he had settled down in it. The air thus taken in visibly swelled out the loose skin, or dewlap, below his under jaw. In the evening he generally took a walk round and round his tank, in a very leisurely manner, below the surface of the water, coming up to breathe occasionally as by day, and pursuing his journey after he had done so instead of retiring backwards into his cave, but never showing any inclination to climb up on his island, or to leave the water in any way.

He never swam, and never gave his strong, broad, and vertically compressed tail any such swift natatory motion as our British water-newts do (as they elegantly let their four feet trail backwards so as to hold no water, and thereby not to impede their motion), but only used it as a sort of rudder, to assist his feet in determining the direction in which he wished to go. His eyes were very small, not bigger than the head of a large pin, and were so dull as to be not easily distinguished from the warts with which he was covered. These organs of vision seemed never to be employed to discern prey; and, indeed, if he did see the fish he intended to eat, his slowness would never be a match for their agility by way of hunting them; so he merely bided his time quietly, and if a fish swimming along touched his nose, and he was hungry, he simply and suddenly opened his jaws and engulphed it. Many eels were buried in his sand by day; and these being nocturnal, and he being so too, both came out at night, one to eat and the others to be eaten.

Several hundreds of not-hiding fishes were eaten every year, consisting of carp, tench, dace, barbel, minnows, gudgeon, and others; but its favourite food consisted of two members of the salmon family, one a non-British fish of the genus *Coregonus*, and the other the smelt; and I have often wondered whether the cucumber-like *smell* of the last-named fish (from which it derives its English and German names) caused it to be so eagerly selected by *Sieboldia*.

A large eel-like fish (*Silurus glanis*) once lived for a year with this salamander before being eaten, and so did a pair of gold-fish. I never gave him perch, because of its sharp dorsal spines; nor yet jack, as it is a sacred fish with me.

The colour of this salamander was, above, a kind of very dark brown, almost black, interspersed with mouldy-looking patches (not at all a popularly pleasing hue), and below he was of a dirty yellowish faded white (also not what is considered pretty); and these two colours were divided by a stout ridge of skin running down each side of the somewhat flattened body, and projecting about a quarter of an inch. His short, stout, dark legs were provided with nailless fingers and toes, rounded and light-

coloured at their extremities. His head was very large, flat, and rounded anteriorly, and was light-coloured at the extreme tip of the nose.

In one of our most popular magazines, *Sieboldia* is thus described, in reference to one then just obtained for the Regent's Park collection:—"A sort of eel or lizard, of enormous size, brown, bloated, and hideous . . . the bloated and abhorrent eel . . . this noisome animal

this huge and bloated eel
a creature about two feet in its extreme length, from the end of its most appalling snout to the extremity of its hideous tail. It is a crawling dragon, an exaggerated eel, a pestiferous and appalling lizard, a soft and dwarfish crocodile. What is it not that is unclean and fearful? From end to end it is covered, and on its huge and flattened head especially, with blotchy manginess, of a diseased and mouldy order . . . The ugliest, and largest lizard that was ever seen."

All this abuse was *in earnest* showered down on specimen of only one-half the length and only one-third the weight of the Hamburg specimen. This style of criticism may be *smart* enough, using the word in the sense of a kind of flippant cleverness, but there is not a word of truth about it, save where size is mentioned. There is no ugliness in the world save mental or bodily deformity proceeding from an excess or want of something; and excepting this, what may seem ugly is always some beautiful adaptation of means to end, only to be discerned however by those who humbly and patiently study these things.

I grew strongly attached to the Hamburg *Sieboldia*, and when I saw him for the last time, when I left Germany at noon on Saturday, September 17th, 1870, it was with the same regret that I parted from everybody and everything in Hamburg. Had I, in taking leave of friend *Sieboldia*, shaken him by the hand (his fore-paw), he no doubt would have bitten me (as he bit me six years previously), but that would have been my fault, not his. It is so nearly always; we, not understanding some animals, do things to them which they do not like, and hence they with their small intelligence do something else in self-defence, by a natural instinct. Then we, "lords of creation," turn round on them most unjustly, and call them "horrid brutes," and other hard names, and often inflict on them torture and death. Familiarity with these forms of life seems to be the only chance of putting an end to this wrong state of things, so the more aquaria and the more Zoological Gardens we set up, where creatures can be seen in a state of happy captivity, the better. In aquaria where good order is preserved, imprisonment is less cruel than with any other mode by which animals are maintained, because of the small measure of intellect of the creatures kept.

SECOND-COUSIN SARAH.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

JEALOUS AT LAST.

REUBEN CULWICK could afford to treat poverty as a jest still, unless this was histrionic display to deceive and comfort Sarah Eastbell. If the latter, it was a terrible failure, which surprised even himself when his second-cousin spoke.

"Yes, Reuben; I have been waiting for this poverty to tell you that you must not share it with me."

"Indeed!" was his quiet answer.

"That you and I are not fit for each other. Oh, Reuben," she cried, "I am quite certain of it now!"

"Do you remember what I said on the day we first spoke of this down in Worcestershire?" Reuben inquired.

"Ah! every word."

"And yet not one word left to pin a second-cousin's faith to," he said lightly. "Well, let us go over the old argument again."

"No, no," she said, shrinking from him; "you can't convince me that it is better for our foolish engagement to continue."

"Shall I tell you why?" said Reuben, looking down very intently into her face.

Sarah did not answer, and he continued after a moment's pause—

"Because Lucy Jennings—charming Lucy!—has been at her old work, reckoning after her own style, fashioning out human lives after her own purposeless way, choosing for others a path ahead that no human being out of Bedlam could follow, doing everything for the best and for one's good, but scattering dust and ashes right and left like a violent Vesuvius. Come, is not Lucy Jennings at the bottom of this resolution?"

"I have been thinking of this for weeks. I have been seeing the necessity of it—

"Ay, through Lucy's spectacles."

"You are hard on Lucy, Reuben."

"I say, God bless her for a well-meaning woman, Sarah," said Reuben, "but if she had a trifle more consideration, more heart, it would be better for us all. I have left you too long, and the position or the companionship has unnerved you. We must alter all this; there must be less work and more holiday-making. We will go to the pit of a theatre to-morrow as a start-off, girl."

"You would lose money by coming to me," said Sarah mournfully.

"Nonsense! I have begun to save money again."

"Ah! Reuben, let us understand each other at last; don't ask me to say anything, do anything, but end this unnatural position between us. I am unhappy."

"Because of this engagement?"

"Yes."

"You are afraid of poverty with me?"

"I am afraid of making you poorer than you are—of keeping you poor all your life," said Sarah.

"Yes, you have been over-dosed by the Jennings's powders. I know their effect, and should have been more considerate," said Reuben caustically; "but then I had more faith in your courage."

More faith in her courage! She who had the courage to resign him—who gave up her one hope of happiness lest he should grow unhappy presently. But he could not see this, or he would not see it, Heaven only knew which.

"I——" she began, almost indignantly, when he stopped her.

"If this is to be our last meeting, or our last parting, Sarah," he said quickly, "let it be marred by no harsh reminiscence. We are going to say good-bye. We have discovered that housekeeping expenses will shipwreck us; that I shall grow in good time a big brute, to whom no second-cousin's devotion will bring comfort. But we need not quarrel over the discovery. We can part friends?"

"Yes," answered Sarah, "the best of friends."

There was something in his manner that she hardly fathomed. She had been more prepared for an angry outburst than for this easy-going style of acquiescence.

"It is hardly justice," he continued, "for you, who would have married a poor man, will not let me marry a poor woman in my turn. You want all the self-sacrifice on one side, Sarah; and even my good luck with my pen is turned into a weapon against me. But," he added, "we will not quarrel. Never an angry word between these two blundering relatives, who do not know their own minds."

"I know that——"

"No, Sarah, I am sure you don't," he said, interrupting her again; "but we will not argue about it, and wound our feelings unnecessarily. We will spare each other between this and the York Road. We will wait till Miss Holland gives us her opinion on the matter."

"Miss Holland!" cried Sarah Eastbell. "What do you mean?"

"Miss Holland is in the York Road apartments. She came from Worcester with me this afternoon."

"With you! You went to escort her then?"

"No. I went to see her, to tell her the news of her prosperity, and to offer my congratulations, after which I said good morning."

"Well?" said Sarah, almost sharply now.

"Well, an hour or two afterwards she turned up at the railway station, and in common politeness I could but offer her my escort back to town. She was very anxious to see you, she said."

"Ah! she said so," answered his second-cousin. There was no further argument after the introduc-

"She is not in good spirits, but I hope Tots has been a companion for her whilst we have been away."

"Is the child with her?"

"To be sure," said Reuben; "is not Tots—but there, Mary will explain for herself."

"Mary!" echoed Sarah Eastbell.

They went up-stairs into the front room on the first floor, where sat by the fireside the young woman whom we have known by the name of Mary Holland. Tots was in her lap, with her



"TOTS WAS IN HER LAP."

tion of Mary Holland's name into the conversation. The harmony of their last evening together was effectually settled after that. Better to have ended all in a storm of words and tears than in the grave and unnatural silence which followed. Sarah had no idea that she was a jealous woman until then, for Lucy had not made her jealous last night—only roused in her a feeling of intense indignation at the suspicions which she had sown broadcast. But for Reuben Culwick to speak of Mary Holland in this off-hand way was a very different matter; and her heart sank like a stone and refused to stir any more with hope or pleasure, or even surprise.

When they were in the York Road, Reuben said—

child's arms round her neck, and her little head soothed upon a mother's bosom for the first time in her childish recollections.

"It is her child then!" said Sarah in a low whisper.

"Yes, to be sure," answered Reuben carelessly.

"I am in a dream," murmured Sarah.

"But you are very close to the waking," added her cousin Reuben.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

CONFIDENCE.

THERE was another inmate of the room which Reuben and his cousin had entered. Lucy Jennings was standing on the hearth-rug with her

hands clasped together, and her grave white face turned towards mother and child. Reuben was right. She had reached home before them, having a better knowledge of the shortest cut to York Road than Reuben had.

Mary looked round as the cousins came in together, and a sad smile flickered on a face grown careworn with anxiety. She did not raise her head from that of her child as Reuben and Sarah advanced, and Reuben said—

"Mrs. Peterson, I have brought an old friend to shake hands with you—to express her regrets for all that past distrust which she has had, as well as I."

Sarah had only heard the first two words.

"Mrs. Peterson!" she exclaimed. "Then you—you—"

"I was Edward Peterson's wife," she added wearily and sadly—"yes."

"But not in the plot against you, Sarah," said Reuben; "fighting for you in the first instance—writing to me to come to the rescue—kept for ever in doubt concerning you—held down at last to silence by the awful threat of her child's death—believing in your safety through it all, and striving once more for you and against her husband when she feared his treachery had deceived her."

"And he was true to his word," Mary added with a sigh, "for the first time in his life."

Sarah looked from Reuben to the companion and friend, and said—

"I do not see how Edward Peterson——"

"It is a long story," said Mary, interrupting her; "spare me for a few days the history of a schoolgirl's secret marriage, a bitter repentance, a husband's desertion, a long up-hill fight to forget a past that had become terrible and full of humiliation. I did not know then that Bessie lived" (clasping the child more tightly in her arms), "and was one link of love that held me to my old life."

She showered a hundred kisses on the child, who cowered at this passionate demonstration of affection, and at the sudden outburst of tears which followed it.

Children cannot love even their mothers at first sight; and poor Tots, tossed from one heart to the other through her life, sprang from Mary's lap and ran into Reuben's arms as a safer shelter for her.

"She will soon grow used to you," said Lucy Jennings in a low voice. "You are too eager for the child's affection."

"She will soon love me too, I hope—Mr. Culwick," she said, turning to Reuben and passing her hand across her eyes, "I shall be a formidable rival to you presently, and, remembering all past kindness, past sacrifices of which Miss Jennings has told me, I shall be never jealous of you."

"I told you not to say anything about it," muttered Lucy Jennings.

"What have you been singing to my praises, Lucy?" cried Reuben.

"I never praise anybody," answered Lucy.

Sarah meanwhile had crossed to Mary Peterson at last, and sat down by her side, and taken her by both hands.

"Yours has been a strange life, and I have judged you wrongly in it," she said. "If only for a little while, still it was a great wrong."

"How do you know?" asked Mary.

"Reuben says so, and——"

"And you believe in Reuben—as you always will."

Sarah Eastbell felt herself blushing, but she did not hazard a reply.

"I have come to London for a few words of explanation, Sarah; they are made at a sad time," Mary said, "but I could not rest, after Reuben's visit to me—not even for an hour after my husband's death."

"Edward Peterson is dead!" exclaimed Sarah Eastbell.

She was surprised—she hardly knew why, but she was sorry for his death. He had plotted against her—he would have killed her rather than let her escape without a ransom—but she did not begrudge him his life. And it left Mary a young and pretty widow too—but what had that to do with it?

"He died within an hour of your cousin's visit this morning," said Mary.

"And you are here," replied Sarah wonderingly.

"Ah! you cannot understand that," said Mary, "you who will love your husband all your life. But my love was crushed out quickly, and only my duty took me to his bedside—my regret for the last mistake which brought about his death, and his last act of vengeance."

"His last act of vengeance!" repeated Sarah.

"Half an hour after Mr. Culwick had left me, my husband changed suddenly; he wholly realised, and for the first time, that there was no hope for him in this world, and—what did he do?" she added with a shudder.

"He should have asked pardon of you for blighting your life," said Sarah.

"He should have sought pardon of his God," added Lucy Jennings.

"He tore the last will of Simon Culwick into a hundred pieces, lest I should claim my right to riches by it," answered Mary; "he cursed me, and he left me poor."

"But——"

"But I have all the fragments," added Mary, opening a purse heaped to the clasp with small pieces of paper; "see—there they are."

Sarah glanced at them, but did not speak.

"It would be a specimen of patch-work that the law would hardly acknowledge," said the widow, "but you would not dispute the will, Sarah, if I, by patient study and great care, render this testament complete again?"

"No," answered Sarah Eastbell.

"In my husband's life-time I dared not make him rich; and now, in memory of much kindness, of old trust—of new confidence, may I say?—I have the courage to remain poor."

She held the open purse over the fire, and the fragments fell from it into the red coals. Both Reuben and Sarah started forwards to arrest her hand, but it was too late.

"You should not have done this, Mary," cried Reuben.

"It was not a just will," answered the widow; "I told your father so when he placed it in my hands, although I did not tell him that never in all my life should I avail myself of his munificence."

"He had wronged your father in some manner which we cannot even guess at—but which he owned himself. You told me that," said Reuben.

"He was strange that day. It might have been the raving of a madman."

"As that," said Lucy, pointing to the fire, "was the act of a madwoman."

"I think not," answered Mary confidently; "it is an act of justice to the man entitled to his father's money, and who will marry this brave young lady in possession."

"She has given me up," said Reuben drily, but Mary turned from one to another and read no doubt or distress on either face. Here were two lives in the sunshine at last.

"I believe it was always Simon Culwick's wish that Reuben should have this money," continued Mary; "he did not know of my marriage, and I dared not tell him for my home's sake, and so we went on from one complication to another. There were only two wills: the first left all to his sister, the second to me—and the second I could not, and I did not care to, prove. The answer to the riddle came round in the way I thought it might do, if I were watchful and reserved—for I knew in what high estimation Sarah Eastbell held her cousin, and how she had made up her mind—quite made it up—to give an obstinate man his rights. She and I together planned more ways than one—she very artless, I very artful perhaps—but the best, and simplest and happiest way has come without our plotting."

"But you?" said Sarah and Reuben almost together.

"You two are not likely to forget me, or my little daughter here—to shut me from your friend-

ship—to help me in the world, should I want help."

"Help!" echoed Reuben; "why, it is all yours."

"You can't prove that," said Mary emphatically, "and I would prefer to be dependent on your bounty. I will not be too proud to ask for a pension, when my little girl grows up and tires of her mother."

"The future, for you and Tots, you will leave to Sarah and me," said Reuben; "you will trust in those whom you have trusted so much already."

"As they will trust in me now," said the unselfish woman, holding out her hands to them.

It is a fair picture on which the curtain is rung down—on perfect confidence, and true affection, and prosperity—on life opening out before these three with no shadows on the scenes beyond. Reuben and Sarah will live happily for ever afterwards—as young couples always should in books—and Mary and her daughter will be their faithful friends and loving companions to the end of life.

In the red glow of the sunset of our story, stands poor Lucy Jennings—grave and stony as the Libyan sphinx—commenting but little upon the happiness about her, and yet feeling that it reaches to her heart, and makes her more like other women.

She does not own this, but as years steal on, she will become wiser and kinder, and more considerate—be not above the vanity of a visit to Sedge Hill, and work as hard and as successfully to reform her brother John, as she has done in old days to reform the mysterious lives of society's offshoots.

She will have given up preaching under railway arches then, and be a white-haired woman, whom Reuben will be kind and courteous to, and Reuben's children will love, although they will run away and hide when she preaches too long sermons to them—a weakness that will never wholly leave her, even when asthma turns up.

Reuben's brother-in-law, one Thomas Eastbell, will not visit Worcestershire again, and Reuben's wife will not learn for years of his disappearance in the Australian bush—where we can afford to let the last of our villains hide himself.

In the bright early morning, gazing from the window of her room at the fair landscape beyond, with the silvery laughter of little children ringing upwards from the lawn, and with her husband's arm linked within her own, Second-cousin Sarah will talk no longer of Sedge Hill being an unlucky house.

AMONG THE SURREY HILLS.



ES, I have been out of London, and away in the green quiet country, far from City streets and squares and terraces, from brick and mortar, from gay dresses, and gay carriages, from church bells and drawing-room belles, and every sight disturbing and sound distracting, down in a quaint

old farmhouse among the Surrey hills. Such an old world place! so primitive, and belonging to a hamlet so scattered and tiny, that the dozen or so of houses therein seemed to have taken fright at their own paucity, and run away from one another as far as they could go: one lurking among thick-growing trees at the bottom of a valley; another peeping shyly round the edge of a steep chalky hill; and the church nowhere—absolutely wanting altogether.

Then what is this grey old building among the valley meadows?

This? Why, what was the church—long ago in the Dark Ages—but has been turned for many and many a year into a mill, where the full-grained golden wheat from yonder sun-flooded corn-fields on the hill-side is sifted and ground down and mixed into the various qualities of flour served out to nourish the people's bodies, in a not very dissimilar manner to that in which the full-grained golden word of God is sifted, ground down, mixed, and adulterated, to feed the people's souls in some temples where they come to purchase the Bread of Life.

Ah! well, be it best whites, or homely brown, bread is aye good for a hungry body; and peradventure in these latter days we are grown over-dainty as to the fare served up to our souls on Sunday. For the rest, are there not "sermons in stones and books in running streams," and lessons than which I have heard even more monotonous in the roar and rumble of that old mill-wheel turning ever and ever in the same circle of dark, opaline, foam-crested water, green with the moss of long patient years, and dripping with liquid diamonds from every slow-revolving step?

By the way, there are some, even among our poorest, who can show such diamonds on their brows, but not until they in like manner have passed beneath, and risen above, the dark waters of affliction.

It was very pretty, leaning over the tiny rustic bridge which spanned the mill-stream, and looking up at the old grey stone building which stands

there in grim mutilated dignity, and gazes from its small, sharp-pointed, Gothic windows, pierced high up in the massive lichen-covered walls, on to the flat sunny meadows, gay with daisies and buttercups, and the large full-brimmed mill-pond, where the slow-moving fleet of white and mottled ducks, and every feathery blade of grass and bending willow-bough, doubled themselves in the clear cool water below.

Such clear water! Long ago it washed against the very sanctuary of the church, and mingled its rippling music with the vesper hymn from white-stoled priest and kneeling peasants, just where now it is turned aside to fall rippling still and plashing over a steep flight of broad moss-grown stone steps, to join the madly curling, foaming pool beneath the huge wheel and little quivering bridge, before it ripples away again, a sunny sparkling stream, winding among grassy meadows, and green interlacing boughs, one of which has stooped so low as to form a second bridge, on which Ophelia might sit and weave her death-garlands of "crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples;" and so upon "the pendent boughs her coronet weeds clambering to hang," might fall again and drown—to live for evermore in Shakespeare's verse.

I wonder whether any single one of the "liberal shepherds" (gross enough in all conscience in these parts) ever heard of her, or Shakespeare either. Hardly! I have travelled half over the world, in many an ice-bound and sun-scorched land, but I never yet met a coarser, denser, more utterly boorish and pigheaded illiterate individual than the much-bepraised and berhymed English rustic—the "gentle shepherd" of Allan Ramsay, the Colin and Corydon of old-world romance and ideal purity. Purity and romance! Well, there was one poet at least who knew them as they are, and painted them, not from imagination, but stern reality—not from poetic idealism, but bitter every-day matter-of-fact, which none should know so well, and which none seem to bear with so much equanimity, as a country parson—the Rev. George Crabbe.

It was he who, ninety years ago, raised his voice in rugged remonstrance against the romancers who, by painting a world of ideal perfection which did not exist, prevented the remedy of evils which did, adding in grim sarcasm—

"From this chief cause these idle praises spring,
That themes so easy few forbear to sing:
For no deep thought the trifling subjects ask,
To sing of shepherds is an easy task:
The happy youth assumes the common strain,
A nymph his mistress and himself a swain:
With no sad scene he clouds his tuneless prayer,
And all to look like her is painted fair."

Crabbe's pictures are the reverse of "fair." I could not bear them when I was younger. I do not *like* them now. They are depressing, repulsive, ugly, but—and this is the saddest part—too true! And after all truth is seldom pretty when applied to mankind. It is only Nature, beautiful, generous, smiling Nature, which will bear the sunlight of God on her innocent face, and never show a stain. Can a poet praise this green earth too highly? Can all the painters that ever were born depict one tithe of the beauty to be found upon a single inch of her gracious surface? Byron raves of Greece, its myrtle shades and olive groves; Turner spreads the golden glories of Italian skies over yards of gorgeous canvas; Longfellow sings of American forests, of lofty pines and trackless glades; yet I dare swear there are trees as green, hills as wooded, and solitudes as perfect within two hours' journey from London, and which never yet have found a worthy painter whether by brush or pen.

It is so wondrously, 'witchingly, 'wilderly beautiful, this nook among the Surrey hills in the "leafy month of June"—a June which, owing to the lateness of the season, is half spring and half summer, the greenness of spring with the flowers of summer, and like nothing in the world but a lovely child-bride round whose fresh-blown wifehood the exquisite tenderness of youth and innocence still cling like some green, graceful plant. And there are so few to really care for it, to take it to their hearts and love it as it should be loved.

"Aimez-vous les beautés de la Nature?" said a polished Frenchman to his friend, as they stood on the brow of a high hill commanding one of the loveliest landscapes in the world; "Pour moi je les abhorre"—a speech which was honest at any rate, and in my opinion preferable to the languid "Very pretty" drawled out by some used-up individual who thinks it "the thing" to admire, and has not even strength of opinion for abhorrence. But is not all comment out of place when Nature is in question? What can you say more than "How beautiful!" and yet again "How beautiful!" when if you talked for an hour you could never express the beauty of one pink-tipped, golden-eyed daisy at your feet?

There are some comments, however, which are amusing at any rate—technical ones especially, and artistic ones pre-eminently. I like to listen to these when I am in a good temper. It is instructive to my raw enthusiasm and ignorant raptures to stand beside an artist friend, and looking down some tangled woodland glade, all a-green with liquid emerald light streaming through close-wove boughs and tender transparent leaves, and all a-glow with gorgeous clumps of golden broom and rose-lit may, to hear him pronounce it "very fair, but no effect—not enough light and shade," or (most withering of all comments) "niceish bit—but only Suffolk Street style, you know."

It is a salutary check to one's egotistic delight in coming upon a laburnum-tree, one Danaë-like shower of richest blossom, one living fountain of dropping gold, to be checked in one's uneducated praises by a look of surprised rebuke at having wasted so much as a word on anything "so utterly unpaintable." This sort of thing gives one a grand idea of the bigness of humanity! It makes me wish to be an artist, that I also might patronise poor Nature as a well-meaning, but on the whole terribly faulty, copier of my own *chefs-d'œuvre*—might pronounce on some noble sketch of sun-browned autumnal forest as "very like McCallum," or award a patronising nod to a group of cattle drinking at a wayside pond as "not a bad Cooper." I should like to be able to compliment Nature on producing a "paintable bit," or—favourite commendation—a "charming effect in capital drawing." At present I cannot do these things, and I feel—small.

Joking apart, however, and admitting that it does require some affinity to the brush even to appreciate these criticisms, they are easy enough to understand when we remember how naturally everything outside our own particular individuality takes form and colour from that which is within. Does not every one attempt to gauge what he does not understand by what he does? And verily I do believe that of all human beings a painter manages to extract the most thorough and satisfying enjoyment from the beauties of Nature. A poet like Wordsworth, or even a musician like Mendelssohn, comes next in the capacity for enjoyment, as possessing the next power of expression; but for those like myself who can only love, and admire, and—nothing more—there is always a *something* which takes from the enjoyment of the most perfect beauty: something indeed which, the nearer that beauty approaches perfection, leans so much nearer to pain: a want inexpressible, an ache undefined, a craving unsatisfied; and which, though I could never explain it, has brought the tears smarting into my eyes when I have been almost *drunk* with beauty, gasping with the unutterable perfection of the picture spread before me.

"What is it? Do you know?" I have asked, but none can say, not even those who feel it most strongly. Some suggest that it is the natural tendency to discontent inherent to human nature, and proving that definition of the word "enough"—"a little more than we have;" others, that it is a wise provision of the Creator to prevent our becoming too satisfied with the mere temporal beauty of an earthly home: a foreshadowing of the greater glory beyond. I quote these two suggestions, of which either may be true, or both, but—I cannot tell. I simply know that the ache is there, and that only those who care for these things, and yet have not the genius for reproducing them by brush or pen,

feel how real an ache it is, or how often it tinges with sadness the fairest landscape, or the sweetest melody.

Besides this flaw to perfect satisfaction, however, there is another much more common and easily intelligible—the curse of habit. “No man is a prophet in his own country;” neither is any beauty super-eminently enjoyable which we have under our noses from one year’s end to another. Country people complain of the dust, closeness, and turmoil of London; but there never was a countryman yet who appreciated the country one-half or even one-quarter as much as a born and bred Londoner, fresh from the daily surroundings of brick and mortar, and their City concomitants. In fact, to reach the fullest intensity of enjoyment, we should always see a thing for the first time, and that during those years between childhood and middle-age when, the passions being strongest, the powers of self-gratification are most keen. My first English daisy, for instance, how well I remember it! and how wonderfully fair it looked, a single white star gleaming out from the short young grasses of early February! I have it still (a sufficient proof of its beauty in my eyes), but, alas! I have seen daisies too often since then—not so often indeed as to make them mere worthless eyesores, as with many people; but often enough to rob them of any especial beauty or charm beyond that of their fresh, hardy daintiness, and the friendly audacity with which they open their yellow eyes, and spread out their white petals in the smoothest-shaven lawn, the barrenest hill-side, or saddest, loneliest grave.

But buttercups and red clover!—*whole* fields of buttercups, and nothing but buttercups—clover, and nothing but clover which I saw recently for the very first time—how few who live among them could understand the perfection of their loveliness to a stranger and a foreigner, or indeed see any loveliness in them at all! They are “so common.” Common! Yes, that is just the wonder of it, that such dazzling brilliancy, such richness of colour should be spread so lavishly, poured even to waste where there are none to value or even admire. I have seen a distant meadow on a cloudy day, which appeared to be basking in a flood of golden sunshine—which was, in fact, basking in a sunshine of golden buttercups—an “effect” more exquisite than any picture ever painted by the hand of man; and which was only equalled by a patch of deep pure rose-colour, looking as though a sunset cloud had fallen on the steep brown side of the rugged hill where it lay, and would fade away again when morning came. It was not a sunset cloud. It was “only clover,” some one said; but you see there is no such word as “only” in a first sight. That adverb was never invented before the fall of man.

And then the dear old farm-house where we “located,” to use an Americanism—a farm-house of

which assuredly there are none such in America, or anywhere else but bonny old-fashioned England—long and low and rambling, time-stained and moss-grown, with its primitive verandah in front, the rough wooden supports garlanded with ivy and roses; the cozy rick-yard behind, where the farmer’s children disported themselves in the dry clean straw, and fowls, geese, and pigs kept up a cheerful staccato chorus from sunrise to sunset; its green leafy background of huge trees and verdant meadow; and the mellow afternoon sunlight shining over all.

“Oh, afternoon light! how goldenly bright
On the old house porch you lay,
And the clover sweet flushed red our feet
All under the scented may.”

Such may as it was this late-spring-summer! and such loads of it! Snow-white, dusky-red, rosy-pale, and palely-pink, and filling those wonderful green woods about Gomshall and Hammer with a very weight of sweetness, a cloud of fragrance almost too rich and heavy for mortal lungs; and yet so delicious to lie under, flat on your back, with the leaves above and the flowers below, with pale-veined orchids pricking in your hair, with blue bright speedwell nestling in your hand, with liquid amber sunshine streaming through every crevice and cranny of the emerald-broidered roof above, and kissing limbs and senses into balmy dreamless slumber, which never foot of man or human voice would have disturbed, had one slept through the twenty-four hours.

That was pleasure, that was enjoyment, doubly enjoyable for its novelty. In tropical countries you don’t sit, much less lie down on the ground—not, at least, unless you desire to be immediately turned into a living swarming ant-hill, have a snake curl himself lovingly around your neck, or a tarantula drop gracefully on to the bridge of your nose.

You do meet people now and then, however, among these English solitudes: a stray rustic who “gapes” at you open-mouthed like the clown he is, and in utter unconsciousness of the contrast he makes to his Spanish brother across the water, who would sooner fly than pass a lady without the courteous “Buenos días,” or “Buen viaje, Señora;” or some wandering artist hard at work with canvas and easel at the corner of some steep lane, or wooded hollow. Surrey is full of such brothers of the brush. Birket Foster, whose rustic English scenes win every heart, lives hard by; and so do J. Morgan, the second Webster, and Pickering, and a host of others, besides those wandering Israelites who only appear in the summer, to return laden with trophies for winter exhibitions and provincial galleries. Pleasant rambling lives they must lead; and amusing-enough experiences crop out of every hill-side round about them—anecdotes which, folded down in note-book or memoir, make laughter for

winter evening fire-sides ; for naturally they become very intimate with the peasants, whose persons and homes are their models.

An artist friend of mine was painting one day at the corner of a field, when he became aware of an ancient rustic staring over his shoulder at the half-finished work. M—— waited for a comment, and after sundry discontented snorts it came—

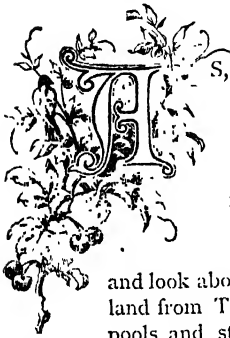
“Wull, now, that 'ccre's smoodged keerful. A woonder of it be's as difficoolt as manoor spreadin' yonder.”

“Rather !” replied M——, equally affronted and amused at the comparison.

“Wull, an' a doon't know *that*,” his visitor answered stoically. “Manoor spreadin' is a verra difficoolt task, an' requires a deal o' art an' head-work to do un properly.” And so he departed, shaking his venerable locks, and pretty well convinced that manuring the turnip-field below was a work of greater genius than patching certain smears of yellow and green paint on to a piece of canvas.

THEO. GIFT.

AT ST. VINCENT.



S, until the end of the Ashantee expedition, St. Vincent was the principal coaling station and port of call for transports and ships of war, it may be interesting to drop in over-night from the long swell of the South Atlantic, and look about. St. Vincent is the first land from Teneriffe, with its frozen lava pools and streams, and its stratum of drifting white clouds half-way up the peak ; and beyond, the next land is the cordon of rocky sentry-boxes that mount guard on Pernambuco and Para.

It is morning, and the table-cloth from the early breakfast table of the officer of the watch and the engineers having been shaken alongside, there is a long persistent cry of “Shark !” And the brute being new to most of us, the companion is struggled for and reached with the precipitation and indifference to others that mark the exit from the pit and galleries of a theatre reported to be on fire. And there in truth the brute is, sailing as majestically round the ship's hull as a river-trout round an angler's worm. What its feelings are must be left to the imagination : they are doubtless of a kind with those of a vacation schoolboy in front of a confectioner's window. Where now the buns for bear-baiting at the Zoological Gardens ? Where anything for a test of playful instinct ? or faling that, where pork and hook and line ? Alas ! no ship's officer is to be seen ; and as for the crew, they are pressing forward the unsightly preparations for receiving coal. One hour later the coal lighters make their first shoot down the scuttles, and fill the air with dust as impalpable and insinuating as that which annoys one at the Gold Coast ; only the St. Vincent dust is coal and grimy, that of the Gold Coast is an aggravation of one's worst experiences on the Epsom Downs, with the chalk warm.

Before the usual breakfast the deck is sought again ; this time to witness the approved steam-

boat mode of catching fish— a mode, by the way, to be commended to fishermen on every coast. The wicker creel with a trap inlet, that Brazilian negroes make with bamboo, is baited with a lump of beef, and dropped quietly from the yard-arm to the bottom. There is an instant rush of fishes through the trap inlet, and a moment's pause by the cook. Then, hand-over-hand, cook and mates quickly raise the creel from the bottom and empty it on the deck. The haul is of many dozens, chiefly of a superb hybrid mackerel tribe ; three more such hauls within ten minutes' time sufficing for the fresh-fish breakfast eating of upwards of two hundred hungry persons.

But now there are visitors from the town : market boats with small shell necklaces, woven grass mats, baskets, lace, oranges, and bananas ; boats also with divers who seek to make money for displays of skill. The divers are Africans, clothed only in the shortest-cut drawers of seaside bathers. They lose no time, but plunge instantly ; and, seen from the deck in the clear water, their black skins give them the appearance of frogs of unusual size. Two pass under the ship's keel, and beg that shillings may be thrown to them. The shillings are thrown to some distance, and are instantly dived after, caught, and exhibited with the ivory grin that as much as anything records the interval between the black and white races of the human family. All day long the same divers importune for money, and before sundown they are willing to pass under the ship's keel for threepenny-pieces thrown them. The market boats are the belongings of Portuguese owners ; and it will not surprise some persons that in Englishmen the habit of spending money should outlive an eleven days' voyage from home.

Surveying next the anchorage and the town, the impression is at once pleasing and disappointing. The anchorage is a land-locked enclosure, capable of receiving a numerous merchant fleet ; and the surroundings are arid rocks of varying altitude, with the village-town nestling at the bottom of a

moderately easy barren slope. On a crag of this slope stands the residence of the English Consul—the one picturesque feature of the village-town landscape. In the immediate foreground are the Custom House and the modest residences of the Portuguese officials; and about these there are a handful of boxed-in stunted trees, which are the sole specimens of vegetation that the village-town affords.

Elsewhere the eye fails to notice tree, shrub, flower, or even a blade of grass. To the left of the Custom House and the official residences are the four short straggling streets that comprise the village-town. Without exception, every house is smeared with white; but about the short pier and wharf, there is the broad line of black incident to the one vocation of receiving coal from sailing ships and supplying it to steamers. Upon the village-town a sky of brass looks down, which it is said has not given a drop of rain for thirty years, and in this brass is set a sun with the lime-light splendour of the tropics. From the whitened house-walls, and from the sparkling sand on which the village-town is built, reflected rays of burning light shoot upward and downward, like heat within the tin stove that surrounds a leg of mutton at the roasting-jack.

A boat manned by some of the all but nude divers takes passengers to the pier; and, to the satisfaction of every one, the place is evidently *en fête*.

A Portuguese village-town in name, but an African town in fact, and *en fête*! Where the sea breaks in ripples on the sands, all the boys

under fourteen years of age are sprawling, nude not a rag upon them. They importune for money like the divers about the ship; and so amphibious are the urchins, that they may be suggested here as splendid raw material for a Brighton tank. The girls of the same years, wearing scant rags round their loins, amuse themselves at a kiss-in-the-ring game.

The women, who are the elder sisters or mothers of the children, are dancing, singing, or otherwise making themselves pleasing to the assembled on-lookers; the several combined drinking-places, billiard-rooms, and stores furnishing the music free of charge. The men of the village-town are all employed, as many as are not coal-heavers being divers.

Across the slope that surmounts the village-town, there is said to be a pleasant donkey-ride before midday, with, on the other side of the slope, the well-watered vegetation of the best districts of the tropics. The neighbouring islands are also said to be fruitful. But nowhere in the Cape de Verde group is there a spacious natural harbour like St. Vincent, and therefore there can be no choice in coaling stations. To invalids from the Gold Coast possessing the means of choice, the adjacent islands of the group may be recommended instead of the continued voyage to Madeira, or a voyage to the Cape; but, on the other hand, this truth is always to be remembered—that of all nationalities the St. Vincent Portuguese are the most frightened of disease, the most unclean in their eating, and the most filthy in their persons.

P. BARRY.

HYACINTHS.

RARE purple petals, snow-white clustering stars,

Rose-tinted bells, my love wears on her breast,

And in her locks, whose amaranthine gold
Ripples in waves, to cause my heart's unrest.

Blue, tender blue, not bluer than her eyes,
Half fond, half coy, as they look into mine;

White, purest white, not whiter than her brow;
Rose pale, clear rose, as is her blush divine.

Sweet are those flowers, laden with fragrance

Beauteous their glowing bells, in spring's
bright sun;

Yet not so sweet, or beauteous, as the dream
Of love that melts two spirits into one!

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

"IN HONOUR BOUND."

The Next Part will contain the opening chapters of a new and original Story of Scottish Life, entitled "IN HONOUR BOUND," by CHARLES GIBBON, Author of "Robin Gray," "For Lack of Gold," &c.

CASSELL'S MAGAZINE.

CASSELL'S MAGAZINE.

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CASSELL'S MAGAZINE

IN HONOUR BOUND.

BY CHARLES GIBBON,

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

MONEY.

THERE was much commotion in the district of Kingshaven when the report circulated that George Methven was dead. It was not so much his death

come passed five hundred a year—a degree of prosperity demanding extra diligence in well-doing (that is, increasing the store), and punctual kirk-attendance—stared at each other in blank amazement as they listened to the reports of the fabulous



"SO HE TRAMPED TO GLASGOW."

which caused the commotion as the rumours of the enormous wealth he had left behind. Some said he had left half a million; others that a million was more like the thing; others again that the sum amounted to nearly two millions in bonds, shares, and stock of various kinds. It was therefore natural that profound interest should be taken in the man's death: the wonder is that the good folk did not insist upon a public funeral—for was not the late George Methven a millionaire?

The people of Kingshaven, who regarded ten thousand as a handsome fortune, and who considered themselves exceedingly prosperous when their in-

wealth acquired by Geordie Methven. The deceased was still mentioned by the inhabitants of his native place as plain "Geordie," sometimes "poor Geordie" Methven.

"I doubt it's not all well come by," observed the provost—a man of position and means. He owned property in the town; and lately—to please his wife, who wished to spite her neighbours—he had braved the jeers of his brethren, and started a brougham (second-hand). But he was a bold man, and having made the innovation, he was resolved to extract from it the greatest amount of credit which could be extracted. So, towards the close of

any social gathering, you would hear the provost demanding in a loud voice if his "carriage and lamps" had come. Never before had any magistrate of Kingshaven presumed to any grander vehicle than a dog-cart.

"Geordie was a queer lad," said Todd the miller; "but we're a' deadily and lively, and it must come some day." He was very solemn, but somewhat vague; probably he was the more impressive in consequence.

"He was never married," was the comment of Brunton the farmer, who thought he had solved the problem of Methven's riches. He had been himself twice married,

"Well, well, well!" continued the provost with an air of retrospective patronage, "if I had only known what he was to come to, I might have helped the laddie."

"He seems to have got on pretty well without your help," was the disagreeable rejoinder of the bailie, who was also the oldest doctor of the town.

The provost walked home, thoughtful.

"Who is to be the heir?" inquired his wife, Mrs. Dubbieside; "will it be Dalmahoy?"

"More like to be Miss Wishart, if it's either of them. But there's no saying how it will go, for I hear there's no will, and the property will fall to the nearest friends. I wonder if any of our forebears were connected."

The eyes of Mrs. Dubbieside started on her fat cheeks at the mere possibility of a relationship about which, not long ago, she would have been discreetly silent if it had existed. She was a short, stout Lancashire woman, and she was described by the bailie's wife as "a poor creature who was always ailing and always cooking."

The provost and his wife laid their heads together, and devoted the day to a diligent study of genealogy, ranging as far as fourth and fifth cousins seven times removed. There were other people occupied at that moment in similar exciting speculations.

George Methven was a natural child; his mother, a poor lass, who died soon after his birth: his father, a wild young laird, who never remembered the existence of the boy, and who happened to be married to a wealthy widow on the very day George was born.

The child was left to the care of his maternal grandmother: an honest, hard-working woman, who had too much respect for the "gentry," and too much awe, to make any fuss about the misfortune of her daughter. She belonged to that class of dames who were ready to say, as one had said to a son who had offended his chief, "Come awa and be hanged, Dugald, to please the laird."

Mrs. Methven's system of nursing was singularly

simple. She filled a common bottle with milk, warm water, and a little coarse sugar; then she tied a piece of soft rag, in several folds, over the mouth of the bottle, which she placed beside the baby on the floor. Then she went forth to her work in the fields. Perhaps a neighbour wife would step in during the day to see how the bairn was getting on; otherwise he was left to hug his bottle-mother until granny returned home in the evening.

And the child lived! Not only lived, but became so venturesome that soon granny found it necessary to tie him to the leg of the table during her absence. At eighteen months he was firm on his feet; at two years he had to be sent to an infant-school to keep him out of mischief.

The school was a small room in a sort of hut, kept by a half-witted creature called Singgy Brod—"Singgy," a nickname suggested by the man's sing-song intonation of speech. Nobody knew whence Singgy had come; but he had been so long settled in the district that the people accepted him as a permanent institution. Droll, too, that nobody remembered Singgy as anything but what he was when George Methven became his pupil—a little wiry old man, with lank iron-grey hair, and dressed in a long frock-coat, brown with age and diversified with patches. His hut contained a single room; and he took charge of all the children who had to be left unprotected by their natural guardians during working-hours. Singgy's was, in a manner, a feeder to the parish school—at which he was never wearied scoffing. He did manage to instil into his pupils a dim idea that the alphabet by certain magical combinations formed words, and a few of the children acquired the art of making bad pot-hooks. But in winter Singgy was chiefly occupied trying to keep up a fire with very little peat and no coal—down on his knees, alternately puffing at the feeble flame and scolding the urchins; and in summer he generally began his day's work with the announcement—

"We'll have no school to-day, bairns; we'll awa to the burn and fush for minnows."

The infants, delighted to get out to the sunshine, raised a joyful shout, and followed their master. In the course of these excursions he would sometimes obtain a pennyworth of candy from the perambulating rag and bone merchant; with this confection—made of treacle and flour—he would treat all the good boys and girls, and the bad ones equally; for although Singgy threatened much, he seldom carried his punishment beyond the threat. He fared well enough himself, for usually he stepped into the nearest farm-house at dinner-hour, and nobody ever thought of denying him a share of whatever might be on the table. Sometimes he would fix upon the house where he intended to dine, and he would call in the morning to intimate his intention, also

to direct the goodwife to "be sure and put ingans in the broth."

All this freedom was rarely resented. Singgy was pitied and laughed at with an under-current of liking; for he always carried in his hand a torn dirty copy of Horace (which he was never known to read); and Latin and the Church being so closely allied in the agricultural mind, the book served as a talisman which secured for the owner food and endurance.

By this man, George Methven was conducted to the threshold of the beautiful world of which reading, writing, and arithmetic are the gates. The boy actually did learn something; he had a power of instinctive acquisition of the meaning and spirit of the lessons which were set before him; and at seven he could read the whole of the first horn-book! There is no telling what he might have been able to do at that age, if he had been brought up by an experienced crammer; as it was, the little he could do was a marvellous achievement under the circumstances. It was fortunate for him that he had succeeded so well; for at this period granny died, and he was left homeless, without a friend able or willing to pay on his account the moderate penny a week which was Singgy's charge for tuition. But the schoolmaster did not desert his pupil; he took care of him for a year—making some profit out of his benevolence, it must be owned; but then benevolence is so much more enjoyable when it is profitable—and after that placed him with a small farmer as a herd.

Geordie was only about eight when he began the real work of life. In return for his services in herding sheep and cattle, he had food, and a corner of the stable-loft to sleep in at night, besides any cast-off clothes which the farmer's wife might give him. At ten he earned a few shillings as wages, in addition to food and lodging. On the hill-side during the day, by the kitchen fire at night, he spelled through every scrap of printed matter which fell in his way, and he exercised his penmanship with the aid of a bit of slate which had been blown off a roof, and a piece of pencil which had been given to him by one of the farmer's children. At twelve he could read tolerably, and write plainly, thanks in some measure to the hours which Singgy spent with him during the bright summer days when study and herding were congenial occupations, and thanks still more to his own dogged resolution to learn.

The boy was not much liked; he was too silent—dour, he was often called. He performed whatever task was set before him, but there was no alacrity in his movements, no sign of pleasure in his work; and although he seldom blundered, he was set down as a very stupid, discontented lad, who would come to no good. He was conscious of the little esteem in which he was held; yet he did not try to win

favour. On several occasions he had been abused as an "ill-getted loon," and reminded of his illegitimate existence. He hung his head and made no reply, but the reproach sank deep in his nature. The world seemed to him a very hard place to live in, and the future very blank. He was shy and nervous. There was a pinched, eager look in his face, and never a glint of warmth. The face seemed to reflect the warped condition of the poor child's heart.

One cold day when the east wind, which thereabout was known very appropriately as "the razor," was blowing in keenly from the sea, Geordie had to make a journey across the moors to bring sheep down from the hills into the home fields. With his jacket buttoned close up to his neck, his bonnet pulled over his brows, and his head bent against "the razor," he trudged along the bleak road.

A solitary crow sat on a dilapidated fence, uttering at intervals a melancholy "Caw, caw."

Geordie looked at the bird, and whilst the wind was biting through his jacket, and some thoughts of his own miserable position were passing through his mind, he muttered—

"Caw, caw, you idiot! What for did the Lord gie you wings, if it wasna to flee awa from a country like this?"

The crow, frightened by his approach, rose on the wing, and the boy watched it till it disappeared over the trees of a distant plantation.

Geordie wished he could fly. Then it occurred to him that although he had no wings he had legs, and they might be used to as good purpose.

At fourteen he took leave of Kingshaven. He had a red cotton handkerchief in his hand, full of oatcakes and cheese, and he had a white shilling in his pocket. The cakes and cheese sufficed to satisfy his appetite during the day, and at night he slept under the most convenient haystack. So he tramped to Glasgow, the shilling safe in his pocket when he entered that smoky city. He had also a letter written by the minister of Kingshaven, certifying that he was an honest lad. With the help of this certificate he obtained a situation as message-boy in the office of a small contractor, at a salary of five shillings a week. On that sum he contrived to exist and to save a few pence.

He was painfully methodical in the performance of every act, whether the act affected himself or his master. In three years he was advanced to a stool in the office; at twenty he was regarded as one of the most valuable of the contractor's assistants; at twenty-five he was head clerk; and at thirty he was in Manchester, beginning business in a very humble way on his own account.

He prospered rapidly, marvellously. It seemed as if all the ills of his youth were to be compensated by the unprecedented success of his manhood. Everything he touched seemed to turn to gold.

Amongst Manchester men it became a business to note the speculations in which Methven interested himself, and to leap at them the instant they were assured that he was "in the swim," satisfied that the results must be profitable. His "good luck," the title which people like to give to clear vision and steadfast work, never failed him. The confidence he inspired was unlimited. There was a serious crisis in his affairs, as there is in the affairs of every man. He went to the bank, told the directors plainly his position, and the risk they would run in trusting him. They were a little frightened, but they trusted him. The bank gained a hundred thousand through the faith of its directors, and Methven was established as a millionaire.

The man was cold, silent, dour, as the boy had been. His life was a sort of golden nightmare. There was in it no love, which is the sun of life. He had no friends, no affections. No woman's shadow crossed his thoughts, to interfere with his entire devotion to business success. He gave large sums to charities, he assisted the deserving, he paid his full income-tax—and there his moral responsibilities appeared to end. If he had regrets, desires, or hopes outside his ledger, they were never apparent in word, act, or look.

One grateful act he had performed. He had brought his old dominie from the hut at Kingshaven, and established him in his Manchester palace. He clothed him anew, made him an allowance for pocket-money, which in the dazed eyes of Singgy Brod was unbounded wealth, and the servants were directed to attend to his wishes as they would to their master's.

At first Singgy was dumb with bewilderment. He was humble, grateful, although he sometimes sighed for the freedom of his hut and rags. He was afraid of the servants, and slunk out of their way as quietly as possible. He was afraid to use the beautiful furniture of the grand mansion. Dinner was a daily torture to him. He never dared to ask for "ingans" in the soup now. He ate in fear and trembling lest the butler should be offended, and was always anxious to save trouble by using one plate throughout the meal. The exclamation he had uttered on his arrival was continually rising in his throat, and half choking him as he gulped it down—

"Man, Geordie, it's no possible that it's you!"

It was so like enchantment—a modern version of Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp. Some day it would all disappear just as suddenly as Aladdin's palace, and he would find himself back in the old hut, with the bairns squalling around him. He thought he would prepare for the evil day, and he began to hoard his allowance. But as time passed and the dreaded transformation did not take place, his mood changed. He began to think, "It is to me that Geordie owes all this. If it had not been

for me, where would he have been? Certainly not here."

This idea developed gradually into a conviction that whatever Methven possessed, he had a right to share it. Presently, instead of being timid in dealing with the domestics, he took to bullying them. He detected waste everywhere; with nervous anxiety to punish the delinquents, he took to listening at keyholes and spying into drawers and cupboards. He roundly abused the whole staff, from scullion to butler, for robbing *him*. The servants grumbled at this tyranny; but Methven would not interfere. In consequence there were frequent changes in the household, and soon there was not left one of the domestics who had witnessed the dominie's arrival.

Then the old man felt more at ease, but he did not relax his vigilance, and his parsimonious ways became more marked than before. He had been happy as a vagrant schoolmaster, depending almost upon charity for his dinner; he was miserable with wealth at his command. The gold-fever had entered into the poor creature's blood, and had wrought a greater transformation in his nature than in his circumstances. It was the passion of the miser which possessed him. He had no sense of the power of happiness with which the genius of benevolence can inspire money; it was the gold itself he loved. Formerly he had seldom had the opportunity to rub two coppers together; now his one amusement was to sit with a roll of sovereigns, slowly dropping them from one hand to the other, and listening with pitiful glee to the music they made.

By-and-by he found another occupation in watching with greedy interest Methven's movements and progress. He began to consider who were Methven's relations; to speculate upon the possibility that all the great fortune of his benefactor might descend to himself. The possibility grew into probability, and then into assurance that nobody else could be or should be Methven's heir. He became jealous of every creature who approached him, hunted them away, or with transparent cunning warned his pupil that they had designs upon him. The last stage of his mania was soon reached; without the slightest regard to the difference between them in years, the old man waited for the comparatively young man's death.

One day Singgy was thrown into a frenzy, upon learning that George Methven's father—the Laird, now a ruined man—was with his son. He revived when he saw the Laird go away with head bowed, humbled and evidently disappointed. All his efforts to learn the result of this visit failed, and he never quite recovered from the effects of the fright it had given him. He took ill—died—railing at his benefactor, wildly accusing Methven of having cheated him, robbed him, and poisoned him. It

docs, in certain moods, appear unkind of other people to outlive us.

Methven buried his old teacher quietly, erecting a plain marble slab to his memory, inscribed with nothing more than his name and date of death. He never again tried to make a friend. Friendship and love seemed denied to him, more decidedly now that he was rich than when he had been a poor laddie, herding sheep on the hill-side, striving to acquire knowledge and to attain the something which he had missed, notwithstanding his marvellous success.

"But work cures everything," was his constant cry; "regrets, the loss of hope, shame, all yield to work."

So he worked harder than ever, and fortune still favoured all his efforts. In his office, in his house, he was always at work. He sat late in his study; he was there early in the morning; and one morning he was found seated at the writing table, pen in hand, the lamp still burning, although the sun was up, his eyes fixed upon a blank sheet of paper. He was dead: the cause—paralysis.

There was no will; and that circumstance astounded every one who had known the methodical habits of the man. One feasible explanation was suggested by the solicitors who had transacted much business for the deceased: that it had been Mr. Methven's intention to distribute his wealth whilst living, and thus he had omitted to prepare a will. Whether that was the case or not, here was a great fortune going a-begging for an heir.

CHAPTER THE SECOND. THE FISHER-FOLK.

THE cottage of Dan Thorston stood on the high point known as the Norlan' Head, overlooking a little bay, round which the huge black and brown rocks formed a rugged horse-shoe. A few steps from the door of the cottage, was the opening of a perilous footpath which wound round the rocky walls of the bay, down to the pale yellow sand where lay Dan's boat, and where, in a sheltered corner, he had a tar-painted hut for his oars and fishing tackle. The cottage was like two buildings placed lengthwise together, the one being smaller than the other. The walls were of unhewn stone, whitewashed; the roof, thatch—in colour, a piebald of brown and green—and the two big squat chimneys were carefully bound with straw-rope. It was a weather-beaten building, for it was exposed to every wind that blew. That was why Dan made it his home.

Wind and sea were his comrades; he loved them; they spoke to him—he understood them, and he was happiest when in closest communion with them. There was something of the old Viking in his heart, and much of the Norse blood in his veins.

When any one spoke of the dangers of stormy seas, he laughed in wonder. He seemed to have no sense of danger; and in this respect his daughter, Christina, or Teenie as she was always called, resembled him.

"It was just frightsome to see her," was the opinion of the wives of Rowanden—women who were not cowards—as she clambered over the rocks; or when, in the wildest weather, she stood on the Norlan' Head, gazing at the storm, and apparently taking delight in the furious strife of the elements. There was something "uncanny" about the bairn, was the unanimous verdict.

Thorston and his daughter were much respected, but in many minds the respect was dashed with a degree of fear. "Master" or "Skipper" Dan, as he was called, on account of a share he had in a small whaling vessel, was supposed to be endowed with a special gift for forecasting the weather. At early morning his movements were eagerly observed. If when he looked out he thrust his hands into his pockets, as if satisfied with the appearance of affairs, there was a general race for the boats and a struggle who should be out first. But if Dan raised his hand to his brow, as if to concentrate his vision upon some object far out at sea, every man turned into his cot again with the growl, "There will be nae fish the-day."

Dan had not sought this singular reputation; but having formed it, he was proud of it—sometimes, even, he would catch himself stooping to some little trick to heighten the fishers' faith in him, and he would feel ashamed of himself. When away upon a whaling expedition, it gratified him to think that he would be missed at Rowanden; that he would be joyfully welcomed home; and that, during his absence, Teenie would be guarded and cared for as if she were queen of the land.

Although the village of Rowanden was near neighbour to the town of Kingshaven, and had many friendly transactions with it, the two communities were quite distinct. The first was entirely composed of fisher-folk; the second contained the usual mixed population which gathers around flax-mills, ship-building yards, fish-curing establishments and agricultural markets. The first stuck fast to its old ways and old superstitions; the second was eager to be in advance of the time, and was never done shouting "Progress," as if the mere word were a charm by which miracles could be wrought. The fishers looked on stolidly, and would not believe in the new charm. The nuisance inspector was, in their eyes, himself the nuisance. Folk had lived and died comfortably for hundreds of years before there had been any ado about drainage and atmosphere, and they could not see why they should not be permitted to go on living and dying in their own way as their fathers had done.

The village, from a distance, looked like an

irregular pile of whitewashed walls diversified by sheets of black, red, and dark grey, where tar-coated huts, red-tiles, or thatch prevailed. Closer inspection showed that the village and its belongings formed three terraces, one rising above the other. First there was the shore, on which were groups of boats, tall stakes overhung with nets like huge cobwebs, black huts for housing oars, cords, floats, baskets, and other fishing-gear; in the background, a dark wall of rock, in which a steep flight of steps had been cut, leading up to the shelf or terrace above. Here were piles of nets, dried, mended, and ready for use; and upon them lounged men and boys, in rough blue trousers and jackets, smoking, gossiping, and repairing other nets. The women, stout-limbed and healthful, in big white caps, short grey or red-striped petticoats, thick blue or grey stockings, and heavy boots, were busy at large tubs cleaving and salting fish, or preparing bait. On the walls were rows of haddocks drying; heaps of refuse dotted the sides of the roadway, and the fine fishy atmosphere could be *tasted*. The third row of houses was approached by a steep pathway; and behind this upper row were patches of vegetable gardens, then rocks and fields.

On the top of the hill stood a white house—the manse; on the gable facing the village, the minister had placed a large barometer for the benefit of the fishers. During a storm which continued for several days, the women marched up to the manse and prayed the minister to set the weather-guide to “fair.” He endeavoured to explain the nature of the instrument; but the women were not satisfied. They believed in Skipper Dan’s weather-wisdom—they could not believe in this strange machine; so they took stones and smashed it. Soon after, the weather changed for the better, and old Tibbie Gow, who had been a ringleader in the outrage on the barometer, exclaimed triumphantly—

“I tell’t you how it would be!—it’s just thae new-fangled whigmaleeries that’s setting a’-thing wrang. We maun take care o’ the minister, for he’s a guid sort o’ sowl, though he’s weak, like a’ man bodies.”

But foul weather came again, notwithstanding; wives were widowed and children left fatherless, just as before. Tibbie Gow, however, firmly believed that the storms might have been subdued if she could have only offered to each the sacrifice of a barometer.

There was another ado in the village when the railway was planned and made. The first intimation of the appearance of a train was given by Willie Stark—a man in years, but a child in mind. He had been at Kingshaven one winter evening, and on his way home saw a train. He burst into his mother’s cottage, crying in much wonder—

“Eh, mither, mither! what do you think I saw but the smiddy running awa with a row of houses!”

Another report was made by David Finnie, an old man, who, expressly to see this new monster called a train, walked over to the hill through which a tunnel had been made. He took his stand on the height and observed the animal approaching.

“But I didna think muckle o’ her,” he said contemptuously; “she came on panting and panting, and tried hard to get up the hill, but as soon as she saw ME!—she just gied a great scraich, and ran into a hole.”

They were slow to appreciate modern improvements, but they were an honest, sturdy race. Simple in heart, and in many respects commonplace enough in nature, their coarseness was leavened by their kindness, and by a certain unconscious humour in their ways and sayings. Rugged in form and speech as their own rocky coast, they were capable of the tenderest sympathy for the suffering, and of much self-sacrifice to help a neighbour in peril or misfortune. Every bay, every cavern along the coast had its name and legend; every one of the rocky islets, which rose like strange monsters from the sea, dripping and flashing their watery diamonds in the sunlight, was a monument of some sad loss or of some brave deed of rescue. There was the black-looking rock near the bar, ominously named “the Wrecker,” on account of the many disasters for which it was accountable. One of the latest incidents which had justified its evil repute was the destruction of a cobble from a northern fishing station.

It was midday, and the sea was in one of its angry moods. There were three men and a boy in the cobble; they attempted to cross the bar, but the boat struck the rock and capsized. Men, women, and children hastened down to the beach, and six stalwart fellows put off to the rescue. The boy was seen clinging to the keel of the upturned boat, and his piteous cries were heard by those on shore. A great wave was rolling towards him; it would break above him and destroy him. The people held their breath as they watched the race between the destroyer and the rescue. A woman, at whose breast clung a frightened infant, whilst her eyes were fixed upon the boy in such sore need out yonder, gave voice to the prayer of all who stood by—

“God!—be near him—he’s some one’s bairn!”

The boy and one of the men were saved.

This was the kind of legend which formed part of the fisher-folk’s lives, and, in their eyes, endowed rocks and sea and wind with a spiritual significance. They had a plain matter-of-fact way of speaking about things spiritual as well as temporal. Providence was a real presence to them; He walked amongst them, noted their doings, and promptly punished the sinners. They spoke of Him with a familiarity which would have startled a

stranger. They carried this matter-of-fact spirit even to their tombstones, on one of which appeared this droll epitaph :—

"Here lies poor Susan Gray;
She would if she could, but she could not stay.
She had two bad legs and a very bad cough,
But it was the two bad legs that carried her off"

It was written in all seriousness. The conversation of the men was mostly occupied with questions as to the state of the fishing, accidents to the stakes and to comrades, quarrels with the water-babies in close-time and out of it. Sick men and plasters, with an occasional diversion about the price of fish and provisions, engaged the tongues of the elder women. Rheumatism was an enemy they had frequent struggles with; and they encountered him with vigorous measures.

"Sandy's just that bad he canna move hand or foot," said Jean Watt to a cronie; "but he's had mustard and vinegar on at the foot o' the shoulder-blades, and a batter as big as your twa hands, and I canna tell you how muckle salts he's taken, so I'm thinking he'll be some better the-morn. What are you paying for tatties now?"

Teenie Thorston grew up amongst these fisher-folk, sharing in their superstitions, listening to their eerie stories, to their merry or sad ballads—one of themselves apparently, and yet curiously unlike them. "Uncanny," said all; "a bairn of the storm," said some; "a sea-kelpie," said old David Finnie, grinning at his own conceit.

"Eh, but she's bonnie," sigher, the youths who looked at her, yearning, and did not speak.

END OF CHAPTER THE SECOND

LYDFORD BRIDGE.



HERE is nothing more curious than the way in which different natural phenomena affect different people. To one a broad expanse of ocean is the most striking object in creation; another, who sees nothing but ennui in the dreary waste of waters, will wander for hours, rapt in admiration, on the shores of some inland lake, which mirrors the mountains that surround it. There are men, again, who never understand what it means to take pleasure in scenery until they find themselves amongst frowning precipices and glaciers; and there are also people who turn with a sort of horror from such barren scenes, to gaze with keen delight on a country flat as Holland, when the setting sun, mellowed by rising exhalations, invests the pollards, and the windmills, and the cows with a Cuyper-like glory.

Others, again, are quite cold until they find themselves watching the light shimmering through the trees of a thick forest. The desert, or the boundless prairie, strikes some imaginations most forcibly, while I know a man who esteemed all taste for the picturesque to be romantic foolery until he visited a large waterfall, the continual rush and roar of which entranced him in a sort of pleasurable awe.

The happiest are those who can derive an equal amount of satisfaction from all aspects of nature.

One great element in the pleasure to be derived from scenery is the Unexpected. When you turn a corner and come upon a fine view suddenly, without having been put up to it by grandiloquent guide-book or fussy cicerone, you appreciate it infinitely more than when you approach it gradually—as from the sea, for example.

That is the reason why we thought so much of Lydford Bridge, I suppose. Lydford Bridge is in Devonshire, near Tavistock; and there is a railway station close by, so it is very comestable. It is always raining there, I believe, but people who mind rain had better not visit Devonshire, Westmoreland, the Highlands of Scotland, or Ireland at all.

When the Autumn Manœuvres came off on Dartmoor, I thought some correspondent must get hold of Lydford Bridge, but I did not see any account of it in the special letters, though of course there may have been; for, quidnunc as I am, I do not profess to read every column of every daily journal; but at any rate it was not made the prominent feature which I expect it would have been, had the footsteps of sham-war chroniclers happened to turn in that direction.

You quit the train, arrange your waterproofs so as not to leave an exposed spot at the neck or the knees (according to your sex), and stroll along a road.

If you have been led to expect a view you are disappointed; the country is rather tame, for that part of the world. On one side moorland, and a tor; on the other meadows, woods, undulating hills: pretty enough for Surrey, but not up to the mark of Devonshire and Cornwall.

There is a tempting variety of ferns on either side of the road, if you are a collector, and have got your trowel with you; and they require a deal of careful digging to get at. So your progress is slow, and as the prospect ahead is unpromising, you may possibly strike off to the more tempting-looking valley where the waterfall is, and pass the day in wandering about that locality.

I have known people who went to see Lydford Bridge from train to train, and returned without doing it. I believe we were within an ace of making

the same mistake. We did go off and do the water-fall, and potter about the pretty valley it tumbled into.

A very curious little cascade it was, and as the weather miraculously cleared up for an hour, our artist water-coloured it. We tried to light a fire in a cave, and if the wood had done anything but smoulder and smoke us out, I believe we should have stopped there. As it was we returned, and made up our minds to go on to Lydford, principally, I do believe, to verify the watchmaker's comic epitaph in the churchyard there; for we were rather disgusted at having come by rail to a place not nearly so pretty as the immediate neighbourhood of Tavistock itself.

We were plodding loggishly along the road, and thinking it a long one, when we came suddenly upon a crevasse. There is nothing wild, rocky, volcanic, earthquaky, about the neighbourhood of the place to account for the crack; but there it is, frightfully deep, the sides two clean cuts, so narrow that it is spanned by a single arch, over which the high-road runs. Some poet has sung of Nature smiling; perhaps it was here that the grin came off, and she cracked her lip in the operation. She durst not risk it again apparently, but sticks to weeping.

I have crossed several Devil's Bridges, hanging over precipices, in various localities, but I never looked down from one that impressed me so much, or made me feel so giddy, as Lydford Bridge, though it has not been dedicated, like the more conventionally frightful ones, to the evil spirit. A precipice amongst other precipices you are prepared for, but when you come upon one unexpectedly, in the midst of a quiet homely field, you are naturally startled. It is as if an excited bull were suddenly to spring up and charge you on a glacier.

It is a most fascinating spot, and if you despise a notice-board which threatens you with the utmost rigour of the law, and trespass in a field, following the edge of the ravine to the left, you will come to a corner from whence you get a capital

view of the bridge and a good depth of the chasm beneath it.

Our artist sat on a loose stone wall, designed to protect men and beasts from wandering over, and prepared to paint. It *was* a water-colour; though we held umbrellas over her, and endeavoured to improve the shelter by spreading waterproofs, the rain insisted on penetrating. It came down with a weight and in a volume that were irresistible, and general saturation could not be stalled off.

I do not believe there is a living man who would have persevered with the sketch, but our artist was a lady, and not to be beat. I do not say that work of art was equal to others done by the same hand under more favourable circumstances, but I aver that it is a good memorial of the place, and a triumphant victory over the Impossible.

The present bridge over the chasm is a comparatively new one: the last was destroyed in a storm, I could not learn how—by lightning probably. On the night of the tempest the village quidnuncs were gathered round the fire of the inn-parlour, smoking their pipes and discussing the damage that had been done, when a horse's hoofs were heard clattering up to the door, and presently a dripping traveller came in.

"A wild night!" he remarked, ridding himself of his wraps.

"Ay, it is indeed, sir. Have you come far?"

"From Tavistock."

Down went every pipe. Wide went every eye, and several mouths.

"From Tav—Do you know this country, sir?" asked the landlord.

"Never was here before; don't know the name of the place where I am. Very glad to be under cover though."

"Did you find any sort of check or obstruction on the road?"

"No; I came at a good gallop, dark as it was, and—Oh, by-the-by, my horse did jump something just before we came into the village."


Jump something! They showed him next day what he had jumped, and it turned him sick.

LEWIS HOUGH.

SERENADES.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

I.

LEEP on thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
White-limb'd lady, lie at rest;
Near thy casement, shrill of cry,
Broods the owl with luminous eye.

Midnight comes; all fair things sleep
While all dark things vigil keep;
Round thy sleep thy scented bower
Foldeth like a lily-flower.

All so still around thee lies,
Peace in thy breast, sleep on thine eyes!
All without is dark as death,
And thy lover wakeneth.

Underneath thy bower I pace,
Star-dew sparkling on my face;
All around me, swift of sight,
Move the creatures of the night.

Hark, the great owl cries again,
With an echo in the brain,
And the dark Earth in her sleep
Stirs and trembles, breathing deep.

Sleep on thine eyes, peace in thy breast !
Fold thy hands and take thy rest ;
All the night, till morning break,
Spirits walk and lovers wake !



"SLEEP ON THINE EYES, PEACE IN THY BREAST."

Sleep sweet, beloved one, sleep sweet !
Without here night is growing,
The dead leaf falls, the dark boughs meet,
And a chill wind is blowing.

II.

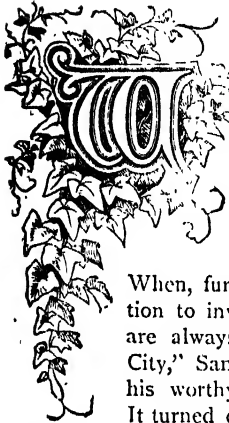
Strange shapes are stirring in the night
To the deep breezes' wailing,
And slow, with wistful gleams of light,
The storm-tost moon is sailing.

Sleep sweet, beloved one, sleep sweet !
 Fold thy white hands, my blossom !
 Thy warm limbs in thy lily-sheet,
 Thy hands upon thy bosom.
 Though evil thoughts may walk the dark,
 Not one shall near thy chamber,
 But dreams divine shall pause to mark
 Singing to lutes of amber.

Sleep sweet, beloved one, sleep sweet !
 Though, on thy bosom creeping,
 God's hand is laid to feel the beat
 Of thy soft heart in sleeping.
 The brother angels, Sleep and Death,
 Stoop by thy couch and eye thee ;
 And Sleep stoops down to drink thy breath,
 While Death goes softly by thee !

JOHN BULL'S MONEY MATTERS.—HOW HE GOT INTO DEBT.—I.

BY ALFRED S. HARVEY, B.A.



WHEN the elder Mr. Weller found himself in possession of that legacy which had so narrowly escaped the unctuous grasp of the Shepherd, he not unnaturally consulted with his son as to what should be done with it.

When, further, he announced his resolution to invest it in "those things which are always going up and down in the City," Sam, ever literal, suggested that his worthy parent meant "omnibuses."

It turned out, however, that the old gentleman meant Consols. The definition, though undoubtedly true as far as it goes, is scarcely exhaustive or scientific. It would seem, indeed, that Mr. Weller's knowledge of finance was hardly so extensive as his knowledge of widows.

Now, without for one moment hinting that any reader of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE can share in Mr. Weller's confusion of ideas, we yet think it possible that some may like to hear a little about the Consols in which that illustrious sire of an immortal son invested his wife's legacy. In other words, what is the National Debt? How did John Bull get into debt?—a debt so large that the interest of it swallows up twenty-seven millions of pounds every year.

The National Debt of Great Britain is commonly supposed to have originated with the Revolution. Undoubtedly the special exigencies of the Government of William the Third, and the refusal of that Government to resort to those unconstitutional modes of raising money for which former Governments were conspicuous, necessitated a systematic recourse to loans, and an enormous development of the practice of borrowing ; but the foundation of the National Debt had been laid long before, by men who had neither the difficulties to encounter, nor the ability to cope with them, that characterised William's statesmen. The truth is, the National Debt of this country was commenced as far back as the former half of the thirteenth century. And as the source of many a mighty river is simply the

trickling spring which a child can leap, so the origin of the debt may be traced to customs of the simplest and rudest kind.

In these days of a monarchy limited by constitutional law and usage, can our readers for a moment conceive of the boundless wealth and power of a Norman king, such as, for instance, William the Conqueror? As proprietor of the soil, under the feudal system, he extorted aids, special and ordinary, from all his tenants, and only permitted the towns to escape indiscriminate plunder by the levying of taxes called *tallages*. As custodian of the property of the Church he made heavy charges on each benefice. Customs' duties on all merchandise, fines levied in the courts of law, wreck and treasure-trove, money commutation for military service, and a hundred other sources of revenue, alike odious and injurious, helped to swell his coffers. Twice every year, at Easter and Michaelmas, the Royal Order, known as the Summons of the Exchequer, was issued through the length and breadth of the land, and then the sheriffs and other collectors brought in the revenue of their districts. The machinery of receipt and payment was conducted by means of the Exchequer Tally. The tally was simply a hazel wand, with the sides squared. The sum to be indicated was represented by notches of various dimensions, the rod was then split lengthwise, one-half, constituting the tally, being handed to the person who paid in the money, while the counter-tally was kept at the Exchequer as a check. When at any time an audit was called for, the correspondence of tally and counter-tally was practically the discharge of the account.

Very stately and very cumbersome were all the arrangements of the Court of Exchequer in the old feudal times. The "scaccarium," or chequered cloth on which the money was counted, and from which the word "Exchequer" is derived ; the long array of officials, commencing with the Treasurer, the representative of our modern Prime Minister, and including the Barons, the Tellers who received all moneys, and the cutter and writer of the tallies ; the formal and tardy precision with which

every detail of the transaction was recorded ; and the long catalogue of oaths and affirmations by which every official was bound—all indicate the Norman character of the period we are referring to.

But notwithstanding the vast revenues of the monarch, there were often times when both Plantagenet and Tudor monarchs were sadly in want of money. And then, in the graphic words of Macaulay, "it had been necessary for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to go, hat in hand, up and down Cheapside and Cornhill, and to make up a sum by borrowing £100 from this hosier and £200 from that ironmonger." Very piteous at such times were the entreaties of the monarch. We have before us as we write a form of letter of Privy Seal of James the Second, which is positively ludicrous in its plaintive supplication. These Privy Seals were generally addressed to the nobility of the realm, or to the "good men" of this or that town, or to "noble and wealthy persons generally." Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London, is mentioned in the Exchequer Rolls as a considerable lender to the Crown ; and the citizens of London generally were evidently most frequently and successfully appealed to.

It will be readily understood that these modes of raising money, although avowedly voluntary, were really exactions on the part of the Crown. It might be all very well for a Plantagenet to tell his "trustie and well-beloved" subjects that their "love and duty must be the chiefe motive of ready performance" of the royal request, but the feudal system afforded so many modes in which a recalcitrant peer or burgher might be oppressed, that the Privy Seal, spite of its effusive politeness, was really a royal command. For security the king's creditor would have his tally, or he would retain the form of Privy Seal, and be repaid on presentation at the Exchequer. We may mention here one peculiar security which Henry the Third made use of. Our limits would fail were we to recall all the monstrous persecutions to which the Jews were exposed in England. Suffice it to say they were commonly known as the "king's cattle," and no cruelty or extortion was too bitter for them to endure. Thus we find Henry the Third borrowing five thousand marks of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, and "for securing the payment thereof, assigning and setting over all the Jews of England to the said earl, with power to distrain them by their bodies for the same."

It must not be supposed, however, that the king's creditors were always satisfied with securities of the kind we have mentioned. Very frequently the king's jewels were pledged for loans of money. In those days the Regalia was not, as now, stored in the Tower, for the delight of country cousins, only to be removed thence on the occasion of a coronation or public ceremonial ; but it was under the custody of the officers of the king's Exchequer, where it was

always available as a ready means for raising money. The ancient records of the Exchequer, conspicuous always for their extreme minuteness and elaboration, enable us to form no inadequate idea of the extent and character of the jewels thus pledged, and of the amount advanced. And if the jewels of the present day surpass those of the Plantagenet and Norman kings in their intrinsic value, the latter possessed some virtues which no modern Regalia can boast. Not even the Koh-i-noor diamond itself could be so acceptable a security as the "gold tabernacle, with a piece of the holy garment without seam placed in the middle thereof, and garnished with 27 great pearls," which we find the Bishop of Norwich, Treasurer to Henry the Fifth, pawning to Robert Popyngay for the very modest loan of £80. Again, he would be an obdurate creditor who would not be contented with "the tabernacle, with image of the blessed Mary upon a green ground, and images of Adam and Eve, with four angels at the corners," with which, from the same records, we find Henry the Sixth obtained sums of money.

Instances of this kind might be easily multiplied, for this pawning of the Regalia was systematic, and not a casual occurrence. Sometimes we find one monarch redeeming jewels which his predecessor had pledged ; sometimes the sudden necessities of war would compel the adoption of most peremptory measures, and then the king's council would intercede, and recover the royal jewels, pawning them again for fresh advances. Thus we have the sword of the Black Prince, which had been pawned to Sir Thomas Hawley for £12 8s., redeemed by the especial mediation of the Lord High Treasurer for £10. The king's sword, indeed, seems to have been rather a favourite pledge, for it is mentioned not unfrequently in the Exchequer annals. On the other hand, jewels which were supposed to possess magical virtues were very scrupulously guarded. On one occasion Hubert de Burgh was impeached for having pawned to Llewelyn of Wales, a gem, the property of the Crown, which rendered the wearer invisible in battle.

Here, then, we have the spectacle of a regular system of borrowing on the credit of taxes not yet collected, the actual security being either a tally, a Privy Seal, or Crown jewels. The king was, in fact, a great pawnbroker. In process of time, as, on the one hand, the demands on the monarch increased, and, on the other, the growing vigilance of Parliament controlled in some degree unconstitutional modes of meeting them, important modifications of this system were made. Money was urgently needed for payment of current services, and the Exchequer was barren. The difficulty was met by giving the claimant a tally for the amount of his claim, with a written "Order of Repayment," which was to be satisfied out of some specified tax. Gradually it was seen that this Order of Repay-

ment would be accepted much more readily if it were allowed to pass from hand to hand by endorsement. This was accordingly done, and the idea of a negotiable public security was realised. Meanwhile the relaxation of the old laws against usury was bearing good fruit, and people were found willing to postpone their claims on the Government if they were paid interest for doing so. At length, in the seventeenth year of Charles the Second, Government, being in urgent need of money, agreed to issue Tallies of Loan and Orders of Repayment to all persons who would contribute to the loan, such orders to bear interest at £6 per cent., and to be negotiable by endorsement.

To the Act by which this plan was carried out may fairly be traced the origin of the National Debt. Thus were forged the first links in that massive chain of debt that has since held the nation in a grasp which can never be eluded, and which the highest statesmanship can make only not unbearable.

At the Revolution the amount owing by the nation on these Tallies of Loan was about £85,000, which constituted the entire debt at that period. Let us now inquire how this insignificant liability swelled into the gigantic total of £750,000,000. Anything like a detailed statement of the various steps by which this ponderous debt has grown would be, of course, impossible; we can only hope to throw light on the principles which have regulated its growth. It is, above all things, necessary to get a clear idea of the mutual relations of the parties to the debt, and to grasp clearly in what the indebtedness consists. With this object we will imagine a case.

Let us suppose the Government, finding that the taxes are not bringing in as much money as is wanted to carry on the public service, resolve to raise a loan of a million sterling. They invite subscriptions from brokers or bankers, or private persons, but these subscriptions can be received on one condition only—that the lender shall not be able ever to claim repayment of the principal sum advanced, though the Government may, at any time they choose, pay off the debt. This point being understood, the next thing is to settle the conditions on which subscribers shall compete, in order that Government may raise the loan on the best terms possible. Now, a debt consists of two elements, principal and interest; and in announcing the loan, Government may deal with either one or the other. They may fix the rate of interest per cent. they mean to pay for the loan, in which case subscribers will bid what sum they will be prepared to give to obtain the stipulated rate of interest; or they may fix the principal and let the competition relate to the interest. In other words, the Government may either say to the subscribers, "How much will you give us for a specified

annuity?" or, "What annuity will you expect us to give you for the loan of a specified sum—say £100—you having no power to demand repayment of your loan?" In this country the former of these two is the mode always adopted, because more minute variations can take place in the price of the principal, called technically "stock," than can conveniently occur in the rate of interest payable on that stock.

In the case before us we will assume that the Government have fixed the rate of interest at £3 per cent., and have moreover determined to fix their minimum at £96—that is to say, have resolved to accept of no tender which offers less than £96 for the purchase of £100 stock with interest of £3 a year thereon. We will further suppose that Messrs. Rothschild are the successful contractors, and have negotiated the loan at £96 10s. per cent. What now are the respective positions of the parties?

Messrs. Rothschild are inscribed in the books of the Government as public creditors to the extent of £1,000,000, on which they are to receive £30,000 a year; in other words, they are said to be holders of £1,000,000 Three per Cent. Stock. For this they have paid, be it remembered, only £965,000—that is, £96 10s. for every £100 stock—so that Government have had to submit to a loss of £35,000 on the total of £1,000,000. The latter, however, are content, because the minimum of £96 shows they would have been content to receive only £960,000.

Let us now conceive of the National Debt as consisting of a vast number of loans raised in the way just described. Moreover, let us imagine that these loans were negotiated at a great variety of rates of interest; that these rates have been from time to time reduced, as successive Finance Ministers have dealt with them, and that in process of time certain loans bearing a uniform rate of interest have been united into one general stock. Finally, let us understand that these consolidations have given a distinctive title to this or that stock. Thus the term "Consols" indicates the Three per Cent. Consolidated Annuities, because a number of stocks paying three per cent. have been consolidated into one stock or fund.

What then has the purchaser now-a-days of £100 Consols really bought? He is simply the possessor of a perpetual annuity of £3. He is nominally the owner of £100 stock in the Three per Cent. Consolidated Annuities, but he has no power to demand payment of the principal sum on which the interest of £3 is calculated. In short, his contract with the Government amounts to this, that he has purchased the title to be inscribed in the Government books as the recipient of £3 a year; and this title he can sell or dispose of in any way he pleases, its value depending, of course, on the credit of the debtor who has to provide the annuity

—that is, the nation. On the other hand, the nation cannot reduce this annuity—that is, alter their specified rate of interest—without offering to their creditor the full value of his share in the

debt—viz., £100. Thus the National Debt is a debt consisting of annuities, and the principal thereof is in reality an index to the number of these annuities.

POOR RELATIONS.



S it not Longfellow who says, "A blind man is a poor man, and blind a poor man is ; for the former seeth no man, and the latter no man sees?" If it is, I beg leave to differ from the tuneful poet of New England.

In my opinion one sees a great deal more of the poor man than is desirable ; and my millennium will lie in that day when there shall be neither rich nor poor, and when poverty and want shall be banished from the face of the earth.

But at least too many of us *try* not to see the poor man, and do all in our power to shut our eyes when he comes across the line of our vision ! Quite so. There I agree with you heartily ; and before I begin to rail at such mental ophthalmia let me beat my own breast and cry, "Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa !" for be it known I am even now, not exactly in a bad temper, but cross, irritable, bored—anything you will that is peevish and fractious in a small way—and simply because I have been obliged to "see," and to see for a long time, when I would much rather have shut my eyes.

In other words, a poor relation has just chosen to call at the very moment that the cloth was laid for dinner ; and I have been forced to entertain her for more than three-quarters of an hour, with the smell of over-roasted mutton in my nostrils, and a dreadful sense of the duty of being more courteous and amiable than I need be to a friend or acquaintance weighing on my mind, and hampering every word with an iron fetter of constraint.

Well, I took it out afterwards by being fretful with my long-suffering family, who had in this instance left the burden of entertainment on my shoulders instead of taking it on their own ; but I don't know that that did me much good ; and when deservedly sent to Coventry for the nonce, I fell to thinking on the race of poor relations in general, and in connection with ourselves.

In the first place, if you will allow me to express my opinion, I see no reason for their existence at all, and utterly rebel against the idea of there being any necessity for such a blot in the map of society.

Every man is related to somebody or other, and many men are poorer than the rest of their relations ; but it does not follow that they need be what are technically called "poor relations" on that

account. God forbid ! I am poor myself, very poor, inasmuch as I have only just enough to live upon, and not enough to enjoy myself with, or do one tithe of the good to my fellow-creatures that I should desire.

But notwithstanding my want of riches I have always stood out, and intend to stand firmly to the end of my life, against the idea of sinking into the contemptible and barely tolerated estate of a "poor relation." Do you blame me ? And yet there are some among my wealthier relatives who, instead of smiling on such a resolution—which, to say the least, is economical for themselves—are disposed to be indignant, aggrieved, and even insulted at this contumacy, this "want of proper humility" on the part of a person who possesses as many pence as they possess pounds, and who is better pleased to earn one guinea for herself by the writing of this page, for instance, than to gain a present of two by graceful submission and judicious humility to the powers that be.

Ah ! believe me, there is no labour so tiresome as lowering the stature God has given you to the level of a rich man's pocket ; no toil so degrading as a life of slavish dependence and false humility ; no gain so dearly bought as the gift which lowers the recipient even in the eyes of the giver ; and yet there are some among the latter who prefer to give and grumble and despise, than by the honest independence of their poorer relatives to be spared the call on pocket, pride, and uncharitableness altogether.

Why not ? Did the rich man desire that Lazarus should be driven from his door-step, or attempt to put down the degrading spectacle of such a contrast between the luxury within and the misery without ? By no means. Don't we all know that he suffered him to remain there, to eat of the crumbs from his table, and have his sores licked by his patron's dogs ? Indeed, I have no doubt that the contrast, so far from being painful to Dives, rather gratified that gentleman than otherwise, and that he regarded Lazarus as a tolerably useful foil to his own magnificence.

Even thus it is now-a-days, and so much so that Mr. Dives is quite angry if Lazarus declines to sit on his door-step, covers up his sores, and professes to enjoy his own miserable pickings more than the crumbs from the rich man's table.

The poor relation proper is generally (I shame to say it) of what Artemus Ward calls the "female

sect," and is seldom very young. I suppose there is something in the innate vigour and vitality of youth opposed to the proper carrying out of the situation.

She wears faded garments, the cast-off offerings of her friends, which are generally as obsolete in make as they are limp and scanty about the skirts. Her bonnets are home-made, and of a sodden appearance. She eschews bright colours and renounces heels to her boots. She knocks in a feeble and uncertain manner, and is invariably a long time rubbing her feet on the mat before venturing to cross the hall. She is always very much afraid of the footman, and on whisperingly familiar terms with the lady's-maid who patronises her. She never takes wine, or at most "half a glass of sherry, please," and makes a point of declining the daintier dishes, and taking the outside slice of the joint. She says "Sir," and praises everything she eats. She has no single opinion of her own, and would rather die than differ, demur, or even hesitate before accepting the most outrageous propositions of her wealthy relatives. She giggles at her host's dullest jokes, and applauds her hostess's silliest speeches. She submits to be sent up and down stairs half a dozen times in an hour. She shuts the door, whether there be a gentleman present or not, and puts on coals. She is invited to the house when some one is wanted to play the piano for dancing, when the new stock of linen has to be marked, when nurse has a holiday and the mother is too lazy to amuse her own children. She is left sitting alone and unnoticed for an hour at a time while her hostess entertains more important guests, and will vow at leaving that she has paid "a most delightful visit." She starves and begs rather than derogate from her relations' dignity by following any honest profession. She walks in pouring rain rather than offend their susceptibilities by alighting from the omnibus at their door. She smiles feebly when snubbed, and apologises humbly when rebuked. She likes draughts, and to have her back to the horses. She prefers weak tea to strong, and enjoys reading aloud beyond everything. She starves her cat and screws her servant, to make small offerings to her wealthy connections, thereby greatly annoying them, and obliging them to make her a costly return at their earliest convenience. Mrs. Dives asks her to put on Tommy's boots; Mr. Dives swears in her presence, and inquires "what that woman is doing here?" in her hearing. Her relations in general speak of her as "poor Eliza." She tells the Diveses what the Bashaws have for dinner, and describes the family squabbles of the Diveses to the Bashaws with equal unction. She is generally weak in constitution, gushing in temperament, feeble in mind. She—But have I not been suffering from her for the last three-quarters of an hour? Has she not admired everything that I

have on, mentioned casually that five pounds would be invaluable in repairing the dilapidations of her family wardrobe, insinuated a knowledge of some vile scandal in the house of a relative at whose table she breaks bread constantly, and alternately called me "dear" and "miss," till my patience, never the strongest point in an invalid, was worn to the last shred, and I began to fear lest my courtesy should begin also to fray at the edges before she took her departure?

And can you wonder *now* that, being poor, I would hold the outworks of my own citadel to the last gasp, rather than run the risk of sinking from simple want of money into this low and parasitic condition?

Surely, surely it is possible to be poor and yet dignified; to have an opinion of your own, though you have not a guinea in your pocket; to work and not be ashamed; to decline unasked interference in your private affairs, even though you decline assistance by so doing; to hold your head as high as your equals, though their income counts by thousands, and yours by hundreds only!

I once knew a young lady in very reduced circumstances, who was invited to a garden-party at a wealthy relative's house.

The day was sultry, and most of the girls present were declaring that they had had hardly energy enough to fan themselves all the morning, or sit up while their maids were dressing them, etc.

A rich and handsome admirer of one of the languid over-dressed daughters of the house, noticing the bright-looking girl, in clear, fresh muslin, to whom he had been introduced on some previous occasion, asked her how she had managed to get through the day. She looked him full in the face and answered with prompt frankness—

"In starching and ironing the dress I have on; and it took a long time to finish properly, so I hope you think it is nicely done, and will take care not to tread on the flounce."

Her cousins wellnigh fainted at this cool avowal. They declared it was the height of bad taste—nay, more than coarse, almost indecent, to confess to such servile work, even if obliged to do it; and in their house too! In fact they decided it would be impossible ever to invite her again. The gentleman fell in love with her honest pride on the spot, and asked her to be his wife before the month was out.

Noblesse oblige. It is only the old motto carried into every-day practice: sure to exact the respect of the truly noble; equally sure to incur the condemnation of the vulgar and narrow-minded. Surely the voice of the former is worth more than the senseless braying of the multitude!

I have been chiefly inveighing against servility and hypocrisy on the side of the poor relation; but, after all, if we look into the matter, are not these

the natural fruit of that systematic belief which numbers of rich people cherish—*i.e.*, that the fact of their connections being poorer than themselves entitles them to meddle with, slight, tyrannise over, and even insult these latter, as if poverty were not only something disgraceful in itself, but that it rendered null, void, and worthless all those graces and good qualities which would otherwise have won their owner consideration and respect in society? And the worst of it is that this doctrine forms part of the unspoken "Credo" of many of the otherwise best and kindest of human beings. Take, for instance, those amiable and benevolent people, the Welfeds, who, as you know, have a town and a country house, are descended from a good old family, and have lots of relations, rich and poor. Welfed has quite a name for kindness and hospitality; and when he meets even that distant connection of his, young Lord Wildoats, he grasps the lad's hand with effusion and cries out

"Why, what a time since we've seen you, Wildoats! When are you coming to dine with us? Say Monday, do; and I'll have your friend Sir Harry Pipeclay, and Lord Fanfare's daughters, to meet you."

Also, as soon as the hunting season commences, does he not indite a cordial note to the same fast youth, whose tastes and manners must be a continual offence to the worthy old gentleman, urging him to spare a week at least to Welfed Hall, and promising him plenty of mounts if he does not care to bring his own cattle down to that out-of-the-way place for so short a time?

And am I blaming him for these marks of goodness? Far from it. Only why, in Heaven's name, not extend the same kindness to his own nephew, Jack Landless, who is as upright, steady, and gentlemanly a young fellow as walks the earth; whose father took higher rank than Welfed in society; who has been educated at Rugby and Oxford; and who, ever since the Landless smash-up, has occupied a dingy stool in the City with equal honour and cheerfulness? Jack Landless has the same scientific tastes as his uncle, and a better seat on horseback than Wildoats. Why doesn't old Welfed seek *him* out, ask him to dinner, and invite some pleasant fellows and pretty girls to meet him? Why doesn't he press Jack to spare them a week at Christmas, and give him a mount in the hunting-field?

Why?

It is not want of kindness to his young relatives; for there must be more kindness in welcoming a scapegrace like Wildoats than a pleasant, honourable fellow like Jack; and the latter would appreciate it ten times as much as the young nobleman, who votes Welfed "a bore," and sneers at the whole affair. Is it true that the mere fact of Jack's poverty has not only robbed him of worldly comforts, but of his rightful place in society, and the rightful recog-

nition of his merits? Indeed, I fear it is so; for the mere idea of treating young Landless as he does Wildoats and Pipeclay never even enters Mr. Welfed's head; and it is not want of liking for his nephew, for the old gentleman speaks highly in his praise to his wife, and says—

"That boy behaves himself very creditably, my dear, and we musn't forget to notice him. Let me see, we shall be all alone on Sunday. Suppose I tell him to come and dine here. It'll be a kindness to the lad; and I say, tell him to go at ten o'clock; for, with dinner-parties every other night, I don't want to be kept up late that evening."

And Jack goes; but he doesn't feel grateful, for he is quite aware of the Wildoats and Pipeclay dinners, and knows that on those festive occasions his uncle does not bring out his worst wine, or go to sleep after dinner; that his aunt does not criticise her guests' parents, or put them through an examination as to their quarterly expenditure; neither does she say before ten o'clock, "Now, you won't think me unkind, but we want to go to bed early; and I know you've to be at your office betimes of a morning." Nor (worst of all!) does old Welfed put his hand in his pocket and present Wildoats with a half-sovereign, almost in the presence of the footman who opens the door to let him out.

Poor Jack! he takes trouble manfully enough; but those dinners at Uncle Welfed's stick in his throat, and he curses the half-sovereign audibly as he trudges away from the door.

"Can't they treat me like other men, instead of making me feel my poverty every minute?" cries the young man bitterly. "I'm as good as they are, hang them!" and this black ingratitude is all that the Welfeds' kindness produces, simply because the young fellow has sense and spirit enough to know that courtesy and consideration, the treatment of one gentleman to another, are his due; and that, till he receives those, kindness is but a sorry and ungracious equivalent.

The fact is, there is one great mistake at the root of the matter, the old mistake of all, which rules this country, and this country only, till it has earned us the well-deserved title of a nation of shopkeepers—the slavish worship of Mammon; and till this is rectified—till we can learn to lift our eyes above the till, and recognise the fact that if relations are equal in birth, money differences can, and ought to be, blotted out altogether from between them—rich and poor will never hang well together when they are members of the same family. A lady cannot be *more* than a lady, though she be a duchess; a gentleman cannot be less than a gentleman, though he have but sixpence in his pocket. If it be a piece of presumptuous ill-breeding, to walk into Lady Blank's drawing-room and take her to task for putting pearl-powder on her nose, it is exactly as bad to sit down in Cousin Dash's poor

parlour and exclaim at her for wearing imitation lace in her caps. As bad, did I say? Nay, it is a thousand times worse; for Lady Blank would order you out of her house, and Cousin Dash only wishes to do so, knowing the while that you consider her honoured by your presence. What do you think of a great brutal man who wantonly strikes a woman? Yet that is what you do who take on you to insult, however pettily, those of your blood who are poorer than yourselves, you good-natured, generous, kind-hearted people, who tell me that the thanklessness of those thriftless Dashes has nearly broken your heart.

Bah! there are heart-breaks which mend with surprising easiness; while the pricks and stabs and bruises, which have given rise to them, bleed and rankle until only death has cast its healing balsam over every wound—the balsam of the grave. Did I not begin this paper by sneering at the poor relation? Upon my word, I fear I must conclude by condemning the rich brother, whose treatment has actually produced the worm he crushes. And, believe me, though I may be in the minority, yet am I not alone in my protest. Read "The Adventures of Philip," by the keenest and cleverest por-trayer of human nature who has ever existed in these modern days. Where Thackeray points it is pretty safe to follow. It may not be convenient always, it may not be pleasant often (have I not said how agreeable it is to be blind on occasions?) but it is sure to hit the mark; and oh! my friends, if the telling of a thing be nasty, surely the thing told of is nastier. It is better to alter that than to hold your tongue, to cut out a gangrened spot rather than cover it with sticking plaster, to remove evils for your own sakes, at least, that you may walk freely in God's sunlight with your eyes open, and without the dread of a conscience-prick from some unpleasant sight at every turn.

There are people who do so (should I have written these pages if I could not end them thus?)—people who, acting on no spoken theory, unrecog-

nisant even of their neighbours' error, unrecognised themselves for any ultra-pitch of delicacy, but simply acting on that command, Do unto others as ye would that others do unto you, contrive to give as much pleasure and gratification to their poorer relatives as their neighbours give the reverse. It is in houses like these—all honour and blessing attend them!—at whose choicest dinner-parties the poor relation is never forgotten, and ever treated with even a larger share of courtesy and attention than that offered to wealthier guests: down whose broad stairs the host himself conducts Laura Penniless and, bareheaded, places her in her hackney cab with the same care as he tucks Lady Beta Brown into her cushioned barouche: at whose croquet-parties Jack Landless's presence is made as much a favour as Lord Wildoats': whose sons would as soon attempt to trifle with Lucy Lazarus as with Amaryllis Dives: whose owners will wrap a gift round with so much love and appreciation, as to make it seem that the recipient is rather conferring a favour than accepting one, and—still greater kindness sometimes—will even abstain from the luxury of giving when the gift could possibly remind their friend of his poverty, and thus confer a higher benefit than he who flings away hundreds in semi-contemptuous liberality.

This is true refinement; this, the purest use of wealth. To give kindness while you make believe even to yourself that you are receiving it; to thank God for your money as a means of bestowing pleasure, not mortification; to rate a man for what he is, not for what he has; to feel equally honoured by the friendship of your poorest as of your richest relative, so they be but of equal merit; to spare the feelings instead of wounding them—this is indeed the rarest proof of charity, that charity which "is courteous, is kind, is not puffed up;" and for which, small thing as it seems, there shall be given a right royal measure, in that day when the members of one family, whether rich or poor, whether in rags or in velvet, shall meet together. THEO. GIFT

DAYSPRING.

WHEN early blossoms dot the dells
With gold, and white of crimson lip,
And hedges, blue with blowing bells,
Green tassels in the water dip,
Young love is light, and who can tell
The joy of lovers loving well?

When Spring drops jewels in the lake,
And sticks around it stem and stalk;
And kingcups glimmer in the brake,
And blackbirds to each other talk,
True pleasure is a lover's need,
And love in truth is love indeed.

The fairest dayshine is begun;
The coloured tide of song and scent;
The joyous coming of the sun;
The time of village merriment,
When laughter of the birds and trees
Will set a lover's heart at ease.

In the lane the cowslips grow;
Boughs are amorous of the streams;
In the forest lovers go
Down the rosy path of dreams.
Fairies move the leaves above—
Life were nothing without love!

GUY ROSLYN.

THE STORY OF A MINIATURE, AS TOLD BY A PIECE OF GOLDSMITH'S WORK.
BY THOMAS ARCHER.



'AS SHE STOOD WATCHING FOR HER LOVER'S FLUTTERING SIGNAL.'

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIRST

NOT that I am made of gold, but of silver. Silence is said to be golden, and speech silvern, therefore I shall speak: not so much of myself as of those amidst whom my latter

days have been passed. There was a time when, on rare occasions, I flushed with the glow of rare old Burgundy spiced with fragrant cinnamon; or, better still, held the essence of odorous flowers distilled

into subtle liqueur that trembled with topaz hues, and reflected the deep glow of my burnished edge. For I am bowl, goblet, tazza, as the occasion serves, and there is a world of meaning in the dark depths of my reflections. Need I say that I am "old silver?" Perhaps the work of Cellini, or it may be of some later hand—what do I know? One thing I know: that it was in France I first saw the light, and that, with the respect due to my birth and station, I held a place of honour in the house I was destined to adorn. That house was one of note in Languedoc, not that its owner was noble by birth, but he was of the great Protestant families—the old Huguenots—whose undaunted spirit Louis Quatorze could not quell, even with the fortress that he built to frown them into submission, or with the dragonnades that wrecked their fortunes and their homes.

They were troublous times even long afterwards, when Anton Dormeur, owner of looms and factory of velvet, went about with a serious face, as though he had met Hugon himself upon the bridge. Anton Dormeur was a man who kept his own counsel, and, as the persecutions had been stayed, made money, hoping to rebuild the fortunes of his house for those two daughters, who were but children when his wife died and left a vacant place that never could be filled.

They were lovely—these girls—each in a different fashion. The elder, tall, slender, dark-haired, haughty, with the complexion of a peach; the younger, soft and fair, with locks that hung like silken skeins upon a neck of snow, and eyes of that dark changeable sheen that is either grey, or black, or blue, as you seek to look into their depths.

Hers were the plump white fingers that pulled the delicate rose-leaves with which I was filled, and sprinkled subtle perfume on them, till all the air of that long gloomy room was fresh with the exhalations of a garden after evening rain.

Mathilde, her dark, proud sister, loved lilies best, and set them in a jewelled vase that stood in the window next to mine. That vase perished in the great calamity that fell upon the house, and I was among the few relics that were saved. Alas! the beautiful, imperious Mathilde perished also in those evil times, and her sister followed her after the fall of the Gironde, when she and her husband, Achille Dufarge, were swept away in the tide of blood that deluged Paris, and made its gutters run red.

Yes, this beautiful creature, whose coming seemed to lighten the dim room in the old château with its hangings of amber damask, its gilded panels framed with long slips of looking-glass that had a mysterious blackness like my own; with its satin chairs, its quaint carved cabinets, filled with rare knickknacks of ivory carvings, jade-stones, jewelled daggers, boxes of filigree, and rare cups of porce-

lain, like great opals, gleaming with strange lights that paled the pearls with which their rims were set. There were tables and tripods too, bearing bronzes and Oriental jars filled with scented woods and spices; but it was over me that the sweet glowing face of Sara Dormeur bent, as she stood watching for her lover's fluttering signal amidst the trees that belted the sloping parterre, beyond the broad stone balcony on which the windows opened.

For the father, Anton Dormeur, was averse to young Dufarge, who, though he belonged to a Protestant family among the tanners of Alais, was a man of the people, without that connection with the old régime which the Huguenots cherished, even though they suffered continually by the laws that king and nobles put in force against them.

Who does not know how some of the émigrés in England—old, poverty-stricken, bed-ridden as many of them were at that time—waved their withered hands and screamed "Vive le Bourbon!" after the downfall of Napoleon, and the restoration of the royal family? So it was in olden times. The Protestants were loyal to the caste which yet refused to own them, though they were of the best blood in France, or owned them secretly and in fear, lest to be identified with the heretics might bring fire and sword upon themselves.

Thus old Dormeur forbade Sara to have any more to say to Achille, but encouraged the lover of his eldest girl, a man of twice her age, the grim and saturnine Bartholde, by birth seigneur of an estate near Lozère, where however he lived only on sufferance, for the seignury had been abated after the persecutions following the Edict of Nantes, and though Bartholde was passing rich, he had abandoned both title and the display that belonged to it.

His was just such an alliance as the stately reserved manufacturer might have been supposed to choose for his eldest daughter, and, indeed, after they were married he would go and stay for days together at his son-in-law's house—a place less gloomy for him now that the light had gone out of his own; for Sara had yielded to her handsome young lover in his entreaties for a private marriage, after which they hoped and believed that the old man would relent. He never relented, or at least never to their knowledge. As his sweet fair daughter knelt to him, her golden hair streaming about her, her hands held up in supplication, he denounced her in words taken from Holy Scripture, and would have struck her, but that the young husband stood with earnest eyes and folded arms—he having knelt in vain, or, as he said, bent his pride to his love for his sweet wife's sake.

So Sara Dufarge went out cursed, undowered, and an orphan, from the old house in Languedoc, and Père Dormeur was left desolate indeed.

Yet amidst the gloom that settled on his life, and

the hard unyielding determination which resisted any attempts on the part of her sister to bring him to receive his disowned daughter again, the manufacturer had frequent struggles with his pride and obstinacy. They were scarcely acknowledged even to himself. He thought he could trample the suggestions of nature under foot, and he succeeded in so far as to suffer in silence, and to make no sign of yielding, nor of admitting the possibility of foregoing his resentful purpose.

He had much to occupy his thoughts at that time, for there were rumours of renewed persecutions of the Protestants by command of bishops and clergy. Not contented with refusing them the legal registration of marriage and the certificate of death, it was said that a general confiscation of property was ordained, and that recantation or death by fire and sword might once more be the doom of the sectaries. Anton Dormeur was frequently at Alais with Bartholde, and the people there whispered that it would go hard with the manufacturer when the dragoons came. He had already made some preparations, however. Always in communication with the refugees that had settled here in Spitalfields and Coventry, he held money in England. This was pretty well understood, but what few people knew was that for weeks before the blow fell he had had a vessel ready, and that some of his most valuable effects and merchandise was stowed among the cargo. I was on board this vessel myself, hidden away in a case, where I was surrounded by silk brocade and velvet, clothes, and lace. For days we swung with the tide, waiting for Anton Dormeur, who sought to bring his daughter Mathilde and her husband, with their child, to be his companions in flight. But Bartholde delayed, loth to part from his birth-right. I know not all that happened—how should I when I was shut up in darkness by a wharf-side miles away?—but this I know, that Bartholde and his little boy—the first and only child—were on a visit to the old lonely house and its grave master, when a messenger, his horse covered with blood and foam, came thundering at the door, with the fearful intelligence that the alarm was ringing at Alais, and that the persecutions of the Protestants had begun.

Bartholde was in the saddle in a minute.

"Stay for nothing, but bring my daughter. Come on straight for your lives to Saint Jean," said the old man. "There will be post-horses there, and I will order relays along the road where the people know me. Meantime I will take the boy; he will be safe with me."

What do I know?—Only that they never met again in this world. Bartholde died fighting on his own threshold; his wife, the beautiful Mathilde, perished, perhaps, in the flames. At all events, a wild figure was seen at an upper window

just before the great leaden roof curled up and fell. Fire and sword spread in a widening circle round that devoted district; the château of Anton Dormeur was sacked. Achille Dufarge and his wife, the lovely Sara, were in Paris, where no word reached them till long after, and then only by a stranger, an old workman of the factory in Languedoc; so the months went by, and then came the awful recoil that put an end to a dynasty, and enthroned the guillotine. When the revolution had passed out of the hands of men, and the destinies of France seemed to be in the keeping of the paralytic Couthon and the bloodstained Barrère, the old man and his grandson were in England: age with its remorse—youth with its vague and undisciplined longings.

* * * * *

On the doorposts of a tall gaunt-looking house, in a street of that queer neighbourhood lying between Spitalfields and Norton Folgate, and known as "The Liberty of the Old Artillery Ground," might be seen the words "A. Dormeur, Silk Manufacturer."

It was a dim-looking place enough, where the yellow blinds were nearly always drawn over the front windows, and the summer's dust collected in the corners of the high flight of steps, and was blown round and round in little eddies, along with bits of string and snippings of patterns or shreds of silk and cotton. The front door stood open every day from ten till five, to give buyers access to the warehouse, in which Anton Dormeur—older, more withered, slightly bent, and with a set look upon his face which even his rare smile failed to disturb—unrolled pieces of silk, made bargains, examined with a critical eye and with the aid of a magnifying glass the fabrics brought in by the weavers, and in fact carried on his trade as though he had for ever been separated from the tragedy which befel him in Languedoc nearly fourteen years before.

And yet that heavy affliction darkens his mind to-day as he rolls and unrolls his silks, or carefully matches the skeins that have come from the dyers with the patterns that lie before him. The sun is shining through the windows, the lower panes of which are dulled in order to obtain a clear high light; but the cloud upon his puckered brow is not lighted. Hour by hour the warehouse clock ticks away the afternoon. Customers have departed; the sound of the scale and the clatter of reels and bobbins, in another warehouse beyond the long passage, have ceased since midday.

Presently some passing thought too bitter for absolute self-control crosses the old man's mind, and he bows down his grey head for a moment upon his folded hands; but the next instant glances round with the half-startled look of a man who fears he has betrayed himself, and is busy over his patterns again as he notes that a young man at

the other end of the room is regarding him with a wistful, pitying look.

"Come, Antoine," he says, "you have had a long day's work, and we dined early; it is time you had finished your ledger for the day. Come and help me put up these pieces, and then get you into the fresh air. Would that I could make the old house more cheerful for thee, boy; but remember it is all thine own one day, and do not add to the sorrows of the past, anxiety for the future."

The young man had come to his side—a slender, handsome fellow, with an olive cheek, curling hair, and a dark eye both frank and fearless.

"And you, grandpère," he said, touching the old man's hand; "why will not you go out and seek some change from your dull life? What sorrow is it that seems to press so hard on you to-day, and why do you think it necessary to give me words of warning? What shadow has come between us?"

"What shadow?" echoed the old man, peering at him from under his bent brows. "None of my throwing, boy; but do you forget what day it is? A dark anniversary for me, if not for you; and I scarcely thought you would have let it pass without a thought. Nay, I need not wish its darkness to lie on you for ever either; but, Antoine, remember you are all I have left. In my silent, lonely life, and this dull house—and I always a reserved and seeming loveless man—you may well pine for something more, some lighter, gayer time, and ever brood over the means to find it. But remember, my son, that you are by birth above the paltry pleasures of the herd; that you can come to me and ask for money if you covet some pastime that befits you; that you need conceal nothing from me—have no friend that I may not know also."

Antoine's face flushed for a moment. It was seldom, indeed, that his grandfather spoke in a voice so tender and so yearning. Almost insensibly his arm stole round the old man's neck.

"What is it?" he said again. "What have I done?"

"I accuse you of nothing, lad," replied his grandfather, gently disengaging himself. "I thought perhaps your tastes may have needed more money. You do not gamble, Antoine; you are never out late, for I can hear you come in, and the sound of your violin penetrates to my room, so that I know when you are at home. I don't expect you to be always with me; I would not have it so; but when you want money——"

"Grandfather," said the young man hastily, "I know not what you mean. Have I ever asked for more than the allowance you make me? Do I complain? Except for the two or three bills that you have paid for me of your own free will, do I exceed your bounty?"

"Talk not of bounty, boy," said the elder, flushing in his turn. "Antoine, could you read my heart you would see that all I desire is to show to you the love that the world would give me no credit for, that my own children even, thy—thy mother, Antoine, and—and Sara—ah! leave me just now, my dear; I am surely growing old and childish, but I have still enough of the old manhood left not to wish even my grandson to witness my weakness. Leave me, boy, and let us meet at supper in my room. I shall go out presently to see old Pierre, and if I can to bring him home with me. Poor old faithful Pierre!"

The young man slowly left the warehouse, and ascended the stairs into the house, when he shut himself in his own room, and flung himself into a chair, in profound dejection.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIRST.

POVERTY PASTURES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EPISODES IN AN OBSCURE LIFE."

A PAIR OF MUDDLARKS.



HE river no longer lapped against the lower stairs; the raised stone causeway, that sloped from their foot to the water, rose bare above the pebbly hard, and green-brown mud. One wherry had been dragged down to the foot of the causeway, in readiness for almost despaired-of passengers; half a dozen others were huddled high and dry at the foot of the stairs; another lay, bottom upwards, at the top. By it stood an old waterman, in a glazed round hat, sleeved brass-buttoned waistcoat, and brown pair of breeches patched in places with canvas. Occasionally he removed his

hands from his pockets, in order to take his pipe from his mouth and adjust the tobacco. On these occasions he growled down a word or two to another smoking ancient mariner, attired in a chapped sou'-wester, a faded comforter, a pea-jacket with only two of its big horn-buttons on it, and a pair of blue breeches patched with green cloth at the knees, who sat upon the gunwale of one of the boats, kicking his heels against its side. When addressed, the second waterman, without taking his pipe from his mouth, growled a few words in reply, and then went on kicking his heels; whilst the first, having replaced his pipe, began again to stamp his feet in a "Bruin-dance" to warm

his numb toes—for a biting north-east wind, threatening frost, was blowing across the river. “L’âge d’or, qu’une aveugle tradition a placé jusqu’ici dans le passé,” says St. Simon, “est devant nous ;” but London watermen are no St. Simonians. The old fellows were lamenting their lost golden age, when watermen took more in a day than now they earn in a fortnight. “Might jist as well be a mudlark,” growled one old boy.

“Poor beggars !” answered his comrade, with a mingled contempt and pity in his tone which showed that he thought that, after all, watermen had not sunk quite so low as that. Some baker’s dozen of mudlarks could be seen from the stairs : an old man dressed in what seemed to have been once a woman’s caped cloak, the black stripes and the green ground of the pattern equally almost obliterated by grease ; an old woman with a nut-cracker nose and chin, which almost dipped into the filthy slush into which she peered, and dirty flesh as well as a scrap or two of dirty linen showing through the slashes of her burst gown, over which, for “warmth’s sake,” she wore a tippet of ragged sack-cloth ; and a flock of frowsy, touzled-headed youngsters—a good many with no covering to the touzled heads—of every variety of grimy tatteredness : some with their petticoats kilted or their trousers tucked up mid-thigh high, but most with petticoats and trousers which saved their owners trouble in that way, through being normally abbreviated to the regulation wading-measure. With their bags and their biscuits—both, but for scraps of miscellaneous material put in loose to stop the leaks, very much like Danaïdian buckets—with their old hats, and kettles, and pots and pans—the mudlarks, young and old, groped backwards and forwards along the hard, which plum-pudding-stoned their bare feet with little pebbles, paddled in the chilly slush, or splashed like shrimpers in the margin of the water.

Everything almost seemed fish that came to their very miserable nets. If any one wants to know the value of seeming rubbish, the straits to which people are put sometimes to procure a subsistence in this vast “London”—whose very vastness, however, through the multitude of paltry waifs which it furnishes, enables a little army of human strays to live after a fashion : a miserable fashion, but nowhere else could such a multitude of such people live in any fashion—let him take his seat in one of those queer beer-and-tobacco-scented, many-angled, notched-tabled rooms of public-houses, often weather-boarded, whose backs give on the river, and watch mudlarks at work. They pounce upon little knobs of coal as if they were “real Whitby jet” brooches ; lovingly coil up limp lengths of sodden rope that look like drowned, putrefying snakes ; wrangle over broken bones which starving

dogs would relinquish to one another without a snarl ; make prize of bits of wood which seem about as valuable ; exult over a rusty iron bolt or lock, and can scarce believe their delighted eyes when their grubby hands have fished up half a dozen verdigrised copper nails.

Watch the poor creatures clustering about that heeled-over schooner, out of which coal is being whipped ; see them clambering up the stranded black coal-lighters, which, though “empty,” may still hold coal that will be worth their taking ; feeling in the muddy channel meandering in front of the shipwrights’ closed dock, and reproachfully eyeing the shut gates which bar them out from precious spoil ; creeping as near as the indignantly barking dogs on board will permit, to the high-piled hay-and-straw and other craft beached stern on in ranks upon the hards, lying broadside and lobside beneath the dangling crane-chains of many-floored warehouses and mills, flush with the water when the tide is in, or jammed into dark clefts between those towering piles. And what do the poor creatures get for their dismal groping in all weathers ? If a mudlark clears sixpence in a day, he thinks himself a most lucky mudlark—often he gets far less than that—sometimes he gets nothing.

The incoming tide gradually drives the mudlarks ashore. They tramp in file up the stairs, printing fresh muddy footprints on the stones, and sprinkling them with unfragrant drippings from their drenched garments.

“What luck, old gal ?” asks a waterman of the nut-cracker-visaged old woman.

“Same’s ever,” she answers at once, without looking round, in a tone almost too sleepy to be peevish.

Her bag looks full, but if her luck to-day has only been her usual fortune, the bulky find under which she bends cannot be very valuable—if one may judge by her appearance.

She slinks off to her lair, followed by an imp bearing a rusty crumpled colander, piled with its find. Its sex is indistinguishable. It has long mud-hued hair hanging down in a mat over its shoulders. Through the hair one gets a glimpse of a never-washed little face, whose only sign of intelligence is an occasional glance of wicked knowingness. The imp is clad in a corduroy waistcoat, sleeved like the round-hatted old waterman’s ; the sleeves are turned back at the wrists, to enable the grubby little hands at the end of stick-like little arms to find their way out. What other clothes, if any, the imp has on, it is impossible to say, since the waistcoat comes down to its kibed little heels—bare of everything except ingrained dirt, thickly lacquered with a fresh layer of malodorous slime—like the Ulster great-coats in which men make Noah’s-ark guys of themselves now-a-

days; and though some of the bone buttons are off, the capacious overlapping double breast quite hides the no doubt skinny little frame within.

"Poor ole Sue!" said the round-hatted old waterman; "an' yet she worn't a bad-looking young 'ooman once upon a time."

"Well, *you* ain't a chicken, but that must ha' been long afore your time, Sam," interjected a younger comrade who had joined Sam on the stairs-head.

"No, 'tain't," answered Sam. "I don't mean as I can remember her so 's to 've kep' company wi' 'er, or the like o' that; but when I was about 'alf-way through my 'prenticeship, she come to live 'ere. She were fresh from the country, jist married, an' an unkimmon pretty young wife she were, though she do look a deal more like a guy now, or a Punch-and-Judy show."

"Boat, sir—boat?" the watermen had greeted me with, when I first made my appearance on the stairs, and they had naturally looked rather glumpy when they found that I did not want one, especially since they could not make out what I *did* want—except to stare at the river, and perhaps listen to them. The round-hatted old fellow answered me civilly enough however when, interested by what he had said, I tried to get into conversation with him.

"About ole Sue? Oh, yes, I can tell ye all I know about her, sir, if you want to know it, but I can do talkin' as well walkin' as standin'. I was jist thinkin' o' goin' 'ome to git a bit of a warm, for it's no good waitin' about 'ere any longer sich a day as this."

I proposed that, instead of going home for his "warm," he should have a drop of hot spiced beer in the river-side room from which I had recently issued.

He accepted my invitation nothing loth, and thus discoursed over his steaming pewter:—

"As I was a-sayin', sir, I remember poor old Sue when she was fust married. From the country she come. The chap she was married to was a ship's butcher, leastways the son o' one, and went down into the country to look arter beasts an' so on, an' that's 'ow he fell in wi' 'er. There was a good many young chaps enwied him his luck when they saw the wife he'd got, but there was never a word said agin 'er—not that way. They was like a pair o' turtle-doves or two young pigeons, as the Scriptur' says, when they was fust married, and a nice little family they 'ad—most on 'em gals, as took arter their mother in their 'looks. The young chap went pardners wi' his father, an' they was goin' ahead like steam, when all of a suddint they blew up, jist like one o' them precious kittles that's spilt our trade. The ole feller never 'eld his 'ead hup agin. The young chap 'ired hisself as journeyman to another butcher, but he'd 'ad one for 'isself 'too. To keep his sperrits up he took to

drinkin', an' beat his wife an' starved his children. At last he went downright to the bad—ran away an' was never heerd on arterwards; an' nobody missed him, 'cept 'twas Sue. His youngsters had got to 'ate him, an' make game on him when he were too far gone to drub 'em; but she'd stuck to him through all, an' kep' fond on him, some'ow, for all his drubbin's. They're queer cattle, is women. There's my ole 'ooman, now, as I never laid a finger on, or crossed 'er—not to speak on—in a single thing she wished; an' yet she hain't 'alf the respec' for me as them as has cotched Tartars has for them. She wouldn't order me about as she do, if I'd given 'er every now and then a jolly good beatin'.

"'A 'ooman, a dog, and a walnut-tree,
The more you hit 'em, the better they be."

"I don't 'old, though, with them as is for ever thrashin' their missises. They gits used to it, and so it loses its effec'—but now and again it's as well to let a 'ooman feel the weight o' your 'and, jist to show 'er who's master."

I quoted the well-known sentiment, "The man who lays," etc.

"Oh, yes," continued the old man, at first in a tone of contemptuous offendedness, "I've heerd the sailor chap a-spoutin' that at the theaytur. That's all wery well in a play, but sailors is as free wi' their fists as other folks when a 'ooman riles 'em, an' if you was to know 'ow haggerawatin' our wives sometimes is—I don't know 'ow 't may be wi' ladies—you'd wonder they didn't git walloped horfener than they does. It's all wery fine to talk about not layin' yer 'and on a 'ooman, but what are you to do, if you can't keep the 'ooman from layin' of 'er 'ands on you? But I was a-talkin' about Sue, poor ole gal. There she were left wi' all them bairns to look arter, an' 'ard she tried. Work her fingers off, she would, but as they grewed hup they was no comfort to 'er. She'd no time to look arter 'em, you see, when she was a-slavin' at the wash-tub. They run about the streets, an' did as they liked. There was on'y two boys. One on 'em went to sca, an' we never heerd no more on him. I don't know what become o' t'other. There was 'alf a dozen gals or so. None on 'em come to no good. Some on 'em married, an' some on 'em didn't, but there worn't much to choose betwixt 'em. 'Tain't to be wondered at that Sue got to be a bit too fond o' drink, when she could git it, poor ole girl. You see, they give it 'er at the 'ouses where she went washin' an' sich, an' so she got to know the comfort on it. Folks said as she drank when she was fust married, but it's my belief as 'twas all a fib. It was the women as said it, as was enwious of the colour she 'ad. A fine 'igh colour it were, but not a bit more like drinkin' nor a rose is like a radish. She were fair druv to drinkin', was poor ole Sue, by her 'ard life, an' then the wery folks as 'ad give

her the gin at their 'ouses wouldn't give her no more work. She couldn't git no more washin', nor charin'; nor nuffink. Down she sunk, poor ole gal, till she come to mudlarkin', an' that she've been starvin' at this ten year. 'Ow she 'olds hout's a myst'ry to me—a frost'll finish her hoff some night, I expec'—but she must ha' 'ad a rare constitooshun to stand all she's stood—sorrer, an' slavin', an' drinkin', an' starvin'. A gran' thing is a fine constitooshun, sir; but them as has got 'em is mostly fools—they take liberties with themselves. If they didn't, it's my belief as they'd live pretty nigh for ever, if they didn't git drowned, or killed by axedint some'ow."

"Oh, that young limb," my informant proceeded, when I asked about the old woman's young companion. "That's poor ole Sue's youngest daughter's youngest. A reg'lar character *he* is, the owdacious young toad! I guess he's forgotten more wickedness than you ever knowed, sir. *He* 'on't be a mudlark long arter poor ole Sue's gone.

A thief, an' wuss, that's what *he'll* be. He's *tried* his 'and at it a'ready, the sarcy young rascal! Poor ole Sue might be comfor'bler if she'd let him steal, but that she won't, an' the on'y good thing about the young scamp is that he minds *his* granny."

"If you'd like to see where the ole 'ooman lives, there it is," said my waterman, pointing up the lane, when we were parting at the door of the hostelry.

What he pointed at was the dilapidated, pigsty-like, built-out back-kitchen of a tumble-down house, which could find no paying tenants even in that densely populated neighbourhood, and had been appropriated accordingly by squatters.

"An' if the ole 'ooman's in as you go by, an' you've a shillin' to spare, you might do wuss than if you give it to her, sir," the old man, who had grown sentimental over his spiced beer, remarked in conclusion. "She were a wery fine young 'ooman once upon a time."

IN HONOUR BOUND.

BY CHARLES GIBBON,

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE BOOK OF FATE.

SHE stood at the door of the cottage. A clear day. She could see miles of the bare coast-line guarded by its savage battlements of rock; the busy port of Kingshaven, nestling in its natural bay, and behind, long stretches of moorland melting into fields of ripe grain, which rolled upward to the mountains, whose bright green plains hung upon the edge of black valleys. Before her, the opal sea, always restless, often furious, flecked with foam and fishing smacks. The colour deepened as the waters reached the horizon, and through a white haze mingled with the sky. All the wrath of the sea appeared to be close at hand; out yonder there seemed to be a placid mere, from which came long sweeping waves, graceful, and so calm in their strength, lifting their white crests, beneath which flashed the colours of the rainbow, trembling an instant in the sunlight, then dipping and curving with such gentle lines shoreward, that it seemed a lover in his happiest mood hastening to kiss his mistress. But as they neared the shore the waves became turbulent, rose in white jagged points, broke in spiteful foam upon the rocks, and retired moaning, disappointed. Within that hazy horizon line those who looked from shore saw, for themselves or those who were dear to them, rough work and danger enough; beyond it, the discontented or ambitious imagined

mysterious possibilities, and gazed long, with vague yearnings; until, by-and-by, quickened by necessity or hope, some broke the ties of the old home, and sailed out into the mists of new worlds, to find fortune or despair.

At times Teenie was conscious of these vague yearnings, and became restless as the sea she loved.

There was a large dove-cot above the door of the cottage; the pigeons were continually fluttering about the roof, cooing and pluming themselves. They were Teenie's pets; they would gather around her, sit on her shoulders, on her arms, and peck from her hand, but they took flight as soon as a second person appeared. This familiarity with animals was regarded as another element of uncanniness in her character.

The pigeons were flocking about her now. One fine fellow, with a grand sheeny blue breast, was marching up and down before her, cr-r-ooing, dipping his head at intervals to give emphasis to his guttural notes, and patronising his mates with all the pomposity of the provost at a tea-meeting. Teenie spoke to her pets occasionally, but she was much occupied looking down the road towards the village which lay below her, Kingshaven behind it, yellow and black in the sunlight, its church tower and dissenting steeple rising sharp and clear against the sky.

She stood with the left hand resting on her hip,

the other now playing with the fringe of the little blue scarf which was pinned round her neck, and again raised to shade her eyes from the bright rays of the sun. A tall sinewy lass, with wavy fair hair, and plenty of it, hanging down her back; big blue eyes; soft rounded features, sun-browned and healthful. Her dress a simple stuff gown, apron, white stockings, and thick-soled shoes. There was a sense of grace and strength in her appearance—beauty, in fact; the light of blissful ignorance of sorrow in her eyes, and a smile on her lips.

She saw a woman with a square yellow basket on her arm, marching up the hill. Teenie's whole face beamed with delight; pressing her elbows to her sides, her pets were scattered right and left as she sprang forward to meet the woman, all the poetry of emotion in her joyful bounding pace.

"Have you gotten it, Allie?" she cried.

Alison nodded, and Teenie clapped her hands gleefully.

"Eh, but that's fine! Come on; let's try it at once!"

Catching the woman's sleeve, she dragged her towards the house, impatient of her pace, although Alison Burges, having the bones and muscles of a man, walked with the stride of one. Alison was about sixty—clean, neat, and fresh, from the white cap with its huge frill on her head to the clumsy but serviceable boots on her feet. She had long dry features, marked with red marble lines; pale grey eyes, in which there was plenty of shrewdness, but not a glimpse of tenderness apparent. She yielded to the impulsive girl, but neither smiled nor frowned.

Inside the house, Alison placed the basket on the table, wiped her dry mouth with the corner of her apron, rested her hands on her sides, and then, shaking her head slowly, she exclaimed, in a sing-song tone which might have indicated pity or surprise, or both—

"Eh, Teenie, Teenie, you may die for want o' breath, but no for want o' wiles."

Teenie laughed, and said, "Haste you."

Alison deliberately sat down on a wooden chair, the back of which formed a rough imitation of a lyre. Then she lifted her skirts, and after much fumbling found a capacious leathern pouch, from which she produced a small pamphlet, printed on dingy coarse paper. This Alison handled respectfully, and laying it on her knee with much care smoothed out the creases.

The sun seemed to flash on Teenie's face. She dropped on her knees, crying—

"Let's see it; let's see it!"

It was one of those penny chap-books which at one time were extensively sold throughout the country by pedlars, and which constituted the chief literature of the people, affording them, in the long winter evenings, delight, wonder, and material for conversation when they gathered round the kitchen

fire. The chap-books comprised sheets of songs, anecdotes—not always particular in regard to delicacy—tales of the Covenant Martyrs, sermons, biographies (one sheet contained the lives of all the Kings of England, from Arthur to George III.), and half a dozen different instructors in the arts of fortune-telling and charm-working, each professing to unveil the future to the duller eyes. Amongst the sheets of verse, "Chevy Chase" and "Thrummy Cap" were the most popular. Of the serious works a favourite one was "The Life and Wonderful Prophecies of Donald Cargill, who was Executed at the Cross of Edinburgh on the 26th July, 1680, for his Adherence to the Covenant and Work of Reformation." The most read of the ghost-stories was "The Laird of Cool's Ghost;" whilst by far the best relished of the humorous sheets was "The Life and Wonderful Sayings of Geordie Buchanan, the King's Fool." That was George Buchanan the poet and historian, who, when tutor to the Scottish Solomon, proved his independence by quickening the wits of his majesty by the help of a birch—and he became famous amongst his countrymen in later days as the King's Fool!

The chief favourite of the fortune-telling sheets was the one which Alison held in her hand, entitled "Napoleon Bonaparte's Book of Fate." Beneath the title was a smudgy wood engraving which represented Bonaparte, in dancing pumps with round buckles, standing on a rock; arms folded on his breast, head bowed, and the smear of ink intended to indicate his eyes, supposed to be gazing sadly into space, or at four black spots beneath him which symbolised anything the imagination of the onlooker might suggest.

Turning over the leaf Teenie saw a curious table, called grandly "THE ORACULUM." She had not the least idea what that hard word meant, and therefore looked with some awe at the mystery.

The table was divided into small squares, each occupied by a letter of the alphabet; along the top were a series of asterisks arranged in various forms, thus—

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and so on. The left-hand side of the page was occupied by sixteen interesting questions:—1. Shall I obtain my wish? 2. Shall I have success in my undertakings? 3. Shall I gain or lose in my cause? 4. Shall I have to live in foreign parts? etc.

This looked delightfully cabalistic and promised some amusement.

But there was no suspicion of fun in Alison's mind. She understood the working of the oracle and respected it. She made Teenie write at random

four lines of dots. They counted the first line and found that the number of the dots was even, so Teenie was told to mark two dots opposite the end of the first line. The number of the next line was odd, so one dot was scored beneath the first two; the third line even—two dots again; the fourth line odd, which gave one dot; the whole producing a figure like this— . . . and corresponding with the second square of asterisks.

"Now," said Alison solemnly, and lowering her

*** "Whatever your desires are, for the present
*** decline them."

The light of expectation and hope left the girl's face. She knotted the fringe of her scarf and absently tried to unravel it. Then she laughed as if at her own doubts, and said boldly—

"We'll try it again, Ailie."

Alison was astounded at this irreverence.

"You're not allowed to try the same question twice in the same day; it's no lucky, and it would spoil the charm."



"THEN WE'LL TRY ANOTHER ONE."

voice as if fearing to mar the spell which was being worked, "what question would you like to speir?"

A moment of hesitation, and Teenie pointed to the first question—

"Shall I obtain my wish?"

Alison traced with her forefinger the line of the question till it came to the letter B, beneath the asterisks corresponding with the form of Teenie's six dots. She wetted her thumb, and slowly turned over the leaves till she came to the page at the top of which was a big black B. Down the side of the page were asterisks similar to those of the "Oraculum," and opposite the second figure was the answer to Teenie's question—

"Then we'll try another one," cried fearless Teenie.

The dotting process was repeated, and after grave consideration Teenie sought the answer to this important question—

"Does the person love and regard me?"

The answer was found—"This love is from the heart and will continue until death."

"That's fine!" she cried, delighted and ready to believe in the oracle, now that its promise accorded with her wishes. She repeated the gratifying words with a kind of wondering pleasure, as if listening to some one.

She would try her luck again, and now, with something of the reckless or defiant spirit in

which the gambler throws his last stake, she demanded—

"Will the marriage be prosperous?"

The answer was given—"Various misfortunes will attend this marriage."

"It's just nonsense," Teenie exclaimed, jumping up, indignant. But the cloud passed immediately; she stooped and whispered to Alison, "And the book does not tell true—for I've got my wish, and there he is at the door!"

CHAPTER THE FOURTH. YOUNG DALMAHOY.

It was Walter Burnett, Dalmahoy's son, who was at the door. And what was the Laird's son doing there? People had been asking that question frequently of late, with suggestive looks, sly winks, or foreboding shakes of the head. There was no particular reason for this questioning, except that he was the Laird's son and she was Dan Thorston's daughter. But Walter—or young Dalmahoy, as he was generally called to distinguish him from his father, old Dalmahoy—Walter had been from childhood accustomed to visit the cottage.

He used to go out fishing with Thorston, and Teenie—a bare-legged cutty then, flying about in healthy recklessness—used to find bait for the big boy, who brought her handfuls of sweets in exchange. Often she would go out in the boat with them, and she would mend Walter's lines, or bait the hooks when the fish was taking fast, whilst Thorston sat guiding the bark, watching the sail, and attending to his own lines. The boat leaping over the waves, the brown sail flapping between the man and the children, the latter would gossip in this fashion:—

She: "Ha'e you got a bite?"

He: "I think there was a nibble."

"Your bait will be off."

"No, I saw the float bobbin'—there!—aha, I've got him this time!"

He would draw in the line, hand-over-hand, she bending over the side, eyes wide, eagerly watching the arrival of the prize. Then at the first silvery flash in the water, she would clap her hands, crying—

"Eh, it's a fine ane—it's a codlin—ca' canny or you'll miss him."

That accident happened occasionally, when Walter in his enthusiasm, panting and anxious, sensible that the hook was not secure in the gills of the fish, was straining his strength as if to convey the energy of his own desire into the line; the prize rose to the surface, half out of the water, and then—snap! a silver gleam, and fish and hook disappeared, a wave washing the boy's heated face with spray.

"Hoot, you fool!" was Teenie's exclamation,

"you've lost him, and he was such a bonnie one. You'll no get another chance like that."

And she would turn contemptuously from him to the lines, whilst Walter, looking sheepish and disappointed, would humbly prepare to try his fortune again.

"You canna catch a' the fish in the sea," Dan would say consolingly, as he quietly hauled in a brace of whittings.

The brave breeze, the refreshing salt smell of the sea, the inspiring pulsations of the boat, and another "bite," presently dispelled from the boy's mind all remembrance of his disappointment, and from Teenie's all sense of scorn.

"There now!" he would shout, his cheeks glowing with joy, as success rewarded his next effort.

"Man, but that's fine!" says Teenie, sharing his joy.

There never was the least shyness between them, and no thought of degree. The only difference Teenie was conscious of observing between Walter and the other boys of the neighbourhood was, that his clothes were never ragged and seldom patched—they were patched sometimes. The material of them—a rough tweed—was not in childish eyes a bit finer than the coarse homespun of the other loons. Then, like them, he went to the parish school, got his palmies like the rest, scrambled and fought amongst them, conquered or got beaten just like an ordinary boy. It was the proper training for a sturdy youth; and even if he had been in the least priggish or "upsetting," he would have been speedily taught, by the fists of his schoolmates, that in the republican playground the strong arm carries the day.

After the parish school—at which girls as well as boys obtained their first lessons, and competed in the same classes—came the Academy at Kingshaven. Every morning Walter, with his brothers and sisters, took his breakfast of porridge and milk in the kitchen—sometimes, as an indulgence, he was allowed to have a cup of coffee—and then he trudged off to the Academy, four miles distant. Besides books he carried in his satchel his "twal-hours" or "piece"—plain bannocks and cheese generally; or, rare delight, a penny in his pouch, with which to buy for his noonday meal the coveted delicacy, a treacle-bapp—a scone of coarse flour cut open and spread with treacle.

On his way home he would halt at the cottage, to hear from Dan some wild story of his whaling adventures, or to tell Teenie how many marbles he had won during the play-hour, or maybe to play a game at "ringgy" with her, or to help her in making some alteration in the dovecot. Then he would trudge on to his motherless home to supper—six o'clock—the preparation of his lessons for the following day, "a chapter," prayers, and bed. Oc-

casionaly the evenings were diversified by a merry hour spent with his cousin Grace Wishart, to whom he was accustomed to appeal for help in all his boyish troubles. She was his senior by two or three years—a vast period in childish eyes—and her quiet ways made her appear to Walter quite woman. Teenie was his playmate; Grace was his guide and counsellor.

On one occasion, for some slight ailment he was taken by his nurse to Dr. Lumsden—then beginning to be recognised as the established surgeon of the district. Walter's old nurse, who believed him to be the most wonderful boy that had ever been born, assured the doctor that the "laddie fashed himself far ower muckle with books."

"You mean that he studies too much," said Dr. Lumsden pompously.

"Jist that—he's aye reading and stealing candles to read with when a' decent folk are bedded."

"Indeed! and what does he read?"

"I dinna ken—he reads the Bible for ae thing."

"A very excellent work," said the doctor, with something like patronage of the book and the boy in his tone.

"And he reads Burns."

The doctor looked disappointed.

"And he reads Shakespeare, and that's a' I ken about."

The doctor lifted his nose contemptuously. He was a man of middle-age, who by very severe effort had passed through college, and obtained his degree. The moment he had touched his first fee, he felt that he was a superior person to all and everything around him. He knew little of Burns, for he never had time to indulge in miscellaneous reading; nothing of Shakespeare except by report; and he was conscious of being practically much better than either of these persons—morally, infinitely their superior.

"Very trivial reading indeed," he said scornfully.

Had she told him that the boy had been reading the *Materia Medica*, he would have called that study; but the idea of applying the word study to such ephemeral works as those of Burns and Shakespeare!

"His stomach is disordered—he only needs a powder," concluded the doctor decisively.

The powder was compounded, the boy never took it, and he recovered!

By-and-by came the important change from home to the university, and the decision as to a profession. The Laird had certain ideas about minerals, and therefore wished Walter to become an engineer. Walter was delighted with the idea, and for a while devoted himself arduously to physics and mechanical science. But, slowly at first, and then rapidly, there took place a transformation in the character of the youth—it was really a development—and to the surprise of everybody he deter-

mined to enter the ministry. He had been always regarded as such a light feather of a youth, stirred and influenced by every wind that blew, that it was difficult for those who knew him to imagine him capable of fulfilling the grave duties of a parish minister.

The Laird was angry, and all the more so that his neighbours were quite satisfied that Walter was unfitted for the services and responsibilities he was so boldly and recklessly, not to say presumptuously, about to undertake.

It was not the responsibility which affected the Laird, but the destruction of a long-cherished scheme.

Walter, however, was resolute, and so he applied himself to the study of theology—still keeping up his acquaintance with Burns and Shakespeare. He was full of enthusiastic aspirations, but was curiously unconscious of his own growth. He never thought of himself as a man, and he paid a kind of boyish respect to his seniors. He sometimes had visions of marriage, a happy home in some quiet manse near the sea, and great work to be done in helping others; but that was such a long way off in the future that the visions were very dim. So it was that he was very slow to realise the fact that Teenie had become a woman. But a word was spoken—"Some smart lad will carry her off before long," said one of his college friends in the course of a summer day's ramble—and Walter awakened from a dream. He felt shy, and amused with himself; he felt awkward, and puzzled with himself.

Teenie went blithely to the door, and threw it open.

"I knew you would come," she said, looking up with her clear frank eyes into the face of the man.

He was a tall fellow, dressed in grey tweed. The welcome pleased him, and with the smiling curiosity of one who is amused by the drollery of a child, he asked—

"And how did you know I would come, Teenie?"

"Because I dreamed you were sailing away out on the sea, never to come back, and dreams go by contraries!"

"Were you frightened when you saw me sailing away?"

"No; what would I be frightened for?—Hoosh, cat!—she's always trying to worry the doos."

Teenie threw a stone at a large tortoise-shell cat, which had been patiently watching an opportunity to pounce upon one of the pigeons.

"Frightened that I might not return," he said, continuing the conversation.

"Oh, but I knew you would come back."

"You would trust me then, no matter what others might say?"

"I suppose so," she answered somewhat carelessly, for she did not observe the seriousness of his tone.

"But if I did not come back, you would be sorry?"

"I dare say I would, for a while at any rate."

"Only for a while!" he cried, making a wry face.

"Yes; what more?—did you not tell me that we would be awful miserable creatures if we could not forget?"

"So we would; but for all that I would not like you to forget me, for that would be a sign you did not care much for me."

"Oh, but I do care a great deal for you."

"More than for anybody else?"

"I cannot say that" (thoughtfully).

With a mock tragical air he said—

"Would you die for me?"

"I am quite sure I would not," she answered with disagreeable frankness.

"What!" he exclaimed, laughing, "if you saw me in the bay there, and the waves dashing me about like a shuttlecock, and heard me crying, 'Teenie, Teenie, come, or I'll be drowned!'—wouldn't you try to save me?"

"To be sure I would, and I would do the same for any other poor creature in such a pass."

Although he had been speaking apparently in jest, he did not quite enjoy the answer. Only a little while ago she had been questioning the future about her relations with this man; and yet here she was speaking as if she cared no more for him than for anybody else! But she had neither desire nor intention to deceive him. She had a child's reckless way of uttering the thought which happened to be uppermost, without the least speculation as to the effect her words might produce on the hearer. She saw that he was not satisfied.

"Why do you ask me these questions," she said, "if you do not like me to answer them?"

"But I do like you to answer them, only—in another way. Let us go down to the bay, and I'll tell you a story."

"Yes, and I'll tell you the ploy I had with Ailie this morning.—I'll be back in a while, Ailie," she added, thrusting her head in at the door.

Then she darted off after Walter, who was walking towards the path which led down the face of the rock to the bay. She passed him, and sprang down the steep path; he followed quickly, and yet was far behind her. She seemed to bound along with the buoyancy and brightness of a wavelet upon which the sun is flashing. He watched her, admiration and a kind of wonder in his eyes.

She stood on the yellow sand, throwing back her long hair, as the wind tossed it on her face and round her neck—looking up and laughing at the laggard. What could he make of this bright creature?—at one moment she was such a child in thought and desire, and in the next, a woman of prompt word and action.

"Is it no fine?" she cried pointing to the sea, her eyes reflecting its colours; "do you no hear the waters bamfling on the stones, and do you no see the bonnie tarns of silver and gold the sun is making out yonder? Oh, I would just like to be aye sailing, sailing on the bonnie water."

"Aye, but there are storms and wrecks as well as sunshine, Teenie."

"What a pity!" she said, her face darkening whilst she continued to gaze with vague questioning across the sea. "What's at the other side—land, and folk something like ourselves?"

"Yes, and water again, and land; and if you went on far enough, you would just come back to where you started from."

She laughed, and the cloud passed away from eyes and face.

"It's scarcely worth while starting then."

She seated herself on a large stone beside a boat which lay dry on the sand, smelling of tar and fish. Walter sat on the boat, and tiny waves rippled up to their feet, casting bits of sea-weed and specks of foam towards them. The brown rocks, with their many black clefts, rose up high around them; and the two seemed to be shut into a little world of their own, from which there was only one outlet—the big one, so easy to pass, opening upon the great sea, and its storms and wrecks, as well as its sunshine.

END OF CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

LEECH-GOSSIP.

FROM an early period in the history of medical science, we find the leech to figure as a valuable adjunct to the surgeon's repository. Indeed, so fully have its merits and usefulness been recognised, that there are not wanting those who maintain that this curious worm has been specially created for the purpose for which it is commonly employed. But zoological science gives no coun-

tenance to such a belief. Whilst we may recognise close adaptation of means to any particular end, we are not entitled to regard the animal or the vegetable world as primarily subservient, through any of their members, to the many ends and expedients which the fertile mind and ingenuity of man may conceive or invent. If we so regard animals or plants, we necessarily lose sight of the great uniformity of structure and principle of design seen

throughout either kingdom of living beings; and we at the same time neglect the laws and principles according to which the great life-realms of nature are directed, and by which they are harmoniously controlled.

But apart from these very necessary observations, we certainly find that the entire structure of the leech is pre-eminently adapted for the special and particular use to which in the human economy it is applied. We may commence our cursory examination of its life and habits by making some inquiry as to its place in the series of animal forms. Thus we first find that the leeches form a very distinct and well-marked order in the class of the "worms." And this leech-order is primarily distinguished by the possession of a sucker-like disc at one or both extremities of the body. Hence the leeches are sometimes collectively known as *Suctoria*, or "Suctorial" worms; whilst the name of *Discophora*, or "disc-bearers," is also applied to the group in allusion to the presence of the sucking-discs.

The group of leeches includes several other kinds besides the two which figure in the surgeon's list of *armamentaria*. The two "official" species are the *Sanguisuga officinalis* of Savigny—the "speckled leech"—and the "green leech" (*Sanguisuga medicinalis*). Both species are imported into England chiefly from Hamburg, but the former appears to be an inhabitant of the south of Europe, whilst the latter is found for the most part in the northern regions of the Continent.

The other species of "leeches" comprise forms which are not used in medicine, and which exhibit a widely different structure from the official members of the group. Such are certain forms which live as parasites on shell-fish, on water-snails, and on fishes; but there are also forms more nearly allied to the medicinal leeches. Examples of these latter species are seen in the horse-leech of our ponds and ditches (*Hæmopsis*), and in the land-leeches of Ceylon and India.

Directing our attention, however, to the ordinary and familiar leech, we find evidence of its worm-like nature in the ringed or jointed structure of its body. At first sight one would hardly think that the body was jointed at all, so closely set are the rings or joints. But if we look closely at the body, and watch it especially when in movement, we shall be able to perfectly see the segments. The joints are exceedingly numerous, and vary in number from seventy to a hundred. The body itself is flattened on its under surface, and convex on its upper surface; and in coloration, as indicated by their common names, the two medicinal leeches exhibit some difference. Thus the green leech possesses a uniform olive-green colour, whilst the speckled leech is of a greenish-yellow colour spotted with black.

At either extremity of the contractile muscular body, we find the "suckers," by means of which the locomotion or movements of these creatures are performed. And we are all familiar with the nature of these movements, since the phrase "leech-like motion" has become a familiar expression of every-day life. The one sucker is first securely fixed, and then the other sucker and the hinder part of the body are drawn up towards the fixed point, and the body at this stage assumes the form of an inverted letter U. The hinder sucker is fixed in its turn, and the front sucker now pushes itself forward to fix once more at a further distance from its former point of attachment. And, by successive contractions and expansions, the animal contrives to move quickly around its natural or artificial habitat.

Beginning with the front or anterior sucker, we find at this point one of the chief and most characteristic features of the creature. This feature consists in the "triradiate" or star-shaped form of the mouth, which opens in the middle of the front sucker. And within this triangular or star-shaped mouth a curious set of three sharp jaws is found. Each jaw is of a half-moon or crescentic shape, the convex or rounded edge of the jaw being placed uppermost in the mouth; and this edge is seen to be provided with two rows of exceedingly minute conical teeth. Indeed, this cutting edge of each jaw might be compared to a doubly serrated and semicircular saw, the teeth of which are placed in the most favourable position for rapidly and effectually dividing any substance against which they may be made to act.

The mouth leads into a short muscular throat, which in turn expands into a capacious stomach of curious conformation. The stomach of the leech, without the slightest exaggeration, may be said to occupy nearly the whole interior surface and cavity of the body. And we further find that the capacity of this receptacle is greatly increased by the presence of a number of side-pouches, which open from the stomach, and serve to contain a large supply of the peculiar nutriment on which the leech subsists. This capacious stomach with its side-pouches is suspended within a simple body-cavity, and from its peculiar form admits of a very large quantity of blood being stored up within a comparatively limited space.

Then, lastly, we find the leech to be provided with a system of vessels, by means of which the circulation of the blood is performed; and its breathing is provided for by a series of little sacs, or pouches, situated in the sides of the body, and which open externally by small apertures termed "stigmata." In these organs it is believed that the nutritive fluid, or blood, is exposed to the purifying influences of the surrounding water. The general surface of the body may also be regarded as

assisting materially in this latter process. And, to complete the list of structural organs and systems, we may notice the possession by the leeches of a distinct nervous system, situated on the floor of the body, and consisting of a double chain of nerve-cords. The only organs of sense that appear to be represented are the eyes, which exist in the form of a number of simple eyes, or "ocelli," situated on the upper aspect of the ill-defined head or anterior extremity.

Having thus gained some idea of leech-structure, we may shortly observe the mode in which the peculiar functions of its life are performed. By aid of the front sucker, the skin to which the leech attaches itself is made tight and tensely stretched; and then the three semicircular jaws with their sharp teeth are made, through their powerful muscles, to play with a sawing motion against the tightly stretched skin. And having in this manner obtained access to the bloodvessels below, the sucker-like action is again called into operation to draw the blood from the wound and force it into the capacious stomach.

The three teeth of the leech are so placed in the mouth that the wound resulting from their action is of a Y-shape, the three limbs of the letter being formed each by the cut of a single jaw. This description of wound, it is to be noted, is of a kind which permits a large flow of blood, and at the same time is exceedingly difficult to close. It is thus somewhat analogous to the well-known bayonet-wound, which is similarly of a three-cornered or triangular shape. The three flaps of the wound meet in the middle point of the Y, and there is thus a free outlet for the blood; whilst the edges of such a puncture are conversely difficult to approximate with a view to their union and healing.

The side-pouches of the stomach are first filled with blood, and then the latter cavity is itself replenished; and it is said that the blood may be stored up even for months within these pouches, the fluid being allowed at intervals, and for the purposes of digestion and nutrition, to escape into the stomach. In this way, therefore, the leech lays up a store of nutriment; although, when employed in the interests of humanity, we take means to insure the rejection of the blood, and so, by inducing hunger, again incite the creature to renew its repast.

The quantity of blood extracted by leeches varies in different instances, and under different circumstances; but, as nearly as can be estimated, the average quantity extends from a drachm to half an ounce, or even more.

A few words on the mode of obtaining these useful creatures, and on the chief sources of supply, may conclude our brief gossip.

The medicinal leeches are chiefly fished for by

practised professional leech-gatherers, a people *sui generis*, and who stand out from among the peasantry of their districts as a decidedly "peculiar people."

They obtain the leeches by wading in the pools and marshes of the country or district, the animals adhering to their limbs, and making their presence known by the sharp bite so familiar to those who have been subjected to the operation of blood-letting. But habit becomes a second nature, and the leech-gatherer does not mind the petty annoyance of his craft; and having obtained a sufficient number, he returns to land and, with a certain art acquired by long practice, detaches the leeches, and once more goes a-fishing.

The leech-catching community of Continental districts presents, as a whole, a peculiarly hectic or anæmic appearance. The people are pale and sallow—a condition probably determined by the nature of their avocation; and this appearance is said to be hereditary, and to be even witnessed in the descendants of the craft who do not pursue the trade of their fathers.

The after-treatment of the leeches is quite as important as their capture. When prepared for export, they are packed carefully in wooden tubs containing moist clay. Each tub contains about 2,000 leeches, and during the voyage or transit, the leeches are carefully watched and tended, the sick, dead, or dying being removed from the tubs, and the health of the community being thus insured.

Statistics of the leech-traffic give us enormous quantities as the consumption in the various cities of Europe and America. Thus Paris alone is said to use 3,000,000 leeches every year; whilst London imported, a few years ago, about 7,200,000 annually. Such quantities necessarily represent very large sums of money.

The chief sources of supply of these useful animals are the countries and districts of central Europe, which have Hamburg as an exporting town; but the midland and south of France, Spain and Portugal, and Russia also contribute to supply the demand.

In some of the Cumberland lakes official leeches are still to be found; but, as in other matters relating to animal economy, the cultivation of these forms has never been attended to, and the British species have nearly died out.

Wordsworth mentions this latter fact in his "Excursion," where he relates his meeting with the leech-gatherer, who said

—"that gathering leeches far and wide
He travelled: stirring thus about his feet
The waters of the pools where they abide.
'Once I could meet with them on every side,
But they have dwindled long by slow decay,
Yet still I persevere and find them where I may.'"

ANDREW WILSON.

JOHN BULL'S MONEY MATTERS.—HOW HE GOT INTO DEBT.

BY ALFRED S. HARVEY, B.A.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART THE SECOND.



E are now in a position clearly to appreciate the distinction between Funded and Unfunded Debt—viz., that in the latter Government contracts to repay both principal and interest, in the former interest only is provided for.

Now this system of the non-payment of the principal, which constitutes the funding system, was not the result of any specific policy; it was no sudden financial discovery, but it grew up gradually out of the crude and primitive expedients we have already adverted to. And this is how the system was developed.

Our readers are well aware that now-a-days the revenue of the nation consists of certain customs and excise duties and other taxes. They know, too, that day by day these taxes are being collected all over the country. The proceeds of them, together with all other moneys which flow from a thousand sources into the Exchequer, form the Consolidated Fund, out of which fund are paid all claims whatever on the Government.

This very simple plan of uniting all kinds of revenue into one fund is of very modern adoption. In the reign of William the Third the sum realised by each tax formed a separate and distinct fund. Loans were raised on the security of each tax, the principal and interest of each loan being paid exclusively out of the fund specially appropriated thereto; the actual machinery for borrowing being the Exchequer Tally, as previously explained.

It was of course intended that no tax should be mortgaged for a larger amount than could be defrayed thereout. But the Exchequer of William the Third, starved by wars abroad and Jacobinism at home, was soon utterly unable to meet the demands upon it. But, to the honour of the Revolutionary Government be it said, dire as were the straits in which they found themselves, there was never any thought of repudiation. The infamous example of the Stuarts was never followed.

The Government of William the Third may have practically commenced the custom of incurring debts; they certainly originated the idea of paying them.

At first efforts were made to discharge both principal and interest of loans by consolidating a large number of taxes, continuing them for several years, and thus making the surplus of one available for the deficiency of another. Out of the fund thus formed, the interest of the loans was first to be paid, and then the principal "if there be any sur-

plus." Once this postponement of the principal was accomplished, all hope of regaining lost ground was speedily abandoned. As the embarrassments of Government became more urgent, and the necessity for fresh loans more pressing, the impossibility of raising revenue sufficient for both interest and principal became manifest. Gradually but surely the character of the debt changed, and a system which involved payment of interest only, superseded that which guaranteed payment of principal as well. The State, in fact, no longer borrowed under a bond of repayment, but in reality sold the public creditor a perpetual annuity.

Of the many devices which were resorted to, there were two which have since occupied so prominent a position in our national finances as to demand a passing notice.

At this juncture the Bank of England started into existence. Its capital of £1,200,000 was lent to Government as consideration for the grant of a charter of incorporation, and on New Year's Day, 1695, it commenced business in the Poultry. We have no space to describe the growth of this, the most important banking corporation in the world. Suffice it to say its capital now amounts to seventeen millions and a half, the whole of which has, at different times, been advanced to Government. Upwards of eleven millions of this sum are still due to the Bank, who, in lieu of repayment, are permitted to issue notes against it, just as if it were actual gold in the Bank till. At this time, too, Exchequer Bills were originated. An Exchequer Bill is, in reality, nothing but a "promise to pay" a given sum of money by the Exchequer. The purchaser of an Exchequer Bill has the same claim on the Exchequer that the holder of a bank-note has on the Bank of England, with this exception, that the former is repayable only at a specified time, and bears interest from the date of its issue. But as the principal is repayable, the amount due by the nation on Exchequer Bills forms the Unfunded Debt.

And now, before proceeding to discuss the consequences of the various modes of raising money to which we have referred, let us advert to one addition to the debt, in 1706, an addition which reveals perhaps the only instance of repudiation and wrong that the financial annals of this country contain.

In olden times the goldsmiths were the only bankers, and what money they had was generally lodged for security's sake in the king's Exchequer at Westminster. Thus it came to pass that the goldsmiths were frequent lenders to the Crown, which, till the year 1672, honourably fulfilled the

conditions of the loans. But in that year Charles the Second forcibly closed the Exchequer, and seized £1,300,000 of the goldsmiths' money. In those days such a sum was enormous, and the whole commerce of London was dislocated. The goldsmiths went to law, but not until they had carried on a litigation for thirty-four years, and had lost £3,000,000 in principal and interest, were they allowed to receive annuities at the rate of six per cent. on half the original loan.

From the time (A.D. 1706) when these six per cent. annuities appear in the national accounts, the story of the debt is the story of rapid and resistless growth. War has always been the parent of debt, and politically the history of the eighteenth century is mostly occupied with war—financially with the old old story of deficient revenue, of swollen expenditure, and of recourse to loans. And thus the debt grew with gigantic strides. In vain patriots lamented, and statesmen discussed. As million was added to million, prophets declared that the country would be ruined, while statisticians busied themselves with schemes for reduction of interest or repayment of principal. But neither the vaticinations of the one nor the suggestions of the other seemed to have any particular effect.

Curiously enough, however, the country did not succumb. On the contrary, with every fresh accumulation of debt, fresh resources seemed to be developed, and renewed confidence to be exhibited, until at length the country bore with ease a burden which a few years before had been declared to be simply unendurable.

At times the price of stock rose above par—that is to say, the holder of £100 Consols found he could sell his right to an annuity of so much per cent. for more than £100—and then of course Government could hope to reduce the interest without being called on to pay off any principal sums.

Taking advantage of one such opportunity in 1748, Pelham, then at the head of the Broad-bottom Administration, succeeded in diminishing the interest on the bulk of the debt to three per cent. At the same time a number of those three per cent. annuities were consolidated, and so formed the stocks known as the Reduced and Consolidated Annuities, the great divisions of the Funded Debt.

And now let us endeavour to ascertain whether this system of funding was conducted on an economical plan. Clearly this is the crucial point of the debt, and it is one not altogether easy to elucidate. The question stated simply, is this—When the Government inscribed the name of a man in their books as the holder of £100 stock with interest at three per cent., how much money had they actually received from him?

If we mistake not, this point of the relation between the nominal capital of the debt and the money actually advanced by the original owners of

that capital, is one of the most startling phenomena of our financial history.

The taxpayer of the present day who contributes his share of the twenty-seven millions sterling, which has to be annually provided for interest to the public creditor, may contemplate the debt of £750,000,000 without chagrin—nay, even with composure—when he recalls most features of its history. For the story of our debt is, from a political point of view, the story of great national perils encountered without fear, and overcome without failure, and of a statesmanship which, though often mistaken, was never dishonourable. Above all, since the Revolution the annals of the debt are unstained by repudiation in any shape.

But from a financial point of view the process by which the debt was funded was prodigally wasteful. And this waste has arisen chiefly in two modes—first, in funding at a low rate of interest on a nominal capital; secondly, in establishing a Sinking Fund of a delusive character. The first of these we now proceed to elucidate.

In the infancy of the funding system, loans were negotiated at the market rate of the day, the capital assigned to the public creditor seldom exceeding the sum actually advanced by him. But in 1781 the practice was adopted of borrowing in a three per cent. stock, and then of apportioning to the contributor such an amount of that stock as would bring up his interest to the market rate.

Suppose, for example, Government borrowed in a three per cent. stock when the market rate was four and a half per cent., they gave the lender £150 three per cent. stock for every £100 advanced. That is to say, they bound the country to pay £4 10s. a year for ever for the £100 lent, or, should it be wished to pay off the debt, to liquidate it by the payment of £150—that is, half as much again as was originally lent. This system, once adopted, was adhered to with a fatal persistency. Nor was this extravagant assignment of capital the only boon granted to the fortunate contributor to a loan. He received an annuity of so much per cent. on the loan for a series of years, besides interest for the whole of the year in which the loan was contracted, although his instalments were paid at intervals during the year, or liberal discount on immediate payment of his contributions.

The aggregate loss to the country in consequence of the adoption of this system has been frequently and variously estimated. Dr. Price, the author of "Pitt's Sinking Fund," Dr. Hamilton, of Aberdeen, and other writers on the National Debt have exposed the wastefulness of the practice. But the publication in 1870 of the accounts relating to the Public Income Expenditure of Great Britain, with Mr. Chisholm's notes, enables us to present more exact calculations than were before procurable.

THE STORY OF A MINIATURE, AS TOLD BY A PIECE OF GOLDSMITH'S WORK
BY THOMAS ARCHER.



"RESTED HIS HAND UPON MY SHOULDER."

IN FIVE CHAPTERS—CHAPTER THE SECOND.

HE had scarcely done so when a man came from the upper warehouse, a room whence silk, both warp and woof, was given out to the workpeople to be wound on bobbins or spread into the web before it was fixed in the loom. After every such operation this silk was brought back to be re-weighed, and only when the piece was finished in a woven fabric did it find its way into the lower

warehouse, there to be measured and inspected. Access was gained to this upper warehouse by a door in a back street, inscribed with the words "A. Dormeur. Weavers' Entrance." And thence the workpeople, of whom there were many each day waiting their turn, went across a paved yard and into a passage terminating in a kind of square lobby, at the bottom of the deep well which lighted the gloomy staircase by a glazed window from the roof of the house.

Close to this lobby was a sliding panel, opening on a counter where the great scales hung for weighing the silk; and here weavers and winders gave in or took out their work from the scale-foreman, whose name was Bashley—one of those ruffians who, with a bullying pretence of candour and honesty, contrive to impose even on the victims over whom they tyrannise, and at the same time, as it were, wrest from their superiors the acknowledgment that they are "rough diamonds." We have heard so much of slinking, smooth-tongued, oily villany, that we have scarcely yet learned the fact that the bullying, self-assertive, loud-voiced, defiant scoundrel is often the most artful thief and liar in the whole round of rascality.

By a horrible fiction it is often thought that such a man is "just fit to deal with workpeople." The same opinion prevailed then, and thus Nick Bashley was able to get a character which obtained for him a place in the warehouse of Anton Dormeur. He had been there for some twelve months, in place of old Pierre Dobree—a faithful fellow who had joined his old master in London after the calamities which drove them both from France. Pierre had been in Paris, and had escaped to bring to his master the awful intelligence that the daughter he had denounced was now beyond his relentless anger; but the old man, having grown old and feeble, had retired, with a pension, to that range of buildings which once stood in St. Luke's, and was called La Providence: a refuge founded to receive poor Protestant émigrés, mostly aged men and women, who had their little rooms quaintly furnished with their own poor household goods; and who walked daily in the quadrangle, laid out in beds and borders.

Dick Bashley had been only fifteen months in Dormeur's service, and yet he had come between the grandfather and Antoine, suggesting suspicions of the young man's probity, but so artfully that while he only seemed to hint at small blemishes, which he pointed out for the sake of the lad's future welfare, he left so much to be inferred that the old man had already a new trouble added to his load.

Bashley's insinuations, when analysed, came in effect to charging Antoine with small peculations in order to increase the amount of his allowance—to taking beforehand what he, of course, might consider would be his own some day, as the

scoundrel would have put it. Not only this, but he hinted at low companions—at a secret love affair with a girl far beneath him in station—of this he would, if necessary, furnish proof.

It was with a troubled heart that Anton Dormeur, having at last escaped from a whispered conference with Bashley, locked up the warehouse, and went slowly out towards Shoreditch on his way to the "Providence." Old Pierre had been the early guide, philosopher, and friend of the little orphan boy; and the keen-faced, pippin-skinned old Frenchman had the courage of his convictions, and roundly swore many innocent French oaths that afternoon, when his old employer, and present patron and friend, paced with him along the path of the old quadrangle and told him his suspicions.

"So, that man of blague, that Bashley is at the bottom of this also," he said presently. "Why did you send me away, and take that liar, that—that—ventrebleu—that hyena?"

"But what should it be true, Pierre? My heart is very heavy."

"I tell you it is not true."

"But about the girl? He said he could prove it. And yet the boy came and rested his hand upon my shoulder to-day as if he were candour itself."

"Let him prove it."

"He swears he will."

"What then?"

"What then! Do you, too, think it is possible, Dobree?"

"I think it is quite possible that Antoine may be in love, and in love with one who is poor, but not ignoble—no, never—not ignoble."

There was a strange light in the old foreman's eyes, a strange look in his face, as he said this, so that Anton Dormeur stopped him suddenly.

"Pierre, you know something of this," he cried. "You shall tell me—what does it mean?"

"I am not sure that I can tell you," replied the old man thoughtfully. "Still, you invite me to sup with you to-night. Antoine will be there?"

"Ah! there again. This man Bashley told me, as one proof of his knowledge, that even to-night—this night that I have bidden him to meet me—Antoine will not be at home; that he may stay away altogether to avoid my questioning; that he will certainly disappoint me for the sake of this girl with whom he has an engagement. How then?"

Pierre was silent for a moment; a troubled look puckered his face, then a keen sudden gleam of surprise and intelligence seemed to shoot across it. "You said supper at nine, did you not?" he said quietly.

"Yes—the nights are dark."

"Make it ten, nevertheless."

"Agreed, but why? and what is there working in your brain, Dobree?"

"Never mind, monsieur, but lend me one, two, three sovereigns."

"Pierre, you are extravagant. What can you want with them? There will be no company; your dress is good enough."

"There will be Master Antoine, perhaps a lady, but that I cannot tell; there may even be two ladies."

"Pierre, it is ill-jesting," said Dormeur, turning pale and with an angry glance; "do you remember what day it is?"

"Good Heaven! Master, forgive me. I had quite another thought than of the day; pardon me a thousand times—pardon me. I could cut out my thoughtless tongue; and yet, believe me, I meant—never mind what I meant."

They had reached the passage leading to Dobree's queer little oak-panelled room, and as the door was open, both the old men entered; Dormeur walking up to the mantelpiece, and fiddling about there with some old china cups, and other little ornaments with which it was adorned. Turned with its face to the wall was a little trumpery frame, containing as it seemed some common little picture; and quite absently, and as though he scarcely knew what he was doing, the old man placed his fingers on it to turn it face outwards. Dobree gave a low cry, and placed his hand upon his arm.

"Where did you get this?" he said slowly, looking his old foreman in the face. "It is not old, it cannot have been painted more than a year; and yet, as a mere likeness from memory, it is wonderful. Who could have done it?—not you, Pierre, that is impossible."

Dobree had recovered himself. "You know that I came from Paris," he said, with his eyes cast down; "you know, too, how a picture may be retouched and made to look like new."

"But you are deceiving me; this is no retouching; it is clumsy—coarse; and, except in the evidence that the face itself must have been beautiful, not a good likeness. You wonder I can talk so calmly of this, a poor resemblance of the bright fair girl—of my Sara—mine although—Dobree, tell me how you came by this."

"I will tell you to-night," muttered the old man; "I swear to you that I will tell you to-night."

"And to-night I will show you a portrait on ivory, one that will make you think you see her as you once knew her, Pierre: a picture I keep among some relics, and look at often—oftener than you think, or any one in the world could guess. Good-bye—or rather till nine—no, ten to-night, *au revoir*."

When his grandfather had left the house, Antoine, who was restless, unhappy, and full of vague surmises, sat for some time with his head in his hands, and at last only roused himself with an effort. It was growing dusk already, for autumn had given

place to winter, and the days were short. There was still light enough, however, for him to see to write a letter, and in a few lines he told his grandfather that he should be with him at nine o'clock, and would then ask him to give him back the confidence that once existed between them, or to charge him with the fault that he had committed. He felt how vague this was, and almost hesitated; but he went to the room, nevertheless, and opening the door gently advanced towards the table.

It was a large barely furnished place, and yet not without evidence of luxury, or at all events, of ornament. The great carved chimney-piece was surmounted by a large mirror with sconces containing candles; a leathern chair was drawn up to the hearth; on the table itself was a silver standish with writing materials, and a great goblet of Venetian glass, while some rare china stood on a cabinet near the window.

Antoine so rarely entered this room except at night, and to bear his grandfather company for an hour or two before bed-time, that he involuntarily glanced round it now in the fast-fading twilight. In that moment he remarked that the door of the cabinet was unlocked—a circumstance so unusual, that he went towards it and looked inside to note what might be the reason of such carelessness. Then seeing me there on the shelf, he lifted me, and carrying me to the window looked curiously at my contents. There was some reason for his doing so. From the time that I had been an inmate of that dim silent room—where only its master came in daily, and the one domestic who, with an old housekeeper, attended to the wants of Dormeur and his grandson, and did a little dusting once a week—I had become the receptacle of family trinkets, of coins, and quaint pieces of old jewellery.

It was a common custom for the old man to take me out of the cabinet when his eyes were tired with reading, and to turn over these tarnished treasures, some of which were in small morocco cases. To one of the latter Antoine's attention was directed, for it lay open as though it had been hastily placed there, and covered with a piece of torn point-lace. Removing this, the young man saw a portrait, the picture of a face so sweet, and eyes penetrating, that he uttered an involuntary cry. It was a deeper feeling than mere surprise or admiration that prompted it however. For a moment he seemed ready to drop me from his encircling arm; his hand trembled as he replaced the miniature, after gazing at it with an expression of mingled wonder and terror. At that instant the watchman passed crying the first hour after dark; and, carefully replacing me, he turned the key in the cabinet door and hurried from the room.

Now all of my story that remains to tell took

place in the next three hours, after Antoine left the house with a strange sense of wonder and confusion in his mind ; so I must explain a little the situation of the young man—the enmity of Bashley.

It had happened then, some months before, that Bashley being away for a day's holiday, Antoine took his place at the scale ; for it was a slack time, and few workpeople were there to be served. He believed he had given out the last skein of silk, and had weighed the last bobbin, so shutting the slide, and putting up the bar, he unlocked an inner door, and went into the house and up the stairs. Pausing on the first landing, as he frequently did, to look thoughtfully over the balustrade and down the well-staircase, he became aware that one person yet remained quietly seated on the bench below ; and, uttering some slight exclamation at his own negligence, a face was turned upward towards his own—a face of such sweet, pure, girlish beauty, that he held his breath lest it should be bent from his searching gaze—as indeed it was, but not before the plain straw bonnet had fallen backward, and left a wealth of sunny hair glowing beneath the light that shone down upon it. A confused sense of some picture of an angel upon Jacob's ladder, that he had seen in an old family Bible, came into Antoine's thoughts as he stood and looked ; but in another moment the girl had replaced her bonnet, and, with her face bent down, sat waiting as before.

In a minute he was beside her.

"Pardon me," he said, with an involuntary bow ; "I thought every one had gone. What is it that I can do for you?"

There was no embarrassment except that of modesty as she curtsied before him. She might have been a young duchess by the frankness with which she met his look.

"I come from Marie Rondeau," she said, "who has sprained her foot and cannot walk. Mr. Bashley said she might send for the money due to her, if she was still lame."

"Your name then is——" he inquired, pausing for her to fill up the question by her answer.

"Sara Rondeau," she said simply ; "it is for my aunt that I come. I live with my aunt."

"And Bashley, does he—did he—has he visited you to bring you money?" Already the lad felt a short jealous pang, but knew not what it was.

"He has been to measure our work, but not to bring money. My aunt comes here herself."

But Bashley had been there, and the image of this young girl had roused his sordid fancy to a fierce passion. Is it a wonder that he began to hate his young master?

Antoine felt the warm blood in his face, as he wrapped in a paper the few shillings that were due.

"Do not come again on such an errand," he said.

"I will call and see if your aunt is better, and will, if necessary, bring some more money myself."

There is little need to say that Antoine kept his promise ; that merry bustling little Marie Rondeau (how unlike her niece she was, to be sure!) was in a constant tremor when the little wicket-gate of her garden clicked, and she, looking through the leaden casement of the upper room, saw the young master coming along the little path, with its two rows of oyster-shells dividing it from the gay plots of gilliflowers, double stocks, and sweet Williams. She trembled too for the peace of the fair girl, who had too soon learnt to know his footstep, and to flush with pleasure at his approach.

Already trouble seemed to threaten them, for Bashley had warned her, and in a coarse insolent way had said he meant to be Sara's sweetheart himself—or they might seek work elsewhere.

One night, when Antoine entered the garden, he was surprised to find old Pierre Dobree there.

"You must come no more yet, if you would spare this child from sorrow," he said, after talking long and earnestly. "Your new foreman watches you, and already hints to your grandfather that you are engaged in some mean intrigue. You bring evil where I would have you do good, Master Antoine. Come no more, I entreat you."

"And Sara—does she wish that also?" said the young fellow, reddening. "I have never spoken a word to her that could not be said before her aunt. Why do you interpose, Peter Dobree?"

"Excuse me, the aunt is my cousin, the child my ward, and I know your grandfather too well. For a month you must not come, but trust me and give me your word, and all may yet go well."

So it was a month since Antoine had been to the little house in Bethnal Green—and in all that slack time, neither Sara nor her aunt had been to the warehouse for work or money.

But on that night, when Antoine was to sup with his grandfather, the month's probation was at an end. Even had it not been, he would have felt that he must break his promise, for on that very morning as he stood at the door, after the warehouse had been opened, a boy ran up and placed a note in his hand—a mere slip of paper on which was scrawled—

"Will you never come again?—S. R."

His sensitive nature was shocked at such a summons, and, for the first time, he had a sharp pang of doubt whether he was not to be awakened from a foolish dream. It was with a heavy heart that he bent his steps along the narrow tangle of streets that lay between his house and the edge of a great piece of waste ground known as Hare Street Fields, and even had he been less preoccupied he might not have noticed that he was followed by two men, who kept close to him in the shadows of the houses, and walked as noiselessly as cats, and with the same stealthy tread.

JOHN BULL'S MONEY MATTERS.—HOW HE GOT INTO DEBT.

BY ALFRED S. HARVEY, B.A.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART THE THIRD.



CAREFUL analysis of each of the loans, and each operation of funding Exchequer Bills between the commencement of the funding system and 1869, shows that the net value received for £740,418,032 Capital of Unredeemed Funded Debt remaining on March 31st, 1869, was £510,370,458.

To put the matter in the simplest manner—for every £100 stock of the Funded Debt, the country has received on the average only £68 18s. 7d.

It is true that the public creditor cannot demand repayment of his nominal capital, and the State can generally redeem the debts considerably below par. But even with these qualifications the extravagance of the system is lamentable.

Supposing the debt, as above quoted, were redeemed at £90 per cent., the nation would still pay upwards of £156,000,000 more than it ever received. "Were a person in private life," says Dr. Price, "to borrow £100 on condition that it should be reckoned £200 borrowed at two and a half per cent., he would, by subjecting himself to the necessity—if he ever discharged the debt—of paying double the amount he received, gain somewhat of the air of borrowing at two and a half per cent., though he really borrowed at five. But would such a person be thought in his senses?"

It seems to us impossible to discover any adequate explanation of the motives which led ministers to practise such a system. Had the debt been funded in a five or six per cent. stock, experience shows that a reduction in the rate of interest would have been practicable from time to time, until at length three per cent. would have been reached, but payable, be it observed, on a capital sum less by £200,000,000 than that on which interest is at present computed.

The Government in fact, like a reckless spendthrift, burdened its successors without benefiting itself. It boasted of borrowing at a low rate of interest, but really paid a high rate on the actual loan, because of the excessive capital on which the low rate was calculated. Its posterity, on the other hand, entrusted with the liquidation of the debt, is embarrassed with an enormous surplus of nominal capital, which must be repaid to the uttermost farthing, though it has never represented real subscriptions.

The consideration of the fatal waste which

characterised the conditions under which the debt was developed, leads naturally to the investigation of other features of the debt, in which even a more culpable extravagance may be traced.

It is not a little curious that the most signal instance of mismanagement afforded by the history of the debt, should have occurred in that department of it in which economy was actually the aim and object—viz., in the efforts made to pay it off. For, from the time when the debt first attained any considerable magnitude, its diminution was the cherished desire of statesmen, as its growth was the bugbear of political prophets. But the vaticinations of the latter proved simply false, the exertions of the former resulted, as we shall show, in the increase of the very liability they intended to reduce.

The earliest idea of a Sinking Fund is undoubtedly to be found in those aggregations of taxes into one fund, to which we have already referred.

In 1716, Sir Robert Walpole introduced the first Sinking Fund as a regular system, and for a time the proceeds of the fund were applied to the discharge of debt with tolerable firmness. Soon, however, the temptation to apply the fund towards current expenses proved too strong to be resisted, and the diversion once commenced, was adhered to constantly until at length, as a means of reducing the debt, the fund was simply useless.

In 1786, Pitt's Sinking Fund was originated. The state of politics was, at that time, eminently favourable to the introduction of any scheme which promised to liberate the nation somewhat from the weight of the debt; for the disastrous conclusion of the American war, the loss of the colonies, the deficient revenue, and the general distress had made statesmen seriously uneasy at the growth of the national liability. Moreover, the champion of the Sinking Fund had appeared in the person of Dr. Price, a nonconformist divine of no mean mathematical ability. He declared that nothing could save the country but a Sinking Fund which should never be diverted. Then the fund, he said, would act at compound interest, and the results would be as marvellous as that of the penny invested at compound interest at our Saviour's birth, which would by 1781 have reached a sum equal to two hundred millions of globes of solid gold, each one as large as the earth! His reasoning persuaded Pitt, and the New Sinking Fund was established in 1786.

By the Act 26 Geo. III., c. 31, a million a year was to be provided and paid over to certain Commissioners, to form the fund, which was to be still further increased by the addition of life and ter-

minable annuities as they expired. With the money thus provided, the Commissioners were to purchase stock, which however was not cancelled, but stood in their names, the dividends being received by them and thus yet further enlarging the fund.

For forty-three years the operations of the fund were carried on, many modifications of the original plan being from time to time introduced, some of which tended to enlarge its scope. The final result of these operations is very succinctly given in the *Accounts of National Income and Expenditure*, to which we have already referred, and is not a little remarkable.

Between 1786 and 1829 the Commissioners applied to the reduction of Funded Debt £330,000,000 sterling, with which they purchased £483,183,803 stock, the average price per £100 stock being £68 6s. 2d. The total annual interest of this redeemed stock was £14,795,651, being equivalent to an average rate of interest on the sum paid of £4 10s. per cent., besides expenses of management. Now, be it observed, during the whole of this period (1786—1829) the revenue was deficient, and the Government had to resort to loans. These loans were raised on the principles already described, at a mean rate of £5 os. 6d. per cent. But the debt paid off bore only £4 10s. per cent., so that the actual result is that the above sum of £330,000,000 was raised at £5 per cent., in order to liquidate debt costing £4 10s. per cent. This difference of 10s. 6d. per cent. on £330,000,000 amounts to over £1,600,000 a year, which represents the loss incurred to the country by the Sinking Fund, without, of course, reckoning the management expenses of the fund itself, or the increased amount of capital of debt.

Our readers will cordially agree that Pitt's Sinking Fund was the greatest financial delusion ever known. To us at the present day it seems incredible that such a juggle could have been permitted to continue so long. It must be remembered, however, that in Pitt's time the details of administration were not exposed to the healthy publicity which is so marked a characteristic of the present day; that, from this cause, competent criticism was always difficult and often impossible. To many statesmen the debt was, doubtless, such an object of apprehension that, in dealing with it, their ordinary sagacity seems to have deserted them; others clearly grasped the folly of the system, but found it no easy task to disenchant the public mind of the glittering attractions of compound interest and wholesale reduction, and lead it back to humbler aims and slower processes. To Dr. Hamilton and Lord Grenville belongs the merit of having demonstrated the futility of the Sinking Fund, and of having laid down the true principles on which all operations for the extinction of debt should be conducted. Those principles, as since expanded by the great masters of English finance down to Mr. Gladstone, may be thus stated:

I. That the only real Sinking Fund is that derived from the surplus of revenue over expenditure.

II. That it is often wiser statesmanship to abolish taxes, than to continue them expressly for the purpose of obtaining a surplus of revenue for the extinction of debt.

III. That, in estimating the year's expenditure, special provision should not be made for the redemption of debt, but that the surplus of revenue should be that naturally arising from the growth of taxes, or from sterner economy in expenditure.

IV. That the mode of reducing debt by substituting life and terminable annuities for the interminable annuities, of which the debt consists, is on the whole the most satisfactory that can be devised.

It was on these principles that the Sinking Fund at present in operation was started in 1829. The actual *modus operandi* is as follows:—Within thirty days of every quarter-day the Treasury make up an account of income and expenditure, according to the actual receipt and issue of money at the Exchequer, for the year then completed, and one-fourth of the surplus of annual income is issued to the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt out of the Consolidated Fund. With this money the Commissioners purchase Consols or other stock in the open market—such stock being then cancelled. The Commissioners also receive all donations and bequests towards reducing the debt—a channel of income which includes a large variety of sums, from the humble 6s. 6d. of W. P. Booth in 1857, to the ambitious £180,000 of John Ashton of Newton Bank, near Hyde. The stock purchased with the money arising from these bequests is not cancelled, but the dividends are received and re-invested.

On the whole, from 1829 to 1869, the receipts of the Sinking Fund amounted to £49,368,916, and upwards of fifty and a half millions of debt have been extinguished. Meanwhile, the system of granting life and terminable annuities has been in operation since 1808. By means of these the interminable annuity of which the Funded Debt consists is exchanged for a larger annuity, terminating at a given period, or with the death of the purchaser. It follows that, whilst the terminable annuities continue, the annual charge for the debt is increased. Moreover, the amount of revenue actually applied at any given time towards the reduction of debt consists of the excess of the annual charge for terminable annuities over and above that of Funded Debt cancelled. Since 1863 a considerable extension of these terminable annuities has been made by the conversion into them of the stock held by the National Debt Commissioners, on account of the money deposited in savings-banks all over the country. The great bulk of these annuities will cease in 1885, at which date upwards of

a hundred millions of debt and three millions interest will have been cancelled.

If now we attempt to answer the question, How John Bull got into debt? we shall find no great difficulty. Mismanagement and extravagance undoubtedly helped to swell the debt, but they did not cause it. It was War which originated the debt, far back in the days of the Tudor and Stuart kings, and it is War which has fostered it ever since. This is not the place to deliver a homily against the military spirit. Now-a-days we are told

"The jingling of the guinea helps the hurt which honour feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels."

Well, in the good old days when George the Third was king, the nations did something besides murmur. They fought, and left their posterity to pay the bill. And the bill is large enough to satisfy even the most ardent admirer of bloated armaments, and the most cynical critic of peace policy. The outcome of the wars which we have waged since the Revolution down to the Abyssinian Expedition is, financially, this. These wars have cost, in the aggregate, £1,236,000,000 sterling, and have left us now, after years of peace and surplus revenue, with a debt of £730,000,000, costing £27,000,000 a year. These are not the estimates of excited partizanship, but the accurate calculations of sober statisticians. Well might Hume remark that "princes and states, fighting and quarrelling amidst their debts, funds, and public mortgages, reminded him of nothing but a match of cudgel-playing fought in a china-shop."

It would be needless to dilate upon the estimation in which the National Debt is held as an investment. It would, indeed, be simply impossible to exaggerate the importance of the Funds as a factor in the financial life of the nation. Influenced as they are by the foreign relations of the country, by the condition of the revenue and of the money-market, by harvests, commerce, and manufactures, their price affords an unmistakable gauge of the prosperity of the nation. It is worth while, however, briefly to point out the arrangement by which the public Funds are bought and sold.

All purchases of stocks are made through brokers, who are members of the Stock Exchange, and may either be made for cash or for one of the periodical account-days, which occur once a month, and are settled by the Committee of the Stock Exchange. The broker, however, is only an agent, who buys and sells for his customers out of the Exchange, and charges a commission on the transaction. He does not *deal* in stocks, does not necessarily possess himself any of the commodity for which he is agent. That position is held by the stock-jobber, who is in reality a stock-merchant. Were there no jobbers, purchases could only be made when the broker who wished to buy happened to find another broker

desirous of selling exactly the needed amount and kind of stock; but the jobber, who is a large holder of stock, is always ready to buy or sell. But he deals only with the broker. The price at which he sells is one-eighth per cent. more than that at which he buys. Hence the difference between the buying and selling price of Consols is always one-eighth per cent.; and in the newspapers the price for £100 stock is quoted thus—£90 to £90½.

It is easy to see how the fact that purchases may either be made for cash, or on credit for the next account-day, affords ample facilities for an active trade in stocks, and not unfrequently for the most reckless speculation. The price "for time," as it is called—that is, for the account-day—is generally higher than for cash, and the difference between the two is called the "continuation." Continuation varies according to the proximity of the settling-day, to the abundance or scarcity of money and of stock, and to the market rate of interest. If, for example, a banker wants a sum of money for a short time, he will direct his broker to sell Consols for money and buy them for time. If, on the other hand, he has money he wishes to invest for a short period, he will buy stock for money and sell for time. He thus gets interest according to the rate of continuation. Again, a jobber often agrees to sell at the next settling-day a larger amount of stock than he holds, his expectation being that, in the meantime, a fall in the market quotations will enable him to buy at a lower rate than he has contracted to sell, and so realise a profit. A jobber in this position is really speculating for a "fall," and is known as a "bear." Sometimes he cannot get the stock without paying a premium for it; or, to put the case more clearly, he buys the required stock now at a larger price than he will part with it for on settling-day. This premium is called "back—" and is the reverse of continuation, because it indicates that the price of stock for time is less than for cash. The converse of the "bear" is the "bull," who speculates for a rise, or contracts to take stock which he has no intention of paying for, at a certain price, his expectation being that a rise in the quotations will enable him to sell at a higher rate previously to settling-day.

It is easy to see what a temptation is presented by these "time-bargains," as they are called, for the recourse to all sorts of manœuvres and combinations artificially to over-value or depreciate the prices of stocks.

One word, in conclusion, as to the duty of the nation with regard to the debt. We have already adverted to the practical rules which English statesmen may be said to have adopted as to the policy of diminishing it. The gist of those rules is that no surplus of revenue should be maintained expressly for the purpose of reduction, but that unnecessary taxes should be remitted. And if the taxes which

could be spared are of a kind to shackle commerce, there is, doubtless, wisdom in the suggestion. But, in a country where party government exists, there will always be a strong temptation to magnify the evils of any tax, in order that popularity may be gained by its abolition. In such a matter the wish is peculiarly likely to be father to the thought. For our own part, we are impressed with the belief that the nation has by no means risen to its responsibility on this subject. Few people realise that every year, before one halfpenny of accruing revenue can be applied to the support of the Crown, to the maintenance of the army and navy, or to the administration of justice, £27,000,000 sterling must be set aside for the public creditor. Further, owing to the enormous increase of eligible channels of investment, the debt has not for years been quoted at par. Now, anything like a large reduction would, by enhancing the value of what was left, probably so increase the quotation as to make a reduction of the rate of interest practicable. For, be it observed, although the grand total of the debt is so enormous, yet, owing to the fact that large sums are permanently locked up under trust deeds, etc., the amount actually in the market is comparatively small. Now it is the competition between buyer and seller of this smaller quantity which determines the price of the day; and it is this smaller quantity, also, which is affected by any purchases by the Government for purposes of reduction. The effect, therefore, of any considerable diminution of this amount would be more rapid than is commonly supposed. The taxpayer of to-day would not find

that he was contributing for the benefit only of a remote posterity. In all probability he would himself reap the benefits of his own self-denial in maintaining an adequate surplus of revenue over expenditure.

Nor do we think this self-denial is more than can fairly be demanded, considering the present condition of the national wealth, and the slender burden of the taxes now in existence. Constant prosperity cannot be insured, and it is not the characteristic of wise statesmanship to act as if the tide of national fortune would never ebb, or the glory of noon not be succeeded by the gloom of night. The life of a nation is not as that of the individual. The individual may isolate himself from his fellows, devote himself to luxury and self, and yet do no great harm to any one but himself. But the life of the nation is continuous. The nation of to-day is trustee for the future as well as heir of the past. To each generation comes its own responsibilities. Seventy years ago, the preservation of national existence against the attacks of a foe whose capacity was almost as boundless as his ambition, entailed on our forefathers a vast expenditure of money and blood. The mode in which they discharged their duty commands, on the whole, the admiration of their children. Our duty, if less perilous, is not the less clear, and should be observed with none the less fidelity. It is to do all we can, by the combined exertion of self-denial and thrift, to liberate the State from that incumbrance which is in peace her greatest source of expense, and would be in war her greatest embarrassment.

IN HONOUR BOUND.

BY CHARLES GIBBON,

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

HIS STORY.

HE began, looking at her with the quiet smile of assurance which brightens the face of a lover who is certain of acceptance—

"Once upon a time——"

"Is it a fairy story?" she interrupted, whilst she proceeded to plait long strips of seaweed into true lover's knots.

"It will be just what you like to make it."

"What I like to make it?" Her busy fingers paused, and she looked up at him with a curious expression of wonder and doubt. She was thinking of the Book of Fate, and speculating in what fashion its contradictory predictions were to be fulfilled. She resumed her work with the brown wet weeds, singing low, as if to herself, a snatch from an old ballad—

"Syne she's gar'd build a bonnie boat,
To sail the salt salt sea;
The sails were of the light green silk,
The tows [ropes] of taffety."

"You're a droll lass. What put that song in your head just now?"

"Thinking about your story, I suppose, and how I'm to make it what I like."

"You'll see. Well, once upon a time there was a loon—suppose we give him my name, just for fun—and there was a lass——"

The plaiting of the seaweed ceased again, but she did not look up.

"Suppose we give the lass my cousin's name—Grace."

Teenie's fingers worked more rapidly than ever; one might have fancied there was even a degree of spite in their energy.

"The loon was very fond of Grace," he went on,

"and she liked him ; at any rate, she often helped him out of the scrapes he blundered into. So one day Wat's father says to him, ' There, sir, when you are old enough you shall marry her. She is a fine lass, and she has a fine bit of land that will be worth a ransom when the coal and iron are worked, but keep your thumb on that. Be kind to her, and see that she does not slip through your fingers ; for let me tell you that beyond your education you have nothing to get from me.' "

" And what did the loon say to that ? "

He rested his elbow on his knee, and his chin on his hand, thus bringing his face down close to hers.

" What was he to do then ? " he said earnestly. " He was, in a way, bound to Grace, and yet he could not marry her without doing her a grievous wrong, besides laying up for himself a future of discontent and regret ; and maybe the woman he loved would also be a sufferer. He would have done a great deal to save either of those lassies from pain ; but it seemed as if injury to one or both must follow, whichever way he turned. "



" WILL YOU SAY YES ? "

" Nothing. He did not know what he could say ; but he laughed to himself at the notion of his own marriage ; for *then* it seemed to be only a funny notion. So the affair came to be looked upon by all his friends as quite settled, and they thought the arrangement a lucky one for him. But by-and-by Wat began to feel that he had got into another scrape ; for one fine morning he came to look seriously into himself, and he discovered that if ever he married the woman who had all his heart, Grace would not be his wife. "

Teenie plaited and sang another snatch of the ballad—

" She sailed it round, and sailed it round,
And loud, loud cried she—
' Now break, now break, ye fairy charms,
And set my true love free. ' "

" Was he no himself to blame for it all ? " she said, almost wickedly.

" He was, and he did not spare himself. The circumstances caused him many weary nights and troubled days. What made his position the more painful was, that he had quite recently undertaken the solemn responsibilities of a minister—undertaken to teach duty to others—and here he was doubting about his own on the very threshold of his work. What was he to do ? "

" Maybe he went to Grace and asked her, " she said, so quietly that the gentle plash of the water on the sand at their feet almost drowned her voice.

But Walter heard, and he was glad to hear.

" He did so ; and he went to her, determined to submit to her decision, whatever it might be. She

had helped him in many difficulties before, and he knew that she would help him to do what was right in this one."

"She must be very good. I would not like a man to come to me on such an errand."

"Aye, Teenie, she is good." His hand dropped on hers, his eyes glowing with enthusiasm, and he forgot the imaginary character in whose name he had thus far spoken. "On my way to her house I formed all sorts of plans for telling her my purpose gently. In this way I would ask her forgiveness, in that way I would try to explain how bitter had been the struggle with myself before I had dared to take this step. But my plans were useless. After the first bungling word she seemed to understand everything. 'Don't speak, Walter. Wait,' she said; and I stood there, dumb. I felt so contemptible in my own eyes, as well as in hers."

Teenie began to tear her true lover's knots of seaweed into shreds, and to drop them on the sand.

His face looked cold and white; he went on, with a kind of subdued pain in his voice and manner—

"She turned away from me, but I knew the beauty of the face which was hidden from me, or rather the beauty of the soul which it reflects, and I remembered her affliction. It seemed as if my duty only became clear to me at that moment; it was to be faithful and helpful to her—to put away as best I could the cravings of my own heart, and to try to make her life happy. Was not that right?"

"I dare say" (slowly, and as if she were speaking whilst her thoughts were occupied with other matters).

"I am glad you think so," he said eagerly, as if she had given the fullest assent to his question, "and I tried to tell Grace that. But she came quietly up to me and put her hands on my shoulders, just as she used to do when I had made some blunder at home, and she persuaded me to acknowledge my fault and promise to be good.

"Thank you, Walter," she said; "I am very happy in feeling that you love me well enough to think of making the sacrifice you propose. But you would be foolish and wrong to make it; I would be still more foolish to accept it. You have been brave and right to come and tell me this, and I thank you for that too. But I have long expected it. Don't trouble yourself about me. I am glad that this happens before our marriage instead of after. Oh, I have often thought of the possibility of your meeting somebody younger, brighter than myself, and I am glad that it happens now. Go to her; tell her that she shall have no truer or fonder friend than me. And, to relieve you from all doubt in the matter, let me tell you as I shall tell the Laird to-morrow—I will

not marry you, Walter Burnett, whatever may happen."

"I argued very earnestly that it was my wish to do whatever would make her happy. Then she bade me go and do as she had told me. I left her, not satisfied with myself, you may be sure, but feeling that she was right, as she always is, and that if she had yielded to my entreaties we would have both repented when too late.—What is the matter, Teenie?"

Teenie was bending forward, dropping the last fragments of seaweed on the sand, and apparently listening to the melancholy murmur of the water. She looked as if she would cry, but there were no tears in her eyes.

"What is the matter?" he repeated, resting his hand tenderly on her shoulder. "Do you not understand the story?"

"Oh, aye, I know very well. I wish I could be like Grace Wishart, but I cannot. She is good—you should have her."

"No, I want you to be my wife, Teenie, and I came to ask you. Will you say yes?"

She was looking anxiously seaward, as if seeking something she could not find. She answered in the same disjointed manner as before—

"I cannot tell what to say—there is nobody I ever thought about that way but you; there is nobody but you I would ever have, and I would like to say yes, but—"

"But what?" (very much surprised at the pause after such frank admissions).

"Ailie and me were reading my fortune to-day—that was the ploy I was to tell you about—and the bookie said that there would be troubles in our marriage. That's the 'but.'"

He was vexed, but the vexation gave way to laughter when she turned her bonnie face up to him, and he saw that she was seriously disturbed.

"What nonsense! and what a silly little lady you are sometimes! You shall say yes!"

"Aye, if—"

He stopped the objection with a kiss, and then he glanced hurriedly upward and round to see if they were observed. Feeling satisfied that they were safe, he seized both her hands, lifted her up, and they began to walk along the sand.

"If' is a detestable word, Teenie, and you must not use it again. 'If' is a will o' the wisp, deceitful, misleading, and destructive of all moral courage and all hope. The man who fails cries, *if* so-and-so had happened he would have been all right. But the brave man and the brave woman cast the word from them, set teeth hard, and try again. You must give up 'if's,' Teenie, as well as fortune-telling."

It was to him the moment of supreme bliss which comes only once in a life-time—the moment in which the first enthusiastic love of a young heart is

declared and accepted. He was ready to prattle about anything, and to laugh at anything—great joy is a brief relapse into childhood. And how beautiful all the world appeared to him then! There was not an ugly thing on the earth. The brown rocks, here darkening and there glowing in the afternoon light, the great sea with its many shades and restless spirit, had never seemed so glorious to him before. He had forgotten all about the storms and shipwrecks: he felt only the sunshine.

She was very quiet; indeed she was a good deal bewildered. She could not realise her own position or his: she submitted to him rather than joined in his ecstasies. She wanted to be his wife; and yet, now that the matter was settled, she did not experience the wild delight she had felt in the anticipation of that event. Perhaps it was the story about Grace Wishart which combined with her fortune-telling exploit to cast a shadow on her pleasure. She did not know, and she could not, even if she had been so minded, seek far for the reason just then, whilst he, with his grand enthusiasm, was speaking to her. She just knew that she somehow shrank under the great love that he seemed to give her, feeling herself to be unworthy of such a passion.

She did not think of trying to tell him that; she only felt that she loved him more and more, as she became conscious of her own unworthiness.

He was talking to her about their future. It was not to be a grand one; they were to begin with very humble means, and he was anxious to explain everything to her, so that there might be no misunderstanding afterwards.

Although he was the Laird's son, he would have nothing but his own efforts to depend upon; for the Laird's family was large, and his estate now small. Walter had been provided for by an education to his own mind, and a rich wife if he had been willing to accept her. He had rejected the fortune, and all that he could hope for from his father, now, was his consent to a marriage which—it must not be concealed—a second time frustrated his plans for Walter.

But Walter was more than content that everything should go to his brothers and sisters; he was happy so long as he had Teenie. (Teenie just pressed his hand at that, and looked up at him, smiling. He was rewarded.) He desired nothing, and he needed nothing, but her love; and since he had that, all the world might go "tapsalteerie" for him. But he had not been rash; he had thought of her comfort; and, before speaking, he had obtained the appointment of assistant and successor—if he chose to remain long enough—to the old minister of Drumkemount, at the annual stipend of one hundred pounds! They could manage with that—could they not? (Oh, yes, she supposed so.) Other folk managed with less, and he meant to set

an example of thrift, and simple life, as one of the lessons his office called upon him to teach. But, besides that income, he intended to write for the magazines, and in many ways he hoped—mind you, he only hoped—to make perhaps another hundred a year, upon which they could live comfortably in that out-of-the-way place, and help their neighbours.

And that was the great point: he had adopted his profession because he felt the possibility of helping others in it. He had seen in cities, and in country places, much sin and suffering, and he believed they could be greatly softened by active religion—he did not attempt to explain what he meant by *active* religion—and he expected Teenie to second him in all his efforts to accomplish the great work that he saw before him.

Teenie did not understand a word of his enthusiastic aspirations, and she was wondering what it was all about, whilst she promised to help him with all her might—and meant what she said.

"But there's the boat," she added hastily, withdrawing her hand from his; for so, hand-in-hand, they had paced the narrow beach, whilst he had poured out his hopes.

Walter looked up as if awakened from a dream; he had been so much absorbed in talking to Teenie, that the whole fleet of England might have passed him unobserved.

The boat, with its brown sail full, had quietly rounded the headland, and, guided by the cunning hand of Dan Thorston, it slipped into the bay, the slanting rays of the sun giving it light and shade, and life. The sail flapped—dropped; the boat grated on the sand—rolled to one side; Thorston and one of his two men leapt into the water, caught the impetus of the boat, and lugged it higher up on the beach. Then there was bustle, and many orders to give about the sails, the nets, the landing of the fish, and the securing of the boat, all which Thorston gave in a quiet, hard voice, before he condescended to observe the presence of his daughter and young Dalmahoy. But he had seen her as soon as the boat turned the point; and so had Ellick Limpitlaw—his chief assistant, and one of the many young fishers who had cast longing eyes at Dan Thorston's daughter.

As soon as the boat touched the sand, Teenie ran to it, and gave her help in all the work that was going forward, with a glee that was a curious contrast to her passiveness under the enthusiastic outpourings of the man she loved.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

SKIPPER DAN.

"HAD a good shot?" said Walter, pretending to be quite at his ease, and to be deeply interested in the skipper's excursion.

"There's nae mair fish in the sea, I think," answered Dan, but the complaint was made in such a quiet way that you could not discover the least spleen. "We might almost as well draw our nets through the sheughs [gutters] of Kingshaven, and we'd be mair like to get profit there. I'm thinking Peter's ships maun ha'e been less nor ordinar, or his fish maun ha'e been young whales to sink them wi' what his nets could hold. My boat would na sink if the fishes was sliding ower the gunwale, and it's no bigger than its neighbours."

Thorston was never known to admit that he had made a good haul or "shot."

"Better luck next time, skipper."

"Ou aye, that's fine consolation for them that doesna need to care about succeeding *this* time. But it's poor kitchen [sauce] to a man's porridge to tell him he'll ha'e milk next week. Hows'ever, we maunna complain; and let them grumble who likes 't."

And Dan set himself to direct the disposition of his cargo, as if he had been the most contented man in the world. In all that he did Teenie not only helped him with willing and skilful hands, but sometimes guided his arrangements; and he, when unobserved, submitted to her dictation in the humblest way, and with the most implicit obedience; but if he fancied anybody saw them, he acted in direct opposition to her advice, even when that advice suggested the very thing he had been intending to do.

It was observable, on the present occasion, that a frown remained on his brow, as if something had gone wrong about which he was not willing to speak; and he seemed shy of coming near Walter, adopting all sorts of petty subterfuges to get out of his way.

The fact was that, as they turned the point, Limpitlaw had said to him—

"Do you see yon?"

"See what?" said Thorston, seeing all the time to what his comrade referred, and not liking it, although he did not know why.

"Your daughter and young Dalmahoy. If you dinna see, other folk speak, and it's no for her good that they should be so muckle thegither."

"Hold your tongue—confound you, if you speak another word like that I'll put your head aneath the water!"

Limpitlaw grumbled to himself, but did not attempt to interfere further.

Whether it was due to the man's suggestion, or to the appearance of Teenie and her lover in such a solitary place, Dan Thorston was troubled. He had been so much accustomed to look upon his daughter and Walter as mere bairns, that he had never, until this moment, suspected danger to either from their intimacy. He did not see even now that there was anything to make a fuss about;

and he did not know why folk should talk about his lass, except that they were idle de'ils amusing themselves by casting hot cinders into honest neighbours' porridge.

Yet he was troubled; a word and a glance seemed to have roused him to a sense of quicksands and whirlpools under his feet, where hitherto he had been most unsuspecting of peril. He felt discontented with the land, and everything upon it.

There was a general sense of thunder in the air. Teenie was bright and active as ever, speaking to the men with a familiarity that annoyed Walter, laughing at their jokes, and apparently taking the liveliest interest in all their movements; but there was an element of defiance in her activity. Limpitlaw was dour and slow. Walter spoke a kindly word to him, and received a sullen "thank ye" for his pains, which was more like a sign of wrath than of gratitude.

Walter felt that he had suddenly dropped from the clouds of joy down to a state of awkwardness and shyness which were almost unbearable. He found himself continually in the way of everybody, and once when he tried to give a helping hand, the result seemed to be more trouble than assistance to the others. When he tried to lift, unaided, a creel full of fish, he staggered, the basket capsized, and the slippery freight rolled out upon the sand. Teenie actually laughed at him, and Limpitlaw, as he slowly set about repairing the disaster, grinned in such a way that Walter thought it would have been a relief to kick him.

They straggled up the path, Teenie first, then Limpitlaw carrying the creel upon his shoulders. Thorston followed with a bundle of nets he purposed mending. To him young Dalmahoy kept close, trying to maintain a conversation, which he found unusually difficult—partly, as he thought, owing to the dry answers of Dan. On the headland Teenie darted into the house, followed slowly by Limpitlaw with his creel.

Thorston halted, looking down the abyss, and Walter stood beside him. The latter spoke, wondering all the time how he was to approach the subject which was uppermost in his thoughts.

"It's an ugly place for a fall."

"Aye, I'm thinking there wouldna be many whole bones left if you had a coup down yonder."

"It's a wonder to me how Teenie and I managed to escape tumbling over these cliffs, when we used to be romping about here as if there was no danger and nothing to fear. You should have put up a fence, skipper."

There was a symbolical meaning in his words of which he was quite unconscious.

"What good would that have done, think ye?" said Dan drily. "Fences are just made to be broken, in my opinion. When there's nae fence you take care of yourself; but when there is a

fence, folk and bairns are just tempted to try the strength of it, and so bring about the mischief the fences was intended to prevent."

Walter again found himself wondering what he should say next, because he wanted to say one thing and was trying to say another. Sensibly, he determined to say the one thing.

"Thorston, I want to speak to you upon a subject which may surprise you, and somehow I can't get the words out."

"Say awa."

"I want to marry Teenie."

Walter felt as though he could breathe now. But Dan did not look in the least surprised; he began quietly to deposit his nets on the ground, and only said—

"Do you?"

"Yes."

"And what does she say?"

"She agrees."

"Aye, and how long is it since you thought about this?"

"I cannot tell, but it's a good while; and I only waited till I should be placed somewhere, to speak. You'll not stand in the way of what will bring happiness to us both?"

Dan looked very sternly at the nets, as if they had been doing something wrong; he slowly passed one through his hands, searching for holes. That done, he dropped the net on the pile at his feet. All the time Walter was in suspense to learn his decision. But instead of declaring for or against the proposal, he wheeled about to the road, saying—

"Come on."

"Come where?" exclaimed Walter, observing that Dan's steps were not directed towards the cottage.

"To Dalmahoy; I want to hear what the Laird has to say on the matter."

Walter was disturbed by this abrupt manner of dealing with his question, particularly as he was anxious that his father should hear Grace Wishart before his desire to marry Teenie should be made known to him. Besides he would have liked an opportunity to speak himself to the Laird.

"Stop a minute," he said hurriedly, "I have not yet told anything of this to my father."

"All the better," interrupted Dan, "I'll tell him. Come on."

And the skipper looked hard at him, as if he were saying, "If you are honest, what do you fear?"

"I fear nothing more than that you may stir up unnecessary disagreement," would have been Walter's answer to the look, but he replied only to the words, "As you please," and walked on beside him.

Young Dalmahoy had this peculiarity, that whenever he had anything disagreeable to communicate

to any one, he liked to do it himself, and face to face. He knew that it would be very unpleasant to his father to learn that he had again determined to alter the plans which had been laid down for his future. He expected there would be a very sharp discussion, if not a decided quarrel; and the presence of Dan Thorston would add considerably to the difficulty he would have in explaining everything to his father—for the latter was very likely to speak words which would be offensive to the skipper. What might be the consequences, formed a most uncomfortable speculation.

As for Dan, he marched along with features as grimly set as if he had been on the deck of a vessel in the midst of a wild storm. The whole event had come upon him somewhat suddenly, and he was not yet certain how he ought to act, further than that the first thing to be done was to learn what the Laird's views were upon the subject. It never occurred to him to question Teenie's fitness to become the wife of the Laird's son; in his eyes Teenie was fit to command the Channel fleet. But he had a shrewd notion that other people might not be quite so well satisfied on that point. That rather confused him.

Teenie had been to him, from babyhood almost, a companion, which was an unusual position for the child of a Scotch parent to occupy. She had never known what it was to stand in awe of him, or to wish to get out of the way on seeing him approach. She had been much with him, in the bay, in the boats, and at sea. He was a man of great muscle, and yet the child could lead him in whatever direction she pleased—always provided no third person observed them. He was never known to yield in the least to the counsels or prayers of anybody he had dealings with. He was called "thwart" (stubborn) at first, but by-and-by, as success attended him, he was called a man of firm will. Teenie only laughed, or moved her little finger, and he submitted, and in that submission he seemed to find his greatest happiness.

"She's a witch," he would mutter, watching her bright movements, and wondering at himself, while he chuckled over some new weakness of which he had just been guilty, "and can do what she likes with me. But it pleases her and does me nae harm," he would add for his own consolation.

Suddenly there comes a man and requires him to surrender his treasure, telling him that she too wishes it! It was not easy for him to decide how to act. The narrow life he had lived had been brightened by few pleasures; work had been everything to him; but he remembered now—looking back through mists and stormy waters, through the good and bad fortune of the sea—how the work had seemed easy to him, thinking of her, and how, in rough winds and darkness, the thought of her had been a light, cheering and comforting him—aye,

and giving him courage. It was *not* easy to think of giving her to somebody else, and of acknowledging that he had no longer the first place in her thoughts.

But *she* wished it!—the old, gruff, weatherbeaten man felt something akin to jealousy of Burnett, who was beautiful in the mere possession of youth, and who had thus displaced him in Teenie's heart.

So he was silent and grim as he marched along, and Walter did not attempt to disturb him.

They had turned their backs upon Rowanden and the sea. Taking a short cut they passed through a plantation of tall firs. The clear soft light of the afternoon formed brilliant patches of silver beneath the trees, checkered by black shadows. Here the bole of a tree showed white like a woodland nymph laughing as they passed; close by, another, black and gloomy, as it might be the evil genius of the wood. Hurrying along, it was like flashing glimpses of night and morning. The brown boggy earth yielded to their feet; rabbits scampered right and left at their approach; the birds were in full chorus, filling the wood with pleasant sounds, and occasionally a ferret spanned a branch like a streak of light.

They passed out upon the moor; the sunlight on the heather presented a waste of bright purple, interspersed with clumps of green fern, silver gleams of water, and black patches where the heather had been burnt. Two sportsmen were at work, and the report of their guns sounded in the distance like the crack of a popgun, whilst thin wreaths of blue smoke curled slowly upwards. They were having good sport evidently, for the dogs were busy leaping through the heather, with an occasional yelp; then back again to the master's side, silent, watchful of his eyes, and ready to spring forward at the least sign.

Thorston and Walter reached a road which crossed the moor to the hills, and by-and-by they entered the gate of Dalmahoy. The grounds were not very extensive, but they were sufficiently so to make Dan thoughtful; and when he found himself in front of the big heavy house, with its many windows and pepperpot turrets, he had come to the consideration that it might be worth while parting with Teenie if, some day, she was to become the mistress of all this property. He did not understand how anybody owning all this could be poor.

They entered the house, and Walter led the way to a parlour. He inquired for his father. The Laird was in the drawing-room, engaged with some visitors. Walter told the servant to ask when 'Skipper Thorston could see him.

An old man, with a clean-shaven face wearing a mildly depressed expression—as if he had been suffering martyrdom of some kind so long that he had got used to it—returned with the answer. This was Peter Drysdale, butler and general-in-chief under the Laird of Dalmahoy. He paid no attention to Walter, but addressed Dan as an old friend.

"How are you, skipper? The Laird's thrang—'deed, I think a' our relations from far and near have come to see us the-day. What for there's nae telling; I'm sure they werena wanted, for the Laird was as muckle put out as mysel', when he saw them coming that thick you could hardly count them. But the Laird, as soon as he kenned you was here, loupit up and said he would be wi' you immediately. He was just glad o' any excuse to get awa from our friends."

And apparently Drysdale's surmise was correct, for presently the Laird walked into the room.

END OF CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

SPRING VISITORS.

BY THE REV. M. G. WATKINS, M.A.



THE most natural employment of the mind during country walks, in the early months of the year, is to seize on the first indications of reviving life in Nature. Sanguine spirits begin to see a slight difference in the length of the days as soon as the shortest one is past. Still more hopeful

persons are confident that the sunshine is a trifle warmer, during the fitful moments of a January noonday, than it was in Christmas week. Alas! that snow, frost, and bad weather should ever rudely dispel these pleasing meteorological speculations! In truth they are utterly baseless; all such

indications of spring are to be trusted in an English climate about as much as the predictions of Zadkiel.

Far more certain signs of returning warmth and sunshine are to be found in the growth and blossoming of our early spring plants; and there are few more congenial occupations for the reflective than the discovery of these, during a time when Nature offers so little else that is cheering.

The very earliest sign of spring, in the vegetable life of copse and hedgerow, is the putting forth of tender green buds along the clasping arms of the honeysuckle. These may be descried with the turn of the year if the weather be at all favourable. White of Selborne estimates the 25th of January as the date for the honeysuckle's budding. Markwick

(who lived some twenty years later) puts it between January 1st and April 9th; and certainly the earlier date is now the more correct one, the climate of England having been much altered for the better by drainage, etc., since White's time. In the year 1872 we noticed honeysuckle buds on January 13th, and doubtless they might have been found a week earlier; while they appeared throughout the whole winters of 1872-73 and 1873-74, so mild were they.

The flowering of those common garden-weeds, the white and red dead-nettles, are two more very early indications of spring. Passing, however, to a still more interesting branch of studies in country life, and one which almost obtrusively thrusts itself upon ear and eye alike, there can be no more charming occupation during those walks in the country which are so often perfunctorily endured, because it is supposed there can be no objects of interest connected with them, than noting the appearance and song of our spring migratory birds—the return of our emigrants, to use a more comprehensive phrase. Perhaps it is worth while reminding the reader of the most common of these country visitors, and the hint may prove acceptable to those persons who are wont to deem “duty-walks” in the country aimless, and therefore disagreeable.

One of the earliest of our familiar birds to return to its usual haunts round pools and ditches, is the common grey wag-tail. From the first or second week in January (according to the season) till the end of March, he and his brethren, the white and yellow wag-tails, come back, many of them from the south of England, but more perhaps from the Continent, whither they departed in October. The pretty yellow wag-tail, so often seen by the side of small rivers, occasionally delays its migration till the middle of April; but as a rule the wag-tails are the first of the birds of spring that catch our eye.

Before the main body of these visit our shores, a large exodus of winter birds generally takes place; the field-fares, red-wings, royston-crows, etc., desert the meadows and sheep-folds, while numbers of waders, ducks, and water-fowl retire northwards to breed. The naturalist is guided as unerringly by their departure, in his judgment concerning fine weather, as the gardener when he sees the walnut or mulberry trees budding.

Another striking visitor on our downs and upland pastures is the wheat-ear. His appearance is well-marked, between March 13th and 30th, so much so that the Laureate ventures to call him *par excellence* “the sea-blue bird of March.”

The white patch over this bird's tail is very conspicuous, as it flits before the pedestrian from stone to mound, as though inviting thoughts of spring.

Somewhere between March 19th and April 13th, earlier or later according to weather, the willow-wren (*Sylvia trochilus*) may be first heard, as it busily flutters through the tops of willows, or indeed any bushy trees, in search of food and a convenient place for its nest. About this time, too, comes a large influx of migratory birds

—“that change their sky
To build and brood; that live their lives
From land to land.”

That mountain-loving bird, the ring-ousel, returns to his favourite haunts. In such spots as Dartmoor and the Lake Country, his appearance must form one of the earliest signs of spring.

Three well-known and much-loved members of the swallow family close, by their arrival amongst us, what may be regarded as the first half of spring. Of these the sand-martin, with his glittering eye and russet plumage, is first to revisit his old domains in the chalk cliff or high gravel bluff. Many a time does the angler in the western counties hail his flashing wing with delight, and then sadly remembers that one swallow does not necessarily make a summer. The dates given for the appearance of the sand-martin are between March 21st and April 12th. In 1871 we first noticed them on March 23rd.

The chimney-swallow is generally a few days later, between March 26th and April 20th. In two recent years we noted their coming on April 11th and 14th. The martin, later again, brings spring in earnest between March 28th and May 1st. In 1873 we first noticed it on the last day of March.

The second division of migratory birds that visit our shores in spring may, conveniently for the memory, be headed by the nightingale. In the localities which it favours, it is heard for the first time between April 1st and May 1st. But these localities are very circumscribed, though of late years the bird seems to have been ranging more north—as, for instance, to Lincolnshire and Yorkshire. It is supposed that it crosses the Channel at the narrowest point, and but slightly diverges on reaching England to the right and left of the district which that implies. Thus it is a great curiosity in Devon, whither it might be supposed that a genial climate and plenty of myrtles would have irresistibly attracted it.

The red-start is, one may say, the next of our familiar garden visitors to arrive, say between April 8th and 28th. It is not every one, however, who has heard its song, although its peculiar chatter may frequently be detected at the margin of copses.

The white-throat, chiff-chaff, and garden-warbler are three more welcome songsters which arrive in April. Spring would hardly seem spring to those who are fond of a garden, did they not hail the presence in that month or in May of these birds

amongst their shrubs. The other willow-wrens, too, may in April be observed—the middle willow-wren and second willow-wren—but it is not every one who is ornithologist enough to discriminate between them and their earlier relative. With regard to the grasshopper-warbler, however, no mistake need be feared. Between April 16th and 30th is his time for returning to his old haunts—woods, coppices, etc.; and if any one rambles there after dusk in May, the indefatigable little fellow soon announces himself. His strain is monotonous enough, and does not seem to possess more compass than the chirping of his namesakes; but it is singularly captivating, and associates itself with spring sounds more, perhaps, than any other bird's song, with the solitary exception of the thrush. It may be described as being a gentle imitation of the night-jar's creaking sameness, much lower, and proportionately sweeter.

Three more birds may complete our list of spring immigrants more familiarly known to lovers of the country.

With the swift's arrival, the last of the swallow family that visits us, summer may speedily be expected. It is a bird intolerant of cold, the last of the *Hirundinæ* to come and the first to depart. From April 13th to May 7th it may be expected, and it leaves again by the 10th of August, whereas its congeners stay till October. No sound is more intimately connected with a fine evening in June than the hideous scream of these birds, as they chase one another in swiftly-cut circles at an immense height in the air, or swoop down with lightning quickness to some old ruin.

They are exceedingly curious birds, and were peculiarly honoured in being studied by White of Selborne as even he studied but few other birds, and seem very capricious in their choice of a locality. Some years they abound at one place, whereas in other years very few are to be seen. Their sweep of wing and powers of endurance, however, are so vast, that they are probably looked for very often at a time when they may be hawking for food many miles away.

Of the cuckoo, whose appearance may be expected in the middle of April, nothing need be said. He "tells his name to all the hills," and announces his approach to every child.

In some parts of the country the wry-neck is commonly called the "cuckoo's mate," from being associated in the rustic mind with that bird. It generally comes over some little time before the cuckoo; and, considering that almost all small birds mob the cuckoo when it approaches them, country folk appear to have exercised less than their usual discrimination in natural history when they termed it "cuckoo's mate."

The latest of our spring birds, whose approach is perhaps more expected in a garden than any

other, is the fly-catcher. He cannot appear until there are flies, so it is not till between May 10th and 30th that he is to be looked for. All of a sudden, some fine sunny morning, he may then be descried on his accustomed post, busily dashing off it to make a raid on his prey, and as quickly returning, just as much at home as though he had not been a day absent. And then in a few days more the old nest in the trellis-work or under the ivy near the window will be repaired, and nestling cares commence anew.

Fly-catchers are particularly obliged and grateful to those who leave croquet-hoops permanently on the lawn. Nothing suits them so well for a series of hunting lodges, from which they can sally and vary their position at will. These also serve to bring them to a nearer level with those numberless insects which sport on grass. Any one may win a fly-catcher's confidence by the simple means of placing a stick across two erect ones driven into the lawn near the little bird's nest. They will regularly use it, and thus become gradually very tame.

How dull would spring be, with all its wonderful flush of beauty, were it not for these melodious guests of our gardens and groves! It is the greatest of delights to live in that season, as it were, by a floral and ornithological clock, to know precisely when each flower and bird may be expected.

We in England, with all our enthusiasm for natural history, have never been able to boast of a man who in this sense was so thoroughly a son of Nature as was the American poet-naturalist, Thoreau. Emerson, after a walk with him, wrote: "On the day I speak of he looked for the menyanthes (bog-bean), detected it across the wide pool, and on examination of its florets decided that it had been in flower five days. He drew out of his pocket his diary, and read the names of all the plants that should bloom on this day, whereof he kept account, as a banker when his notes fall due. The cypripedium was not due until to-morrow. He thought, if he waked up from a trance in this swamp, that he could tell, by the plants what time of the year it was within two days." Spring gives us the best chance during our year of emulating this skill in plant and bird lore; and even now this wonderful winter of 1874 has passed away. Spring

"is come,
Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs,
And bearing on their fragrance; and he brings
Music of birds and rustling of green boughs
And sound of swaying branches, and the voice
Of distant waterfalls." (W. C. BRYANT.)

Happy they who are able to lengthen each spring by anticipation as well as by pleasing reminiscences of its beauty.

A FOREST FANCY.



"WITH DAYLIGHT COMETH A FAIR YOUNG MAID."

FAREBELLS and fern from a forest nook!
 Oh! leave them with me and let me dream!—
 I see them growing beside a brook,
 And hear the wimpling trill of the stream.

I watch from a round, red knob uprise,
 Crosier-headed, the feathery fronds,
 Till graceful plumes, under summer skies,
 Wave as rejoicing o'er broken bonds;

And close by the green umbrageous fern,
Which arches over a fairy bower,
A pendulous blue inverted urn,
Where goblins shelter from sun and shower—
The harebell, on its delicate stem
So daintily poised, so lightly swung,
Whence music audible unto them
Floats on the air as by zephyrs rung.
The fiery sun goes down to his bath,
Moonbright lances are shot through the trees,
Wee elves come trooping by many a path,
As harebell chimes swell out on the breeze.
The cricket answers with shrill delight
That harebell summons still pealing out,

The glow-worm lamps are lit for the night,
And echo thrills with a fairy shout.

For, guarded by fays with spears of grass,
To mossy dais, and acorn throne,
The elfin queen and her courtiers pass
To the palace of fern—she calls her own.

In feast and frolic they wile the time,
With feats too deft for a form of clay,
Dancing while pensile harebells chime—
Dawn break: the fairies are fled away!

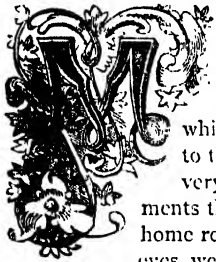
With daylight cometh a fair young maid—
Her touch as light as an elf's might be
Beguiles the harebell and fern from the glade,
And—brings the forest and fays to me.

MRS. G. LINNÆUS DANKE.

THE STORY OF A MINIATURE, AS TOLD BY A PIECE OF GOLDSMITH'S WORK.

BY THOMAS ARCHER.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS—CHAPTER THE THIRD.



MRS. RONDEAU was sitting in her lower room, sewing by the light of a weaver's oil-lamp which hung from a string fastened to the mantelpiece. The place was very bare. Few of the little ornaments that usually decorate even a poor home remained, and the good woman's eyes were red with recent crying. The loom in the upper part of the house was empty, and so was the cupboard, or very nearly so.

"There goes the quarter," she said, as she heard the chiming of a distant clock. "I wish I'd gone myself instead of sending the poor child. What would Peter say if he knew—ah! and what would that old flinty-hearted wretch say if *he* knew! How I wish she would come, even if she came back without the money!"

The night had set in gloomily enough, as Sara Rondeau went quickly through the now almost deserted streets on her way to a dim shop, where three golden balls hung to an iron bracket at the door, to show the sort of business that was carried on within. It was not the first visit she had made to this establishment, for the poor little household ornaments, the loss of which had left her home so bleak and bare, were now in the safe-keeping of the proprietor; but still she shrank back as she approached a dim side entrance in a narrow street, and drawing her bonnet closer over her face, pushed open a baize door, and entered a dark passage divided on one side into a row of narrow cells, separated from each other by wooden partitions.

She made so little noise, and still kept so far back in the pervading gloom, that her presence was unnoticed by a shabby-looking man, who was just then engaged in earnest conversation with some-

body in the next box. Before she had spoken, and while she was yet in the shadow of the partition, she thought she recognised the voice of the person who was speaking as that of Bashley, and held her breath to listen, for a name was mentioned which sent the blood back to her heart and made her feel sick and faint.

"Well, as long as everything's safe," said the pawnbroker's assistant, who leaned his elbows on the counter, so that his head was close to the partition; "but we've got a good deal here now, you know, and if the thing should be blown——"

"Yah, who's to blow it?" retorted Bashley, with an oath; "I tell you everything's ready, and the risk's mine. Old Dornieur's half childish, and as to the young one, I tell you he's safe enough for a week, if I like to keep him so. He'd an appointment to supper with the old man to-night, and he won't keep it. If he's not on his way now to see the girl Rondeau, he's tied up neck and heels, by this time, and in a safe place out of harm's way. I tell you I can be back here in an hour or two. You're too deep in now to draw back, Ben; and besides, who can swear to raw silk? I shall go first, and look after the girl; then I mean to call on the old man, and send him out on a wild goose chase. The rest's easy, for I've a key, and a light cart at the back can whip the stuff down here in a jiffey. The game's in my hands now, and I shall play to win."

"But when the young un tells his version of the story?"

"How can he? He comes out without knowing where from; and if ever he did, he's been in an empty house. A pretty cock-and-bull story! No, no; if the old man believes it, he won't face the disgrace, for he more than half suspects his grandson as it is. Come now, will you or won't you?"

Sarah Rondeau, crouching by the door, hears this with an undefined fear which paralyses her for a moment, but leaves one thought in her troubled mind.

Some foul plot is hatching against Antoine, and she is powerless to hinder it. No—one thing she can do, if only she can creep back unnoticed. She will use all her strength to reach Mr. Dormeur's house, and tell him what she has heard. It is a question of minutes. Walking backward and pressing slowly against the noiseless door, she slips out again, and, like one pursued, begins to run at her utmost speed through the darkened streets.

Anton Dormeur sits alone in the grim old house. Cook and housekeeper have gone to market for the means of providing supper. Not a footfall sounds in the street; only the wailing voice of the watchman calling the hour at a distance breaks the dead silence, amidst which the old man can hear the ticking of the gold repeater in his pocket, the tinkle of the ashes that stir in the old wide grate, where a fire has been lighted, and the gnawing of a mouse behind the wainscot. He sits with me beside him on the table, his knees towards the fire, his furrowed face quivering as he bends it down over the miniature he has taken from its case, the miniature of his younger daughter, dead and—no, not unforgotten—dead and mourned for now with a silent grief that speaks of years of desolation and remorse.

The light of the shaded lamp falling on the picture in his hands seems to expand its lineaments; the tears that gather in his eyes almost give quivering motion to the face before him. A strange emotion masters him. His temples seem to throb, his hands to shake. The sudden sound of a light single knock at the street-door sets his nerves ajar; the quiet click of the lock—a pause of dearest silence—and then the light tread of an uncertain foot upon the stairs make him tremble; yet he knows not why—does not even ask himself the reason. There is a lamp outside upon the landing, he knows—a light hat shines down into the hall—and yet he cannot stir towards it. What superstition holds him? Even at the moment that he starts up from his chair, the portrait still in his hand, his highly-strung senses enable him to hear a rustle that sounds quite close, and is followed by a low knocking at the door of the room itself.

In a voice of hope, of dread, of fear, he knows not what or which, he hoarsely cries, "Come in."

In the mirror above his head he sees the room-door partly open, and then—yes, then—either to his waking vision or in disordered fancy, the living original of the picture stands with pale and earnest face in the upright bar of light that streams in from the landing.

His daughter—not as he had last seen her, but

with a difference unaccountable if he had had time to think or strength to reason. His daughter, with the past years rolled back to show her in her youth, and yet with poor and scanty dress, and long fair hair tossed in confusion on her shoulders, whence a battered bonnet hung.

He had no time to note all this at first. He only knew that his heart seemed to be going out in some dumb movement towards this apparition—that he sank again into his chair—that he felt a living hand upon his shoulder—saw a frightened face looking into his. Then his senses came back, and he heard the voice speak rapidly, and in French.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

WITH swift steps, but without picking his way, taking the nearest road rather by habit than with any observation, Antoine Dormeur traversed the narrow streets leading to his destination. There were so few people abroad that the way was clear enough, and yet there were some apprentices or worklads on their way home; while, in that neighbourhood just on the edge of Spitalfields, a lower colony of petty thieves and receivers kept up the trade of two or three disreputable taverns, where dogs, birds, and pigeons were exchanged or betted on. It may have been in consequence of this taste for pigeon-flying that the whole neighbourhood resounded with whistles and bird-calls. Men and boys gave each other this shrill greeting as they passed, or warned each other by it, or used it to express reproach or pleasure, hilarity or dismay, varying its peculiar note to suit each emotion. The Hare Street whistle was as well-known an institution there as the jodel is to the Tyrolese peasant.

It scarcely surprised Antoine, therefore, when, as he reached a beer-shop (the last lighted house before the straggling street opened into a dirty lane leading to the open fields), a man who was just emerging from the place gave a low whistle as he turned in the opposite direction, and crossed the road. Had he given the matter a thought, he might have hesitated for a moment before plunging into the gloom of the muddy lane, or at least might have grasped his walking-cane more firmly, and looked about him, in which case it is just possible he would have seen two shadows that moved in the darkness of the wall some fifty yards behind. As it was, he did neither. The course of his gloomy thoughts was unbroken by so trivial an interruption, and continued to be so till he approached a corner where a high ragged fence turned off on the edge of a foot-path.

Only a sudden scuffle, a muttered oath, and the grasp of two powerful arms, that pinioned his elbows to his side, awakened him.

Three men had leaped out from the projecting corner of the fence, where a light cart was drawn

up, and were upon him before he could raise a hand; but he was quick and active, so that by a sudden turn and trip he bore to the ground the fellow who held him, and fell upon him heavily.

"Give it him, and quick there with the sack!" cried this worthy, as they rolled on the path together. Another ruffian seized Antoine by the throat. A weapon gleamed before his eyes; but in that moment a quick patter of feet sounded in the roadway, followed by two reports like the sudden breaking of a cocoa-nut. Crack! crack! and the ruffian's body fell heavily against the fence as two shadows—the two shadows that had been following Antoine so long—danced in the footway, whence they had just struck a second of the ruffians through a jagged hole in the fence, and left him sticking there till he recovered his senses. In a moment the young man felt his arms released, and struggled to his feet, his late antagonist escaping by a plunge through the fence, and a desperate run across the fields, where he was followed by a flash and the report of a pistol, which failed to stop him.

"Who fired?" said one of the shadows, now visible—a light active fellow, armed with a knotted cudgel.

"I did, Mat," replied a voice that Antoine knew, as a thin spare old man came from the open space beyond.

"Are you hurt, my boy?" he asked tenderly, approaching Antoine, who stared from one to another in amazement.

"Pierre—Pierre Dobree!" exclaimed the young man; "you here—and these—how is all this?"

"I will tell you presently," said the old pensioner, for it was he indeed. "I expected a trap, and had you followed by two lads that I could trust.—Gave him a body-guard of a couple of weaver-lads, eh?" he said, turning to the rescuers. "You've done your work well, boys."

"Why, we haven't been three years at sea and

learnt the knack of the press-gang for nothing, daddy," replied one of them grinning; "but we must be off; we ain't constables, you know, and there may be trouble about."

"Antoine, you shan't be disappointed of your ride in the cart," said Peter; "we must hasten, or your grandfather will be waiting supper. He will have to excuse me, though. Come, in with you."

The two shadows leaped lightly up, and one of them took the reins.

"Stop, though," he said suddenly; "this isn't our cart. This will be brought in stealing. It might be a hanging matter, daddy."

"I'm going to take it to the owner if I'm not much mistaken," said Peter, as he and Antoine scrambled in at the back.

"But, Pierre Dobree, what of Sara? what of your niece? I must know. If she is in danger, and through me, I will brave my grandfather's displeasure, lose my hope of the fortune for which I care so little. I will, I must find her!"

"You can no more find her than I," said the old man. "One word with your grandfather, and then I go to seek her."

"What! She has left home then?"

"Only this evening, and for an hour or two; but if my hopes do not play me false, we shall overtake the scoundrel who detains her, and he shall answer for it with my hand at his throat but I will have her back."

Pierre Dobree was ordinarily a calm, rather rosy, cheerful, high-dried old Frenchman, quite small and thin, and with a very perceptible stoop; but Antoine said afterwards that there was a very terrible look in his face just then—such a look as may have been born, perhaps, in the days of Terror, when he stood in the crowd beneath the guillotine and saw the head of Achille Dufarge fall into the sack.

END OF CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

A MODEL BOARD.

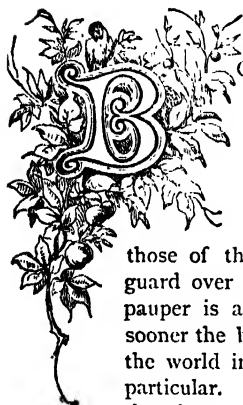
BOARDS of Guardians are usually dogs with bad names, and, as a rule, their ill repute is fully justified.

Parochial Guardians of the poor consider it their duty to guard their own pockets and

those of the ratepayers, rather than to guard over the interests of the poor. A pauper is an unnecessary evil; and the sooner the better he rids of his presence the world in general, and the parish in particular. These are the propositions that frame themselves in ordinary minds of the vestry order, and their practical consequences

have too often become apparent through workhouse exposures. Far otherwise think the Board of Guardians for the Relief of the Jewish Poor. "Our brother is in distress," says this body, "let us satisfy his immediate wants, and stretch out to him a friendly hand, to save him from falling into the Slough of Despond."

Let us here speak a few words on the lower class of Jews. The Jews are essentially a charitable race. They help, from the cradle to the grave, those of their people who need support. There are a number of beneficent institutions among them, forming a series of links, and covering the whole existence of a struggling honest man. There can be no "Ginx's Baby" among the Jews. Charity accom-



panies into this world the child of lowly life. The mother receives medical advice, and material comforts; the father obtains a gratuity; the child, if a boy, is educated, apprenticed to a trade, started in life. He is tended when sick, pensioned when old, buried when dead; and his family are provided for, during the week of confined mourning when Jews do not work.

Girls also enjoy similar advantages; they have a considerable chance of securing a marriage portion from various societies, and they are cared for if they become widows.

Notwithstanding all this kindness and charity, a vast amount of poverty undoubtedly prevails among the Jews. This may, to a partial extent, be attributed to the especial difficulties under which labour their working classes. The occupations followed by Jewish working men have been restricted by habit, and by peculiar surrounding circumstances. The Jew is not rough enough to seek work in the docks or on railways; and he would be unable to hold his own against English or Irish labourers, or navvies. He is excluded from seeking employment in Christian workshops, by the precepts of his faith. The observing Jew must rest on Sabbath and festival days, and must not taste forbidden food. So it happens that we seldom meet with Jewish carpenters, cabinet-makers, masons, or iron-founders. The Jew is constrained to earn his living by barter, or by following such trades as he may carry on at home, or under the auspices of his own co-religionists. The traffic in second-hand clothing appears to be diminishing so far as the Jews are concerned, and blue-eyed natives of Erin compete freely with swarthy Israelites for "ogh clo." The occupations principally pursued by Jews are those of tailors, cigar-makers, boot, shoe, and slipper-makers, glaziers, general dealers, and "travellers" or hawkers. A gentleman in that community, who wields the pen as skilfully as the pencil, proposes a scheme for the establishment of workshops, where persons of his race could be instructed in handicrafts not at present practised by them, and where they could follow their art in accordance with their usages; and we sincerely hope that he may be enabled soon to see his philanthropic plan effectively carried out. But the greatest cause of the distress reigning among the Jews is unquestionably the unceasing immigration of pauperism from Germany, from Holland, from Poland; and it is that which strains the resources of that community to the utmost.

While Jewish artisans are placed at great disadvantage as regards their Christian fellow-workmen, Providence has endowed the former with certain qualities, that explain how it is that more Jews than Gentiles rise from the humblest ranks to positions of comparative affluence. The Israelite is a staunch believer in the maxim that "honesty

is the best policy," however this statement may be in conflict with the assertions of some writers. Then the Jew is persevering and industrious, and ready to endure an amount of privation that no English workman would consent to undergo. He is domesticated, and affectionate to his wife and family. He does not, in moments of playfulness, dash out, with the poker, the brains of the woman he has undertaken to love and protect; and neither does he kick her to death. There are no "friendly leads" among his people to help "a pal" in trouble, for Jews are seldom convicted of stealing; and yet he is always ready to share his crust of bread with one poorer than himself. Finally, he is singularly abstemious and he does not squander his earnings in, and muddle his head with, doctored beer, or burn his interior with adulterated gin. The sobriety of the Jews is proverbial, and it is reflected in the superior cleanliness and neatness of their dwellings as compared with the dwellings of the Gentile indigent. Extreme squalor is seldom apparent in Jewish homes; scrofula and intemperance are very rarely to be met with, and miserable humanity is never seen so utterly fallen and degraded among them as among their neighbours.

The question of the foreign poor became one of paramount importance among the Jews. The shoals of destitute Jews flocking over to this country from the Ghettos of Germany, and the bleak plains of Poland, caused serious anxiety to the Synagogue authorities. The want of organised relief increased the suffering of the English poor, and entailed aggravated hardships on the foreigners who arrived from abroad without means, ignorant of the English tongue, and not knowing whither to turn for aid.

In 1859 it was resolved to establish an organisation to meet these requirements. The Jewish Board of Guardians, then called into existence, at first dealt only with a limited part of the poor of their faith. In 1871 the United Synagogue, a corporation composed of the principal congregations of German Jews, and including the majority of the Jews of London, resolved to entrust to their Board of Guardians the relief of nearly all casual cases. This body has proved itself a most valuable institution, fully deserving the support of Jew and Christian. It effects a vast amount of good. It aims not at merely repressing pauperism, but at circumscribing its existence, and diminishing its pressure. It prefers, when practicable, to assist a man to gain his own living, rather than to bestow upon him temporary relief. And instead of pursuing the ordinary system practised in English workhouses, of considering every man a rogue until proved to be honest, it follows the more merciful dictates of English law, which believes every man innocent until proved to be guilty.

The objects of the Jewish Board of Guardians are multifarious, and its operations are assisted by

no fewer than eight or nine committees. The "Loan Committee" advances sums from one to ten pounds, on the security of from one to three persons; the amounts so lent to be returned by weekly instalments, which are usually punctually paid. The "Investigating Committee" selects the worthy from the unworthy, and forms and revises the list of those deserving poor who receive fixed periodical allowances. The "Medical Committee" provides medical advice and drugs for the sick, supplies surgical appliances, and sends to the hospitals of the country fever and other cases requiring special treatment. The "Work Committee" disposes of a number of sewing machines to tailors and others, who, by a small weekly disbursement, may in time become the owners of the bread-winning machines, just as pianos are sold on what is called the "three years' system."

Another committee conducts the work-rooms in Bishopsgate Street, where young women of the humbler classes among the Jews learn various kinds of needle-work—dress-making, etc. Then lately an "Industrial Committee" has been formed, to promote the cultivation among the Jewish lads of those handicrafts which have hitherto been neglected in that community. We may truly say that human ingenuity has been exercised to the utmost in endeavouring to solve satisfactorily one of the most difficult and most important of problems.

It would be impossible, on this occasion, to render an intelligible account of the constitution of the Jewish Board of Guardians, or even to describe its working. We shall, therefore, limit ourselves to affording our readers a glance at the manner in which the Jews treat their casual poor. By the kindness of the President of the Board, we were permitted to be present at a distribution of relief. Such distributions are usually effected by two or three members of the Board, who sit in rotation for the purpose, twice a week. Applications for relief are received at the office on three mornings every week, and they are at once referred to the investigating officer, who, between the time of application and the time of relief, thoroughly inquires into the circumstances of each case. Persons of immoral conduct, or of bad character, are summarily dismissed, and professional beggars are very coldly looked upon.

During 1872 no fewer than 2,137 individuals solicited aid from the Board; of these 784 were new applicants, and principally consisted of Polish Jews. There is a regulation, to the effect that no relief shall be granted except in cases of great emergency to any foreigner, unless he or she shall have been domiciled in this country for at least six months before the date of application. But the Jewish Guardians have a soft corner in their heart, and cases of great emergency are remarkably frequent.

We are in the offices of this corporation, which are situated in a large house in Devonshire Square. The ground-floor of the house, probably once the residence of some wealthy City magnate, is divided into several apartments. In a spacious chamber the applicants await anxiously, until the striking of a bell shall summon them in turns before those who practically dispose of their fate. Two other rooms are substantially furnished as offices, and in the larger of the two the awards of relief are made. One member only of the Board attends on this occasion. This gentleman briskly takes a seat before a table: at his side sits the investigating officer, who presents him with the history of each case on printed forms, while the zealous secretary faces the Guardian with a pile of papers before him. Each applicant as he comes forward stands within a bar close to the door. The Guardian has already mastered the features of the case from the slips handed to him, and a few well-judged questions lay before him the past condition of the man and his present wants. The countenances of the applicants, it must be owned, are not promising as a rule. They are mostly Poles; and their under-sized frames, shaggy beetle-brows, prominent cheek-bones, and sallow unwholesome skin show too truly that centuries of misery, of oppression, and of hardships have marked their effect on their moral and physical development.

We perceive principally husbands, for the presence of wives is discouraged: the Guardians desire to see the bread-winners, who seem to be all in a state of abject poverty. Some are out of work; others are in work, but their earnings are insufficient; the shadow of sickness haunts the home of this one, and the partner of that other is about to present him with an eighth child. To each of these are allotted a few shillings, and so many tickets representing bread, grocery, and coals. Some more are prevented from obtaining employment by the lack of clothes or of implements, or need a little cash to start them in a humble business. Those are sent away happy, for their prayer is granted. One man obtains funds to buy a new diamond for his glazier's tool; a second is enabled to purchase a barrel of olives; a third is put in the way of selling lemons. All of them, it is hoped, may earn their living at least for some time to come, and care is taken to avoid pauperising them entirely. A fourth asks for some hosiery to retail, and he strenuously denies having been helped before by the Board. The indefatigable secretary produces a huge volume, which must contain a singular epitome of human wretchedness. Then the fact that once money had been granted to him, for the same purpose, stares the applicant in the face. But that was two years ago, and the man is poor, honest, and industrious. His white lie is looked over; he gets some money, and tickets for

bread and grocery, and some pieces of bright silver from the private purse of the Guardian are slipped into his hand.

The most singular case that we meet with is that of a young Prussian, who speaks English fairly, having visited the United States. He had recently served as a soldier in the Prussian army, when one day he had a "difficulty" with a superior officer, whom he struck on the head. How he managed to break through the rigorous discipline of the Prussian army, it is not easy to understand. He states that he contrived to desert, and that a friendly rabbi helped him to cross the Prussian frontier.

The fellow's face wears a dogged sullen look, arguing certainly no sweetness of temper. The dispensers of charity place the most favourable construction on the deserter's story. He has a brother at Plymouth, whom he wishes to rejoin; a passage to that port by steamer is promised him for the morrow, and a trifle is given him to procure himself a meal and a night's lodging. Afterwards are ushered in some members of that sex which, in the present instance, by no stretch of courtesy can be

called fair. They are widows, or women whose husbands are abroad; and all of them receive some assistance.

In less than two hours upwards of thirty cases are relieved. The Jewish Board of Guardians take effective measures to prevent imposition, and the objects they succour all represent unfeigned and more or less severe distress. Not one applicant is on this occasion dismissed entirely empty-handed. In the two or three instances where no grant is made by the Board, the Guardian privately bestows upon the applicants small gratuities, and the same kind-hearted gentleman frequently supplements the relief of the Board with slight donations of his own.

Who shall say what amount of suffering was allayed on that short afternoon? The persons assisted, with those who depended from them, probably amounted to one hundred human beings! And we rejoice to think that most of them, on that bitter cold night, enjoyed substantial fare, basked in the grateful warmth of a blazing fire, or prepared themselves with revived hopes to renew once more the battle of life!

J. PICCIOTTO.

MEN WHO FACE DEATH.

THE ENGINEER.



THE weather had been dirty for several days. As the heavens were obscured no observation could be taken, and we had been obliged to sail by "dead reckoning"—that is, we guessed our position from the log. Dead reckoning is

not a very satisfactory mode of ascertaining a vessel's position, and as the navigation of this part of our voyage was rather difficult, the poor captain was very anxious. He and the officers were continually glancing heavenward to try to get a peep at the sun; but, as I have said, for days together there was nothing to be seen but heavy masses of clouds or banks of foggy drizzle. We steamed along, half-speed, a very strict look-out being kept. There was one wild rocky point which the skipper was very anxious to give as wide a berth as possible, and to make sure of this, as he thought, he instructed the officers to make a great allowance in the steering. We should have made land by this time, but hitherto none had been sighted.

When I turned in for my watch below, the sea was getting up, and I noticed the captain and chief officer on the bridge in very earnest consultation.

"There will be a gale blowing shortly," thought

I, as I turned into my bunk in order to snatch four hours' sleep if possible.

I fell into a profound slumber as soon as I had put my head down. Just as four bells (2 a.m.) were being struck, I was hurriedly roused by the entrance of the chief engineer. His face was blanched with horror, and his tongue fastened, as he roused me up—

"Get up, Thomson—get up for God's sake! We are going ashore, man, and there's an awful gale blowing, and the cursed thing is that there is something got loose in the engine—something down below out of sight—and if it is not tightened up at once, she will tear herself to bits."

"Why don't you stop her then and see what is wrong?" I asked half angrily; "I have only had two hours below—that's four bells just gone."

"Stop her?" said the chief; "we can't! The engine *must* be kept going to hold her head to the sea, and keep way on her. We are drifting on a lee shore, in a gale, and if we turn broadside to the sea, or if the engine breaks down altogether, we'll be among the rocks and the foam in ten minutes."

I now sprang out of my bunk, and hastily dressed. While I was doing so, the chief explained the situation more fully. *Some one* must go down and put things to rights, or all would perish. The difficulties and dangers of the task consisted in the fact

that it must be accomplished while the engine was going, and all the while the ship was tumbling and kicking about in a most desperate fashion. Then again the engines were "racing" every few minutes—*i.e.*, when the propeller was raised out of the water the engine went at a terrific pace, owing to the resistance being removed. It was not pleasant to dive down into that hot hole among frantic machinery—the ship's jumping and tumbling about—and nothing to grasp but hot, slippery, oily iron, or steel bars—nothing to tread on but slippery iron gratings.

The chief was too old and stiff to go down—besides, as he remarked, he had a wife and children, etc. etc. He also remarked that I was not in that position. Further, he stated that I knew well enough that the third engineer had been ill for days, and now the fourth (who was a new hand) was either afraid or sea-sick—he said the latter.

Would I go down?

That was the question.

I thought of the bonnie lassie who had put her arms tenderly round my neck and kissed me when I said good-bye—I recalled the tearful tender glance of her loving blue eyes, and the tone of her sweet thrilling voice as she said, "Oh, Willie, take good care of yourself for *my* sake!"

Then I thought of my being hashed and mangled among the machinery below.

That girl was my betrothed wife, and her father had promised to bless our union when I was a chief engineer—but *not till then*. Jeanie and I knew him to be a man of his word, and Jeanie was a dutiful and obedient daughter, and so we waited and hoped. The chief seemed to guess what was passing in my mind, for he held out his hand, and said, "If you manage this job, Willie, I'll back out—I've saved enough now—I'm tired of going to sea—and you'll be chief engineer next voyage. There is my hand on it."

I grasped his hand—I knew that I was sure of the first vacancy that occurred, and I knew also that old Craigton would keep his promise.

I braced myself up, but still I felt a chill run through me, and my heart throbbed in my throat for a minute.

But I felt as if this were my chance to obtain possession of Jeanie. It was the old feeling of chivalry—doing a daring deed for a woman's sake.

I stood on deck for a minute or two. The screaming blast of wind and the heavy clouds of spray acted like tonics. I soon gained complete self-possession, and descended to my desperate work. Old Craigton stood by to choke off the steam when the engines began to race.

Down I went—down into that hole where I had even less mercy to expect than in a lion's den. Taking my life in my hand, I descended to the

depths—with the vision of a fair woman before me.

Soon I was in the midst of the turmoil—slipping, grasping, gasping, panting, perspiring at every pore. Sometimes my head began to reel, but by a strong effort I steadied myself. The whole thing was like a hideous nightmare.

A few minutes sufficed to enable me to detect the mischief—and I saw at once that it *could* be remedied, and also that it was quite time it should be. A few minutes more, and the nut would have been off altogether, and the engine would then have torn herself to pieces in two strokes. Bracing all my energies, I succeeded in applying my screw-key again and again. It required great quickness of hand to seize the second of time in which a turn could be given. I now found the value of my Clyde training. On the Clyde an engineer is taught all about the parts of an engine—he learns to do all that requires to be done in case of break-down. I now felt the value of this broad engineering education.

At length I succeeded in making all tight—just as my head began to swim, and my sight began to grow indistinct. How I managed to climb and scramble up again I scarcely know. Old Craigton and one of the firemen hauled me up part of the way by catching hold of my coat-collar. When I got out on deck, I fainted and fell.

But now the engine could be worked firmly, and we were *saved*.

I did not do much more work during that voyage. I was utterly exhausted; my nerves were quite unstrung. But I got my reward.

When we came into port the passengers gave me a dinner, and presented me with this watch—read the inscription—and I was feasted and flattered till my head was nearly turned. The chief and the captain both spoke well for me, and I was appointed chief engineer to a new steamer which the company had just launched.

All these things were but means to an end. I grudged every minute that I was away from my sweet lassie.

I would not tell you all that we said and looked when we met—no, not for the world—for Jeanie then would never forgive me.

Well, I'll say this. When I clasped her in my arms, and felt her arms tightening round me, and when I felt her hot tears—well, well! Jeanie, I'll say no more.

We were made man and wife when I came home from my first voyage as chief. And in a few years the company gave me a good post on shore, with a snug salary.

So I'll go to sea no more.

And these are the bairns, two laddies and three lassies. Do you think that they take more after the mother or me?

IN HONOUR BOUND.

BY CHARLES GIBBON,

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

THE LAIRD.

THE Laird of Dalmahoy was tall and large-boned; his features large, except the nose, which was small and inclined upwards; very few wrinkles,

"Now is my opportunity," he whispered to an old friend who sat beside him.

"For heaven's sake, Hugh, let me out first," exclaimed his friend in a whisper, rising hurriedly to escape the spectacle of the Laird's humiliation.



"NOW, NOW! BE PATIENT."

thin grey hair cut short, no hair on the face, and quick keen eyes. Dress neat—a large show of white shirt-front, about which he was particular. He was sixty, and would have passed for not more than fifty. In the morning he usually appeared in a dark brown tweed suit, the coat cut short as for a youth. He carried his head high, shoulders square, and was proud to believe that people still regarded him as quite young. He was pleased to be a radical by profession; he was an intense conservative in fact. He sat in Parliament for the county under several governments. He had promised great things; he had done nothing. On one occasion he had meditated a speech, when some county affairs engaged the attention of the House.

That crushed the orator in the bud. He never spoke in the House; and soon afterwards—finding that he was not likely to be returned—he gracefully retired from his onerous position. He was fond, however, of letting off at local meetings, agricultural dinners, or flower shows, or even into the ears of individuals who were sure to listen to him, those fireworks of eloquence which had been intended to set the House in flames.

He liked to be regarded in the character of an enthusiast; he was constantly theorising about the greatest happiness for the greatest number; the minority must submit to be sacrificed to the majority. It was the nature of things; we could see it in the animal, aye, and in the vegetable

kingdom; and the absolute necessity for an immediate recognition of the law in human affairs was apparent on every hand, in the contentions between class and class which never ceased.

He was perfectly sincere in his declamation and faith in his theory, but he never thought of himself being in the minority; consequently he increased his rents whenever he found an opportunity, he preserved his game strictly, and he held his family in severe subjection, so that his theories and actions were not always in accord; and his enthusiasm—a friend said—was uncommonly like a disguise for a selfish nature. But the Laird was innocent of all intentional hypocrisy. He believed thoroughly in himself and in the honesty of his every word and act.

"Have you come about that Methven business, too?" he said as he entered.

"What Methven business?" asked Dan, surprised.

"Oh!" This was a half-subdued note of astonishment and inquiry, and there was something in it which suggested that the Laird regretted he had spoken so hastily.

He raised his glasses—heavily mounted in gold—and glanced at an open letter in his hand. Then, as he dropped the glasses, he looked at the skipper curiously.

Walter was standing at the window, tapping the sill with his fingers, and gazing out on the lawn. He was puzzled by the readiness with which his father had come to see Dan Thorston, and more so by the question he had asked. Walter had at once associated the name Methven with the millionaire who died recently, and he could not imagine how that event could have anything to do with Dan.

"I care naething about the business you speak of, Laird," said Dan in his dry way; "I came to speak about your son Walter."

"About Walter?" exclaimed the Laird, evidently mystified; "has he been doing anything wrong?"

The son wheeled round and frankly met his father's eyes.

"We'll see about that. He wants to marry my daughter Teenie, and I want to ken what you have to say to it."

"Wants to marry your daughter!" (taking a long breath and looking more astounded than displeased).

"Just that, and though I would as soon see her married to him as to anybody, she shall be wife to nae man whose friends will not make her welcome."

"Quite right—very sensible," muttered the Laird, evidently thinking about something else.

"Let me tell you, too," proceeded Dan quietly, "this has taken me as muckle by surprise as yourself, and the minute I heard of it I came to you."

"Thank you, Thorston—I would have expected as much from you. Will you excuse me a minute?"

The Laird, with brows knit, again examined the letter he held, and then carefully placed it in a large morocco pocket-book; apparently he was satisfied upon some subject which had engaged his attention.

Walter all this time was watching him, his pulse beating fast with suspense.

The father slowly crossed the room to his son, and looking straight in his eyes, said in an undertone simply—

"Miss Wishart?"

"She knows;" and Walter felt his cheeks hot whilst his eyes sought the floor. During the last two or three minutes he had been faintly hoping that Grace had already explained.

The Laird bent his head and returned to Dan. Taking up his position on the hearth-rug, one hand behind him, whilst the other played with his glasses and the silk cord by which they were suspended round his neck, he began graciously—

"Take a seat, Thorston, take a seat, please. You see the matter stands somewhat in this fashion. Walter is a fine fellow, he has an excellent head, but his ideas are apt to resemble a midges' dance—they are rather confused. I measured his capacities, as a man of experience and some intellect can measure the capacities of a child constantly under his observation, and I had formed certain plans for him which I believe would have rendered his future one of ease and usefulness.

"As he grows up he thinks that he can form better plans for himself, and accordingly does so. As a father, I might have insisted upon obedience to my wishes; as a man of experience, I say, 'Very well, since you are resolved upon your own course, take it, but absolve me from all blame if you fail.'"

The Laird paused as if for some sign of approbation of his wisdom and forbearance. But Walter could not speak, and Dan was silent, thinking what a gift of language the Laird had, and wondering when he would come to the subject in hand.

"I must own that I am disappointed," Dalmahoy went on; "I think he could have done better than he can do in the Church; I think he could have done better than marry your daughter."

Dan got up.

"Now, now! be patient, if you please," exclaimed the Laird, closing his eyes, averting his face, and motioning grandly with the glasses for his auditor to remain seated.

Thorston would not sit again, but he held his tongue, and the oracle proceeded—

"I did not intend the slightest disrespect to your daughter. I admire Christina extremely, and if I had been a younger man I have no doubt the feeling would have been still warmer. But you are aware that the match is, in some respects, unequal—at least, I

fear there are some old-fashioned people who will so regard it. Pardon me for saying this; I only desire to place the whole matter plainly before you, in order that there may be no reflections upon me hereafter."

"I'm no asking a favour for Teenie," said the skipper gruffly, and preparing to go; for as he understood the harangue, it meant a refusal of the young folks' wishes. So Walter thought too.

"No favour at all, Thorston; understand me clearly; I am only referring to what will be said by others. For myself, I admire her; I admire your upright, straightforward character, and you know my principles. To me 'an honest man is the noblest work of God,' and the observation applies equally to women. Therefore——"

He paused, closing his eyes, and enjoying in imagination the round of applause which that sentence would have evoked at the annual meeting of the agricultural society. He mentally noted it, to use on the first public opportunity.

"Therefore I give my free and willing consent to my son Walter to marry Christina, and I shall take an early occasion to salute my daughter-in-law."

Walter could scarcely believe his ears, and his throat was so full of happiness that he could not speak immediately. He hastily crossed the room and seized his father's hand, saying huskily—

"Thank you."

"I did not expect this," muttered Dan, as if he were inclined to be sorry; "how's'ever, I'm glad that it is so, since the lass wants it."

"You are surprised," said Dalmahoy, gratified by the impression he had made, "but you will observe that in consenting to this marriage I am only carrying out the principles which have guided my public life. It is long since I first raised my voice against class distinctions; and I am proud to find that the growing power and intelligence of the working classes are compelling universal acceptance of my doctrines. I am proud to think, sir, that we are approaching the era when intellect alone shall distinguish one man from another." (Another sentence to remember for his first speech.)

"Nae doubt, nae doubt," muttered Dan, neither understanding nor caring about the Laird's principles; "I'll say good day now."

"Before you go, Thorston, you understand, I hope, that Walter has nothing but his profession to depend upon at present; and even when my time comes he will have little more to expect than the house and a bit of land. I have a large family; we have no entail; and I mean to make my children equal as far as possible in what is left to them."

"Yea could not do better, sir; that's fair. Teenie will have some siller of her own. At any rate, she'll no bring her man an Inverness tocher."

Dan grinned at his little joke. According to one version of the saying, a man is supposed to get an Inverness tocher when he receives with his wife a mother-in-law, a sister-in-law, and a piano to keep.

The business being thus settled to everybody's satisfaction, as it seemed, and very much to the surprise of one of the persons interested, Thorston made his way home, taking a good look at the house and grounds as he passed out, although he had often seen both before. He was glad and sorry; he was eager to get home with his news, and yet inclined to loiter. He felt very queer; could not make it out; maybe it was some ailment coming on him. He could not tell, for he had never known sickness in his own person. He wished young Dalmahoy had been at Jericho, or that Teenie had been still a wee bairn, scampering about in short coats and bare legs.

Walter remained, and tried again to express his very warm gratitude to the Laird for thus readily removing the only obstacle to his perfect happiness.

"I hope you'll find it perfect, Wattie," said the father smiling; "you'll be the first man who ever did. Prove your gratitude to me ten years hence, by telling me that you do not blame me for what I have done now."

"I'll do that!" cried the lover eagerly.

"Aye, be sure of this—I thought it was for your good to say yes, or I would have said no, just as readily. Now the devil you are to get on with Dan Thorston as your father-in-law I can't see, unless you manage to bribe him to emigrate to the Cannibal Islands or the North Pole. A good idea! Start an expedition to discover the North-west Passage, and make him captain. He'll never come back. The captain never does."

Walter laughed.

"There will be no need for that; everybody likes Dan, and he's a fine honest fellow, as you yourself said."

"Yes, but I wasn't going to be his son-in-law. Honesty is admirable—in the abstract—but culture and manners are much more comfortable companions on a long journey."

"I am content—more than content. I am very happy."

"I dare say; we all think that in the first heat of life. Oh, I know what the glamour of Love's young dream is, and upon my soul I don't think I would have opposed your wishes very savagely, even if there had not been good reasons known to myself for yielding to them. But, my lad, if you want to succeed in life, doubt everything and everybody except yourself. Remember that, and success is sure."

"You say that," said Walter—awkwardly, for he could not preach to his father—"and yet, has your

life been all that you would have desired it to be?"

The Laird winced; his brow contracted, and he looked hard at the window. His memory flashed over the past, and he saw many hopes baffled, many aspirations thwarted, many fine calculations upset, and many desires never gratified.

"No," he said, blowing his nose to conceal something like a sigh, for the retrospect was not a pleasant one—as whose is? He saw so much that might have been accomplished if only this or that had happened, and so much that had been accomplished which might have been left alone—"No; my life has been a failure. But I did not start with the experience which I offer to you."

"Don't you think, sir, that every man must work out his own experience?"

"It may be so, but there is so much wisdom in the experience of our fathers, that we would be happier if we would only be content to walk in their old-fashioned ways instead of striving after fantastic novelties in business, politics, and art. I have heard Whately say that the proverb 'Experience teaches fools' is a lie, for he is a wise man who profits by his own experience, a wiser still who profits by the experience of others; but a fool profits neither by his own nor others' experience. We shall see by-and-by in which category you stand."

"I hope it may not be the last."

"But it is the most probable place for you. Now go and amuse our friends until I join you. They are quite interesting. You will find them smiling on one side the face, and grinning in bitterness and spite on the other. This Methven property seems to have set the whole county by the ears."

Walter being unspeakably happy, and utterly indifferent to the Methven property, could afford to make a smiling effort to mollify the rancour of his cousins, uncles, and aunts, although he would have much preferred walking off to Teenie at once.

The Laird retired to his private room, a small corner apartment, where he was rarely interrupted. Two sides of the chamber were covered with books, many of them Parliamentary, now seldom disturbed.

He sat down in his easy chair in front of his writing-table, and took out the letter which had occupied so much of his attention during the early part of his interview with Dan Thorston and Walter. He read it again, as if to reassure himself as to the nature of the contents.

GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH.

"SIR,—We have made the necessary investigation into the affairs of the late George Methven, some time of Rowanden and Kingshaven, and latterly of Manchester. The result of that investigation is as follows:—

"The said George Methven being a natural son, and dying without a will, the whole of his estate passes to the Crown; but the nearest of kin on the mother's side may petition Her Majesty, through the Queen's and Lord Treasurer's Remembrancer of Exchequer, for a gift of the estate. As a rule this prayer is granted, subject to certain fees.

"We may mention that the members of the father's family are,

such a case as the present, devoid of right or power to make a claim, the members of the mother's family only being considered.

"So far as we have been able to discover, the nearest existing relative to the late George Methven is one Christina Thorston, daughter of Daniel Thorston, fisherman, now or recently residing at Rowanden. Daniel Thorston espoused a sister of George Methven's mother, and Christina Thorston is therefore full cousin of the deceased, and, according to our present belief, his direct heir. We believe that by prompt and decisive action she might obtain the whole or greater part of the estate, subject to the usual fees.

"We shall be happy to attend to any further instructions with which you may favour us, and meanwhile

"We are, Sir,

"Your most humble and obedient Servants,

"PATTERSON AND GREIG, W.S."

"It is the most remarkable event in my experience," said the Laird to himself, a glow of satisfaction suffusing his countenance. "To think of that youth Wattie stumbling blindfold into a million, and I, who have assiduously courted fortune all my life, never knew what it was to be out of difficulty. But I never had the same chance; and Wattie won't forget his poor father when he is rich."

He wrote an answer to the lawyer's letter, and then locked it up in his strong-box.

"We must keep this quiet until our arrangements are completed; it would be a shame to disturb the contented minds of the girl and her father until I am quite sure of her claim. Now I can go and condole with our friends, and advise them not to be fools—if they can help it."

So, having arranged his plans—of which Walter was to know nothing either, for he was such a droll that he would reveal everything at once to Thorston—the Laird proceeded to join the ladies and gentlemen in the drawing-room, who were busy disputing their respective titles to the wealth of the dead man whom, living, they had snubbed and shunned.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

"GOING TO BE MARRIED."

NEXT morning, Dan was out on the headland before daybreak. It was a calm morning, only a ripple upon the water, whilst the bay was like a sheet of glass. There was just a mysterious breathing of the atmosphere which mingled with the soft pulsations of the sea. The slightest sound was heard with singular distinctness. He saw the sun creep slowly up the horizon, darting many golden bars athwart the quivering breast of the sea.

The stillness was pathetic; presently it was broken by the mellow chant of some fishermen singing in the distance, and looking round the point he saw the fishing fleet, in a straggling line, with brown sails flapping lazily in the gentle breeze, stealing slowly towards the haven. Then came the indistinct cur-rr-eck of grouse, the screech of the heron on the rocks, the croak of gulls floating over the water, and the sharp twitter of lapwings as they rose in flight. The soft spiritual light of the morning, the waters flashing with all the colours of the

rainbow, and the fishers' song combined to soothe Dan into a more contented mood than he had known since yesterday.

If the fishers of Rowanden had watched the skipper this mornigg, not one of them would have expected luck to the nets; for his hand was often up at his brow, as he peered into space—farther than usual, for he was trying to see the future when there would be a solitary old man and a desolate cottage on the Norlan'. He stalked about with uncertain, dissatisfied steps. Then he would halt a long while in one place, calling himself hard names for not being proud and pleased as Teenie was when he told her of his expedition, and the result.

She clapped her hands, and cried, "That's fine!" And old Ailie chimed in with "It's grand news; I aye said Teenie was born to be a lady." But neither thought of asking what he had to say.

He became dour, and would not speak.

Teenie saw this, and bade Ailie "whisht," subduing her own expressions of pleasure at the same time. After supper—Dan's appetite was still excellent—she made him a big tumblerful of steaming toddy, and he felt better. She got out the cards; they played, he won, and felt better still. The dark grim face of the man, the bright fair face of the girl bent over the table, and the feeble light of the oil-lamp flickered upon them, showing an expression of eagerness on the one, and simple joy on the other.

Ailie sat in the corner knitting, and retailing all the gossip she had picked up in the course of her morning's excursion. Buckie Ker's boat got adrift, and was found "dug a' to bits" on the rocks; Shauchlin (Shuffling) Sandy's wife was laid up with a very bad fever; Hirpling Jamie had quarrelled with the fish-dealer about the number of crans of herring they had got in the last "shot;" Louping Bob had got into trouble with the water-bailies, and his wife had been drinking "sare;" and so on, giving to each person mentioned the distinguishing to-name or nick-name, which was generally suggestive of some physical characteristic or ability. All this amused the skipper whilst his attention was fixed on the game.

Then Teenie sang to him her favourite ballad, the "Lass of Lochryan," and after, "Willie's drowned in Gamery." Her sweet voice made the plaintive story of the weary wanderings across the sea of fair Annie of Lochryan a real event to Dan, and he spoke of the heroine's fate as if he had known and loved her. The gloomy legend of the two lovers drowned in Gamery filled him with anger at the hard-hearted parent whose curse had been the cause of the trouble.

Dan went to bed happy; Teenie went to bed full of confused thoughts and visions. She was changed somehow, and all the world was changed. She was not the same Teenie who had been feeding the

doos, threatening the cat, and studying the Book of Fate, half in fun and half in earnest, early that day. She was going to be married! It was all settled, and she was thrilling with the strange exaltation, pleasure, and wonder which a girl experiences in the first few hours after her lover has spoken, and she has pledged herself to him. She could not possibly sleep this night, with that minister with the invisible head, the misty crowd of people, the beautiful bride's cake—which she had seen a few days ago in the confectioner's window at Kingshaven—the old shoes, and the yellow carriage with the two white horses from the King's Arms, all dancing wild reels at the foot of the bed. There she was, in the carriage now, Walter beside her—the horses going off at a gallop down the brae, driving into the great mystery of the future.

She closes her eyes, covers her head with the clothes, and tries to shut it all out. But that is worse than ever. She gets up, goes to the window, and looks out. The sky is pale, and mottled with slow-moving clouds; the sea is rolling inward from the darkness, and breaking with long measured sweeps upon the rocks; the lights of the White Tower, high up in the air, are glinting their warning across the waters; below are the black spots which she knows to be the fishing-boats, and Rowanden looks like a black irregular mass of rocks pressing back from the shore. She felt calmer, looking out at these things, listening to the sea, and the eerie sough of the wind.

Stepping back from the window, she moved a chair, and presently there was a tap on the wooden partition which separated her bed from Ailie's in the next room. The sharp voice of the old woman cried—

"Goodness be here! lassie, ha'e you got the dwams, or what, that you're no bedded? There'll be nae word o' this in the morning" (meaning that she would be sorry for missing her rest).

That had more effect than anything else in composing Teenie's mind. She crept back to bed, surrendered herself to the exciting visions which she could not control, and by-and-by she slept.

The very happiness of the evening made Dan's waking thoughts the sadder, so he was up and out early. He ought to be proud of the position his lass was to fill; and he was proud in a manner, for all Rowanden would be "in a way" about it, and he would be looked up to more than ever. But he would have been quite contented if things could have gone on in the old way; and he had an uneasy suspicion that things would not be so comfortable either for Teenie or himself in the new way. There was the boat she had so often sailed with him; there were the nets her nimble fingers had so often helped him to mend; there was the hut which she had helped him to build—by carrying the nails for him in her "daidly" (pinafore).

He did not see how he was to get on without her at all. Only she wished it—and that was the one unanswerable argument.

"I'll awa' to Greenland with the next whaler," he muttered, "and just think that she's waiting for me at home here as in the auld times."

A hand touched his arm, and he found Teenie beside him, looking as bright and fresh as if she had known no unrest during the night. She was a part of the morning, with her thick fair hair, her grand blue eyes, and sweet face.

"Weel?" said Dan, delighted by her presence, but not displaying the least sign of pleasure—"You're early afoot."

"You'll no guess what I've been thinking?" she replied, looking at him with such a cunning smile.

"No; what might that be?"

"I'm no to marry Wattie Burnett!"

"What?" and he stared at her to see if she were quite herself.

Lips close, and expression serious; she nodded her head emphatically.

"Toots! you're raving, lassie, or you're trying to make fun of me. You maun marry him."

And Dan exhausted all his arguments to show her how there was no escape from the compact now that it was made. He discovered ever so many reasons, of which he had not thought before, for considering the marriage in every way a fortunate and desirable one. At that she smiled, and said with wonderful resignation—

"Very well, father, since you say I must, I will."

He felt hurt, for he saw that she had been laughing at him all the time; and he was relapsing into dourness, but she placed her hand on his shoulder and said, quite earnestly this time—

"But I would not have him if you said no, father—no, though he was King of England, and no another man for me in the world."

It mollified him to hear her say so, and from that moment Thorston appeared to be the proudest and the most contented man in the world; whatever his secret thoughts or feelings might be, he looked always satisfied. It was a clever trick of hers, if it were only a trick.

Soon after breakfast Walter drove up in a gig, leapt down, and called for Teenie. He took both her hands; the man's eyes were full of the love that was in his heart. Teenie smiled, and for the first time felt shy with him.

"You know that it's all right? The Laird never said a word against our wishes, but was as kind as if I had just done what he wanted."

"Father told us last night—the Laird is very good."

"I wanted to come down myself last night, but I was kept late at the house—I must tell you the fun we had another time—and then I went over to Craighburn."

"To Miss Wishart—'deed and you might have come here instead," cried Teenie, laughing and pretending to be offended.

"I could not help that—it was due to her who has been so good to me. But get on your things; I've brought the gig, and I want you to go with me for a drive."

She was not quite prepared for that; it would be the first time they had driven out together, and it would be like an open declaration to all the country of their new relationship. However, he insisted, and she was not obstinate. So she went to her room to prepare for the journey—an operation simple enough and speedily effected, for it chiefly consisted of removing her apron, and putting on a straw hat and a shawl.

As Dan saw them drive off, he began to feel really proud and contented. Ailie was at his elbow to add her approval.

"Eh, but they're a braw pair, and it's a wonderful match for Teenie—though no so great when a's done, for the Laird hasna muckle to gie them. But they're a braw pair, and I felt in my heart to cast a bauchle after them even now."

Ailie was as blithe about the match as if she herself had been the bride.

Dan went down to the shore to see about the result of the last night's fishing, in which he had considerable interest, having this year taken a larger share than usual in the herring trade.

Walter made the horse go at a grand pace; the earth was too dull for him; he felt that he would have liked to fly. Rocks, trees, and water glanced by them; the keen air bit their cheeks, refreshing and exhilarating them; the clear sky seemed to smile upon them. They crossed the moorland, and the way seemed short for both. He told her about that meeting at Dalnahoy on the previous day; of the discussion about the Methven property; of the ridiculous claims which were advanced to a share in it, and of the petty squabbles that were arising out of it. They laughed mightily at all that—money was such a small thing in the account of happiness to them.

Then he spoke about the coming days when they would be settled at Drumhemount, and the countless occupations they were to have; the earnest work there was for them to do, and the joy they would have in doing it.

To all this Teenie listened, smiling approval, but saying little, because she did not know what to say other than "Yes" to every suggestion he made.

Suddenly, as they were drawing near the foot of the hills, she asked—

"Where are you going?"

"To Craighburn."

There was a little start and a flush on Teenie's cheek, as she hastily put her hand on the reins.

"I don't want to go there—any way, not yet."

He looked at her in surprise.

"But Grace wants to see you, so much, and to speak to you."

"I don't like to go there yet."

She felt awkward, and unable to define to herself, much less to him, the source of her objection.

"Why?"

"I don't know."

"But to please me?"

A pause, during which he began to draw rein.

"Very well, if you want me to go, I'll go."

He gave the horse head again, and they went on, but he was not quite so buoyant as he had been at the beginning of the journey.

END OF CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

A GOSSIP ABOUT SPONGES.



THE substance we familiarly term "sponge" forms part of an organism which, in its life-history, presents not a few exceedingly interesting and instructive phases. What we know as a sponge represents merely part of the entire organism; and the fibrous or horny material, formed to the living sponge a kind of skeleton, which at once gave a firm basis to, and supported, the soft living tissue of the animal. But we are, perhaps, forestalling our subject a little, by thus indicating the relations of the familiar sponge-substance to the living part of this organism. For, regarding the exact nature of this living part of the sponge, much discussion has taken place among naturalists in the past; and even in the present day, there are not wanting those who refuse to assent to the very generally received notion, that sponge is a true animal production.

The ancients and earlier writers, from their mere external resemblance to vegetable productions, classified sponges in the plant kingdom. But a more careful examination of the structure, development, and affinities of the sponges, has warranted the naturalists of modern days in placing them in the animal series, and in assigning to them a position among the lowest group of animals.

It may thus at first sight seem a somewhat strange idea to regard a living sponge as a true animal; and it may be somewhat difficult for the non-technical individual to reconcile the ordinary idea of active animal life, with the rooted, shapeless mass seen in the living sponge.

Very briefly, then, let us try to peer into the inner depths and mysteries of sponge existence. We already know that our domestic sponge formed part of a living being; that, in short, the living part of the sponge manufactured or secreted the horny, fibrous material which forms so important an object of commercial pursuit. And the living portion of the sponge consisted of a whitish jelly-like jelly, which coated the horny material outwardly, and also lined the canals that permeate every part of its internal structure.

This whitish living jelly we know as "sarcod," or "protoplasm;" but concerning its exact nature,

or its relations with the mysterious principle we term "life," we know but little; although speculation and theory have not been wanting in the attempt to elucidate these relations. My readers will doubtless be familiar with the "protoplasm" battle in many of its varied phases; but in the present instance we have nothing whatever to do with controversy or argument, and so we simply recognise the "vital" nature of this sarcod, or living jelly, and its capability of itself to constitute a perfect living being, able to carry on all the functions which appertain to the living state. We see it forming the bodies of most of the lower and microscopic animals; and in our sponge it constitutes, as we have seen, the truly living and vital portion of this curious animal form.

Now the living sponge-flesh is in turn made up of a multitude of individual portions, each of which is known as a "sponge-particle;" and hence the apparently uniform living matter is found to be composed of an aggregation of semi-independent particles. The entire organism known as a sponge, therefore, in virtue of this constitution of its living portion, is of a compound nature. The little sponge-particles are, in fact, so many minute individual beings, which, massed together, constitute an organic colony; and upon this living colony devolves the manufacture of the fibrous or horny structure we know as the sponge.

If we obtain a sponge fresh from the chemist's shop, and shake it over a sheet of paper, we may extract therefrom a number of hard grains or particles, which the uninitiated observer would doubtless regard as mere grains of ordinary sand. And we all know the trouble which the coarser sponges give us, when we try to get rid of the "grit," or hard particles, which are commonly imbedded among the horny fibres of the sponge. But if we examine these little mineral particles by aid of the microscope, we shall find them to present certain definite shapes, and to exhibit evidence of being distinct structural parts of the sponge. We may thus distinguish mineral particles which are like three-rayed stars. Others exhibit an appearance like an anchor with double flukes, one set at either end; and others may exist as needles.

We thus notice in our sponge a second kind of skeleton, represented by these mineral particles of

flint or lime; and to these little bodies the general name of "sponge-spicules" has been given. These spicules, therefore, form a kind of interlacing network of mineral matter, which, distributed throughout the softer horny skeleton, serves to strengthen and support the skeleton, with the living flesh which invests the whole structure.

An ordinary living sponge is therefore a complicated colony of semi-independent bodies, which secrete a horny fibre with its interlacing mineral particles; and by these latter structures the living matter is thus bound together.

We have still, however, to notice how the life of this curious organism is provided for. Like every other animal, it nourishes and reproduces itself, and the nutrition of the sponge is effected in a singularly interesting manner; for throughout the sponge-colony a constant circulation of water is maintained. All over the outer surface of the sponge, the horny skeleton is perforated with innumerable small apertures known as "pores;" and we can also detect a smaller number of much larger apertures called "oscula;" or sometimes—as in many specimens of fine Turkey sponges—we may find only one large "osculum" in the middle, which thus resembles a cup-like organism.

Now it is highly important to distinguish carefully between the innumerable small pores and the larger oscula, since these two sets of apertures perform very different functions in the life-history of the sponge. If we microscopically examine a fragment of living sponge, we can readily perceive incessant currents of water entering the sponge by the pores, and as incessant streams issuing from the sponge through the oscula. In other words, the pores are just so many inhalent apertures, and the oscula so many exhalent ones. And this "circulation in the sponge," as it is termed, goes on continuously.

The mechanism by means of which this circulation is carried on, forms one of the most curious phases in connection with the sponge's history. Underlying the outer layer of the sponge, and excavated, as it were, in the lining membrane of the canals which lead from the pores, we find little semi-circular chambers. Each chamber is of a half-moon or crescentic shape; and one of these chambers is situated opposite the other in the sides of the canal, so that two of them together make up a circular excavation, cut out in the walls of the narrow passage.

The walls of these chambers are lined by little living "sponge-particles," each of which is furnished with a vibratile or moving lash-like filament, known as a "cilium." And hence the row of "cilia," which borders each chamber, projects into the canal like a delicate fringe of eye-lashes or hairs. And these rows or fringes of cilia are the means whereby the constant circulation of water is main-

tained throughout the sponge. For, acting like so many brooms or brushes, they at once sweep the water inwards from the outer world, and onwards towards the deeper parts of the sponge. Then the currents of water thus excited and maintained, are gradually sent throughout the organism, and by the same incessant motion of the cilia, are finally swept out by the oscula.

The use or function of this circulation is twofold. Firstly, particles of nutrient matter are swept into the sponge, and are seized upon by the living sponge-particles. The first use is, therefore, to administer to the nutrition of the being; and, secondly, the living substance of the sponge is thereby purified and renewed, this second function being analogous to that of respiration or breathing in the higher animals.

The sponges reproduce themselves by "spores," or "gemmules"—little oval bodies which are matured in the deeper portions of the sponge, and which in the spring season are liberated from the parent-body, and soon develop into true sponges. Then, also, we have the "sponge-eggs," which pass through the stages of development common to all eggs, and finally give origin to little free-swimming germs, provided with cilia; and these, after leading a roving life for a time, settle down, root, and grow up into mature stay-at-home sponges.

Although we have been describing the structure of one of our ordinary sponges, yet it would not be correct to conclude without saying a word or two regarding other varieties. I allude to *lime* and *flint* sponges.

These latter sponges, although exceedingly numerous in past ages of this earth's history, and well known as "fossils" to the geologist, are few in number, and are but sparsely represented in the seas and oceans of to-day. They are mostly found in deep water; and recent deep-sea dredging expeditions have brought several new and very interesting species to light. These lime and flint sponges have no horny material whatever in their composition; and we may thus be grateful, in a domestic sense, that the true horny sponges attain their maximum development in our own day. Several of the flint sponges exhibit exquisite shapes, the "Venus' Flower Basket" (*Euplectella*), in particular, possessing a close resemblance to an exquisitely modelled and reticulated flower-vase, and being frequently seen as an elegant ornament in our drawing-rooms.

The sponges of commerce inhabit water of moderate depths. We know of many familiar British species, and the common *Spongilla*, or fresh-water sponge, a green organism found in all our ponds and canals, presents a very familiar and excellent subject for the study of the sponges. The only process to which the living sponge is subjected, is the washing away of the living "sarcod," and the skeleton is left for use.

ANDREW WILSON.

THE STORY OF A MINIATURE, AS TOLD BY A PIECE OF GOLDSMITH'S WORK.
BY THOMAS ARCHER.



'SHE LAY THERE IN THE GREAT LEATHERN CHAIR.'

IN FIVE CHAPTERS—CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

It was many minutes before old Anton Dormeur could clear his mental vision or recover his senses sufficiently to determine that the girl who stood beside him touching his shoulder was real flesh and blood; but at last, with a strong effort, he roused himself to listen; and only half comprehending her hurried story, rose from the chair into which he had fallen.

"And you, little one, who are you? what are you?" he asked presently, without taking his eyes from her face. "Your name is Sara? it must be—shall be," he exclaimed almost passionately.

"It is," said the girl—"Sara Rondeau."

"Rondeau, Rondeau, where have I heard that?"

"It is my aunt—she is a weaver; we work for you, monsieur. See you not that this Monsieur Bashley, having a spite against us, and against monsieur your grandson—"

"Who and what are you?" again said the old man; "you talk as one of us—speaking of monsieur my grandson. Has he seen you? do you know him? Your mother never saw him; she was—Mon Dieu! what am I saying?" he added wildly.

"Pray, pray delay not!" said the girl, clasping her hands.

"No, no, I come—first to the watch-house, and then to your house, did you say?" And with a great effort, but almost without taking his eyes from the child's face, Dormeur strode to a closet beside the window, and took down a sword, which he drew quickly from the scabbard.

Sara feared him, and retreated to the door.

"What!" he said, "dost think I'd harm thee, little one? Come, take my hand. Tell me, how did you get in?"

"I found the street-door unfastened, and knocked, but could make no one hear; then I came in and listened, and there was a light up here, and so I came and knocked, not knowing what to do; but there is some one there now—hark."

"Tis the servants come back, child," said Anton, but he trod softly for all that, and, turning about, traversed noiselessly the long winding passage that led towards the back of the house.

At the end of that passage the well-staircase sent a cold grey gleam from the skylight in the roof, but down at the basement, where the lobby opened in the yard, there was a stronger light—the light of a lantern, by which a man stood impatiently examining a key, and picking it with a penknife, as though it had been clogged.

"I wanted to unlock that closet too," he muttered, "for I would swear he keeps gold there, but the cart will be here directly. It's the devil's luck that he should be out, and the women too, as I verily believe, for not a soul is stirring in the kitchen. Fancy leaving the house alone! I was a fool not to take the chance before."

The sound of wheels aroused him, and Bashley—for it was he—gave a half-frightened glance behind him, for he had suddenly become conscious that he was talking to himself. He looked upwards also, though by some strange instinct; and there, leaning over the wooden balustrade of the "well," their faces lighted in the gleam of his lantern, were Anton Dormeur and Sara Rondeau, looking down upon him.

He made a dash at the door leading to the yard, then suddenly turned and, with a desperate oath, drew a pistol and fired it from the stairs; but his aim was uncertain, and the ball went straight upward crashing through the skylight. Another moment, and a door clanged open, a torrent of air rushed up the well, and amidst shouts and cries, and the sound of falling glass, Bashley was smitten down, and handcuffed between two officers, who had been posted in the street, according to the instructions they had received from Peter Dobree. The old weaver had not counted on such a success, but he had actually driven Antoine home in the very cart which was to have carried away the plunder, after having conveyed the young man to some place of imprisonment, where he might have died before aid could reach him.

The first thing that Antoine saw clearly, when they had all got into the house again, was his grandfather carrying a woman in his arms. The old man had darted down the stairs at the moment Bashley fired his pistol; but Sara had fainted. Poor child, she had been long without food, and her strength gave way amidst that awful scene.

Arrived at the door of the room, the second thing he saw was that the woman was the very girl whom he had gone out to seek. As she lay there in the great leathern chair, with a wan face and closed eyes, a keen anguish wrung the lad's heart—anguish not unmingled with utter amazement, for there, bending over her and kissing her hands, which he chafed gently with his own, was the proud old man, who had so rarely displayed emotion.

Antoine covered his face with his hands, for his head began to reel. So Peter Dobree found him standing outside the half-open door, when he came panting up.

"Why, what's the matter, boy? you're not wounded surely—say?" asked the old foreman anxiously.

Antoine pointed to the scene within the room, and Peter stooped down and peered in—well he might. Anton Dormeur was on his knees beside the child, moistening her lips with brandy from a teaspoon (it was a spoon that had fallen from her dress, but he knew nothing of that, for he found it on the floor without thinking how it came there). He spoke encouraging words to her, talked to her as men talk to babies; touched her forehead with his fingers, and took up one of her long fair tresses to press it to his lips.

Presently she sighed heavily, and opened her great eyes upon him, then flushed, drew herself further back in the chair, and began to cry.

"Pierre—Pierre Dobree!" shouted the old man, striding to the door, "come here; where are you?"

"Here am I," said Peter, suddenly confronting him, and drawing Antoine into the room, all grimed and torn, and smirched with mud, as he was.

"What is the meaning of that?" said old Dor-

meur, glaring into Peter's eyes, and laying a grip upon his shoulder that must have left a bruise there.

"The meaning of *that* is," said Peter steadily, and looking back with an eye as fierce as his master's—"the meaning of *that* is, that when nearly nineteen years ago I stood under St. Guillotine and vowed a vow, I meant to keep it. That when Sara Dufarge—once Sara Dormeur—my loved and lovely mistress, joined her husband—not by the guillotine, but in a little country lodging at Nogent—she left her child—*that* child—to the nurse who had been faithful to her—to my own good sister Nancy, who, bringing her to England when she and her husband came to escape the troubles of the Hundred Days in La Vendée, where they lived, found here another sister, the widow Rondeau—childless—to whom came as a legacy that same little orphaned one who lies now in her grandsire's chair."

Anton Dormeur stood and glared for a moment at the undaunted little old man, who had thus kept a secret for eighteen years, though he had been here in his service; but even in his bitter anger there came to him the recollection of the stern relentless temper with which he had blotted out his daughter's name from the family record; and, with a drooping head and tears that fell fast on his furrowed cheeks, he

went again and knelt beside the girl, who now sat with crimsoned face and wondering eyes.

"Peter Dobree," he said presently, "go or send for your sister Rondeau.—Antoine, dear lad, go you into the kitchen and see if any one has come in; for we will have supper through all, and Sara, Sara, my child, my little one, you must never leave me more."

"What! and are you, monsieur, truly my grandfather, and Monsieur Antoine truly your grandson? Then he is—no, not my brother; what then?—But I may kiss him?" said the wondering girl, as she stood the centre of a talking group, apart from which stood the lad, who looked at her with wistful eyes.

They broke into a laugh, at which she turned red as a rose, and with a sudden gesture, which shot a pain to the old man's heart, for it was that of her mother once again, turned away.

"Yes, but you may kiss him," said Anton gently, and leading her to where Antoine stood—"a cousin's kiss, you know—have you learned what that is?"

"No, I never had a cousin—at least, Antoine never kissed me," she said simply, and held up her sweet face to the young man, who bent and touched it with his lips.

I do not think I need say any more; we French love to talk—but there—you have found that out long ago.

UNDERGROUND EXPLORATIONS.

BY J. E. TAYLOR, F.G.S.



DOR centuries, anything relating to gold and silver, diamonds and rubies, emeralds and topazes, has always been able to catch the public eye at once. It would seem as if "coal" were rapidly taking its place among this aristocracy of names! However dull the newspapers are (and we cannot complain much on that score lately), the briefest paragraph relating to coals—whether as regards their abundance or their dearth, their higher price or their lowered, new strikes among colliers, or differences between them and their employers—is sure to command attention.

As is usual with English people, who always bear their troubles bravely, we try to make bad jokes about the high price of coals, and speak of them as no longer figurative, but veritable "black diamonds." The attempt, however, is a very poor one, and is only praiseworthy on account of its bravely hiding the wincing, which heads of families cannot help feeling whenever any reference is made to coal.

I do not wish to rub against these old sores—rather, I would endeavour to heal them. My intention is to introduce my readers to an underground experiment which is going on in a part of England entirely removed from any coal-field area. The success or failure of the undertaking will be of great scientific and economical importance to England.

Readers of newspapers may have incidentally heard of it as the "Sub-Wealden Exploration"—such being the modest name under which one of the most important scientific experiments ever conducted in this country has been called by its originators. But such paragraphs give no idea whatever of the intrinsic importance that is attached to the "Boring." It can hardly be termed a "search after coal," and yet the spirit of enterprise which has led to the undertaking, has been more or less roused by the probability that coal may be found. Just now there is somewhat of a rage about finding new coal-fields. Hardly a week passes but some mining engineer, as yet unknown to fame, hazards his hitherto unheard-of reputation that an extension of a neighbouring coal-field may be met with under a certain area where it has not

before been thought to exist. Such a man, if he obtains nothing else, gets advertised gratis !

There is no class more interested in this general search for coal than that usually called the working class. I never remember so much excitement about the possibility of new coal-fields occurring under strata of much more recent date, where it was never thought they would be found, than is just now prevailing even in the scientific world. There is no doubt that a good deal more is being said about coal being workably available under new areas than will be ever realised. Unfortunately, as was only too fatally indicated in the mania which led to the notorious railway panic, there are always adventurers on the look-out for something to turn up, who are only too glad to turn a little excitement like this to their own advantage, much to the detriment of genuine investigations and investigators. Still the country generally will profit by this search after coal, and the science of geology especially will be a gainer by it. Indeed, it is to a fuller acquaintance with physical geology that some of these investigations are due. The researches of one of our most philosophical geologists, Mr. Godwin-Austin, continued over many years, have at length led to practical results. Should the views now propounded concerning the existence of additional coal-fields prove true, they will add untold millions to the wealth of this country, besides furnishing additional markets for human labour and enterprise.

West Lancashire and Sussex—two areas widely apart from each other—figure most prominently as the places where mining experiments are to be carried on. The former is covered up by a series of deposits formed long after the elaboration of the Carboniferous or coal-bearing strata. I need not refer to the fact, now established beyond contradiction, that coal is nothing more or less than mineralised vegetation, buried untold ages ago. Equally is it a fact that the rocks in which the valued coal-seams are enclosed—as indeed all sedimentary rocks, of whatever geological age—are the accumulations of sands and muds, chiefly along ancient sea-floors. The later rocks which overlie the coal-seams of West Lancashire (supposing they are there) belong to two divisions, called the Permian and New Red Sandstone. Each of these has its own suite of fossils of peculiar animals and plants, which may be regarded as the creation of that period, just as we look upon the existing animal and vegetable kingdoms as belonging to the Human epoch. These formations abound in dull red-coloured rocks, and, as a rule, fossils are never very abundant in such strata, from some cause or another. Their combined thickness, if one group were piled above another, would not be less than four or five thousand feet. It is not often, however, that the rocks do thus come

together. And, even when they have overlain each other, there are certain disturbances which have shattered and cracked the solid strata right through, and which have uplifted one part of this broken-up area more than two thousand feet above the other. Then have followed other agencies, chiefly the wear-and-tear of the solid land by atmospherical agencies, whereby this lifted-up tract has been gradually eaten away and planed down to the common level. Such dislocations are very common in the older formations, and there is not a single coal-field in this country that is not more or less affected by them, insomuch that their presence greatly influences the mode of working the coal.

It is evident that, in those areas where the dislocations, or "faults," as they are termed, have brought up the lower rocks nearer to the surface, coal may be worked for an available depth ; whereas, had it not been for their having been thus brought up, the greater depth at which they would then have occurred would have placed it completely beyond the power of engineering science to have mined for coal. Professor Hull has placed four thousand feet as the greatest depth which it is possible to work for coal, on account of the great heat from the interior of the earth making labour unbearable, as well as from the increased mechanical cost of working below that depth.

Such areas of denudation are believed to exist in West Lancashire, and it is thought by many authorities that coal may be found and profitably wrought underneath them, in localities where it has hitherto been thought that coal (if present) was too deep down to be profitably available.

The search for coal has been commenced in several other districts, as in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, where coal has actually been reached at some distance from what was before regarded as the extreme boundary of the South Staffordshire coal-field. In Nottinghamshire, at Shireoaks, some splendid collieries are now established, obtaining coal by working it beneath the Permian, or Magnesian Limestone rocks, where, a few years ago, it would have been declared impossible to have reached it so as to work it at a profit. Owing to these collieries being situated so far midland, they possess advantages over those to the north and west, in reaching London markets.

In the neighbourhood of Leicester, boring experiments have been conducted with a view to finding coal beneath, and there is good reason to suppose these may ultimately prove successful.

In this way existing coal-fields are extending their borders, and therefore promising such additional supplies that we may extend the probable duration for a few centuries more. And one or two new coal-fields are turning up, to still further indicate that the commercial importance of Great

Britain will not suffer, at any rate for a considerable period, for want of fuel.

Still, all the localities I have as yet mentioned lie more or less within the area we are in the habit of regarding as essentially coal-producing, and therefore it does not provoke much surprise that the boundaries of already-worked coal-fields should be enlarged, as our geological information becomes more accurate and extended. The most surprising idea is that, far away to the south-east and even the east of England, it should be deemed possible to work for coal beneath the chalk and other strata. Should these experiments eventually prove successful, the face of England will be completely changed. Brighton, the favourite watering-place of Britain, will be turned into a coal-port. The "Downs" may be pierced for coal, as well as grazed for famous mutton; and agriculture, in the quietest nooks and corners of Sussex, will have to give way to as busy centres of industry as those which mar the fair face of England in the midland and northern counties.

Not long ago, I had the opportunity of visiting the locality in Sussex where the "Sub-Wealden Exploration" is going on. St. Leonards was reached by rail, and I proceeded thence, by way of the famous town of Battle, to Netherfield. For miles after leaving Hastings, the road runs over hill and dale in nearly a straight line, thus indicating its possible Roman origin. The Norman invaders must have proceeded by this very road. Reaching Battle, we may notice how the physical character of the scenery suddenly changes close to the town, and geologists tell us that this is due to an enormous "fault" or dislocation of the solid rocks beneath, which has brought up the lower beds to the surface. It is certain that this has operated upon English history, for it was chiefly by taking advantage of the position thus brought about that the conqueror defeated the Saxons under Harold, and established a Norman dynasty in England. As one passes along these straight roads, with their high hedge-banks, one cannot but think of that important event which occurred hereabouts eight centuries ago, and wonder what the England of the nineteenth century would have been, had the Norman invasion never taken place! The many bright flowers of an English summer are competing for the mastery of the luxuriant hedge-banks. Gnarled old oaks, chiefly dwarfed by the sea breezes, line the road-side, and occupy the same places they may have held when the Norman troops marched past. But one's eyes catch glimpses of a period infinitely older than that of the Normans, for the flag-stones which pave the sides of the road are each distinctly impressed with ripple-marks! They come from the formation known as the "Hastings Sands," one of the upper beds of the great Wealden deposit which

underlies the whole of this part of Sussex. The Wealden was a formation elaborated at the mouth of an enormous river as a delta, where the materials brought down accumulated until they reached a thickness of two thousand feet. Since then, these sedimentary beds have been converted into rock, but, as in the case of these ripple-marked sandstone flags, they still retain many traces of the physical and vital conditions that were in force at that distant epoch. In these deposits you obtain the remains of the great fossil reptiles, *Iguanodon*, *Megalosaurus*, etc., huge monsters thirty feet or more in length. You get fossil relics of palm-trees and tree-ferns that then clothed the dry land, and, as we approach Netherfield, we shall come to limestone beds composed entirely of the remains of fresh-water shells. A wonderful country this is, and one cannot wonder it should be so fertile, seeing that its subsoils are the remains of an old river delta, just as the fertile land of Egypt owes its riches to a similar physical cause.

We pass through the quiet old town of Battle, which seems as if the onward tide of progress had left it high and dry. There is only a short time to walk through the Abbey grounds, and recall the historical incidents associated with this ever-memorable spot to Englishmen. For we are desirous of reaching the Boring. From Battle, past Norman-hurst, and other villages whose termination of *hurst* shows that they were founded in an ancient forest, the scenery is most magnificent. The country is one grand undulating, forest-clad area, and as such has very little altered its character since the days of the Saxons. Indeed, one cannot doubt that the surprised and affrighted remnants of Harold's army must have sought shelter amid these very coverts, from the dreaded pursuit of their Norman foes! In our rapidly changed country, it is quite refreshing to come across spots so rich in incident, and so thoroughly unchanged since those incidents took place. At length we come to a denser part of the wood, away from the main road, and find our way down a tolerably steep declivity, covered with brushwood and loose fragments of limestone. The brook, which is still cutting its way through these beds, may be heard and seen below; and there you may get a good section of the beds, and as many of such fossil fresh-water shells as I have just referred to, as you like. Indeed, these limestone layers are literally composed of nothing else. But just before you have reached the stream, a little wooden shanty and the three wooden legs of a crane will have met your eyes. A portable engine is puffing out balls of steam and smoke, and the otherwise unbroken silence of this old English forest scene is thus disturbed. It would not be difficult for you to imagine you were in Australia, and that this was some exploring party in search of gold! Such was my

first impression. But the "exploration" going on in this quiet and retired nook is not searching for gold (although that may ultimately come of the labour here expended). Unpretending as it appears it is really a most important scientific experiment. Geologists are boring if haply they may meet with a chain of mountains below, buried deep under other deposits. And the probability that these buried mountains may be composed of Carboniferous rocks, in which coal-seams are included, has given to the experiment an importance it would not otherwise have obtained. In Norfolk and Suffolk, there is reason to believe the same phenomenon lies buried below; and I will now proceed to lay before my readers the reasons which have influenced scientific men to commence this experiment.

The subject is one in which there is considerable difficulty to those who are not well up in geology. You are required to be acquainted with the succession and distribution of rock-masses, and ought to know a good deal about the physical geography of the ancient seas along whose bottoms the rocks were originally deposited as sediments. In addition to these matters, you cannot well be ignorant of the various volcanic and other disturbances which subsequently took place, or of the forces which uplifted the marine sediments to become dry land. This catalogue of requisite knowledge may deter many an inquirer, but let it be understood that I am only mentioning the vast and various kinds of information required to make an expert—that, in fact, has been mastered, before this idea of a buried mountain-chain could be arrived at. For my own part, I do not think it is impossible to bring this important subject before a non-scientific public, not only in a readable, but even in an attractive form.

Among the many wonders which geology has brought to our notice, or the mental reforms its discoveries have necessitated, none is more striking than the fact that our earth was in existence, before the appearance of man, for untold ages. During these enormous lapses of time, certain physical operations were going on. Sedimentary material was deposited along ocean-floors to form rocks, accumulations of ancient vegetation were covered up with similar deposits, and quietly stored away as coal. Creation after creation of animals and plants passed away, and their remains were included in the materials then forming the rocky crust of the earth, where they are now found as fossils. The dry land of every geological period has been mapped with mountain-chains, plains, lakes, and rivers, as the dry land now is. For ages, the mountain-chains were exposed to similar atmospherical wear-and-tear, the materials thus slowly stripped off being carried away by rivers and streams to the sea, to form deposits of a later date. There is no reason whatever to suppose that this wear-and-tear was

one whit more rapid than it now is; but it extended over such long periods of time that, before man's introduction, sedimentary or stratified rocks had been formed in this way, no less than nineteen miles in vertical thickness! This wear-and-tear was compensated by volcanic outbursts and continually upheaving forces. In this way the relative conditions of land and water were always maintained, although their areas of distribution were continually changing in the different epochs.

But, it may be asked, what have these elementary geological observations to do with the search for coal in Sussex or Suffolk? A little further patience will show. From what I have just said, it will be seen that the physical geography of any one of the *past* geological periods cannot be guessed at from the *present* surface arrangements. That is to say, the mountains and plains, the seas and rivers, which chequer the face of our globe in our time, bear little or no reference to those of former periods. Let us suppose the entire area of Great Britain to be sinking very slowly below the sea-level, as we know the extreme northern parts of Europe are doing at the present time, and that this slow subsidence should go on for (say) five millions of years! What would be the result? Why, that as the land sank, the sea would gain on the lowest parts first, and would extend further and further, until, when the depression had reached its utmost depth, the highest hills would be covered. Marine sands and muds would be strewn first over the low-lying parts, or plains, and, as time proceeded, these formations would increase in thickness, until eventually, if their deposition continued, and the formations increased in thickness, the highest hills would be completely buried. If Snowdon or Ben Nevis were to be thus entombed beneath a layer of rock to the depth of a thousand feet, by some mud-sheet that had accumulated over it in this fashion, then, when the sea retired, an extensive plain would be the effect of the last geological operation. Should man be introduced to live on such an extended plain, how little would he dream of the buried mountains that lay beneath his feet!

This may seem a far-fetched sort of illustration, but I am only boldly sketching what every geologist can prove has repeatedly taken place, and the conditions which there is every reason to believe exist beneath Sussex and Suffolk, and even beneath the great metropolis itself. But I must request my readers to still further bear with my analogical reasoning, and to suppose that the ancient rocks composing the buried Snowdon or Ben Nevis were of Carboniferous age. This being the case, it would be evident that if you wanted to find coal beneath the newly formed plain, your object would be to hit upon the place where the mountain-peaks came nearest to the surface. Even that might be a thousand feet or more down, but it

is evident that if you went further away you would come over where the original plains lay below at a depth of many thousands of feet; so that, even if the rocks at that depth did contain coal, the great depth would utterly preclude profitable coal-mining. Now, it is a matter of geological deduction that a chain of buried mountains does extend beneath the eastern and south-eastern counties of England. This ancient ridge slopes off gradually in a northerly and southerly direction, so that, further away from a given point, the strata overlying grow thicker. We further know that these old mountains must have been long exposed to atmospherical wear-and-tear, inasmuch that thick masses of strata had in this way been removed. Now the experiment that is going on in Sussex is taking place along the *south* side of this old ridge, and should the true coal-strata be met with, it is evident that another valuable coal-field will be added to Britain. But whether coal will be found here or not, at any rate geologists will have another point given them to enable them all the better to designate the next most probable place where the Carboniferous rocks occur.

I now proceed to give an outline of the brilliant generalisation which led to the belief that a ridge of ancient rocks stretched across the eastern and south-eastern counties, long before any facts concerning it were known to science. Sixteen years ago, Mr. Godwin-Austin read a paper before the Geological Society of London on the subject, and as this geologist stands in the first rank of those who have studied the physical geography of the ancient seas, and therefore of the distribution of their sedimentary deposits or rocks, his views were listened to with all the respect they deserved. In that paper Mr. Godwin-Austin showed that the coal-fields of Bristol and South Wales on the west, and of Belgium and Northern France on the east, were the two ends or "outcrops" (places where the rocks rise to the surface) of a continuous ridge of Carboniferous or coal-bearing rocks. Both these distantly separated coal-fields have the same "strike" or run. It is evident, therefore, that the Somersetshire and South Welsh coal-fields at one end, and those of Belgium and Northern France at the other, are continuations of an extended ridge of coal-bearing strata. And the consequent deduction is that the continuity between them is *broken only so far as surface appearance is concerned*; that between these two outcrops in different countries there has been a "bellying down," or depression, which has let down these ancient rocks, and caused deposits of later date to be so accumulated over them as to present the existing apparent disconnections. It is at the bottom of this filled-up hollow that the buried-up ridge is to be found, deposits of much later date filling up the depression.

A few years after Mr. Godwin-Austin's theory

was published, it obtained verification in a remarkable manner. A deep well had to be bored at Kentish Town, in London, over where, if the foregoing theory were true, some part of the depressed mountain-ridge was expected to extend. The well-borers passed through the Tertiary strata, as well as through the various subdivisions of the chalk formation, and then, at the depth of about thirteen hundred feet, they came upon some undoubted Primary rocks, of unknown geological age. In fact, they had hit upon a part of the ancient mountain-chain! No fossils were obtained, and this was an unfortunate circumstance, as geologists can tell as easily the age of any strata by the fossils imbedded in them, as a gardener can tell different kinds of trees by the fruits they bear. But, as far as appearance and mineralogical structure went, the best scientific authorities believed that the old rocks thus reached belonged to the geological formation known as the Old Red Sandstone, which poor Hugh Miller has rendered so famous. Now this formation lies *below* the Carboniferous or true coal-bearing rocks, and, indeed, takes its name on that account. Hence it follows that, below Kentish Town, either the coal-strata had never been deposited, or they had been subsequently stripped off by denudation. The latter is generally believed to be the true state of things. Mr. Joseph Prestwich, late President of the Geological Society of London, had long been of the same opinion as Mr. Austin as regards the extent of the entombed mountain-ridge. Both these geologists gave their full reasons for holding that a ridge was thus buried up, before the Royal Coal Commission, and to the report of that body I refer all of my readers who are desirous of fuller and more technical reasons than the limits of this article will allow me to give.

Not long after the well-boring at Kentish Town had taken place, the Harwich Corporation commenced their water-works, and the supply was obtained from several deep wells that had to be bored. The deepest of these went to about eleven hundred feet, and at this point, at a depth of two hundred feet *less* than at Kentish Town, the old mountain-ridge was again struck upon! This time, however, certain fossils were obtained, which indicated to geologists for a certainty that this portion of the old ridge was composed of Carboniferous rocks, so that their geological age and position were certainly known. But the particular part of the Carboniferous or coal-bearing rocks thus reached was the *lowest*—that which immediately rests upon the sloping flanks of the Old Red Sandstone, which we have seen is believed to underlie the metropolis. It is the *upper* part of the coal-measures most sought for, as it is here that coal usually occurs. Hence it is thought that if the Carboniferous rocks underneath Harwich have a series sloping on them, as they rest on the slope of

the metropolitan ridge, by going farther *north*, say to Norfolk, we may by boring strike the true coal-bearing strata. The great thing to be considered is whether they lie at an available depth.

To prove that the ancient vegetation that became metamorphosed into coal extended over the area of Norfolk and Suffolk, we have only to notice the important fact that much farther to the south, and more on a line with the Sussex beds, near Calais, in France, coal is being profitably worked from a depth of about fifteen hundred feet. The true coal-bearing rocks there lie just beneath the chalk, the Secondary strata being absent, as they are under Harwich and London. There is little doubt that the ancient and buried-up mountain-chain of which I have been speaking, like mountain-chains in general, did not run in a directly straight line. The course it took was more or less curved, so that there is a difficulty in knowing exactly how it runs beneath the beds which cover it. We have some reputable geologists living who, for many excellent reasons, believe that coal will one day be obtained from beneath the chalk of Norfolk and Suffolk, as it is even now being worked beneath the chalk of France and Belgium. Without doubt the time will come when a series of experimental borings will be conducted in various parts of the country, where scientific men shall

direct. That these will prove of great commercial importance is sufficiently proved by the history of the "Sub-Walden Exploration" in Sussex. Even if coal be not found at the end of that experiment, the boring will not have been in vain. Within one hundred and fifty feet of the surface, most valuable beds of gypsum were passed through, all of which are capable of being wrought at a profit. The existence of these valuable beds was unknown until this boring brought them to light. The latest news we have from this spot is that the boring tools had penetrated to the depth of nearly four hundred feet, and had passed into the Kimmeridge clay, one of the subdivisions of the Oolitic rocks. It was laid down theoretically by the originators of the exploration that the old ridge of Primary rocks, of which I have been speaking, might be reached at Netherfield at a minimum depth of a thousand feet, and that they could not lie (if present) at a greater depth than seventeen hundred feet.

I have said enough, however, to show how modern science can seize isolated and seemingly disconnected facts, and, by properly connecting them, arrive at the most nationally important generalisations. Should the reasoning hold good, and the experiments I have mentioned end in the discovery of new coal-fields, we shall have another illustration of the genuine seership of science.

IN HONOUR BOUND.

BY CHARLES GIBBON,

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

AT CRAIGBURN.

THEY drove into a bosky glen, the hills rising upward on either side, purple with heather, so that Teenie felt as if she were in the hollow between two great waves at sea. They crossed a little grey stone bridge with low parapets, beneath which a burn, that came glancing and waving like a silver ribbon down from the hills, ran singing a merry song; they entered at a large wooden gate, and drove up to a white house which was hidden from the roadway by trees.

Grace was on the lawn, a broad-brimmed white-and-black ("pepper-and-salt," boys called it) straw hat on her head, with long black ribbons hanging loose. As soon as she heard the wheels, she hurried to the entrance to receive her visitors. Walter was already on the doorstep, helping Teenie to descend. She jumped down, and at that minute Grace caught the girl in her arms and kissed her.

Teenie was taken by surprise; she was unaccustomed to such warmth of salutation, and so she shrank back a little, her head drooping shyly.

Curious that this girl who could remain unmoved in the midst of a storm, who had never shrunk from the gaze of man or woman, should suddenly feel awkward and shy in the presence of one who had proved herself a true friend.

"I am glad to see you here, Teenie, and very pleased," said Grace, in a low sweet voice; and Teenie immediately felt ashamed of the attempt she had made on the road to delay the visit.

"I would have been over at the Norlan' myself, if you had not come," Grace went on with simple earnestness, "for I wanted so much to see you, and to wish you a joyful future—as I am sure it will be."

"Thank you," was all Teenie could say, for she still felt strange and awkward.

She had often before met Grace, and had been always happy with her. But then they had met on the shore, amongst the boats and the nets, where Teenie was quite at home; and then they had met before Walter had told her his story. Now the whole world seemed to have changed and become strange to her, and all its people different from what they used to be.

"But come away and get your shawl off, and then we'll send Walter about his business, to smoke or to read, or to do what he likes, and we'll have a nice long chat all to ourselves," said Grace, with her pleasant smile, leading the way into the house.

Teenie looked anxiously at Walter, as if she would ask him not to leave her; but he was busy giving some directions to the ostler, and did not observe her. So there was nothing for her to do but to follow Grace.

There are faces—mere faces—which *flash* upon

disappeared, the very faults of the face became attractions, for features and eyes glowed with intense sympathy.

Figure, small and delicate, but endowed with a spirit which gave almost unnatural activity to her slight frame. The figure would have been perfect but for the right shoulder, which was deformed—slightly, but sufficiently so to be a distinct scar upon her beauty, and to be the subject of the nicknames and jests of children, and foolish or cruel men.

She had suffered terribly when a child, on account



THE GLASS WAS BEFORE HER.

you and electrify you. They strike you in the street, on a country road, in the house, in the theatre, or in a railway carriage: only one glimpse, one bright look, and you are spellbound—ready to follow that face wherever it may lead you, to good or ill. This kind of electrical face accounts for many wild, incongruous, and insane acts of men. Women are sometimes, but comparatively rarely, subject to a similar influence.

Such a face was Grace Wishart's.

A naturally pale complexion, looking paler by contrast with her dark hair; eyes large and deep brown, almost black; features singularly regular, but somewhat pinched, as if by much suffering. A sad face; but when she smiled all sense of sadness

of this physical misfortune; she had been often so severely tried, that she had felt and wished to be wicked in order to punish her tormentors. But she had grown up good and gentle; the ready helper of all who suffered; the comforter and adviser of those who staggered under the blows of fortune. Her income, small though it was, enabled her to relieve the pressing wants of poverty; but her own good-nature did far more than money to soothe and relieve troubled hearts.

"Miss Grace" became a name to be loved and revered throughout the country. Wherever sickness showed itself, she was there to help and comfort; wherever sorrow had laid its heavy hand, her voice and presence brought speedy relief.

Wherever her steps passed, she left a trace behind her, bright as a moon's path on a calm sea.

"She's Grace by name, and grace by nature," said Todd the miller, who was not given to sing the praises of womankind generally.

Her father died when she was very young; her mother, a sister of Dalmahoy's, and by many years his senior, was almost a constant invalid, and severely tasked her daughter's time and patience.

But Mrs. Wishart, who had married late in life, and had been blessed with only the one child, had no idea of her own infirmity. When getting into bed on one occasion (she was close upon seventy then) she felt some twinges of rheumatism.

"Eh, Grace," she cried, "if the Lord be pleased to spare me to grow old, what's to become of me, if I have the rheumatics now?"

From a very early age the entire management of Craighburn had devolved upon Grace. She had known much bitterness in childhood, she had known nothing of the pleasures of girlhood, and the necessity to think and act for herself and others from youth onward made her feel quite old whilst in years she was quite young.

This was the lady at whose embrace Teenie felt shy.

Leading her up-stairs, she spoke to her in a quiet pleasant way about her father and his affairs, about Allie, and the doos—about everything she thought could interest her. But still the girl was awkward and could not feel at ease. Then Grace spoke of her mother, and how she was always expecting to be up and doing as briskly as in the far-back days before she had married; of the folk at Rowanden, and the various ailments from which they suffered; of the farmers roundabout, and their people.

Teenie answered in short uncomfortable sentences, which supplied no impetus to the conversation. Grace was very patient, and would take nothing amiss; indeed, she knew that it would have been wrong to do so, for she had an instinctive appreciation of all the difficulty Teenie experienced in speaking to her, and she was doing her best to remove it. She knew that Teenie was aware of all that had passed between herself and Walter.

She helped Teenie—much against that young lady's will—to take off her shawl, and then she looked at her with honest admiration: the lithe shapely form, the rich fair hair, and the bright fresh face, looking all the more beautiful under its present expression of shyness that was almost timidity.

"Ah! I never thought you were so bonnie, Teenie, until now," exclaimed Grace, sincerely proud of her, although she could not help a faint regretful remembrance of her own misfortune in presence of this perfect embodiment of youth. "Walter has been lucky, and you will be a good wife to him."

"I'll try," said Teenie, wishing with all her heart that she could find something warmer and more expressive to say.

"I'm sure you will, and it was very kind of you to come to me and let me be the first to say 'God bless you and him,' as I do, very earnestly."

Teenie felt that she was receiving thanks which she did not deserve. She could not bear that, and she broke the spell which bound her tongue.

"You are no to thank me for coming," she said hurriedly; "it was his doing. I did not want to come—at least not yet. I thought—I felt——"

She stammered, stopped, afraid to say something that might give pain, and looked helplessly at Grace, whose calm face was a little paler than usual. She spoke tenderly, as if Teenie were the one who needed sympathy and not herself.

"Come and sit down here, Teenie" (placing her in a big old-fashioned arm-chair, and seating herself in a straight-backed high one); "I can talk to you better there. When you are standing you look so big and strong that I feel half afraid of you."

They both laughed at that, and they felt more companionable, that is, more equal than they had done yet. Grace proceeded—

"I am glad you have spoken so frankly, and I still thank you for coming, for I know that you are glad you came, now you find it gives me pleasure."

"Yes, very glad."

"Well, I want to speak to you very seriously, and I would never have been able to do so if you had not spoken out just now. Walter has told you what has passed between us; I am very fond of him, and always will be. He is true and earnest; I want him to be happy, and just because I am fond of him I want him to marry you, because that will make him happy; and I want you to think of me and love me as the dear sister of both, for I shall always love you both very much. Do you think you can do that?"

Teenie looked at her, wide-eyed, wondering—never doubting her, but wondering how she could say in one breath that she loved the man, and yet that she was content he should marry somebody else. She would not have felt so, and therefore, of course, could not have said it. What was the difference between them, then? Was there not something very bad in her, that she did not feel like Grace? Was there not something very wicked in her, that she did not feel more acutely sorry than she did for the pain Grace must be suffering? She could not tell, but she felt almost inclined to envy Grace the power of making this sacrifice.

From her babyhood, in trifles and in serious matters, Teenie had always shown a restless desire to be equal to everything and everybody. She had never seen any of the fishermen perform a feat which she did not attempt, and attempt again, until she could do it as well as, or better than, her example.

"I wish I could tell you what I'm thinking," she cried distressedly; "I wish he had never seen me,

for he ought to have married you ; he would have been far happier than he can ever be with me."

And she stared vacantly at the window, as if seeking in space some means of altering the arrangement yet.

"Hush, Teenie ! you must not speak that way. Think how much he cares for you before he would have—altered his plans."

She was going to say, "Before he would have sought my leave to break off his engagement with me," but she stopped in time.

"I wish I could be like you, Miss Wishart," said Teenie, with such a plaintive look, full of such a pitiful sense of her own failings, that Grace's whole heart was drawn towards her.

"You must call me Grace, and you must not wish to be anybody but yourself—for it's Teenie he wants, and nobody else."

"Aye, but I begin to feel there are so many things I am stupid and ignorant about, that——"

Grace would not allow her to finish.

"You are a brave, bonnie lass, and we are all fond of you, and that's everything. Even the Laird said he admired you, and gave his consent at once, when we were expecting a fine to-do. Now I am your sister, am I not?"

Teenie's face brightened, and the two girls clasped hands as she replied in her fearless, honest way—

"Yes."

"And you will always like me and believe in me?"

"I cannot help doing that."

"Very well, it's a bargain, mind you, and I will hold you to it." Grace, smiling, held up her finger in a mock threatening way. "Remember, I am your elder sister, with great experience of the world, and I shall be very severe if you ever dare to say another word against Teenie. I won't be afraid of you, although you are ever so much bigger and bonnier than me."

Teenie was amused, and all her shyness disappeared—the affectionate nature of Grace had entirely overcome it. They laughed together, and there was no longer any hesitation between them.

They went out to the garden, exchanging confidences about the management of pigeons and bees, about flowers and cooking. Teenie explained that the proper way to cook a yellow haddock was to toast only one side—the skinny side—so that all the juice might be preserved in the other. Love and cookery supplied delightful subjects of conversation.

They sat down on a green knoll, backed by rose-bushes and the bee-hives, Grace a little below her "big sister," as she called Teenie, so that she might look up and admire her, which she was never tired of doing.

Walter appeared in the distance, smoking ; he saw the two, and halted, a glad smile on his face. Suddenly he hastened into the house, and reappeared with Grace's painting paraphernalia.

"Sit there," he cried gaily. "I want to make a sketch of you two—it will be something by which to remember this day."

He sketched, they all chatted, and they were very happy. The song of birds, the hum of the bees, and the perfume of flowers around them contributed to their pleasure. Beyond the garden was a field of ripe barley, its long beards drooping gracefully under the weight of its own rich burden, showing what the farmers like to see, "fine sweiyeed (swayed) heads." They were like ladies' fingers stretched towards something they feared to touch, yet trembling in their eagerness to reach it. Then the wind swept over the yellow mass, and it rolled and murmured like the wavelets of a loch.

Grace declared that the sketch flattered her far too much, and did not make Teenie half so handsome as she really was ; but Teenie thought it was quite the other way, and that lady sitting there was much too nice for her. So there was a pretty dispute between them. Walter said he would keep the daub himself since they were not satisfied with it, but he thought it wasn't bad.

They enjoyed his pretended vanity ; and the lovers drove away from Craighburn.

Grace watched them till they had passed the gate and were hidden from her by the trees.

"They will be very happy," she thought, "and I am glad."

She went quietly about the ordinary affairs of the household, just as if there were no pain at her heart, just as if she were not trying with all her might to close eyes, ears, and mind to the wild cry that was swelling her breast.

"They will be very happy," she kept on saying to herself, as if the words were a charm to protect her from bitter thoughts, "and I am glad."

She waited upon her mother, who was a prisoner in a big arm-chair that was like a sentry-box with the top off, and who was always fretting that the days passed and she was not yet able to walk over to Dalmahoy to see her brother as she used to do. He was sure to be getting into some mischief ; he always did when she was long away from him ; he was such a young, hair-brained youth !

Grace was gentle, patient as ever, and promised that they should drive over some day soon to see the Laird.

"Toots, drive ! Can I no walk as I used to do?" was the impatient cry of the old lady.

But at last Grace went to her own room and sat down to think.

It was indeed a heavy hand that was laid upon her. From her earliest childhood she had striven to do what was right, and yet it seemed as if the more she strove the heavier became the cross she bore. Why was it that she should suffer thus, and why should these bitter thoughts come now ? Because of Walter ? Well, why should he leave her ?

She was older, but not much ; she was not so very hideous, and she loved him very dearly.

She looked up almost wildly. The glass was before her—the beautiful face, and the shoulder which seemed to make a mockery of her beauty.

She shrank downward, covering her face.

But they would be very happy, and she was glad !

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

THE result of the excursion to Craigburn was a source of intense joy to Walter Burnett. He had determined upon the visit after much hesitation, for naturally under the circumstances he had feared that the interview might prove unpleasant to all parties. But Grace and Teenie were friends. He did not think he could have been happy otherwise. He was not vain enough to think that Grace would suffer very much on his account, but he knew that she must experience disappointment and annoyance when the fact came to be known to their friends that her marriage was definitively broken off, and that he was about to marry Thorston's daughter.

He believed that what he had done was right ; and, with good reason, he thought of Grace with deep and tender admiration for her generous readiness to release him from an engagement which, although not made by himself, he had acquiesced in by his silence. But he could not avoid an uneasy feeling that he had been unkind to her ; at moments he was troubled by a suspicion that it would have been truer and braver to have closed up in his own breast for ever this love to which he had yielded, and without a word to have fulfilled his engagement. But would that have been honest to her—to have made her his wife whilst his tenderest and best thoughts were with another ? No, that could not have been just to her. Then he looked at Teenie, and he felt so full of joy that he could see no further. One is stupid when very happy ; we need the sting of sorrow to make us wise.

Although Teenie was somewhat silent on the way home, he knew that she was pleased ; and he obtained from her the admission that she was glad she had yielded to his persuasion and gone to Craigburn—Miss Wishart had been so good and kind to her. That Grace would be so, he had never doubted ; but it made him the happier to know that Teenie was sensible of it.

"Aye," he said, playfully making the whip crack over the horse's head ; "the highest reputation a man's talents may win for him is nothing compared to the affection which simple goodness will attain. But it requires genius to be good."

He laughed at this sententiousness ; but he was earnest enough, nevertheless. He was thinking of his own aims, and half conscious of weakness in himself which threatened to mar all that he hoped to do.

Teenie looked at him, wondering how it was that

he could have turned away from Grace Wishart for her sake. For a minute her face was darkened by a doubt that they were making a blunder somehow, for which they might suffer sadly by-and-by. But his dauntless enthusiastic love and her own affection dispelled the cloud immediately.

It was all so strange, driving along in the bright sunshine with him, knowing that they belonged to each other now, and that they were to go on this way side by side through life—he holding the reins, of course, just as he was doing now, occasionally touching her hand with tender warmth, glancing with fond smiles in her face, and even (in some very quiet parts) stealing an arm round her waist, giving her a hug and a kiss in defiance of all decorum.

She felt more and more impressed by the sense that she was not the same as yesterday ; but she could not understand what was the nature of the mysterious change which had taken place during the night. She hesitated about what she was going to say ; she hesitated about her movements in a way that she had never done before, and for which she could find no satisfactory reason. She used to speak out whatever thought came uppermost ; now she regarded him first with a quick timorous glance, as if seeking his approval.

It was a fairy story, or a dream, and it was very sweet. Here was the prince (he was the Laird's son, and the Laird was a man of importance in her eyes) come to take the simple daughter of the fisherman away to a grand castle ; and she was to be decked out in silks and braids of the rarest ; many servants were to wait upon her ; horses and chariots were to be at her command ; and barges glittering with golden masts and silver sails were to convey her across the seas whither she willed to go. It was very beautiful. She knew of such things in ballads and legends ; but who could have thought that she was to become the heroine of such a romance ? It was almost too good to be true.

Dan came home to dinner, and feasted rarely upon prime corned beef—fishermen as a rule have a preference for "fleshers'" meat—turnips and potatoes. Walter feasted too, and remained the whole afternoon. Dan found himself in the way ; he grumbled, and kept as much out of sight as possible.

In the moonlight the lovers were still together, walking upon the headland. They halted beside a clump of scraggy trees—the moorland reaching towards the hills behind them, the sea radiant with silver streams before them.

The shadows of the branches formed exquisite lacework at their feet ; they stood in a fairy circle of delicate tracery—involved and uncertain in its forms as their own future ; changing with every breath of wind, but beautiful as their hopes.

Her life had been a happy one, brightened by many homely joys and little adventures along the shore ; her will in all things unconstrained. But

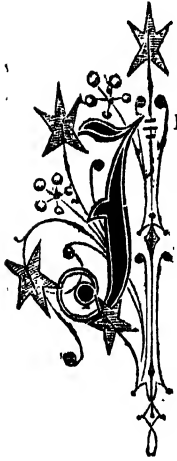
there had been long monotonous stretches in it, too, where the bare moorland looked dull and bleak, and her limbs thrilled with energies for which there was no outlet. Then the restless spirit of the sea seemed to possess her, and she hungered to see and to know the something which lay beyond the encircling horizon.

Curiosity almost as much as affection made her

think eagerly, yet with a strange timidity, of her marriage-day. She dreamt of new scenes, new duties, and a purpose in life that would fill her mind and occupy her restless hands; to Walter she would be indebted for all this, and to him she owed much of the inspiration of her vague imaginings. She was very proud of him and grateful to him.

END OF CHAPTER THE TENTH.

A BURIED CITY.



IN a secluded corner of Hampshire, quite out of the track of the ordinary traveller or tourist, lies a village known, even by name, to few besides residents in the locality, but which is at the present moment one of the most interesting spots in the wide area of Britain. When our ancestors were little better than savages, and the Romans came with their civilisation to the islands of the West, they saw here a site on which to found a city, that became one of great importance. The traces of it in

our early history are of the slightest description; antiquarians have disputed its original name, and no vestiges of it were known until recently, with the exception of huge and irregular masses of masonry, which the country people have long designated "The Walls." Within these Walls, whose remains enclose a space of one hundred acres and extend about a mile and a half in circumference, there had been for centuries nothing but fertile corn-fields, which presented, however, a marked peculiarity. In certain lines, which sometimes crossed each other, the crops would come up but thinly, and the corn itself would here be very inferior to the rest. More than three hundred years ago, the old antiquary, Leland, had noted this fact as a "strange thing;" for when, said he, "the corn is marvellous fair to the eye, and ready to show perfection, it decayeth." But the country folk had a ready way of accounting for it. They held, from tradition, that the absence of fertility followed the lines of the ancient streets; and farmers on the spot have been known to assert that when the crops were fully grown, the sites of the streets and the principal buildings could be noticed, on overlooking the fields, by the thinness and weakness of the ears in long lines and patches, while all else was luxuriant. The tradition and the observation have been verified in an extraordinary way within the last few years, and of this I purpose giving a brief account.

The spot referred to is the village of Silchester, on the northern border of Hampshire, where it touches the county of Berks—about seven miles

from Basingstoke and ten from Reading. Silchester occupies some of the highest ground in its county, and is surrounded by woods and copses, which form the remains of what was once a dense forest, extending many miles away. Surmounting these woods—dear to the fox-hunters of two counties—is a nearly level plain, a portion of which is enclosed in "The Walls," while just outside their northern boundary lies Silchester Common, profuse in heather that would delight the heart of a Scotchman. This common, I may say in passing, formed one of the most convenient sites that could be found for a military camp during some Autumn Manœuvres, which thus furnished a forcible illustration of the ancient character and importance of the place.

A few miles from Silchester lies Strathfieldsaye—the estate given, as most readers are aware, by the nation in gratitude to the victor at Waterloo. The space within the Walls, and much of the adjoining land, was the property of the Iron Duke, and passed on his death to his son, the present Duke of Wellington. The advent to this locality, as Rector of Strathfieldsaye, of a gentleman of antiquarian tastes and studies—the Rev. J. G. Joyce—gave rise to a consultation with the landowner as to whether something might not be done to unfold the mystery which for centuries had enwrapped the Silchester corn-fields. His Grace readily consenting, experimental excavations were commenced about seven years ago, a spot being selected where the appearances of the streets of which the farmers had talked were most obvious. As results were problematical, proceedings were begun in a very leisurely way, a few intelligent labourers, well advanced in years, being selected to turn over the soil in one field during the fine weather. Summer after summer ever since, as the writer has witnessed, have the same party of old men jogged on in their unwonted occupation, bringing to light, with comparatively little effort, some of the most curious and interesting traces extant of the Roman occupation of Britain.

Their labours were rewarded, almost at the outset, by important discoveries. Within a foot or two of the surface of the ground, and sometimes almost

immediately beneath it, they came upon the foundations of buildings, the pavements of streets and pathways, the remains of stone columns and entablatures, all undoubtedly Roman, and many of them, considering the shallowness of the soil above, in truly wonderful preservation. Many times during centuries had the ploughshare been turned, as the farmer prepared his fields, by some resisting masonry; but no one suspected the hidden wealth, from an antiquarian point of view, which lay only just beneath those crops of waving corn. Nothing is more striking, to an observer of the excavations at Silchester, than the ease with which a wide range of the most interesting historical evidence has been laid bare, and the slight depth of soil which has sufficed here to conceal for fifteen hundred years the works of a great people, who first civilised our land. The proximity to the surface of the Roman ruins at Silchester is to be accounted for by the elevation of the site, which receives nothing from any adjacent soil, while the slope of the land in the locality all around has carried off the water which otherwise, in the course of ages, would have disintegrated such remains. At Silchester one may see in almost perfect condition, just below the level of grass and clover, paved ways formed in Roman fashion of exceedingly small pieces of tile laid side by side, and may walk for many yards along such a path, which Roman feet trod soon after the dawn of the Christian era.

Among the earliest of the discoveries was a mosaic, formed of tiles only half an inch square, and of various colours, the figure being a circular device surrounding an elegant urn. This was removed to the Duke of Wellington's mansion at Strathfieldsaye. Other curiosities, such as coins (found in large numbers), were deposited for the time in a wooden structure which was erected on the ground as a receptacle for anything worthy of preservation. This wooden building is itself an object of interest. It was formerly the portable "shooting box" of the great Duke, who used it occasionally in his visits to the Highlands. Taken to pieces, it occupied but little compass in travelling, and when fixed in position it gave all the convenience of sitting apartment and sleeping room which his simple habits required.

On the site of one building, which from its size appeared to have been the residence of some important personage, was found a hypocaust elaborately constructed of earth and tiles, and apparently once used for warming a room above; in a corner was the charcoal with which some slave had lighted the last fire. In another portion of the ground was discovered a complete furnace, conjectured to have been used by an artisan. The earthen banks and the flues in each instance remained in perfect condition, but they received some injury from exposure to the weather in the winter after discovery, and

wooden sheds have since been placed over them for their protection.

Such were the results obtained at an early stage of the Silchester excavations; but others, much more important, were to follow. By going over the ground with great care, and closely following the traces of masonry wherever they occurred, the chief features of the city, as they had once presented themselves when it was in its most flourishing condition, were exposed to the view. It was the great reward of Mr. Joyce when he was able to show, beyond dispute, the site of the forum of Silchester, in its original plan, with every chamber clearly indicated. Only at Pompeii had a Roman forum previously been discovered, for even in the towns of Italy such traces have long since been obliterated. The forum at Silchester formed a rectangle in the heart of the city. The court of justice, the semi-circular seat of the magistrates, the covered walks outside, were all clearly visible from the distinct lines of masonry which had formed the base; and in the immediate neighbourhood of the court, or basilica, the market-place could be readily recognised. Square blocks of building were shown to have existed side by side, in front of an unoccupied space, which apparently formed the lounge of the citizens. In one of these blocks many coins were found; in another, a quantity of bones; in a third, a mass of oyster-shells. It seems no great stretch of conjecture, but a very probable conclusion to which Mr. Joyce arrived, that the first of these spaces was the abode of a money-changer; the second, of a butcher; the third, of a fishmonger.

But the most interesting Roman relic found at Silchester, or perhaps anywhere in England, remains to be mentioned. While searching a bed of burnt timber near the basilica, Mr. Joyce discovered a bronze eagle of beautiful execution; and a comparison of this with the sculptures on Trajan's Pillar showed clearly that it was one of the kind carried by the standard-bearers of the Roman legions. Nowhere in Europe, so far as the discoverer had been able to trace when he related the circumstance to the Society of Antiquaries, does a corresponding relic exist. The jealous care with which the Roman soldiers would guard their standard does not need to be pointed out; we all know the importance attached by a modern regiment to the preservation of its flag. Therefore the charred timber, and the mutilated condition of the eagle—the vertical wings being torn from the body, that the emblem might the more readily be concealed—tell a significant tale of surprise, defeat, and disaster. To the spectator who walks over the ground and into the little museum, the suggestion of this story is confirmed by the frequent occurrence of human bones among other animal remains. History is silent upon the closing catastrophe at Silchester, but we can imagine the scene when

the Saxons, according to tradition, burst in overpowering numbers upon the last representatives of the Roman power, and with fire and sword destroyed a city which they soon after razed completely to the ground.

Outside the wall of the ancient city, on the south-eastern angle, is an amphitheatre, still nearly perfect in form, although its sides are overgrown by ferns and shrubs. Here the Roman citizens took their recreation, and witnessed those gladiatorial combats and struggles with wild beasts which constituted their great delight. Here also, there is every reason to believe, the blood of many a Christian martyr was shed during the long persecution in Britain, when

—“Dioctletian’s fiery sword
Worked busy as the lightning;”

This spot without the walls will be more fertile in suggestion to many than the scenes within. The amphitheatre resembles a much larger one of the same origin near Dorchester.

Silchester is now considered by antiquaries to have been the ancient Roman Calleva, the chief city of the tribe of Atrobantes, who are believed to have swept before them into Wales the Segontiaci, once resident on the spot. A tablet dedicated to the Segontiac Hercules was found here in the last century. The name Calleva has been traced to the British Gual Vawr, or Great Wall. The modern name is probably a Saxon variation of the Roman Silicis Castrum, or Fortress of Flints, the walls being composed chiefly of flints embedded in the durable Roman mortar. These walls, which even in their dilapidation vary in height from ten to twenty feet, still strike the beholder with a feeling of respect for the people who raised them, and enable him to understand something of the impressions of the early Saxon peasantry, who believed they enshrined the abode of the giant Onion, and called one of the gateways by the name of “Onion’s Hole.”

G. H. JENNINGS

SOPS FOR THE PUBLIC.



THE desire of the reader is doubtless, like my own, to be a hero and a martyr. Our moral courage is high, our indifference to the opinions of our contemporaries unbounded. Could we but earn a statue or so, and a place in the almanacks amongst the eclipses and bank holidays after death—could we but feel assured that a future generation would note the date of our decease and that of expiring life assurances with an equal interest—the fact of being thought extremely disagreeable up to the period of our funerals would affect us but slightly. But we have not got ourselves only to consider. Our families, our friends, our political and parochial allies, all demand support and co-operation; and in their interests we may often be called upon to temporise, to conciliate, and to throw sops.

There are two ways of governing mankind—persuasion and force. The politician can no further go; if he wants to make a third he must join the former two, like Nature in the famous distich. So that to accuse a statesman to whom force is forbidden of insincerity and inconsistency is absurd. A successful general might just as well be indicted for manslaughter; it is what he is paid for. If the public will not take its necessary powder plain, they must be concealed in jam. Or if, as more frequently happens, the said fractious public clamours for something which is likely to disagree with it, the judicious ruler does not inflame its desires to madness by opposition, but feigns acquiescence, and throws it a little bit of the indiges-

tible stuff as a sop. That lulls the monster; and once quiet, it is ready to listen to reason. Sometimes the public swallows the sop and roars for more; in that case the minister is generally wrong in his diagnosis, and had better decamp, for the animal’s instincts are right now and then.

When, therefore, it seems incumbent upon us to undertake the ungrateful task of deceiving our fellow-creatures with an apparent rather than a real acquiescence with their wishes, we can at least console ourselves by reflecting that our success betokens the possession of diplomatic and statesmanlike qualities.

Railway directors are doubtless, from constant practice, about the most judicious throwers of sops we can hold up for humble imitation. Not far from where I write, there is a crossing over the line, which is periodically subject to accidents. Three-and-twenty years ago there was a wooden bridge over the spot, which cautious passengers might traverse if they preferred it; but the majority avoided the stairs and passed over the rails underneath; and practically the bridge was useful principally as a gymnasium for the children. Well, when two manglings occurred within a fortnight at crossing, the public began to remonstrate. It is true that we did not quite know what was to be done. Shutting up the pathway was out of the question; but we all agreed that the authorities ought to do “something.” They promised that they would, and they did. They pulled down the wooden bridge, which was getting very dilapidated. I don’t know why that quieted us, for it was removing the one safeguard the crosser had, but it did; and though there were occasional deaths at

the place, no more complaints were made for fifteen years. Then a churchwarden was run over, and we made a fresh stir. Again the officials promised that something should be done, and this time they erected two iron turnstiles by the sides of the little wooden swing-gates opening on to the line. I suppose the theory was that the exertion required to push through the turnstiles would arouse absent persons from their fits of abstraction, and enable them to notice approaching trains. But the wooden gates were not taken away, and they are always used in preference to the more inconvenient iron contrivances. But the sop stilled our outcries; and although the ribs of several parishioners have come into violent collision with buffers during the eight years that the useless turnstiles have been gathering rust, yet we trouble not the board.

This is only a local matter, but communication between the traveller and the guard is a general question, and has been from the first, or nearly so; for I am sorry to say that I can speak to a very early period of railway enterprise. One carriage took fire, and the occupants were unable to stop the train, which eventually became a comet. On another occasion the bottom of a carriage came out, and the passengers found themselves in the position of the Irishman who engaged a Sedan chair in a similar condition, and would as soon have walked, "if it had not been for the look of the thing." On these occasions the public waxed indignant, and the newspapers thundered. So directors had check-strings run along the trains, which imperilled travellers might pull; and when the storm blew over, officials ceased to attach them. At last, however, some wretched plagiarist, who had read "Davenport Dunn," committed a sensational murder in a railway carriage, and raised such a panic through the length and breadth of the land, that all sorts of ingenious devices were had recourse to by the various companies. On some lines you may still call the guard, or stop the train, by smashing a glass case and pulling a brass knob inside it; on others the sop is thrown no longer—for it was but a sop after all. The only effectual method of insuring communication between passengers and guard is to build saloon carriages with doors at each end, and an easy access from one to the other; but this would necessitate the reconstruction of a great part of the rolling stock; and when the expense had been incurred, it is doubtful whether the public would appreciate the change.

Nine or ten Augusts ago, when editors were at a loss how to fill their sheets with type, a clamour was got up against the practice of feeding waiters and chambermaids. "Why should not proprietors pay their own servants?" asked "X. Y. Z.," "Justice," etc. "Why not?" echoed the public, waxing so indignant that a sop had to be thrown to it. Hotels

and restaurants did not, indeed, go so far as to propose to exempt their customers from all payment for service, but they instituted the plan of making a distinct charge, which, of course, soon became a mere addition, the servants expecting "tips" as before.

Thus the philosopher who studies mankind with a view to personal advantage, perceives that it is not always necessary to make a sacrifice in order to silence an inconvenient clamour. The sop may, in management, be provided at no cost at all.

I have often wondered whether Smart has cultivated that talent for sop-throwing which he displayed at college. I expect not, or he would have been famous long ago. Like too many undergraduates, he desired to "keep" as few lectures and chapels as possible, and probably continued to be more idle with impunity than any of his contemporaries. He perceived in his first term that the authorities were most easily disarmed by humility, and cultivated that Christian virtue, or at least the expression of it, with Heep-like assiduity. He never defended himself. When he was had up for missing lectures, he took the initiative and broke out into lamentations and self-reproaches over his own unhappy indolence, which gave him so much trouble in the end. "After attending one of your lectures, sir," he said on one occasion, "everything is clear to me; all my difficulties vanish; and yet, overcome by indolence or temptation at the moment, I too often miss the golden opportunity, and regret it when regret is useless."

But the notes of apology he sent the Dean when he missed morning chapel were the richest, and would make an amusing volume if collected, though unhappily the element of truth was sadly neglected in their composition. I remember one which I saw him indite sitting up in bed, when I went to breakfast with him one morning. "Dear Sir," it ran, "judge of my horror when, on reaching the chapel-doors with seven seconds to spare, as I thought, I found them closed against me! An inaccurate watch is no excuse, but it is an explanation."

It is the custom with some extravagant men, who find it inconvenient to pay their tailors' bills, to order more clothes instead, which—I don't know why—silences the tradesman's importunity. But the system pursued by a certain acquaintance, who lives considerably beyond his income, is rather less foolish and equally ingenious. A fortnight before quarter-day, when the bills are making up, he goes about amongst his creditors, and tenders small sums "on account." Payments which would appear absurdly insufficient after the bills had been sent in, act as sops beforehand, and he obtains the continued credit which he desires.

As for literal sops, I have been told that a pork-pie, with an opium-pill carefully—But the reader would probably take no interest in the secrets of burglarious enterprise. LEWIS HOUGH.



"HE IS OVER, DEAD."

See "THE MAN-EATER"—p. 82

THE MENDICANTS.



"HIS WORDS ARE MINE."

THAT day, beneath the fitful blue
Of spring's first sky, we wandered through
The orchard heavy with its snows
Of blossom touched to sunny glows,

And out into the meadows, white
With foam of flowers, and the sight
O'ercame us with a glad surprise
Till tears of joy were in the eyes

I loved ; yea, tears were shed that day
May-bright that came before the May.

Through meadow-grasses surging sweet
And blossom tangled, slid our feet,
And round about us Carlo leapt,
Tumbled, and yelped, or forward swept,
Snapt at the grass, or feigned a fray
With rustling leaf or nodding spray.
The lark above us, singing loud
Against a fleecy flock of cloud,
Made subtle music as we went—
My love and I—and "Well-content,"
Said she, "may be the happy bird
Who ever, without uttered word,
Thrilling in ecstasy of love
Makes music to the heavens above !"

Wellnigh my heart within me died
In fitful throbbings, yet I cried,
"Nay, doubt not that the cadenced strain
Of music, like a rippling rain
Slow falling upon summer leaves,
Is language. Into song he weaves
His passion ; but we lack the art
To understand him—nay, in part,
A student of forbidden things.
I can unravel what he sings !"

Amazement brightened in the eyes
That were blue, sunshine-holding skies.
"You can the thoughts of birds divine,
And sing the lark's song, line for line ?
The secret of the strain expound,
And give intelligence to sound ?
And you will do it ?"—All her face
Glowed in the pleading, as by grace
Miraculous a rose had sped
Through lapsing hues from white to red.

And I—repentant of my jest—
What could I but obey as best
My skill would serve, and as she clung
Expectant, of my passion sung :—

THE SONG.

Love me a little
While moments fleet,

Only a little
While warm lips meet,
And the years in their flight will be honey-sweet
Love me a little
Ere claspt hands part,
Only a little,
And heart to heart
Will throb, though the round of the world apart.
Love me a little,
And cherished so,
Knowing not little
Love will grow
Like the ocean filling to overflow.

"Peace, peace ! A foolish song," she cried,
As on my lips the fancy died ;
"No bird would sing it in the air,
Nor any creature anywhere
So wantonly a passion feign,
That is but answered with disdain."

A flashing glance that was not scorn,
A tone of love's awakening born,
Some subtle change in voice and mien
The rather felt than heard or seen,
Brought Carlo to her side, and there,
With paws uplifted in the air,
He raised a pleading, piteous whine.
"You hear ?" I cried ; "his words are mine,
True as an echo to the sound,
Though phrasing rapture less profound.
'Love me a little,' sang the bird,
And Carlo pleading word for word
Like it—like all—your will would move ;
To look upon you is to love,
And out, alas ! to love in vain !"

All rosily she said, "The gain,
Sir Student, from your mystic lore
Is all too scant, since, overmore,
There still is lacking to your skill
That without which it serves you ill :
You can give language to the lark,
You can interpret Carlo's bark,
And yet you cannot by your art
Expound the language of my heart ;
Is that so hard to understand ?"

One answering kiss impressed her hand.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

THE MAN-EATER.

IT is rather presumptuous for me to tell a sporting story, for I am no "shikári." Nimrod would have felt no pleasure in my society had I been his contemporary, and there are many young men of my own generation who look upon me as little better

than a muff. I was once persuaded to try pig-sticking, but I found it task enough to stick to the pig-skin which formed my saddle, and made no effort to spear the living animal. The fact is, I was a Competition Wallah, who obtained his appointment in the Indian Civil Service by hard book-work,

and not by interest. I do not say that I am the more efficient for that; a restless high-spirited young fellow, fond of field sports, is often peculiarly adapted for dealing with Asiatics; the very contrast between their natures and his impresses them, and they feel confidence in his strength. Besides, he keeps his health better, as a rule.

However that may be, my strong point is languages and not sport, and when I received an appointment as collector in a wild district of North-western India, where man was scarce and game plentiful, many envious friends considered that the golden opportunity was thrown away upon one whose artificial tastes were in favour of civilised society, and who sighed in the midst of forest or jungle after the dinners, balls, and private theatricals of a British station.

Not that I disliked my life; I enjoyed a little shooting at leisure times well enough, though I was never enthusiastic about it, and the sense of importance which my somewhat despotic position afforded made amends for a great deal of isolation. "Better to reign in Doongapoor than serve at Bombay." My annual circuit I thoroughly enjoyed, though that was the most lonely part of my life, as I had no company but that of natives for weeks together. The work was also hard, and at times of a harassing description, yet satisfactory and pleasurable: when you decide a question which has set a whole village by the ears, or put a final stop to an iniquitous and tyrannical course of conduct, you feel as if you were of some use in the world. It is often difficult indeed to get at the truth when an equal number of witnesses contradict one another, on oath, on each side, but success renews for the arbitrator that delight which he felt on first stepping safely over the Asses' Bridge.

The style of life during the journey had also a certain romance about it, which is becoming very rare in these railroad days. The people would not believe in the collector unless he travelled in some state, so I had a considerable retinue in my train. There were my three Arabs with their gorah-wallahs and grass-cutters, the palanquin-bearers, the cook and his satellites, etc. etc., and the peons forming my escort: quite an encampment.

With the exception of my sleeping tent, all was struck in the middle of the night, so that when I rose at the dawn of day the train was some miles on the march. After a light meal I got into the saddle, and an exhilarating and appetising ride brought me to the new encampment, where I found breakfast ready, after which the business of the day commenced. It was during one of these morning rides that I came upon a group of villagers in great distress, to judge by their loud lamentations, and on approaching them saw a pitiable sight: the

mangled corpse of a girl lay in their midst. The evening before, she had gone down to the river which flowed close by, to fetch water; and as she was returning, with the jar upon her head, a tiger sprang upon her from a neighbouring thicket, and as easily as a cat would a mouse, carried her screaming into the jungle, in the sight of several of her friends and relatives.

At the time they were paralysed, but at sunrise the bravest men of the village had armed themselves, some merely with their swords and shields others with matchlocks, and had ventured into the cover, where they found the half-devoured remains which now lay before me.

My appearance gave a new turn to the thoughts of the ryots, whose lamentations were exchanged for expressions of delight at the arrival of the Burrah-sahib, who would deliver them from their foe and avenge the poor girl's death; and I suppose a true sportsman would have felt nothing but elation in the prospect of hunting so grand a quarry as a man-eater. But the horrible fate of the poor child was all I could think of as I cantered on to the encampment, not half a mile distant.

After my bath and breakfast I repaired to the large tent in which business was transacted, and the patell, or head man of the village, was introduced. But neither he nor anybody else could speak of anything but the man-eater.

No fabulous monster of the olden time ever spread more terror throughout the district in which he had taken up his abode than did this tiger. First he had lost cattle and horses; then, about a year before, a child had been carried off close to the village; a grown woman was the next victim, and then the tiger, finding man so much easier a prey than any other animal, made human dinners his habit instead of an occasional luxury. If he had made his lair in one particular spot they might have avoided it, but he ranged over the entire neighbourhood, never lying in wait twice at the same place with the exception of one favourite haunt where a low rock overhung a public path along which the tapall, or letter-carrier, had to pass. Two of these unhappy runners had seen that striped demon spring from behind the boulder—and had seen no more.

The ryots hardly dared go out into the fields to pursue their ordinary avocations; the children could not play; the women feared to go to the river for water except in a large party, and company had not proved any protection to the poor girl of the night before. But what had paralysed the villagers most was the failure of a famous native "shikári," who had been named the "Destroyer of Tigers" from his success in slaying those beasts three of which had fallen before his craft and courage, when he vowed to add the skin of the present pest to his trophies, and another medal to

those which had been presented to him by Government.

Night after night he lay in ambush, in places which his woodcraft suggested as the most likely to be visited by the beast, which prowled around him, but refused to leave the brushwood to seize the calf tethered in the open as a bait. It was a duel between man and tiger, and the brute conquered.

One morning the shikari failed to come into the village, and search being made in the spot where he had taken up his position the night before, his matchlock was found lying on the ground undischarged, while marks of blood on the grass and bushes spoke only too plainly of his fate. From the track of the tiger's enormous foot-prints, there was no doubt that the man-eater had stalked him carefully and sprung on him from behind. That the most celebrated hunter of the district should have been thus beaten at his own game, increased the panic of the superstitious villagers, who thought that an evil spirit must animate the brute that could thus successfully match himself against the craft of man.

But they declared that their fears and dangers were all over now; the Burrah-sahib had come! the Incarnation of Justice, the Fountain of Generosity, the Destroyer of Tigers, the Terror of the Wicked, whether man or beast, the Delight of the Good had come! And all was serene.

Perhaps you have had your health drunk after dinner in England, and wished that the proposer of the toast would not spread the butter quite so thickly; but the wildest panegyric ever begotten of champagne at a wedding breakfast is censure, compared to the flattery of an Asiatic who hopes to get something out of you.

This was my first circuit, and my predecessor had been a mighty hunter, so that there was some reason why the poor natives should hail me as a St. George come to deliver them from their dragon. And I was willing enough to try, for the sight of that morning had stirred my blood. It was a pity that the Destroyer of Tigers was dead, as his woodcraft would have been of the greatest assistance to me; but one of my peons was no despicable hunter, and had nerves which could be trusted in any emergency.

Unfortunately I had no elephant in my train, and it was therefore impossible to pursue the beast into the thick jungle where he had been tracked. On ordinary occasions I might have obtained a sporting elephant from the neighbouring rajah, whose palace was some twenty miles off; but he was absent at Bombay, prosecuting some claims he thought he had against Government. So there was nothing for it but to try to beat the tiger up and shoot him from a tree.

The ground was favourable for this operation. From the village to the river ran a strip of grass-

land covered with trees, growing not closely, but interspersed as in an English park. To the right of this, commencing half-way between village and river, was the patch of jungle where the remains of the poor girl had been found, and where the tiger still was. Beyond that patch again was cultivated land. So that if the brute could be made to break cover at all, it would not be difficult to drive him out within range of my rifle.

At any rate we could try, and I determined to do so that very day, while the villagers were still excited by the tragedy of the night before. And they responded readily enough to my call, a large proportion of the male inhabitants offering themselves as beaters, and being marshalled under the direction of two middle-aged men who had often conducted similar enterprises in the days of my predecessor.

After consulting with my sporting peon, I selected a tree not far from the river, and about fifty yards off the edge of the jungle, as the most commanding spot. The trunk was entire for some fifteen feet from the ground, and then branched off in four directions, making a snug little platform, where, rugs being spread, I ensconced myself, with two rifles and the peon. My reason for retaining the latter, instead of sending him to direct the beaters, or posting him in another tree, was this:—If the tiger refused to break, I intended to follow him into the jungle on foot, and take the chance of killing him with a shot between the eyes. I knew that it was a foolhardy thing for the coolest and most unerring shot to do, and hoped that it would not be necessary. But I was determined, at all hazards, to take vengeance upon that man-eater if it were possible; and in the event of pursuing him to his lair, I should require the services of the peon, both to track the beast and to hand me my second rifle.

I had hardly taken post before distant yells, the firing of matchlocks, and the occasional whizz of a rocket told that the beat had begun.

Never shall I forget the excitement, the flutter of nerves which I experienced as I knelt in my perch, rifle in hand, watching eagerly for the appearance of the tiger, listening intently for any crackling or rustling of bushes which should betoken his approach.

Had he come out during the first quarter of an hour, I believe that I must have missed him; but as time wore on I grew calmer, until I regained complete possession of my faculties. Soon weariness began to grow upon me, for one of the many sporting virtues in which I am deficient is patience, and above all the other iniquities of the tiger, that of not coming out to be shot became pre-eminent.

When nearly two hours had passed, I felt immensely tempted to descend and try to find the

beast, as he would not show himself; and in order to conquer this insane impulse I lit a cheroot, and settled myself in a comfortable position to enjoy it.

Whether it was the soothing effect of the tobacco or the heat, for the atmosphere was stifling, another change came over me, and I began to find that I was very comfortable where I was, and to relish in a dreamy manner the strangeness of the situation.

All around me was most perfectly still, save for the occasional chatter of a monkey, or chirp of a bird, while in the distance there rose a confused medley of sounds—the blowing of horns, the firing of blank cartridges, and the peculiar unearthly cry which the Indian raises, by placing both hands before his mouth and blowing into them. I perfectly remember thinking to myself how much better off I was at rest, and in the shade, at the moment that the peon suddenly grasped my arm, and pointed to the edge of the jungle in the direction of the river. I looked, and felt a sensation hitherto unknown as I saw an enormous tiger stealing out of the reeds not sixty paces from me.

I at once, and for the first time, understood the fascination which draws the hunter from home, friends, and civilisation, to lead the life and endure the company of savages in fever-haunted swamps.

No excitement that I had hitherto experienced ever gave me one-hundredth part the pleasure I felt at that moment. But description is impossible; I have often tried to express the sensation, and failed utterly. Words seem so cold. The aspect of that grand creature, the tiger, in captivity, can give the beholder no idea of the combination of grace, ferocity, strength, activity which impresses one who sees it in its native forests.

I cocked both locks of my rifle, and pressed the caps to see that they were firmly down on the nipples. I felt no nervousness now; the fear of missing, which has often brought about that result when in pursuit of meaner game, never occurred to me; hand, eye, and rifle seemed to be identical with volition as I raised the weapon.

He had moved: the head and flank were visible, but a tree intercepted my aim at the more deadly part.

I paused.

The shouts and firing of the beaters came nearer, and, with a deep growl, the magnificent beast strode on, stately and majestic.

Aiming carefully and steadily at his shoulder, I pressed the trigger, and heard with joy a "thud" which told that the bullet had struck the living target.

With an awful roar to which nothing in nature is worthy to be compared, save thunder in the tropics,

he sprang forward, looking right and left for his assailant. Again I fired, and the huge beast fell, but quickly recovering himself, turned and crawled back into the reeds.

"Goolee mar khyar! He has eaten a bullet!" cried the peon in delight as he handed me the second rifle, and ere the man-eater reached cover I had put two more into him.

Descending from the tree, and reloading both rifles, I prepared to follow the wounded animal—not through ignorance that the act was a violation of all sporting rules, for no Indian can avoid having the danger of it constantly pointed out to him, but because I did not know what else to do. It was less dangerous for me to approach than for the natives, who were armed merely with matchlocks or swords; and as for leaving the work uncompleted, that I could not think of.

Directly I had fired the first shot, scouts in the highest trees had communicated in some manner with the beaters, who immediately ceased their clamour; so it was in perfect stillness that I stepped into the reeds, closely followed by my peon.

The trail was there broad enough, and marked with a great deal of blood, some of that frothy description which told of a shot through the lungs. I almost expected to find the tiger dead, but knowing the extreme tenacity of life in the feline tribe, advanced very slowly and cautiously. Fortunately the reeds were very thin just there, which much diminished the danger, and we had not advanced twenty paces before we could see him lying stretched out, not crouching for a spring—alive indeed, but wounded to the death.

The rustle of the reeds as I advanced my rifle through them caused him to stir, as if endeavouring to rouse himself for a final effort for revenge. I aimed at the heart, and fired. With a wild roar he sprang up and stood, not five yards off, facing me. But before he could spring, if indeed he had strength to do it, the contents of my second barrel were poured between his eyes, and rearing up on his hind-legs, he fell over, dead.

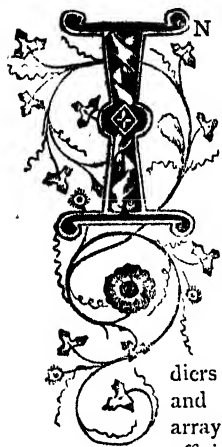
The natives now came trooping round, and their joy and triumph knew no bounds. Having singed their enemy's whiskers, to guard against being haunted by his spirit, they proceeded to shower upon him every abuse and insult which they could think of.

That evening, as I sat in front of my tent after dinner, smoking my hookah, I saw the villagers bringing home the man-eater, mounted on a wagon and crowned with flowers, in triumph; and if a short-hand writer could have taken down their extemporised pæans for the benefit of posterity, people a thousand years hence might think that your humble servant had been an ancient demigod.

JOHN BULL'S MONEY MATTERS.—THE QUEEN'S INCOME.

BY ALFRED S. HARVEY, B.A.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART THE FIRST.



IN a former paper we showed how John Bull got into debt, and a debt so large that the interest of it consumes £27,000,000 a year of John Bull's income. We have now to point out what other expenditure has to be defrayed when this, the great liability of all, has been provided for. There are many claimants indeed on John's purse. There are armies and navies to be maintained, soldiers and sailors to be fed, clothed, and equipped, and a multitudinous array of ministers of State, judges, officials, policemen, and placemen of

all sorts to be salaried or fed, or compensated or pensioned. But before all these there is the Crown, the visible representative of the majesty of the State, to be supported; and it is with this subject we are now concerned.

When her present Majesty succeeded to the throne, on the 20th of June, 1837, she surrendered the Crown Lands as her predecessors had done, and received a Civil List of £385,000 a year. This sum was made a prior charge on the Consolidated Fund—that is to say, provision must be made for it out of the accruing revenue of the country before other claims are met—and it was thus divided:—

Class 1.—Her Majesty's Privy Purse.	£60,000
" 2.—Salaries of Her Majesty's Household, and Retired Allowances.	111,260
" 3.—Expenses of Her Majesty's Household.	172,500
" 4.—Royal Bounty, Alms, and Special Services.	13,200
" 5.—Pensions to the extent of £1,200 a year.	
" 6.—Unappropriated Moneys.	8,040
	£385,000

Here, it will be observed, we have no charges whatever connected with the administration of Government. The Civil List is appropriated entirely to the personal and household expenditure of the Sovereign. The Privy Purse, of course, explains itself. It is, indeed, the royal pin-money. Class 2 introduces us at once into the domestic life of the monarch. Her Majesty's Household may be said to consist of three great establishments under the control of the Lord Steward, the Lord Chamberlain, and the Master of the Horse respectively. It is assuredly no light matter to describe these high officials, each one at once the custodian and the embodiment of "the divinity that doth hedge a king." As one contemplates the

long retinue of courtiers, the vast array of attendants, the pomp and pageantry of a modern Court, how one feels that the days of royal simplicity are nothing but a nursery dream! The thrifty "king in his counting-house, counting out his money;" the queen of charmingly simple tastes, "in the kitchen, eating bread-and-honey;" these, the ideal monarchs in the days

"When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sail of infancy,"

have been supplanted by Sovereigns grand, inaccessible, and dim. Why, if a recent writer may be trusted, Louis the Sixteenth had sixteen pages in crimson and gold, whose great business was to fetch the royal shippers!

The Lord Steward, most august of all the immediate attendants on Majesty, presides at the Board of Green Cloth at Buckingham Palace. Originally the Board of Green Cloth was a feudal Court. Its title and functions take us back many a century, to the old feudal times, when the king's household was arranged entirely on feudal principles. Then the royal purveyors, acting in accordance with the old feudal rights of pre-emption, seized, with power and prerogative, from the adjacent towns and villages, the viands they needed, and, in Burke's words, "brought home the plunder of a hundred markets." Then, too, a royal palace was a vast hall, where commodities of all sorts were collected, where soldiers congregated in troops, where force and power predominated, and comfort and seclusion were unknown. At the gate of every palace a market would be set up, and the produce of the neighbourhood be offered for the supply of the royal table. In short, wherever the Court went, it became necessarily the centre of all life, and the scene of much conflict and disorder. To control the vast and often unruly multitude who, for some cause or another, crowded into the palace, was the business of the Board of Green Cloth. It had its own laws, and a jurisdiction co-extensive with the area of the Court itself, and its members included the great officers of the household. Now all this is changed. The palace is now the quiet home of the Sovereign. The royal tradesmen no longer need an array of justices and soldiers to regulate their commercial activity. Moreover, State officers no longer sit in the entrance of a palace, to witness the stores of game and flesh which their subordinates have gathered. Yet the Lord Steward still has charge of all commissariat arrangements. He controls the kitchen, with its establishment of upwards of a hundred cooks, confectioners, and ewry and table deckers; the

wine and beer cellars, where there are grooms and yeomen worthy of their arduous duties; the almonry, the gardens, the pay-office, and a phalanx of State porters, and assistant porters.

The Lord Steward, then, may be said to look after the monarch's "inner man." The Lord Chamberlain has higher and more varied responsibilities. He ministers to the æsthetic tastes of the Sovereign, superintends the wardrobe, and, generally, is entrusted with all details of the Court. With him is associated the Mistress of the Robes, who presides over the Robes department. All maids of honour, lords in waiting, ladies of the bed-chamber, grooms, ushers, and pages are within the department of the Lord Chamberlain. Moreover, he regulates the Court musicians and artists, the chaplains, the serjeants and gentlemen-at-arms. Last, but not least, to him is committed the health of his royal master or mistress; and the medical department, with its physicians and surgeons ordinary and extraordinary, dispensers, etc. etc., recognises him as its head.

But, wide as is the jurisdiction of the Lord Chamberlain, it does not include all the retainers of royalty. The Master of the Horse has a distinct sphere of operations. He controls the Royal Hunt, appoints the whippers-in, and is paramount in all matters connected with the stables.

If now to the above list we add the Keepers of the Privy Purse, the Private Secretaries, the Librarian, the Governesses and Tutors, and other subordinate officers who are more immediately under the direct authority of royalty, we have given some slight idea of the various elements of which the Court is now-a-days composed, and the salaries that have to be provided for out of Class 2 of Her Majesty's Civil List.

Class 3 is appropriated to the Expenses of the Household. Out of this class are defrayed all the tradesmen's bills of whatever kind. Thus this class represents what we may call the maintenance account of the Court, except so far as salaries are concerned.

Class 4, representing the Royal Benefactions, is distributed in several modes. The largest portion of it is under the control of the Prime Minister for the time being; another is dispensed by the Premier's wife. These are grants of money only, but the remainder, under the charge of the Lord High Almoner, consists both of money and commodities. On Maunday Thursday this bounty is distributed in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall. There is a choral service, and generally a large attendance of spectators. The lucky recipients, previously tested and approved at the Bounty Office, congregate in the centre of the church, where the Lord High Almoner, attended by his yeomen, superintends the almsgiving of his august mistress. Shoes, blankets, wearing apparel, etc., and a purse con-

taining silver coins, specially coined at the Mint, and of denominations unknown to the nation at large, are the usual forms which the royal beneficence assumes. The number is increased in proportion to the length of the Sovereign's reign.

Class 6, consisting of a small grant of moneys not specially appropriated, needs no explanation. As will be seen by the foregoing statement, the five classes—for the total of Class 5 is not included—make up the aggregate sum of £385,000.

We turn now to the consideration of Class 5, the Civil List Pensions—a subject which, though of small interest to the present generation, has, in days gone by, formed the battle-ground of parties, and been the cause of grave disquiet to financial reformers. At the outset we must distinguish between the pensions granted by Parliament to members of the Royal Family, and to meritorious public servants, and those which have been bestowed by the monarch himself, of his own will and pleasure, and without the intervention of the Legislature. It is with the latter only we are now concerned. During the reign of Charles the Second they first became an engine of corruption. Sir Robert Walpole still further extended the system of influencing the House of Commons, either by donations or annual gifts. Lord Brougham has, indeed, endeavoured to exculpate the minister who declared that "all men *have* their price," by pointing out the urgent perils with which Walpole had to contend. Others have to defend a ministry or a measure; he had to preserve a Crown.

We who have the happiness to live under a monarch whose knowledge of, and love for, the Constitution are above suspicion—who has never been prompted, by excessive zeal for prerogative, to interfere with the freedom of Parliamentary debate—whose ministers, of whatever party, resort to no unworthy arts to snatch a majority—cannot adequately realise the unblushing attempts at oppression and corruption which characterised the relations of King and Legislature in the days of the Georges. True, there were no longer high-handed attempts on the part of the Crown to dispense with Parliament altogether. The efforts of the Tudor and Stuart monarchs in that direction had, at least, the merit of candour; the Georges, while treating the Houses with outward respect, endeavoured so to corrupt them as to make the members simply the creatures of the royal will. Obviously, so far as the maintenance of constitutional freedom is concerned, there is no difference between the abolition of Parliament altogether and the degradation of it to a venal assembly, ready to execute the wishes of the Court. Yet it was no easy matter for an independent member to escape the influence or the arts of such a monarch, for instance, as George the Third. He spared no pains to ascertain the weak points of any doubtful member, and would

comport himself at a levée or drawing-room so as either to intimidate or to conciliate. "Tell me," he writes to Lord North, his favourite minister, "who deserted you last night . . . that I may mark my sense of their behaviour at the drawing-room to-morrow;" and again, "If the utmost obsequiousness on my part, at the levée to-day, can gain over Mr. Solicitor-General to your views, it shall not be wanting."*

If the influence of the Court had assumed no other form than a smile or a frown at a levée, it may perhaps be thought that no very great harm would have followed. But this was not the case. Bribery, either by specific donations of money or by the grant of pensions, paid secretly, and held during the pleasure of the king, was practised to an enormous extent. A speech in the House of Commons that pleased the Sovereign, would be recognised by a *douceur* out of the secret-service money; a satisfactory vote, by a Civil List Pension.

Even as early as the time of Queen Anne, the House of Commons had cut at the root of the perpetual pensions which had delighted the hearts of the adherents of the Stuarts, by prohibiting the grant of any portion of the hereditary revenue for any period longer than the life of the Sovereign. But this was only a small instalment of needed reform. At length, in 1780, Burke took up the matter in his great speech on financial reform to which we shall hereafter refer. At that time there was absolutely no restraint on the monarch as to the amounts of his grants or the number of recipients. There were separate pension lists for England, Ireland, and Scotland, not paid openly at the Exchequer, but by a special paymaster; while the produce of some anomalous duties levied on the West India Islands, which ought to have been appropriated to the purposes of the colony itself, had been formed into a fund for pensions of a questionable kind. Burke proposed that the English pension list should be limited to £95,000 a year. This suggestion was carried out; but no alteration was made in the Scotch and Irish lists till some years later.

But the Act of Burke, followed up as it was by the motion of Dunning, that the "influence of the Crown had increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished," produced indirect results of more importance than its immediate economies.

Act after Act was passed limiting still further the grant of pensions; and, what is of more importance still, there was developed a public opinion altogether opposed to the continuance of practices which degraded the Civil List Pensions to the level of an immoral compact between a venal assembly and an irresponsible king. This opinion found fitting

expression in the memorable resolution of the House of Commons in 1834—"That it is the bounden duty of the responsible advisers of the Crown, to recommend to His Majesty for pensions on the Civil List such persons only as have just claims on the royal beneficence, or who by their personal services to the Crown, by the performance of duties to the public, or by their useful discoveries in science, and attainments in literature and the arts, have merited the gracious consideration of their Sovereign and the gratitude of their country."

But the Legislature was by no means satisfied with a mere recommendation. In 1837 a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into all the existing pensions. They did their duty thoroughly, writing to every grantee to ascertain the grounds on which the pension had been granted. Their report is extremely interesting and curious, but we are bound to say a perusal of it shows that the worst evils of the system had been removed before the committee commenced their labours. However, the committee struck off some pensions altogether, limited the tenure of others, and at the same time, with the view of still further enforcing the sound policy already recommended, they made several suggestions as to the modes in which pensions should in future be given. Meanwhile the Legislature, in passing the Civil List of Victoria, had enacted that the old pensions should be removed from the Civil List altogether, and should be paid out of the Consolidated Fund, and that Her Majesty should be empowered to give new pensions to the extent of £1,200 a year.

These pensions, then, constitute Class 5 of the Civil List, the total of which of course increases year by year as Her Majesty's reign lengthens, and which amounts now to £22,000. Every year the Prime Minister nominates the new pensioners, and Her Majesty issues a separate warrant for each individual, which warrant specifies at length the grounds for the pension. All additions to the list are reported to Parliament. Doubtless, the best proof that can be given of the satisfactory working of the system, is to be found in the fact that the Pension List has now-a-days disappeared entirely from the arena of public discussion. Once, indeed, in recent years the grant of a small annuity to one Close, for his "poetical merit," provoked a debate in the House of Commons, and the pension was cancelled. But the matter was important only as showing that even a Prime Minister of England may possess little or no poetic taste. On the whole, the pensions are doubtless granted to worthy objects. Indeed, the chief question that occurs to us is whether £1,200 a year is an adequate support for the number of patient toilers in literature, science, and art, whose services, though of inestimable value, do not succeed in reaping a rich harvest.

* Brougham's "Statesmen of the Reign of George the Third."

IN HONOUR BOUND.

BY CHARLES GIBBON,

AUTHOR OF

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

AN ORDEAL.

THE Laird rode over to the Norlan' Head, next forenoon, trim, brisk, and youthful.

He had received another letter from Edinburgh, confirming his fondest hopes, and he was in a

you, since you will not deal openly with us," said the general—General Forbes, long retired on half-pay—"why should there be any secret in a family so united as ours, especially when our interests are in common?"

"But you'll tell us in confidence, Laird?" said



"THERE'S THE LAIRD COMING."

blithe humour although he had quarrelled with several relatives and a number of friends, because he had assured them that they had no prospect of obtaining a penny from the Methven estate, and that he had good reason to believe he knew the heir, whilst he declined at that moment to make the intelligence public.

"You're jist a greedy old tyke, and I'm satisfied you mean to have something out of it for your own pouch," said Aunt Janc, his maiden sister, who lived in a little villa on the outskirts of Kingshaven, and on a moderate income maintained her position as one of "the gentry."

"Pon my soul, cousin, you force me to suspect

Widow Smyllie, a smooth-faced handsome little lady, with a large family, and therefore anxious to increase her means.

The provost, Dubbieside, modestly advanced his claim to know the secret on the score of justice—as a magistrate he ought to know how the matter stood, in order to be able to advise others.

But the Laird was neither to be gibed, threatened, nor cajoled into a confession of his secret. He magnanimously overlooked all the disagreeable things which were said of himself, and delivered a patriotic oration on the greatest happiness of the greatest number, and assured them that his only interest in the matter was to see that every one

should have justice—that was, full satisfaction of all their claims.

Aunt Jane went off severely threatening that she would never darken his doors again.

The general swore that, if there was law in the land, he would punish the Laird for his attempted trickery.

The provost mildly declared that in his own behoof, and in behoof of others, he must enter a formal protest against the singular conduct of Dalmahoy.

Widow Smyllie playfully touched his arm, and with a coaxing look said in her smooth voice—

“But you’ll not forget the five fatherless bairns, Laird? You know what a struggle I have to put them forward in the world, and you won’t forget them if you have any influence in the matter.”

“But that is just what I have not, my dear, and these fools snap and snarl at me because they will not believe me. I have no power whatever, I can do nothing for anybody—not even for myself. It is entirely a matter of law, and I, having had some interest in the man, happened to make inquiries, which were answered in confidence. Without betraying that confidence, I wished to save you folk from wasting time and temper over a matter which I know cannot benefit any of you.”

“But you’ll try to get us a little?” pleaded the widow, smiling so sweetly, and not believing a word of what he said any more than the others.

“If you will show your relationship to Methven, on the mother’s side, I’ll do everything I can to help you. I can say no more.”

The widow did not even then think it a pleasant duty to hunt up her relationship with George Methven’s mother; but she smiled and thanked Dalmahoy as if he had done her the greatest kindness, and went away thinking that he was the most awful hypocrite she had ever come across.

The Laird did not care; he knew that he had spoken the absolute truth, and what he did not wish to make known he had frankly told them. He was a little irritated, perhaps, that they should be so inconsiderate and so indifferent to the true principles of action, either in public or private affairs; but then, what could you expect from people who had given no attention to the policy of the nation!

So when he received the second letter from the lawyers, he rode over to the Norlan’ Head in high “fettle.”

Alison saw him coming, and ran to warn Teenie, who was at that moment busy with the preliminary mysteries of kippering salmon.

“Guid be here, lassie!” cried Ailie, thrusting her away from the table, and snatching a large ashet out of her hands, “you shouldna fash wi’ thae things now. You’re going to be a leddy, and you maun learn no to soil your hands, least of all to gar them smell of fish. There’s the Laird coming,

I’ve warrant to back-spear you, and examine you in your carrichters (catechism) maybe, and no a minute for you to change your gown.”

Ailie’s idea of the Laird’s visit was that he intended to put his future daughter-in-law through an examination such as the children of the parish school were annually subjected to in his presence.

Teenie was not half so much discomposed as Ailie by the near approach of the ordeal she had to undergo—for it was an ordeal.

“Where’s father?” she asked quietly.

“He’s out—by some gate; but haste you, and put on your silk gown, and make yourself braw, or the Laird come.”

Teenie with the utmost calmness washed her hands in a basin which stood on the dresser, but displayed no intention of leaving the kitchen.

Ailie halted midway in the floor, her hands full of the ashet, her eyes full of wonder and indignation.

“Is it possible that you mean to meet the Laird in that fashion?” she cried; “are you clean out of your judgment, or what’s wrang with you? Gae ’wa this minute and put on your braws, or I’ll think you’re daft.”

“Never you heed, Ailie,” said Teenie doggedly; “if the Laird will not have me for his daughter this way, he’ll no have me any other way.”

“The Lord be merciful to us!” groaned Ailie; “the bairn has neither respect nor reason.”

But she had taken one of her humours, and was not to be moved. She would not have changed her dress if Walter had been coming—to be sure, she might have looked to see that her hair was in order—and why should she do it because his father came? No; he should see her just as she was, and he could be pleased or not—just as he liked.

The Laird entered, followed by Dan.

The Laird was on his grand horse; he was younger than ever—he was more condescending than ever.

“Where is Christina?” he was saying, as he entered the kitchen; and seeing her, he advanced quite gallantly and kissed her, much to her discomfiture.

“I must salute my daughter,” he said gaily, and repeated the kiss as if he liked it; whilst she shrank back, bewildered and confused.

She had been prepared to meet him, but she had not been prepared for such a display of affection and respect.

“Why, now, this is charming,” he said, holding her hands and looking at her admiringly. “I see you have not been foolishly preparing to receive me in your Sabbath clothes. You have paid me the very highest compliment you could pay me, my dear lass; you have granted me common-sense enough to appreciate the lady, no matter

what her attire might be ; and believe me, I am proud of your confidence."

Teenie felt herself quite put out of countenance by his compliments, and by his reference to a matter which only a minute ago had been the subject of a dispute between her and Ailie. But she felt somehow spiteful towards him that he should have thought of such a subject.

"I am glad you are pleased, sir," she said, with a self-possession which was born of her vexation ; "I did not know you were coming to-day, or I would have been better prepared to receive you."

There was a degree of unconscious satire in the answer which amused Dalmahoy.

"Impossible that you could be better prepared than you are," he said smiling. "I am proud to call you daughter ; and I do not at all wonder, now I look at you again, that Walter should have defied my wishes and sought you for his wife. I forgave his disobedience before I came here ; now I admire it, and freely declare that with the same sweet temptation in my way I would have been disobedient myself."

This was spoken with the air of a man who thought he deserved to be admired alike for his frankness and condescension.

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," said Teenie, standing with hands clasped behind her, very much as she used to stand when repeating her lessons to the dominie.

Evidently she did not admire Dalmahoy as he expected. He, intending to be most conciliatory and most kind, provoked in her a spirit of rebellion which threatened to make his visit anything but satisfactory to either party. Walter had sought her because he loved her, and she had accepted him for the same reason, not because he was the Laird's son. Dalmahoy's grand air and his patronage irritated her so that she could have no sympathetic communion with him. She could not say as she felt, and as she had said to Grace Wishart, she was very glad that Walter loved her, and that she wished to be a true wife to him in all ways. She was rather inclined to be spiteful and dry—as unlike herself as could be. No doubt this was partly due to the feverish excitement of her position.

Thorston stood near the door, hat in hand, his thick curly hair tangled in wild confusion, his hard weather-beaten face cold and apparently indifferent, whilst his eyes moved slowly from Teenie to the Laird, and back to her. Big and stolid, he had no more appreciation of Dalmahoy's condescension than his daughter had. Indeed, he had a dull notion that he would have been best pleased if the affair should go no further.

Ailie was the only one who seemed disposed to pay proper respect to his Lairdship. She had been

fidgiting at the dresser, and at last she wheeled about with the suggestion—

"Will you no bid the Laird ben to the parlour?"

"No, thank you," said Dalmahoy, before anybody else could speak, and not feeling quite so much at his ease as he liked to feel, whilst Dan was glaring at him with his great dark eyes, just like those of a fish newly out of the water, he thought, and Teenie was so reserved, if not defiant ; "no, thank you, I like this homely place best. Nothing is more charming to me than simplicity of manners and life. I am delighted with nothing so much as the privilege of occasionally sharing the plain fare and the—the ordinary ways of my neighbours. Here, of course, I make myself quite at home."

He was taking advantage of one of the stereotyped phrases of his electioneering days, to get over what seemed to be an awkward pause.

"Ony way, you'll be seated, Laird," said Ailie, with her apron dusting a chair which was already as clean as scrubbing could make it.

"Permit me."

And the Laird advanced bowing to Teenie with as much courtesy as if she had been a real princess, and conducted her to the chair which had been offered to himself.

"Manners is everything," muttered Ailie to herself, as she thrust another chair forward for Dalmahoy, which he accepted with the most gracious "Thank you."

Teenie was fluttered and "put out" by all this. She submitted ; she sat down ; but she was even more rebellious the more polite he showed himself. The Laird, with all his courtesy, unfortunately did not possess the art—which is really born of unselfish good-nature—of making people feel at ease.

"I come to you to-day," he said in his best manner, "simply to offer you my sincere congratulations on your approaching union with my son, and to wish you all the happiness which can befall man and wife. Allow me to say that what I have seen of you leads me to think that you will be a good wife to him, and I do hope that he will make you happy."

He was so very sincere that Teenie felt somewhat ashamed of the almost uncivil way in which she had treated him.

"Thank you," she said very heartily.

"But I have another subject on which I hope to be able to congratulate you and my son in a few days. I shall not explain myself now, because it might raise hopes which may be vain, and therefore for your sakes I say nothing more than that I expect you to be the happiest and the luckiest couple in all the county."

"We mean to try our best," she said, wondering what he could mean by this vague announcement.

"No doubt of it, and I shall be always proud to think that in my private life, as in my public actions,

I have proved myself indifferent to and incapable of class prejudices."

That was another grand utterance which she did not understand, but she supposed it meant something very kind, and so she thanked him again.

"Your father I have long respected," he went on, "yourself I have long esteemed—long before I had any suspicion that there was likely to be an alliance of our families" (if it had been a royal marriage he could not have spoken of it more grandly)—"and now that I see you, simple, gentle, and beautiful, I cannot doubt that my son's happiness will be safe in your keeping."

"I hope so, sir." (She began to feel dazed and bewildered by this flow of words.)

"I trust you will soon learn to look upon me as your second father, whose affection, although it cannot be greater, is certainly not less profound than that of my good friend, Captain Thorston."

He called him "Captain" as if by some prerogative he conferred a special dignity upon Dan, which at once elevated him and displayed the magnanimity of the Laird.

Ailie was ready to lay down her life for him—he was "that grand and yet that free." Teenie was unable to reply, she was so overwhelmed by his kindness. Dan was silent and quite calm: he was utterly unappreciative, for in his eyes Teenie was all the world. If the Queen's son had come seeking her he would not have thought there was much out of the way in the proposal—when the object was his lass, who could manage a boat as well as the best fisher of Rowanden—aye, and manage the nets too, as well as make them.

He had just a confused notion that the Laird meant to be friendly, and to wish them well.

But when Dalmahoy again referred to the good news with which he intended to surprise them, and to the great fortune which might fall into Teenie's lap, he was puzzled, for he could not conceive how or whence any special fortune could come to them. The Laird playfully insisted upon his right to surprise them, and, kissing Teenie again without permitting her to object, he took his leave—charmed, as he said, with his new daughter, and the prospect of his son.

Walter, in feverish anxiety to learn the result of the interview, and forbidden the house during it, by his father, was in the road waiting for somebody to appear with intelligence as to the progress of affairs.

He advanced to the side of his father's horse, with the eager question—

"Well—are you satisfied?"

"Delighted, Walter, delighted—she is a splendid creature, and I admire your taste more than ever," cried the Laird, making his horse walk so that Walter might keep pace with him.

"You see, sir, she is not one of the fashionable

kind of girls; she's not a woman of any particular talent—unless it be fishing," he added laughing.

"Toots, man! I abhor your women of talent—did you ever see a modest one? I know that *you* will appreciate my sentiment when I say that I have a ridiculous fancy for old-fashioned virtues; I much prefer commonplace and modesty to genius and indelicacy. Of course I do not mean to deny the pleasures of a talented woman's society—it is charming for an hour or so. It is like drinking champagne; but you can't keep on drinking champagne without paying the penalty of a headache. A woman of talent who was modest and loved her home would be a goddess—but we mustn't look for goddesses off the stage."

"I can't tell you how glad I am that you are satisfied with her," said Walter, thrilling all over with joy.

"Satisfied!—I am charmed—delighted, I tell you; and by my faith you may be thankful that time is on your side, or I would have tried to cut you out even now."

Walter laughed, and hastened back to the cottage.

The Laird nodded, touched his horse, and galloped home, all a-glow with admiration of Teenie.

He found several letters awaiting him, and amongst them another from the lawyers in Edinburgh, which he opened with eagerness.

He seated himself in the big chair, before beginning to read, and leaned back with the air of a man who wishes to enjoy good news to the uttermost.

But, as his eyes glanced over the contents of the letter, he suddenly bent forward with a startled expression. He took off his glasses (the letter lying on his knees) and polished them with the silk handkerchief; put them on again, and steadied himself like a man who braces himself up to some unexpected and disagreeable encounter.

He read the letter again:—

"GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH.

"SIR,—We hasten to inform you that there seems to have been some error about the heirship of the Methven estate."

"Then who the devil perpetrated the error but yourselves?" muttered the Laird.

"According to our information the heir was one Christina Thorston, daughter of the sister of the late George Methven's mother; but from information just received we are induced to believe that the said Christina Thorston's mother was not the sister of Methven's mother. If this information should prove to be correct, the Christina Thorston referred to in our former letter is not the heir to the Methven estate."

"Then why did you say so?" growled the Laird.

"We trust this may not have caused you any inconvenience, and can only express our regret that the information first received—which seemed to bear all the impress of truth—should have betrayed us into this error. We must beg of you to suspend any decision you may be inclined to come to on the subject, until the result of further inquiries is known."

"We are, Sir, etc.,

"PATTERSON & GREIG, W.S."

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.
GOOD ADVICE.

DALMAHOY meditated, a blank look on his face, chin buried in his chest, and the letter dangling over his knee.

The result of his meditation was the honest admission—

"What a confounded fool I have been!"

The sweet visions of an unencumbered estate, of boundless financial resources which would have enabled him to develop the universal wealth of his land, and to prosecute successfully various other speculations—certain to return millions, if only "capital" were forthcoming to work them—all melted into thin air, and he had committed himself to the union of his son with old Thorston's daughter!—no longer Captain Thorston.

If he had been only a little more frank, Thorston might have set him right at once. If only his good-nature had not betrayed him—as it so often did—into the desire to give them a pleasant surprise; if only he had not been tempted by the wish to appear before them all one fine morning in the character of a noble benefactor conferring untold wealth upon the humble child of his adoption—he had rehearsed the scene repeatedly in imagination—and receiving their amazed and grateful thanks, he might have avoided this scrape. Of course it was ridiculous to think of his son marrying a girl of Teenie's position without some much stronger inducement than a mere fancy. But then he had given his consent, unconditionally and in the most formal fashion.

He summoned Peter Drysdale. The man had been, with only one brief interval, all his life in the service of Dalmahoy. The interval occurred when, tempted by the natural beauty of Canada, and the opportunity it offered to the poorest for making a fortune, as represented by a panorama exhibited in the village, he took his eldest son and made for the land of promise. On his arrival he saw a dismal uncultivated waste, and found that life was as hard, and in some respects not quite so comfortable, there as at home. He was filled with despair as he looked at the land which had been allotted to him.

"Eh, man, Jock," he groaned to his son, "this is no the panoramy!"

He hastened back to the old country, and was permitted to resume his former position at Dalmahoy. His son remained in Canada and prospered, so that Drysdale was sometimes disposed to lament his hasty return. He was one of those men who are doomed always to see the tide of fortune behind them.

When the door had been closed, the Laird spoke as if inspired by some trivial curiosity.

"You remember the woman Methven?"

"Fine; she was the mother of the lass that——"

"Just so, I know all that," interrupted Dalmahoy;

"but she had a second daughter, much younger than the one you allude to—do you remember her?"

"Mistress Methven had half a dozen daughters, at least—some of them living yet, and as decent women as you could find," answered Drysdale in his melancholy tone. "What was the name of the one you mean?"

"I don't know—but she married Thorston."

"Oh—her? She wasna a Methven ava, but just a neighbour's lass that the wife Methven got to take care of—that is, if you mean Jeanie Kerr, who was Skipper Thorston's guidwife."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Perfect sure—everybody ken'd it, though she was married out of the auld wife Methven's house."

There! if he had only taken the least trouble to investigate details, he would not have required to cross his own doorstep in order to discover the real position of affairs. But the Laird never could attend to trifles; his mind was far too much engaged with grand results to bother about details; and somehow these confounded details were always interfering with the most brilliant calculations of his fertile brain.

There could be no longer any doubt about it—the lawyers had blundered, and he had blundered in the most reprehensible way, because the most ridiculous, seeing that the information necessary to set him right had been all the time within hand's reach.

He dismissed Drysdale, and then he heartily cursed his own stupidity and his own blindness. Why had he not looked into the matter a little more closely? Why had Walter come to him just at the moment when he was most ready to believe what he wished to believe was the case? Confound them all! they had led him into a pretty mess, and he could not see any satisfactory way out of it, with all his experience of political manœuvring.

Enter Walter, face flushed and eyes bright with pleasure. He had been walking at a great pace, keeping time with the merry whirl of his thoughts.

"We have settled it," he said briskly.

"Settled what, sir?"

"The day of the marriage—there's no use putting off time, so we have fixed this day month. By that time we can have the cottage at Drumliemount quite ready, and I shall begin work at once. We are to have everything as quiet as possible, and we go straight to our own home. Of course the marriage will take place at the Norlan' Head."

"Of course her marriage should, under the patronage of the fisher colony, and with a savoury smell of fine fresh herring prevailing."

Walter stared at his father, who sat looking at him over his glasses. The tone and the manner were so peculiar, and were so different from those he had used in the morning. Walter gave a short uneasy laugh.

"I like fresh herring," he said lightly; "and I am glad you do not wish to have the marriage here, for Thorston would never have consented to that. He would have taken the proposal as a kind of insult, and it would have displayed a prejudice—"

"Displayed a fiddlestick," interrupted the Laird restlessly, for he had not yet made up his mind how to declare his changed purpose.

He got up, crossed the room two or three times, then he halted, and, in his best Parliamentary style, addressed his son—playing with his glasses all the while.

"Prejudice is a characteristic of weak minds; I have none. I am practical; consequently I am occasionally disagreeable. Every man who is worth his salt is occasionally disagreeable. Every man who has any right to claim individuality of character, finds it occasionally necessary to change his opinions and views of things political and things social. I find it necessary to change my views."

"In regard to what, sir?" asked Walter, a good deal bewildered by his father's grandiloquence, and quite unsuspecting of the end towards which he was driving.

But that brought him to the point too abruptly. The Laird disliked to give pain, because the sufferer bothered him.

"You are too fast, Walter—you leap to conclusions without arguing them out thoroughly; and unfortunately you act upon these rash conclusions, thereby causing yourself and others a great deal of useless trouble."

"I really cannot discover what you refer to, sir. Have I been bungling in anything lately?"

"Indeed you have been bungling, and I am sorry to say" (with beautifully expressed mild self-condemnation) "so have I."

"That's vexatious; but what is it—money?"

"No—and yet, indirectly, yes," proceeded the Laird, feeling that he had got the sympathy of his son with him so far. "Now I wish to place this matter before you in such a plain way that it may appeal directly to your own common-sense."

"Thank you." (He knew that it was something very disagreeable which the Laird's individualism compelled him to utter.)

"You know, Walter, that I never do anything without a clearly defined motive. Well, when I consented to your marriage with Christina Thorston, I had a motive."

"You wished to make us happy," said Walter, with a startled smile.

"Exactly, but not quite in the way you are thinking. What is it the poet says?—"Love feeds the soul"—that's not right, but it is something to that effect; and that is the way you are thinking of happiness. I am practical: I say love is beautiful, love adds vastly to our enjoyment of life; but I also say love requires a leg of mutton to stand on."

The Laird chuckled at his own joke. Walter's face began to darken, but he remained respectfully silent.

"You are young; you are in love; you are enthusiastic: therefore you are incapable of judging for yourself at present in things practical. I am—well, we won't say old, but considerably your senior; I am experienced; I am a politician: therefore I am the proper person to direct your present course, so that hereafter you may be grateful to me and thankful on your own account."

"I shall be pleased to have your advice, sir," said Walter, his lips closing tightly.

"And I hope you will also be pleased to follow it. You have chosen a career—against my advice, remember—in which the worldly emoluments are small, very small. You may be useful—I will go as far as to say that I believe you would be useful even without a penny of your own—but your power of usefulness would be incalculably increased if you had independent means."

"Father, I cannot look upon the work in that way."

"You must allow me to look upon it in that way, however, and to advise—if necessary to command you. When I consented to this marriage I believed Christina Thorston to be the heiress to the Methven estate—that was the surprise I told you was in store."

"And now you have found that she is not the heiress?" (very coldly and deliberately).

"Yes, and therefore I say to you this affair must proceed no further. You are not to marry Christina Thorston."

END OF CHAPTER THE TWELFTH

JULIET'S TOMB.



ARRIVED at Verona late one evening in the month of August, 1868, after a long though interesting ride from Florence. The air was close and sultry, so close that I smiled at the words which would exactly describe my situation—a cup of tea in one hand, and a napkin sudarium in the other. There was no other way-

farer in the large *salle-à-manger* of a very old-fashioned Italian inn. Its walls were already decorated with loyal pictures of the Re-cletto, Principe Umberto, Garibaldi, and so on. Suddenly through the early-gloom burst forth over the town a grand storm of thunder. The lightning broke open the black veil of night, lit up every brick on the opposite side of the square facing my

hotel, and in a thought was gone. Then again and yet again. I stepped on the balcony and watched the storm bareheaded. The few drops that straggled down seemed to gladden and refresh me after a fortnight's sojourn in hot Italy. In a short time the rain came down more fiercely, and I had to retire.

To-morrow was to be an eventful day. There was that grand arena to explore, carrying one back bodily, as it were, and not in thought merely, to the days of the Cæsars. There were the tombs of the Scaligers, with their waving iron ring-work, and the ladder whence their name. All these and many more "lions." Already I was thinking of the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," of the feuds of Montague and Capulet, and above all I meant to visit Juliet's Tomb.

Later in the evening the heavens cleared; and I wandered to a café not far from the Amphitheatre, and sat down to meditate on that eternal monument of Roman force, on smoking officers, on crowds of Italians really enjoying the mere pleasure of being alive, and—my cup of coffee, for which I paid a franc, in paper of course, and had about seventy copper centesimi, kreuzers, etc., given in exchange. The Austrian's power was gone, but some of his coins remained. After dark I went into a square and heard a very good band of music. In the morning I was awake betimes. It was raining slightly; but this rather encouraged than damped my ardour, for the sky had been three weeks cloudless, and I enjoyed the mere touch of a raindrop. My hotel was the Torre di Londra, Englished on the omnibus "London's Tower," for the benefit of—perhaps the French. Issuing then from "London's Tower" in the Piazza Dante, I was taken possession of by an Italian cicerone. Now I know no Italian—may the shade 'of Dante pardon me!—but somehow I managed to make out my guide. He said he knew a little German and a little French. This may have been true, but he did not prove his knowledge in my hearing. I visited first the arena, one of the most perfect amphitheatres in the world, though not so large as the Coliseum. I wandered about a long time, and quite bewildered my good Italian: all round the top (*i.e.*, the present top, for not more than two-thirds of the rows of seats remain)—all round the arena proper, now peacefully covered with grass—all round inside, besides in and out, in all conceivable directions. Here the wild beasts were kept, there the bodies of fallen gladiators were dragged off with a flesh-hook; here water ran to cleanse away the blood; there above and all round, in a huge elliptical sea or ocean of faces, sat the Romans, *matres et filiae*, toga'd senators and scarred warriors.

See! that conquered Dacian gladiator appeals to the assembled fifty thousand to signify whether he has lost blood enough, and whether he may be

restored to his wife and children far away on the Danubius. Are the thumbs up or down?

But am I alive before the Christian era, or in the boasted nineteenth century? Behold, by Jupiter, O ye Roman ghosts, there is a dirty Italian stacking hay under one of your eternal arches, and another hammering a horse-shoe on a stithy!

After seeing the porter, who looked anything but a Roman—and he sold poor photographs—we went through the Piazza Dante to see the tomb of the Scaligers—the famous "Skalijeree" of the fourteenth century, as my guide called them. I find that the Escalus, Prince of Verona, in "Romeo and Juliet," is said to have been, or mayhap certainly was, Bartolomæo della Scala (A.D. 1303). Anyhow, the tombs are grand; the movable iron net-work around, with the "La Scala," the arms of the family, "entwined" (as the papers say of the Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle), is grander; and the whole surrounding very interesting, from an historical, an antiquarian, and many other points of view—if you could see them, for the tombs are in a small square almost as hard to find as Piccadilly Square, if you did not happen to know where to look. My guide told me all about it, and all about the palazzi round the Piazza Dante—perhaps in "very choice Italian," but I did not understand much of it. In any case I understood as much as the servant whom Capulet sent out through fair Verona to

—"find those persons out

Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay."

Says the servant—

"Find them out whose names are written here! It is written that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil and the painter with his nets, but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned."

"In good time" enter Benvolio and Romeo, and as Romeo can read anything he sees as well as, or better than, his own fortune in his misery, he reads the list of the fair assembly that is to be.

After this we went to some gardens, from which I was to see in the distance not only the whole city, but much of flat Lombardy, with Custoza and many more places interesting or tragic in modern Italian story. I enjoyed the sight much. On referring to my Baedeker I find the gardens are called Giardino Giuste. They contain some magnificent old cypresses, said to be from four to five hundred years old.

At one o'clock I put up for a rest and a lunch, passing, on my way to the guide's favourite café, a church dedicated to St. Thomas, "the holie blissful martyr" of Canterbury.

Duly rested, I sallied forth to visit the Tomba di Giulietta. My guide did not care to go. He had no romantic notions on the subject. He said all the Inglese had a rage for this tomb, and it was

only a coarse old stone trough, which he did not believe, etc. etc. At least, I thought he said something of that sort. At last, after a good deal of pro and con, he consented to humour me in what he considered a sort of harmless English mania.

He had shown me before Juliet's house, very high and not very grand, with a *little cap*, the family crest, on a small stone shield over the court entrance. It is now an inn, like Sir Thomas More's house of persecuting fame in Chelsea *was*, for the new Embankment has swept it away. The street was formerly "Capuletti," but it is now under the protection of St. Sebastian.

At length we came to a pair of broad doors, that prevented our further progress up a narrow lane. But there was a long bell-handle outside, at which my Italian tugged; and the sound produced a small boy, who opened part of the door, with an inquiring face, which inquiry I suppose was satisfactorily answered, for we crossed the bar into a low shed, a carpenter's shop, the floor of which was covered after the usual manner. Leaving this we entered a large garden, with beautifully laden vines trellised over the path. Juliet's garden! A real garden, with real vines, real grapes, real flowers, real fruit above the earth and in it, real rain too falling, and not such a garden as one sees on the stage. And yet the stage garden has one advantage, for it possesses a real Juliet.

And the window away there to the right—did Juliet look out there, or show a light there, after the manner of the young lady in "A Blot in the Scutcheon," when she was waiting for Romeo? And this high wall to the left—did Romeo scale this? Not that it is too high for a lover to scale.

Such thoughts as these and others like crossed my mind. In fact, I was in a high state of reverie somewhere in cloud-cuckoo-land, but came down to earth all too rapidly when my umbrella would catch against the overhanging trellis-work on which the vine was supported.

I enjoyed the visit; but as humanity—notably English humanity—is not wholly free from weather influences, I could not get up much romantic ardour.

I saw "fair Melrose" once, but not "aright." Another time the moon would not come through the right window at Tintern. It was as foggy as London in that real yellow November celebrated in "Bleak House," when I was on Snowdon; and on the Titlis; and the sun would not rise on the Schafberg, the Rigi of the Tyrol. Such experiences have taught me to make the most of what I can get, although I do not believe as a rule that myself or anybody else ever learns from experience.

Meditation among the tombs of the mighty dead was clearly out of place. One couldn't "shed a tear" very well; the heavens were doing that too

plentifully; and one's poetic or imaginative flights, or even one's wishes, that one's own Juliet were by one's side, were pretty sure to be disagreeably put to flight by an envious raindrop finding its globular and chilly way just inside one's collar.

On the whole an umbrella is not romantic. Fancy Romeo and Juliet under an umbrella which wouldn't cover either of them! Cannot you see the stream from the tips making sad work with Juliet's dress? Then an umbrella under a vine-walk! Oh, Bacchus!

But at last by careful dodging I arrived at "the end proposed." A low shed—tool-shed—broken walls—roof off. Bah! Juliet's Tomb here! 'Twere profanation to think so base a thought.

"Ecco!" said my conductor, with a wettish smile, and pointed to a long stone trough, exactly like the baths of Roman times one sees in the galleries of the Uffizi—place for the head even. It contained half an inch of dirty water; and I stood there, looking at it, with my umbrella dripping into it.

My poor Italian stood with both garments and boots exhibiting many solutions of continuity, smiling wetly, as I said, and saying "Ecco, Signor." I could see that my folly amused him; but he was glad of it, nevertheless, for there were certain paper francs to come, on account of it, towards the *polenta* for a wife and four children all but starving at home. Fancy Friar Laurence, and Juliet, and nurse, and County Paris here! But no—no. "Do you—does the Signor believe it?" was nearly the question; and my answer was that which any of my young readers, if I have any, would most likely have made under the circumstances.

Poor Juliet! Didst lie there with bloody Tybalt and the bones of thy great ancestors? Did that fond, foolish, loving, cruel father and mother of thine—that wordy, deaf-on-one-ear old nurse—that paste-board County—that hearty friar, who reminds one very much of Goldsmith's "Hermit of the Dale"—and all the mourning coaches of Verona follow thee hither? Here didst thou sleep off that potent two-and-forty hours' draught? Did Peter and Simon Cutling, and Hugh Rebeck, and James Soundpost try quips here? Was all that fighting and tragedy work done here?—

"Here lies the County Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd."

Nay. And again, no!

I walked from this scene thinking much. The small boy looked wondering why I should give him certain small coins for a look at a stone box. The guide hurried me off to another church (we had seen several before) and my visit was ended. But I should like to go again on a fine day, and not accompanied by a guide only.

JNO. P. FANNTHORPE.

THE WHITE DEER.



"HE SEEKS THE DEER OF THE FOREST."

'HE hunter leaps from slumber,
And quits his cottage door ;
' Days and nights without number,
Forth he has fared before.*

Still the old quest is sorest,
The hunter's heart is cold ;
He seeks the deer of the forest
With mystical horns of gold ✓

Dim as a dream it glimmers
Through the dark forest glades,
Passes with star-light tremors,
Trances the sight, and fades.

By the dim quiet fountain
Lies the print of its form ;
Up 'mid the cloud of the mountain
Cries its voice in the storm !

Not a bullet or arrow
Hath reached its bosom yet,
And though the ways are narrow,
It slips through noose and net.

The hunter's cheek is sickly,
Time hath silvered his hair,
His weary breath comes quickly,
He trembleth in despair.

Many a one before him
Hath been a hunter here.
Then, with the sad sky o'er him
Died in quest of the deer.

See, the day is dying !
See, the hunter is spent !
Under the dark trees lying,
Perishing ill-content.

Ev'n as his sad eyes darken,
Stir the boughs of the glade ;
He gathers his strength to hearken,
Peering into the shade ;

And lo ! with a soft light streaming,
Stainless and dimly bright,

Stands with its great eyes gleaming
The mystical deer, snow-white !

Closer it comes upcreeping,
With burning, beautiful eyes—
Then, as he falls back sleeping,
Touches his lips, and flies !

II.

The live foot ever fleeing,
It comes to the dying and dead
Oh, hope in the darkness of being,
Methinks I hear thy tread.

Around, above me, and under,
God's forest is closing dim ;
I chase the mystical wonder,
Footsore and weary of limb.

Down in the dim recesses,
Up on the heights untrod,
Eluding our dreams and guesses,
Slips the secret of God.

Only seen by the dying,
In the last spectral pain,
Just as the breath is flying—
Flashing, and fading again.

White mystery, might I view thee !
Bright wonder, might we meet !
Ever as I pursue thee
I see the print of thy feet ;

Ever those feet are roaming,
Ever we follow in quest :
While thou hauntest the gloaming,
Never a Soul shall rest !

JOHN BULL'S MONEY MATTERS.—THE QUEEN'S INCOME.

BY ALFRED S. HARVEY, B.A.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART THE SECOND



AND now, having stated the arrangements adopted in the present day for the support of the Crown, we wish to point out very briefly how the system came into operation. Our inquiry involves, in substance, the investigation of the whole of the causes which, in the course of time, have led

to the development of Constitutional Monarchy in this country ; but a few of the more salient features of the subject must suffice for our present purpose.

At the Conquest, the Land Revenues of the Conqueror amply sufficed for all the expenses of government. William the First held 1,422 manors, besides lands and farms in several counties, and the revenue from the forests where the Royal Hunt

was maintained by a system of cruelty and exaction, the severity of which cannot be exaggerated. His annual income, if old chroniclers may be believed, was equal to nearly a million and a quarter of our money ; and his wealth was constantly being extended by the profitable prerogatives of the feudal system.

Now the history of the Crown Lands is briefly this—a history of prodigal waste on the part of the monarch, and of constant intervention on the part of Parliament. Of course, the disposition of the Sovereign would, in this as in other matters, exhibit itself, and a frugal monarch would, now and then, attempt something like control over his estates. Moreover, great political complications such as the Wars of the Roses, or national occurrences of cardinal importance, such as the Seizure of the Monasteries, would at times transfer to the monarch estates of enormous value. The annual income of

the religious houses suppressed by Henry the Eighth amounted to more than a quarter of a million.

But the extravagance of the majority of our kings far more than balanced the thrift of one or two, and even dissipated the majestic additions to their revenue which resulted from such special events as those we have mentioned. Prodigious grants to favourites and mistresses; sales under ruinous conditions when money was sorely needed for foreign war, or when public discontent precluded an increase of taxation; complete mismanagement in administration; these were the characteristics of the Royal Property from the Conquest to the Revolution. On the other hand, Parliament viewed with profound distrust the conduct of the Crown. The House of Commons, and the nation too, had no liking for a king who was always squandering his patrimony and then begging for money. They held it impious to alienate the old estates of the Crown. Year after year, the Legislature passed what were called Acts of Resumption, by which the Crown was compelled to take back its landed property.

But these efforts were fruitless. When the Revolution had been consummated, and Parliament proceeded to settle the question of the support of the Throne, it was found that so little would the king be able to rely on the income derived from his landed estate, that special provision must be made out of the taxation of the country. This special provision was called the Civil List, and its amount was fixed at £600,000 a year.

Now be it observed this sum included the whole public expenditure, except that necessary for the support of the army and the progress of the war with France. All charges for Civil Government, of whatever kind, were considered just as much Civil List charges as those connected with the monarch's household. In fact, the distinction made in the present day between the administration of the Government and the personal expenditure of the Crown was then unknown.

It happens that a detailed list of the charges borne on the Civil List of William the Third has been preserved in the Record Office. It bears date 10th August, 1699, and is valuable because of the information it affords as to the rate of salaries payable at the time, as well as the nature of the expenditure generally. Its main divisions are the Personal Expenditure of the monarch; the Charge for Foreign Ministers; the Fees and Salaries, under which head is included nearly all the cost of the Civil Administration; the Pensions and Perpetuities; the Privy Purse, and Miscellaneous Expenditure. The Privy Purse is stated at £40,000. The Personal Expenses are sub-divided with considerable minuteness. Then the Household Expenses are estimated at £100,000; the cost of the Royal

Wardrobe at £24,000; the maintenance of the Palaces and Gardens at Kensington, Hampton Court, and St. James's, £25,000; of the Stables, £18,000; and of the Jewels and Plate, £9,000.

It is important to note that this division of the king's household and family disbursements was no mere calculation entered into for the purpose of arriving at the total required. Much more than this was involved. Parliament, in thus appropriating the Civil List, desired to uphold the principle that the outward and visible pageantry of the monarch must not be impaired. Just as in the management of the Crown Lands it was necessary to interpose even sternly, and prevent the king from impoverishing himself, and so presenting to the eyes of his subjects the spectacle of a lack-land Sovereign: so, now, the king was expected to maintain an establishment adequate to the dignity of the nation. Hence a distribution of expenditure between household, wardrobe, stables, and jewellery, which seems at first sight puerile and frivolous. To this point, however, we shall have occasion to recur hereafter.

The charge for Foreign Ministers is small, and not devoid of interest; £40,000 is stated as an adequate provision for fifteen ambassadors, envoys, and consuls, in days when the nation found it necessary to have representatives at no place out of Europe save Algiers and Tripoli, nor in Europe at the courts of Russia, Turkey, Germany, and Holland. Now-a-days, when English commerce and English colonisation have planted a consul at almost every port, and necessitated diplomatic relations with every power, this £40,000 has swelled to more than half a million, for the regular consular establishment, to say nothing of special missions and outfits.

Turning to the list of salaries, which includes all sorts of officials from the Lord Chancellor to the Master Plasterer and Master Bricklayer, we observe that the twelve judges received £1,000 each; the Secretaries of State, £1,950; the Lord President of the Council, £1,500; the Lord Chancellor, £4,000. Some names occur familiar to every reader of English history. Dr. Bentley, as Library-keeper at St. James's, has £200; Mr. Rymer, the editor of the "Fœdera," is Historiographer Royal, with £200; Mr. Tate, Poet Laureate, with £100. The total for salaries is only about £80,000, a sum curiously small, even when allowance is made for the fact that many of the great officers of State were remunerated by fees.

But if the cost of the Civil Administration was small, the charge for Pensions and Perpetuities was anything but slight. As the historical student peruses the long list of pensioners, he feels no surprise that the Pension List should have been for years the bugbear of financial reformers. The extent and character of the pensions he confers will

form no bad test of the character of the monarch who confers them. The Civil List of William the Third bears indelible traces of the licence and extravagance of his predecessors, and especially of the king "who never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one." The annual grants varying from £1,000 to £4,000 a year bestowed on the Dukes of St. Albans, Grafton, Southampton, and Richmond, and of £4,700 to the Duchess of Cleveland, point unmistakeably to Charles the Second. The same observation applies to the £500 a year paid to Thomas Lane for services in Charles's escape. Indeed, so prodigal had this monarch been in burdening the Civil List with grants to his favourites, that the claims of his gentlemen, grooms, pages, etc., are emphatically described as "scarce to be computed."

Of other items on William's Pension we notice that consummate scoundrel Dr. Titus Oates as the recipient of an annual sum of £300 for life of himself and son; grants to the University of Cambridge of £13 6s. 8d. for a divinity lecturer, and £40 for a physic reader; besides small benefactions to the poor of several of the London parishes. On the whole, out of a Civil List of £660,000, over £200,000 is expended for pensions and bounty, or about two and a half times as much as the cost for salaries for the Civil Administration. And this, be it remembered, was the state of things under William the Third, a monarch whose natural thrift, united with the minute and often vexatious Parliamentary criticism to which he was always exposed, forbade to some extent reckless expenditure.

We repeat that the Civil List of William the Third contained all the expenditure necessary for the government of the country, the charge of the National Debt and of the Army and Navy being defrayed out of other funds. The Civil Lists of George the First and George the Second, arranged on the same footing, amounted to rather more than £800,000 a year. These monarchs, of course, received the revenues arising from the Crown Lands. But when George the Third came to the throne the mismanagement of these lands had become such a scandal, that reform could no longer be delayed. Accordingly, the king agreed to surrender them to the country; in other words, the proceeds arising therefrom were henceforth part of the revenues of the nation, and saved taxation to that amount. This example has always been followed by subsequent Sovereigns. It will, of course, be understood that each monarch resigns his landed estate for his own reign, in return for the Civil List granted by the nation. On his death, the Crown Lands vest in his successor, who on his accession makes a new surrender. Thus the position occupied by the public is simply that of a life-tenant.

There cannot, we fancy, be any question as to the wisdom of the arrangement by which the

Crown Lands are managed by the nation. The policy of that plan is justified by the results. Since these lands have been administered by a public department, the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, the profits arising therefrom have steadily increased, and amount now to £375,000 a year. Indeed the nature of these estates is such as to render them eminently unsuited for management by the Crown itself. There are forests and woodlands, such as Wychwood and Whittlewood, with hereditary rangers, who seem not to have considered their Sovereign in the discharge of their duties. When the Royal Warrants for the supply of venison for the royal table were issued, the ranger killed the deer, and took his twenty-six shillings for each buck slaughtered. But the timber, which is the main element of profit in a forest, seems to have been neglected. Then there are manors and houses dispersed over nearly all the counties of England, and a multitudinous array of fee-farm-rents, varying from shillings to many pounds each, the remnants of old feudal tenures. Such an estate needs a frugal and careful supervision hardly in keeping with the generous magnificence of royalty. Thrifty and provident administration by a king is apt to expose him to the charge of penuriousness. Economy is not commonly considered to be a royal virtue.

The surrender of the Crown Lands by George the Third was the first of the reforms of the Civil List; and it was quickly followed by others. No sooner, indeed, had the Civil List been settled, than it proved inadequate to the ever-growing demands of the Civil expenditure. Grants had frequently to be made to pay off Civil List debts. Then came times of great distress, the National Debt increased, the "Letters of Junius," old *nominis umbra*, fanned the flame of public discontent; and at length, in 1780, Burke, in a speech remarkable alike for its majestic diction and its massing of facts, introduced his proposals for a reform of Civil List expenditure. He showed how the old idea of a monarch's household, based on the feudal system, was inapplicable to modern times. Thus it came to pass that the Court was so managed that "the people saw nothing but the operations of parsimony attended by the consequences of profusion." The expenses of the king were enormous, yet he lived in a stinted and meagre fashion. The throne was surrounded by sinecurists. The very turnspit was a member of Parliament, and received a handsome salary, while the actual work was performed by an underpaid drudge. The royal palaces, with bleak winds howling through the vast halls, with chill and comfortless chambers, served only to remind of an effete magnificence, and offered neither grace nor comfort. Burke's proposals certainly went to the root of the matter. Many of them, such as the arrangement of the Civil List

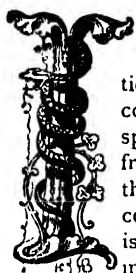
expenditure into classes, the abolition of a vast number of sinecures, and the maintenance of a vigorous control over the disbursements generally, were undoubtedly good; others, as the sale of all the Crown Lands, were too drastic to be attempted;

while others again, as the whimsical suggestion that the supply of the royal table should be contracted for, clearly involved principles derogatory to the dignity of the Crown.

END OF PART THE SECOND.

MEN WHO FACE DEATH.

THE DOCTOR.



DON'T know that members of the medical profession have the reputation of being cynical brutes. On the contrary, it is quite common to hear them spoken of in society as jolly fellows. They frequently exhibit a certain reserve when they are called upon to speak, not as companions, but as practitioners, and this is often attributed to the etiquette demanded of them by the necessity for keeping up professional mystery. If they were to speak quite openly and plainly, and to write their prescriptions in English, or tell a patient to go and buy two-pennyworth of something, make it into tea, and drink a wine-glassful three times a day, nobody would believe in them; and everybody would find out what a very simple thing the science of medicine is after all.

This is how ordinary people talk about doctors while they are pretty well in health; and it is just this kind of half-truth, which is worse than a whole falsehood, that produces the reticence complained of. The reserve, or the professional mannerism, that is so constantly resented and so frequently derided, is a protest against ignorance and injustice, and is necessary to protect people against their own self-conceit. While patients persist in regarding the remedy as more important than the knowledge which directs its use, it is actually dangerous for a doctor to trust them to take physic except in the form of so many table-spoonfuls from "the mixture as before." In the present condition of popular intelligence, it might be profitable for doctors to leave people to dose themselves occasionally. Just as the shrewd attorney proposed as a legal toast, "Here's to the man who makes his own will," the general practitioner at a medical soirée might (ironically) propose the health of the patient who tries to be his own doctor.

The truth is that "medical men" might very well be excused for thinking a little bitterly of the manner in which they are too frequently regarded by a very large section of the community. Even in this boasted age of enlightenment they are the victims of a remnant of barbarous superstition, under the influence of which otherwise intelligent people treat them as though they were the medicine-men of a tribe of savages, not only curing but

bringing diseases, or even promoting ailments which they afterwards remove by some kind of incantation and the use of charms or fetishes. Nothing can equal the sarcastic expressions of people in reference to doctors, except it be the abject recantations of the same people when they are taken ill and fail to cure themselves with a couple of pills or a dose of salts and senna. On every hand the poor medico is condemned to hear himself spoken of obliquely as though he went about the world inducing people to ruin their constitutions, that he might keep them on his books for the remainder of their feeble lives.

Even in neighbourhoods where advice gratis or a dispensary letter is the common form of medical practice, the shoemaker tickets the thickest-soled boots in his window as "the doctor's enemy," and the vendors of chest-protectors and flannel waistcoats will exhort the public to wear warm clothing and "defy the doctors," as though indulgence in damp feet and the disuse of woollen garments had been advocated by the faculty from time immemorial.

Do a dozen robust people ever meet together and fall into that common topic of conversation, their past, present, and probable ailments, without some of them expressing a disbelief in medicine, and narrating the experience of somebody who, after having "spent a fortune in doctors" in vain, was cured of an intolerable malady by sucking a lozenge, or eating brown bread and butter, or some other convincingly simple process, the recital of which confirms the general opinion that mankind ought to be without doctors? Yet let any one of these people, or a member of their household, begin to suffer from some unexplained disorder, and they will send post-haste for medical aid, even at midnight, and watch with eager, reproachful looks for an opinion to which they give almost the importance of a verdict.

It is this dreadful persistence with which, even the most sensible people are led, in their anxiety, to regard the doctor as the arbiter, instead of the helper, that makes the profession so arduous. No practitioner who permits his feelings to be too deeply moved, or who stays long to listen to the entreaties, or to watch the wistful imploring looks of those who wait for his coming, and almost

resent the fact of his having other patients, will be able to get through the work of a day's ordinary practice. To give way to the outward expression of sympathy that may move his heart, or to encourage a half-hysterical demonstration of sentiment, may be injurious to those concerned, and may utterly unfit him for the duty to which he is called. So his directions are brief, his opinion guarded. He "will look in again in the evening," after he has seen his other cases. For all of which perhaps he is suspected of "finding himself baffled," while the general conclusion is that "doctors have no feelings."

And should he have to face Death, should all his efforts be unavailing, and the exercise of his utmost skill fail to arrest the footstep of the silent messenger, he has, in addition to the grief and the pang that must come to us all when we stand in the presence of the dead, the sense that he is likely to be regarded with unjust suspicion, and spoken of with bated breath, in words of scarcely concealed reproach.

It is not unnatural; he knows that well enough. Even in his own heart there may be painful self-questioning: Could not something more have been done? If such-and-such a remedy had been used, might it have turned the balance? Supposing some experiment had been tried? Experiment! Why, even now he is half accused of having "tried experiments," and of having neglected the good old certain paths. Heaven help him! what was he to do? He almost wishes he had never entered the profession. He has "lost a patient" in a world where it is ordained that every man and woman shall die, and where children are born and die every day. Happy for him if he be not pursued with trouble, in consequence of having been called in to several hopeless cases, and so acquiring a bad reputation because he has not been able to cure the incurable by conjuration.

The more closely we observe the tone of ordinary thought on the subject of doctors, the more we shall be convinced that we are still in a semi-barbarous condition, where the medicine-man is expected to charm away disease.

It is only with a kind of wrench to the side of reason that people are brought to acknowledge doctors to be themselves mortal. For a medical man to be long ill is a proof that he is a pretender. Should he die, there is a kind of suspicion that his demise is a disgrace to the profession, and is another proof (had any more been wanting) that the science of medicine is a delusion. That the skilled practitioner is unable to carry his own immortality in a phial or a pill-box, is at present not quite clear to the ordinary understanding; so that the dangers to which he is exposed daily are thought lightly of, not only because they come into the ordinary round of his professional duty, but because

he is supposed to have in his pocket an antidote to contagion or infection, and to the results of exposure to cold and wet during long hours of mental effort, and often of enforced abstinence from food and drink.

Even in a general, or what is called a "family" practice, the doctor may be said to look Death in the face more frequently than most other men; but he has probably learnt to do so more often still during the early training by which he has risen to a recognised position in the profession. In hospitals and workhouse wards, in gaols and infirmaries, in fever-stricken ships, or asylums for the destitute or the dying, and—worst of all, perhaps—amidst the foul neighbourhoods of large towns, where the children sicken in the tainted air, and the very water holds the germs of disease; where meat means more than medicine, and the dispensary should be built against a kitchen; by beds of straw, and in rooms where fireless grates and empty cupboards mock advice gratis, and shame the words of science into a groan of sorrow—it is in these places that the doctor goes to face Death. He will go still, even though public boards and Government committees join hands to keep things as they are, in spite of Acts of Parliament and sanitary measures which exclude from their provisions any adequate recognition of those "medical officers" who are supposed to be sufficiently rewarded by the accession of dignity derived from a "public appointment," which may actually have the effect of destroying, rather than increasing, their private practice.

The brave fellows who have to face Death by sudden summons—the fireman, the lifeboat-man, the engine-driver, and others who have yet to be noticed in the public estimate of men's work—are among those who best know how to appreciate the doctor's duty, and who greet him with brightening eye and respectful gesture as he goes amidst them on his daily round to visit wife, or child, or mate; and their grateful thanks are to be reckoned among his keenest joys. In the triumphs of his profession, the increasing if slow achievements in the alleviation of suffering and the abatement of mortal diseases, he finds the true antidote to the corroding suspicion and misunderstanding that too often threaten to sour his temper and make him doubt the wisdom of his choice. As a matter of fact, the man who has gone into the profession with a true liking for the work seldom regrets his choice. Of him it may be said, "The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not with its joys."

I think I used to feel thus even when I was a young assistant to a country practitioner, and had to saddle the pony on a wet night and ride eight miles, to administer a couple of pills and prescribe a black draught for a farmer who had eaten too much at the market dinner. I know that I came

to London with unabated enthusiasm, and had, as I fancied, an enormous capacity for hard work, when I was appointed house-surgeon to my hospital, and prepared to go through the usual course, with the addition of attending all the lectures for which I could afford to pay the fees. Doctors are not accustomed to say much about early struggles; it is another peculiarity of the ordinary patient, that he would suspect the ability of any medical man if he knew that he had once carried out the medicine, or taken down the surgery shutters, or sold penn'orths of antibilious pills behind a chemist's counter. I shall not, therefore, say much about the constant work—the effort to eke out a small allowance by living on sixpences and shillings—the sense of dismay when at last the money has been scraped together to pay for “a small practice capable of considerable extension,” and the new aspirant discovers that, like Mr. Bob Sawyer's business at Bristol, it is “so snug that you might put it into a wine-glass and cover it over with a gooseberry leaf.”

I have reason to be thankful that I was of a rather imperturbable temper, and that I meant to make a fight for a position. There was only one plan open to me in the district I had chosen, and that was to cultivate a dispensing practice amongst the poor. Need I say that the parish soon had its eye on me? I mean the guardians of the poor—the workhouse authorities, who marked me at once as a struggling practitioner who could naturally be bought at a very cheap rate.

The appointment of parish doctor was vacant and I obtained it. I became one of four hundred medical men, holding similar appointments to about six hundred and seventy unions in England and Wales, and who attended the inmates of their unions at an average rate, taking them all round, of fivepence-halfpenny a case; though in my instance the pay was less by a great deal—for ours was a large metropolitan workhouse, and the number of patients reduced the sum per case to about threepence-halfpenny; while the doctor was expected to exhibit a subserviency to the board, to the master, and to the relieving officer, which would probably have been considered humble if it had been displayed in a similar degree by the hall-porter. Could I order meat or wine at discretion? Certainly, in theory I could—just as I could report on inefficient drainage, or foul water supply, or contravention of sanitary Acts of Parliament—but as the sole object of guardians was to keep down the rates, and I was expected to earn my salary by keeping a badly ventilated infirmary empty of patients through the use of common drugs, poor in quality, and supplied by contract, I had a hard time of it, and longed to be able to leave the coveted position to a successor.

If the parish doctor does not face Death, I cannot tell who can claim the terrible experience; and that

duty continues even after he has resigned his public position; for his practice still lies amongst the poor, and maternity charity, dispensary, or hospital, probably all these claim him for their own. If he be a true man, he is willing that it should be so. He has learnt that he cannot turn from the plough on which he lays his hand; but he seeks sympathy, and the tacit acknowledgment of his work. Night after night when the bell jangles close to his ear, and summons him to dress speedily, and go out into the dim drizzle or the dread cold and darkness that settles down upon the threshold of the coming day, he knows that there is no more sleep for him that night—as well as he knows that there will be but a three-and-sixpenny fee for medicines, or perhaps that it will be a parish case after all. He may be wearied, or himself be suffering from pains and sickness; but should he refuse to go, or refer the applicant to another practitioner, his name would be mentioned with execration, and perhaps the most inveterate of his accusers would be a well-to-do tradesman who had come to him as a gratis patient, and been offended at being charged for a bottle of medicine.

Every surgeon of a hospital knows too well to what inconceivable meanness people will stoop to obtain medical advice for nothing. There might be some excuse in the prevalent opinion that the most eminent men are selected to see patients at special and other institutions; but the same practitioners can be consulted at their own homes—and, as a matter of fact, the well-to-do impostors who obtain gratuitous relief are not grateful enough even to send a donation to the institution. Shall I ever forget meeting, at an assembly at the Mansion House, the wife and daughters of an alderman, who had come to me disguised in shabby apparel to seek advice, at a hospital where I had recently been appointed surgeon!

That was later in my professional life, of course, and after I had given up parish practice; but I had looked Death in the face very often in that poor district where I settled down, and at length extended the practice that had absorbed all my savings, and a small patrimony besides, before I ceased to wonder how I should be able to hold on. There was serious work to do there, for when the epidemic broke out whole streets were smitten, and the courts and alleys became centres of pestilence that had to be cleansed and purified, if only we could stir the unwieldy authorities to action.

Again it was the lack of wholesome meat and drink that kept us looking Death in the face, and but for the funds of a few charitable people, and the efforts of those who came to the rescue, and stood by the doctor to stare down Death with hopeful eyes, nobody can tell when the plague would have been stayed. For some time I had found out, that other visits, than mine had comforted the poor creatures

in those wretched homes. Broth and wine and simple food began to be distributed, and I sometimes heard a woman's footstep on the creaking stairs. We met at last, and joined hands to the work. All the poor people knew her, and some of them turned their smiles to share them with me, when we met at their bedsides—which happened seldom, for she had duties to do at home, where her brother the curate lived, a widower with two little children. They could afford to give little, but they knew how to make the alms of others multiply into wholesome food and warm clothing; and brother and sister, but lately coming to the parish, brought with them as it were the inheritance of the widow's cruse that Elijah had blessed, and preached a living gospel. The sick-nurse and I had looked Death in the face together, and our hands clasped in work were not unloosed when the epidemic had disappeared. Bessie and I have children of our own now, and live in a large house, and sometimes she goes with me when I visit patients in the carriage. I am senior surgeon to the local hospital, and so see my poor patients still; and I have my gratis mornings, and Bess my wife her coal clubs and mothers' meetings, and all the rest of it. Perhaps I have less reason to grumble than many others among my professional brethren, but on their behalf, as well as my own, I do earnestly wish that we doctors could come to be regarded as earnest, striving, conscientious men, heartily anxious to do our work, and to keep up the hearts of our patients as well as to physic them, and to come amongst them as friends if they will only cease to treat us as necromancers.

IN HONOUR BOUND.

BY CHARLES GIBBON,

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH. TEMPTATION.

WALTER had been prepared for something disagreeable; but he was not prepared for the command to break off his marriage. At the words he lifted his head, quick and angry; then suddenly became calm, smiling incredulously.

"That is not a pleasant joke, sir—I thought for an instant that you were serious."

He was so quiet and so respectful that he made it appear as if such a proposal could not be anything but a jest—and a very poor one.

The Laird was hurt; he had wrought up to his climax, as he thought, so cleverly, and with such keen argument, that it seemed impossible to deny the force and necessity of his conclusion. And then to have it all treated as a bad joke!

"I am perfectly serious, Walter; I speak for the girl's sake as much as for yours; and you will offend me very much if you do not behave in this matter like a man of sense."

There came over Walter's face a dark expression—as if he had moved into a black shadow—which the father knew to be indicative of the very worst phase of his character—utter and unreasoning stubbornness.

"And a man of sense would—?"

"Would see that I have spoken out of the kindest feeling for you and for her; and he would agree with me."

"I do not doubt the kindness of your motives, father; but I am sorry that I must offend you, for I must ask you not to speak of this again. Our marriage will take place on this day month."

He wheeled about and quitted the room before Dalmahey could recover breath to reply. He was altogether taken aback by the calm resolution of his son; he could have argued with him, and beaten him in the argument, he flattered himself. But when a man quietly declines all discussion, and gives no opportunity to bring him to reason, what can you do but leave him to his own devices?

The Laird was angry. Children, he thought, were very different from what they used to be when a parent's word was law. He had been anxious only to insure the future welfare of "that youth," and here he was treated with silent contempt for his pains. Worse, he had been made to feel that it was a sort of contemptible thing to do, to make mischief between two young folk. But he was angry, and he was resolved that his word should be respected—resolved in fact to have his own way, whatever might be the cost; and he magnified the wisdom of his own ways, in order to quench that irritating suggestion of conscience that it would be best not to interfere any further.

"But these hot-headed youths and thoughtless lassies are always fools, and they blame their friends when it is too late to mend the blunders they have made themselves. I will not give them a chance to blame me. I shall do my best to save them from this folly."

He really had no evil intention; at that moment he was not thinking of his own hopes at all; he was only speculating upon the future troubles which Walter was preparing for himself with such dour perversity.

The Laird rode over to Craighburn.

He passed by fields of ripening grain which swayed softly to the wind, and sparkled yellow and green under the sun-rays; the distant roar of the sea swept over the moorland, and the hills before him looked blue, and black, and purple under the rapidly changing touch of the afternoon light. He returned civil salutes to the hearty greetings of the farmers who passed him in their gigs or on horse-back; but his thoughts were busy with one subject, and he could not halt to discuss the game-laws, or even the law of hypothec, with any of his ac-

quaintances, though as a rule he was ready enough to avail himself of any opportunity to express his decided opinions on the popular side of any of these questions.

cannot be. I mind weel enough it was just the other day you were elected; and did you no spout that speech of yours to me and the cabbages in the cauld winter morning, when the curlics, tipped with the frost, looked like a crowd of auld wivcs' heads in white mutchcs? Oh, I mind fine."

He made no further attempt to undeceive her as to the lapse of time; it would have been cruel to do so, the mistake afforded her so much enjoyment.

He signified to Grace that he wished to speak to her privately, and they went down-stairs together.



"I HOP I SEE YOU WEE!"

"Aye, Hugh, it's a sight for sare e'en to see you," she muttered; "but if I wore breeks, and had a vote, you'd be here fast enough."

"You forget that I have no interest in votes now—I gave up Parliament twenty years ago."

"Twenty years ago!—you're raving, man; it

"I want to see your pansies, Grace—didn't you take the prize at the last show?"

"Yes, and I am very proud of it, for the pansies are my favourites; there is something so very subdued about them—they always make me think of sad eyes; they look up so wistfully, as if seeking for some lost hope. There, you will think me sentimental, uncle, and that would be dreadful!"

She, laughing, snatched up her garden-hat, took his arm, and they went out, followed by her dog, Pate. It was a shaggy collie, and seemed to be the most ferocious of animals, on account of the teeth of the under jaw overlapping the upper lip. For this "shot" mouth and his general ugliness he was, when a pup, condemned to be drowned; from that

fate Grace rescued him, and as he grew up he showed a devotion for her alone, which suggested that he understood how much he was indebted to her. She used to say that he was the ugliest dog in the world, and the kindest and most sagacious. He did everything but speak, and he tried that sometimes when expressing thanks to his mistress.

Grace exhibited her pansies, and the Laird examined them absently; indeed, he did not show the interest in them he professed to feel. They walked to the foot of the garden, where a green bank, now studded with buttercups and daisies, kept the burn in bounds during the frequent floods of winter.

She gathered flowers for a nosegay, and, when they reached a bower covered with honeysuckle, she sat down to arrange them. Pate stretched himself at her feet, his nose resting on his paws. The Laird remained standing.

"I want your assistance, Grace."

"In what way, uncle? You know how it pleases me to do anything for you" (her dainty fingers busy selecting the flowers from her lap).

"It is with Walter."

There was just the least little start, and the fingers trembled for a second on the stem of a rose.

"What has he been doing?"

"Making a fool of himself, as usual. Now, Grace, there is nobody who has so much influence over him as you have——"

"Wrongly, uncle; my influence must give place to that of Teenie, now."

The Laird's eyes twinkled. Teenie! he had not thought of her, but she might be made the chief power in his scheme.

"But it is in regard to her that I want you to help me—I want to have this ridiculous marriage broken off at once."

Grace's head drooped over her flowers. She spoke in a low agitated voice—

"I thought you had given a full and free consent to the marriage."

"Well—yes—but—in fact, things have since come to my knowledge which have induced me to retract. For the girl's sake as well as Walter's, I think it right to prevent this affair going any further."

Her eyes were fixed steadily on the flowers. What a temptation there was offered to her! Prevent the marriage, and by-and-by—a long time hence—perhaps Walter might come back to her. And his father, who should know best, told her that it was for the girl's sake as much as Walter's. It would be right, it would be kind; and then the dreams of happiness, which she had been trying so hard to forget, might be realised—might——

She got up, scattering the unused flowers on the ground, and over Pate's ugly head—dusting the

fragments off her dress with one hand, while the other held up the bouquet.

"I cannot help you in this, uncle," she said firmly; "it would be unjust to Walter and cruel to Teenie to interfere with their arrangements now."

"I thought you cared more for him than to refuse to save him from an act of folly——"

He stopped; her dark eyes were lifted to his face with such a pained look—they were like her pansies with the dew upon them.

"You know that I cannot speak to him on this subject" (voice subdued, but quite steady).

"There, there, child!" exclaimed Dalmahoy hastily; "I am anxious, therefore I am stupid and selfish; but I am the more anxious now that I see—well, never mind. I shall do what I can."

"She's at the greetin' for him," muttered the Laird as he rode home, "and he's a bigger fool than I thought. But we'll see."

She felt such a queer aching in her breast that Grace wondered if she had caught cold, or if it could be rheumatism. In her quiet way she was very merry, and Pate gambolled beside her; he was always ready to sympathise with her moods, gay or sad. But he could not see that her gaiety was close kin to tears.

She was indeed glad that she had been able to resist the temptation to join the Laird in his effort to stop the marriage; but she could not help speculating upon what might happen if he should be successful. Then she felt so full of shame and vexation at her own weakness—she felt so bitter against herself that she was ready to use a scourge to her own back with vigour. She would halt, dreaming, eyes fixed on the ground, until Pate roused her by placing his cold nose on her hand. Then she would start, with a kindly word to her friend, and hasten forward.

"Habbie Gowk brought this for you, mem," said a rosy-faced housemaid, handing a letter to her mistress.

"Thank you, Mary" (taking the letter listlessly, but stirring into quick interest when she recognised the penmanship); "tell Habbie to wait."

"Yes, mem; he's in the kitchen, and his donkey's in the stable-yard, and he says he's had naething to eat or drink the day, but I think he's gey fou."

"Give him some dinner, then."

"Yes, mem."

And Mary hastened back to the house.

Grace, standing under a hawthorn-tree—bright with red berries, which, by contrast, made her bonnie face appear the paler—read the few lines Walter had written.

Frank and trustful, he was almost cruel in his utter faith in Grace. He forgot, or rather he did not know, what she was suffering. It was a hasty scrawl, telling her that his father had changed his mind about the marriage, and begging her to help

him to satisfy the old gentleman that he was bound to redeem the pledge he had given Teenie.

"There is some wicked perversity in my nature," he wrote, "for my father's objections made me feel the more devoted to her."

He did not mention the motive which inspired his father's objection—he felt that to be a disgrace to them all.

Grace was pleased that he should appeal to her even in this matter, whilst her heart ached. How blind and stupid he must be, not to know that every word which showed his devotion to Teenie inflicted a wound upon her, by making her feel the more keenly that the love she craved for was given to another! But he trusted her; he had accepted with blind fidelity the hasty renunciation she had made. He loved her so much that he never doubted her truth. Well, she would be worthy of his trust—but how cruel they all were to come to her in this crisis!

Those wicked feelings which had tortured her of late began to rise again; but she would trample them underfoot. She would help Walter and Teenie, and in their happiness she would find her own.

Yet she felt very weak—ah, how she loved him! She had never known till now how entirely her best thoughts and hopes were concentrated in him. Would Teenie ever love him so? She dared not answer that, for she feared doing injustice to Teenie—and she was to be his wife. But she was proud now to think of the answer she had given to Dalmahoy. Aye, she would try, and try very hard, to be worthy of Walter's inconsiderate trust.

She went indoors, leaving Pate unnoticed in the hall, and he looked after her with wistful eyes, sensible that there was something wrong. He sat down and waited, his eyes fixed upon the door of the room, his teeth showing more ferociously than ever.

Grace wrote two brief letters—one to Walter, the other to Teenie. Then she went into the kitchen, followed by Pate, for he was privileged to go there. It was a bright, tidy place; dish-covers, polished to a degree, glistening on the walls; hams and comfortable sides of bacon dependent from the roof, interspersed with netfuls of onions. The kitchen despotism of the cook was unknown to these simple folk, and the mistress was as welcome in that region as in any other part of her own house.

"Where is Habbie?" she asked, looking round.

"Here, mem," answered a voice, and the owner appeared from behind a clothes-horse, wiping his mouth—which was full—with the cuff of his coat. "I hope I see you weel."

"Thanks, Habbie. I want you to take these notes for me to Mr. Walter Burnett and to Miss Thorston."

"Oo, aye, it will just be ae errand, for I'm sure to find young Dalmahoy at the Norlan' Head—he's

aye there; and there's fine clashes going round the country about him and Thorston's lass. She's a braw quean, mem, and I wouldna wonder if there was some truth in what a'body says."

"I would like you to go to Dalmahoy first, though."

"Very weel, mem; it's a gowk's errand, but ony-thing to obleege you."

Grace repeated her instructions, and the man, who had by this time got his mouth emptied, professed the most implicit obedience. As if determined to show that he could be brisk in her service, he finished his cog of ale at a gulp, seized his staff and bonnet, and made for the stable-yard as fast as his lame leg would allow him to go.

He found his donkey at the water-trough, looking rather melancholy; and, inspired by the importance of his mission, he asked the ostler somewhat pompously if his "beast" had got a feed.

"He's had a pickle straw and some thrustles," said the man, laughing, and with mock respect holding out his hand as if for a fee.

"I'm obleeged to ye," said Habbie, "and I'll be owing you something at the fair."

He mounted his steed and rode out of the yard—or court, as it is called—with more importance than the Laird himself.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

"THE FOOT."

HABBIE GOWK—Geikie was the name, but popular humour had transformed it into Gowk, the equivalent of a fool; and Habbie accepted the amendment without murmur—Habbie was a man of importance.

He was a stout thick-set fellow; round cheeks and pale grey eyes; thin hair and shaggy beard; a broken nose, with an emphatic turn-up at the point. Dress: a threadbare tweed shooting-coat, of speckled brown colour, with capacious pockets at either side and in the breast; the side-pockets seemed to be always loaded, so that the coat hung heavily from the shoulders; vest of similar material, and, in default of buttons, fastened across his breast with large pins, which were very conspicuous; trousers of moleskin, well patched; and a fur cap, somewhat greasy, and in several places scalded-looking.

He had been lamed in childhood; he had been always "half cracked," and consequently he had never been expected to take part in the hard work of his fellows. However, he learned to read and to write: he became the recognised clerk to all the lads and lasses of the district, who from ignorance or shyness could not write their own letters. This circumstance, combined with the reading of Burns, the Ettrick Shepherd, and other poets, whose works the minister lent him, and something in himself (vanity?) made him a poet.

He wrote verse as well as prose for his patrons; and he was rewarded with more hearty meeds of

praise than most versifiers enjoy. His lameness interfered with his progress; he got a donkey for a few shillings, and so he was enabled to travel throughout the country, independent and happy. He wrote ballads—they were printed at the office of the *Kingshaven Gazette*, on long strips of paper—and his pockets stuffed with bundles of his own "making," he wandered about from house to house, and from fair to fair, selling his ballads at a penny apiece. Habbie, his donkey "Beattie" (named after "the Minstrel"), and his verses were recognised as a part of all the local gatherings, into the midst of which he rode always with the same song—

"I'm Habbie Gowk o' Rowanden;
Here's ballants for the maids and men
I wrat 'em wi' my ain pen."

On occasion he was ready enough with sly retort. At the house of a farmer, who soon after the death of his first wife had taken for his second spouse a woman who was a "manager"—that is, extremely stingy—and who covered her stinginess with extreme piety: the mistress entered the kitchen where Habbie, as a matter of course, was about to take his kail with the ploughmen. She was not pleased by the appearance of this ungodly interloper, and she insisted upon hearing the men say grace before they began their meal. Habbie got up and, remembering the guidwife who was no more, said—

"Guid and gracious, she is gan
Proud and saucy she's come hame,
Cauld kail and little bread—
Oh, guid gracious, that she was dead!"

Habbie was never admitted to that kitchen again. He did not care; his rhymes and his gossip obtained for him a welcome in so many places.

"How do you make your ballads, Habbie?" said an aspiring poet to him one day.

"Oo, I make my ballads best when I'm just lying on my back in a ley-field, chawing a carrot."

It was a free and joyful life he led, wandering from town to town, across the moors and through the bosky glens, by the shore and over the hills. But there came a season when he was sick, and harvest was bad, and poor Habbie and his donkey were like to starve. The Kingshaven Gas-works had just opened, and a time-keeper was wanted. The provost and bailies—meaning kindly—thought that this would be an excellent appointment for Habbie. He could write well; he could sum a little; his lameness was no obstacle; and so they offered him the place, making it a solemn condition with him that from that date forth he would never attempt to write a line of verse.

Habbie, weak with sickness, looked at his donkey, and for the donkey's sake agreed. The provost would have had him sell the companion of his wanderings, but that was too much. He refused; so the provost yielded, and Habbie, with his donkey, entered upon the important duties of time and

gate-keeper of the Kingshaven and Rowanden Gas-works.

The provost congratulated himself upon having done a charitable action and reclaimed a vagrant. Habbie felt that he had sunk very low in the world, but for the first week he was punctual and attentive to his duties—the weather happened to be misty and dull. The sun shone—Habbie became restless. Sitting on a high stool in the wooden box at the gate, the time-book before him, and rows of figures dazzling his eyes, he snatched up a scrap of paper and the stump of a pencil, inspired with the grand idea of turning the multiplication table into rhyme. He remembered his pledge, and with a sigh put away the paper and pencil. The high walls which enclosed the gas-works looked to him like the walls of a prison. He began to feel as if he could not breathe in such a narrow space.

At first Dubbieside was proud of his protégé; but Habbie began to make blunders and to drink. He was visited with remonstrances and warnings; he was suspected of raving resumed his bad habit of making rhymes, which would account for all his stupidity. He said nothing; he tried to be submissive and to become a "respectable member of the community," as the provost put it. But he looked wistfully at Beattie grazing contentedly at the roadside; then his eyes wandered over the moorland, and to the blue headline of the hills. He never had any notion until now how hard it was to be respectable.

He began to hate the works, to hate the smell of tar and gas, and to feel more and more oppressed by the high walls. In proportion his longing grew for the freedom of the old life, the sweet smell of the heather and the wild roses.

A crisis came. He horrified the whole community, and nearly ruined the provost's social position, by one wild declaration—

"What for shouldna dogs and donkeys ha'e sows as weel as us? aye, and even fleas for that matter? They couldna bite in the next world."

It was impossible for honest folk to receive gas in the manufacture of which a man of such terrible opinions had the remotest share. A meeting of the board of directors was called, and to attend it provost, bailies, and councillors were marching up the street, when they were startled by wild shouts and laughter.

A rabble of boys and girls were coming down from the direction of the gas-works, shouting, laughing, and scampering about in the most riotous manner. In their midst was Habbie Gowk, mounted on his donkey, flaunting yards of ballads over his head, and crying at the pitch of his voice his old song—

"I'm Habbie Gowk o' Rowanden;
Here's ballants for the maids and men,
I wrat 'em wi' my ain pen."

Dubbieside and his companions were dumb with dismay and indignation. Habbie rode past them in triumph, shaking his ballads under their noses and laughing in their horror-struck faces.

He had broken bounds at last. Sunshine, moorland, and hills, the heather and the wild roses, had carried the day against the dull walls and a sure dinner. Habbie returned to his old nomadic kind of life, wrote his ballads and sold them as he best could, and took his chance with Beattie of bed and board wherever they wandered.

Nothing could ever tempt Habbie to try to be respectable again. In the first trial he had been utterly miserable. "I'd ha'e been fit for the worms in another week," he said, "and I was beginning my ain epitaph when Beattie came to me; syne I just louped on his back, tell't the gas and the provost to gang to the deevil, and awa' we came."

He was happy and contented in his way. He was much liked by the women, men, and bairns of the two counties in which he made his rounds—the women for his gossip and songs, the men for his news and usefulness, the bairns for his fantastic stories about witches, and brownies, and fairies. He carried letters and parcels from neighbour to neighbour; and although he rarely had a shilling of his own in his pocket, he was frequently trusted by the farmers of the outlying districts with large sums of money to deposit in the village bank. Drunk or sober, Habbie was never known to make a mistake in those monetary transactions.

He made his way to Dalmahoy and inquired for Maister Walter, but that gentleman was absent.

"I ken'd that fine," said Habbie, "but I just came to please the leddy. I ken where to find him. Would you no like to buy my new ballant, my braw lass? It's about the bonny leddy o' the Dee. She was just a quean like yoursel', and she was guid and bonnie as you are, and she married the laird's strapping son, and sac became the leddy o' his houses and lands."

"There's waur nor me has married a laird's son," said the lass, with a toss of the head and a twinkle in her eye.

"And that's true enough," said Habbie, nodding gravely, "for thae e'en of yours would tempt the duke himsel', let alone a laird's loon."

"None o' your havers!" cried she, blushing and pleased, as she bought the ballad.

After this stroke of business Habbie rode on to the Norlan' Head, singing or brooding by the way, just as the humour seized him.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH. THE LAIRD'S VISIT.

"AND what should the Laird want with me?" exclaimed Teenie, inclined to resent the somewhat authoritative message inviting her to Dalmahoy.

"He didna say," was Drysdale's response, sitting

in the gig, bolt upright and grim, "but I suppose he'll tell you when you get there."

He unbuttoned the leather apron at her side, and waited as if for her to jump in.

She hesitated—why, she could not tell—then she got her bonnet and shawl, and took the seat beside Drysdale. Ailie was proud of this new token of the Laird's regard, and called her a "saucy ted" for thinking of saying no to the invitation.

Drysdale said, "It's a fine afternoon."

Teenie said, "Yes."

Drysdale: "Grand weather for the crops."

Teenie: "Yes."

That was all the conversation. He was a man who spoke little, except on occasions when he had reached his sixth tumbler, and then he became loquacious about the "panoramy" and his Canadian experiences. She was at this moment in a somewhat fierce mood. Although she could not define the real reason, her spirit had rebelled at the air of patronage with which Dalmahoy had treated them on his visit to the cottage; and she had felt even more rebellious at the plain message delivered by Drysdale, "The Laird wants to see you immediately."

Had it not been for the visit, she might have interpreted the message as Ailie did—as another mark of favour. But she could not do that. She fretted and felt angry whilst she complied. She wished that Walter or her father had been within reach, as either might have saved her a good deal of vexatious wonderings.

Habbie Gowk had taken a short cut across the moor, and so he missed Teenie, or the letter he carried might have enlightened and encouraged her.

As she drove up to the big house, she had an uncomfortable feeling that her plain shawl and bonnet, and her homely dress, were sadly out of keeping with the grandeur of this place, of which by-and-by she was to be the mistress. She would have liked to go round the other way, and to get in quietly by the back door. But Drysdale, acting upon instructions, drove up to the main entrance.

The ostler took the horse's head; Drysdale and the footman offered their assistance to Teenie in descending, with a sort of stiff civility, as if she had been some lady of importance; but she ignored their proffered services, and sprang lightly to the ground.

She was conducted across the big hall, and there again she felt a shrinking sensation, as if there were something discordant about herself in association with this place. But that only made her feel the more fierce and bold in her outward bearing.

Dalmahoy received her in the drawing-room, a long narrow apartment, with high roof and heavy panels of oak, and crowded with dark stiff-backed furniture. It was an ancient, cold, and gloomy room, the furniture of which seemed to have been arranged by some painfully correct law of rule and

compass. Every chair, table, and lounge stood as if nailed to its place, at an exact distance from the other, looking as if it never had been moved from its spot, and was never intended to be moved.

Poor Teenie felt inclined to shiver as with cold when the door was thrown open, and she was ushered into this uncomfortable-looking chamber.

The Laird advanced with the most stately manner imaginable, and quite in keeping with his surroundings, took her hand, and conducted her to a seat. She yielded, notwithstanding the wild desire which possessed her to turn and fly. She felt more and more chilled, more and more conscious of the incongruity between herself and this, to her eyes, awfully grand place.

The Laird had wickedly calculated upon making an impression of this kind, and he mentally congratulated himself upon the success of his scheme so far. He was painfully courteous in his manner of leading her across the room, as if she had been a lady of royal blood; she felt as if he were mocking her as he bowed low when she sat down on the couch, and expressed in a soft respectful tone the extreme pleasure he experienced in receiving her at Dalmahoy.

Teenie would have cried with vexation, only that was one of the arts of young-ladyism she had never acquired. So she only sat staring at him, somewhat fierce in herself, and wondering what it all meant.

He asked how she had been since their meeting; inquired for her father, and for his "good friend" Alison.

"What was it you wanted to see me for?" interrupted Teenie with her disagreeable frankness.

The Laird was staggered for an instant, but he was equal to the occasion, and with corresponding frankness he answered—

"Thank you, Christina; your honest nature relieves me of much difficulty. Now with ordinary ladies I would not have known how to approach the unhappy subject upon which I must speak to you; but you relieve me at once."

She did not know whether that was a compliment or not; but she nodded, and said—

"All right—go on."

Thought the Laird: "Good heavens, how coarse!"

Said the Laird: "Thank you again, Christina; and I will imitate your charming frankness by telling you what I want without the least circumlocution. It is about Walter."

"Yes," she said, very meekly now.

He drew a chair forward, seated himself facing her, and spoke in a quite confidential manner.

"You know he is very young; he is passionate, and not easily guided. It is therefore necessary that I, who have more than a father's affection for him, and knowing how poor I shall leave him"—he glanced round the room and at her, as if he could not expect her to understand how he, the

master of that place, could be poor—"it is necessary, I say, that I should look anxiously to his future, and endeavour to save him, so far as in me lies, from the consequences of his own folly."

"Surely any father would do the same."

The Laird was staggered again, and again he rose equal to the occasion.

"My dear Christina, I cannot expect you to enter quite into my views at once; but let me tell you, most fathers would leave an obstinate son to pay the penalty of his own blunders. I, however, wish to make the way of the future smooth for my son; and I wish to spare him the humiliation of being the destroyer of an old and much-respected house."

He was so grand, and he was so sincere, that she could only say in a dazed way—

"Yes."

"Well then, let me take things in their due order—it is most painful to me, and it will vex you; but I believe you love Walter."

She moved uneasily; she drew breath with difficulty, and her eyes flashed upon him savagely. That was a matter he had no right to touch upon.

"Hear me," he pleaded very humbly, and that held her fast to the seat. "It is because I know you like him so much that I have asked you to come here, that I might beg of you to save him from the ruin of all his prospects, from the toil and misery which he must endure if——"

The Laird made a grand pause, which he expected to be effective. She only said in a quiet way—

"Very well, go on."

"If he marries you!"

She jumped up

"Please hear me—it is for his sake," he pleaded again, catching her hand and pressing her back upon the seat. "I am going to confess to you something that will make me appear very mean in your eyes, but it is for his sake. When I consented to your marriage, I believed that you were the heiress to the great Methven estate. I like you, I respect you, but—I will be perfectly honest—that was why I consented to the marriage; but for that mistake I would have refused my sanction as much for your sake as for his. You know that Grace Wishart loves him; she has wealth, and only you stand between them. That is why I have asked you to come here, that I might beg you to save me from remorse, which will make my few remaining years miserable—to beg you to save him from—from what must be an unhappy union. Will you help me?"

"In what way?"

"By refusing to marry him."

"Did he know about this fortune you thought I was to get?"

The Laird hesitated, and then he told a lie—

"Yes."

She was standing up, very cold, and fierce, and scornful.

"And does he wish you to say this to me?"

Dalmahoy also rose, agitated, hesitating, doubtful how far he might go without bringing upon himself open disgrace. He was on the point of telling another lie—for he saw that she was ready to yield—when a man stepped between them with one word, full of pity, shame, and reproach.

"Father!"

It was Walter. He had entered unobserved by either party, in the excitement of the conversation. He had overheard the last two or three sentences, and he guessed the rest: they were full of bitterness and shame to him.

He put his arm round Teenie, and kissed her tenderly.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

IN BAD COMPANY.



ONE November morning, a good many years ago, I sat at breakfast in a London hotel, and tantalised myself with the sight of a cheque for two hundred pounds, drawn to my order, not a penny of which was mine. I was one of the world's martyrs, an honorary secretary, doomed to take any amount of trouble, and get nothing for it but private abuse every day, and a public vote of thanks once a year—unless, indeed, this trip to London, with necessary expenses paid, on the association's business, might be considered remuneration. In fine weather, and with a little ready money of his own to spend, a young man to whom the life of capitals still has something strange and intoxicating about it, might so regard it. But in a sleety, foggy November, and with urgent necessity for economy, he would probably prefer to remain at home. Two hundred pounds! Supposing, I thought, it were only mine; I should be able to buy that mare of Montgomery's, who carried me so well with the fox-hounds when my own nag was lame. Montgomery would allow me forty pounds for the latter, that was hardly up to my weight. I could also get a breech-loader, a new invention then, but taken up strongly by the man over whose land I had my best shooting, and who grumbled so much at the line being delayed while I measured out and rammed down the powder and shot in the old fashion, that I began to fear for my welcome. And then there was a bracelet—

But it would be tedious to enumerate all the methods which occurred to me of spending the money I had not got, as I ate and drank in leisurely solitary state, ogling the cheque. They were so numerous that I came at last to the conclusion that as the two hundred pounds would not suffice for a tithe of them, it was not worth having, and returned the magic bit of paper to my pocket-book with the restored equanimity of the fox when he made his famous discovery about the grapes. Once upon a—but perhaps you may have heard the fable.

Day-dreams and breakfast over, I started to complete the business upon which I had been engaged, and as payments were to be made it was necessary to cash the cheque. The bank upon which it was drawn was in a narrow street near Cornhill, and it struck me that there was even a larger crowd than usual in the main thoroughfares as I threaded my way eastwards; or if not a larger, a more stagnant crowd, not ebbing and flowing in the ordinary buoyant way. I seemed for once to be in a greater hurry than other people, and felt very proud of the fact. I expect that if any acquaintance had met me, the business-like gravity of my features would have puzzled him, and he would have thought I must have a wealthy twin-brother in the dry-salting line.

However, no one who knew me appeared, and I reached the bank unaccosted—presented the cheque—said how I would have it—wondered, as I always do, how the clerk could hand over a sum exceeding his own income to a perfect stranger with such utter composure—crammed the notes into the inner breast-pocket of my coat—buttoned the coat up, and stepped with a sensation of even increased importance into the street. I had sometimes been worth robbing for a short period, but now I felt like worth murdering as I passed along a court into Cornhill, and so across the road, looking right and left for a cab.

Certainly there were more people than I had ever seen there before, and they moved about more slowly. The large open space in front of the Royal Exchange was literally filled. Endeavouring to make my way through, I found the mass increase in density, until at last I was fixed like a whaler in an ice-flow, amidst a motionless crowd, evidently gathered for some purpose.

What was it all about? A voice, the owner of which was invisible, revealed the mystery.

"One penny, the ole percession. Oo'll 'ave the Lord Mayor's Show for a penny?"

Of course, the Lord Mayor's Show was in November, and I had hit on the very day. No doubt it would pass that way presently, and I should have a chance of seeing it if I could only edge a little nearer to the front. It would have been better if I

had not had so much money about me, but that could not be helped now, and no one knew it.

Thus I flattered myself at first ; but presently I did not feel so sure of that same desirable ignorance on the part of my neighbours. Where had these men all about me come from? Stray glimpses of such beings I had sometimes caught, but here was a swarm of them. Were they precocious boys, forced in hotbeds of vice, or gin-stunted men? They were small and lean, but seemed to expect to grow, for their clothes were made for average-sized adults. They were unkempt, sallow, and very dirty. Their gait was slouching, and so far they were not unlike a certain class of professional beggars, for whom, however, they could not easily be mistaken. The mendicant wears a conventional piteous mask, which is so obviously a mask for any one who can observe at all, that he *knows* that the fellow makes a grimace (of spite if he refuse ; of derision if he give) the moment his back is turned. But these men had vicious, side-glancing eyes ; earnest lines seaming their features ; cruel, relentless mouths. There was that look about them which characterises the beast of prey when hunted in his turn—a look of cunning and hatred. The motto stamped upon them seemed to be—"A short life, and a *hunted* one, with one spring for revenge." I did not suspect ; I was certain that they were thieves, and I could hardly doubt but what they were thus collected together, to the neglect of private enterprise amongst the watches and purses of the crowd, for some special purpose.

When it first occurred to me that I might have been watched receiving the money, and followed, I attempted quietly to withdraw. It looked easy enough, for the beings who excited my suspicions were after all but a small knot comparatively, and beyond them on all sides seethed a mob of roughs, who were not clean or beautiful indeed, but who in all probability were not criminals. However, directly my intention became manifest, a man hustled me, and immediately shouted out—

"Where are you a-shoving to?"

Second Thief : "Who are you, I should like to know?"

Third and Fourth Thieves : "Who are you, I should like to know?"

First Thief : "He thinks himself a [unpleasant term meaning very great] swell, a-knocking blokes about."

At this point unpleasant terms overpowered coherency of speech. The policy of the thieves was sound. By raising the shibboleth of class prejudice they had enlisted the sympathies of the roughs, and I found myself in a position the most trying to the nerves of any I have ever experienced. To stand in the midst of a threatening crowd, and see nothing but angry faces glowering at you, is a remembrance to haunt you if ever you have a fever

years after. No doubt the police sometimes exceed their duty, but ever since that day I have felt inclined to make a very great allowance for them, and it irritates me to hear them villified and caricatured, for my position that day is theirs constantly. I too had laughed at them, but I would have given something for a glimpse of a broad pair of shoulders clad in blue at that moment. Fortunately I kept my temper and presence of mind. Without answering, without attempting to rush, I pressed steadily on through the surrounding mass. Buttoning my frock-coat still closer, I now kept my arms low, with the elbows square and the fists clenched, guarding that region of the waist so exposed to a disabling blow, and expecting attack ; for do what I would, I could not get clear of the thieves who clustered round me. Presently one of them sprang at me and made a snatch at my breast-pin. Being tall I was able to foil him ; but the attempt acted as a signal, and I was assailed on all sides, efforts being especially made to tear my coat open.

At this critical moment I saw an omnibus on the edge of the crowd, and about ten yards off, stationary, evidently drawn up as a stand-point to see the procession from ; and on the roof were a party of soldiers, with white bands round their caps.

"Coldstreams to the rescue!" I shouted as loudly as I could, forcing my way towards them. The cry attracted their attention.

"Don't let me be robbed under your eyes!" I cried.

From their perch they were able to see what was going on, and down they came in a twinkling. There was a surging and much swearing ; the dense rim of the crowd separated, and a fellow whose hand was on my collar went down before the flash of a red arm as though he had been struck by a battering-ram.

The guardsmen attempted no arrests, but they cut me out and bore me back to the omnibus in a twinkling. I had lost my hat, my clothes were torn, but the roll of bank-notes was safe, also my watch. The rogues had not even got my scarf-pin, nor were my personal injuries worth mentioning—a few bruises and a scratch, that was all. The guardsmen were immensely delighted with half a sovereign for beer—surely as small a salvage as has often been paid, especially as they lost their show, for the procession passed during the rescue.

Damage to the clothes is soon rectified in London, unless you are absolutely penniless ; and when I had once got a cab I was all right, transacted my business, and left town on the following morning.

I mentioned in my report the peril I had incurred, hoping to stir to gratitude the association of which I am honorary secretary. I partially succeeded. They held a special meeting, and voted me unanimously—a new hat ! LEWIS HOUGH.

MARGUERITE.



"HE LOVES ME WELL!"

"MARGUERITE picks an aster, and pulls the leaves out one after another, murmuring—
 "He loves me—loves me not!"—[Picking the last leaf with delight—
 He loves me!"—Faust.

RAYED flower, my fluttering heart's fate tell :
 He loves me not?—he loves me well?
 A leaf I pluck from out your round —
 O startled look of quick delight

That flashed into his eyes, that night
 When mine his wandering glance first found !
 As sweet a tale, O last leaf, tell—
 He loves me well !

Another—be the fear forgot
That now I pluck—he loves me not!
Not?—loves me not?—and need I dread
Ah! as I brushed behind her chair,
His drawn to hers, they whispered there,
So low, I caught not what he said—
Nor she; would that could be forgot!
He loves me not!

Next picked, of sweetest hopes to tell,
Your sweetness says, he loves me well;
Yes, loves me well; why should I fear?
I knew, I felt him at my side,
My partner, not to be denied—
Not hers—as the next dance drew near;
O last-plucked leaf, come quick to tell,
He loves me well!

Hope—fear—each straight in each forgot,
Thrice-evil leaf, he loves me not?
Alas! alas! and is it true?
And did I see his laughing eye—
I on his arm—to hers reply,
As his to mine alone should do?
Come, last-drawn leaf, to tell me—what?
He loves me not?

White with my fear that petal fell—
O red last leaf, he loves me well!
Here let me pluck all sweetest thought;
I know his hand pressed mine—I heard
The tremble in his latest word;
What could be shown but what I sought?
Last leaf, I knew your fall must tell,
He loves me well!

W. C. BENNETT.

A RIDE FOR LIFE IN THE "B.O."



THE anecdote I am going to tell you is word for word true, written down as told to me by the principal actor in it. It is not a very sensational one, as sensation goes in South America; but I think it is interesting as showing what sort of adventures our "younger sons" and tamely-bred youngsters go through when transplanted to try sheep-farming in the far South. And first a word of explanation as to the title. "B.O." is the Anglicised abbreviation of Banda Oriental, as "R.A." is of Republica Argentina, the two being those large tracts of pastoral country on either side of the Rio de la Plata, the open uncultivated parts of which are called in English parlance the "camp," a free translation of the Spanish word "campo," or country, and answering to the Australian "bush."

It was a lovely morning in the depth of winter, one of those we so often see in those countries when a hard hoar-frost has fallen during the night, and the whole camp as far as the eye can reach is a sheet of pure white rime. Even the trees belting the Santa Lucia river were that morning lightly frosted over, an event of rare occurrence, and denoting an exceptionally severe cold. The effect was perfect; but I don't think I was quite in the mood to appreciate it. You'll easily understand why in a moment.

At the time I'm telling you about, the Revolution stirred up by the "Blancos" (the White or Conservative party) had been dragging on its "fight and

run away" tactics for more than a year; and horses, considered by the wild and undisciplined soldiery of both Government and Revolutionists as "articulo de guerra," or any one's property, were getting awfully scarce. I had dwindled down to being the possessor of one solitary "mount," a very fair specimen of his kind, which I valued more at that time than all the "Blink Bonnys" and "Gladiateurs" that were ever foaled. You see I knew too well that without him my flocks would stray no one knows where; I should be unable to kill a cow or bullock for home consumption; or, in fact, save my life in more ways than one.

He was kept locked up right carefully in a room of my house every night; and out of that room I took and saddled him at sunrise of this eventful day, with the intention of sallying out in search of any waif or stray in the shape of horseflesh that it might be my good luck to come across (when a fellow has been robbed of all his horses, it's hard if he mayn't suppose that any odd screw he may find about is part of his missing property), with which to hunt back such of my cattle, or brood mares, as might have strayed too far into neighbours' land.

Up in the Sierras of Minas it had rained heavily some days before, and a large volume of water had come down the Santa Lucia river, which in its normal state is not at all formidable; but which, after the heavy rains of winter, shows a wonderful capacity for swallowing up any unfortunate individual who, not being much of a swimmer, dares to brave its strong current and curling eddies. In front of my house the fords were too deep and the currents too rapid for any one, not on a matter of life or death, to attempt passing over; so I mounted my horse, and quietly trotted up-stream

over the long rolling hills, for six or seven miles, to a ford called "Paso de la Calera," which I knew would just be at a depth to allow me (kneeling on my saddle) to cross over on my horse-poaching expedition.

We carry out the adage of "All's fair in love and war" to the fullest extent as regards horse-flesh—that is, if the animal be not marked with a friend or neighbour's brand.

I got over safely, and dismounted to allow my horse to shake and partially dry himself before continuing my somewhat dangerous quest; for not having seen any acquaintances from that side of the river for many days, I was entirely ignorant as to what military forces might be down there, or whether they were Blancos or Colorados. I knew there was a small force somewhere about; for I had seen from my house groups of horsemen, varying from three to eight or ten, moving in the distance for some days past.

Naturally, I kept on the low ground—first, because I knew any animals would be most likely to be there; as the sweetest grasses grow in the low, damp ground near the river; and, secondly, because I could better avoid being seen by scouts, who are generally sent out from the encampment at dawn, to reconnoitre from the highest points for any sign of an enemy.

The slight breeze was quite chilly—although the warmth of the sun as it rose higher was gradually melting the frost—so, feeling that both myself and horse would feel the advantage of a little spurt, I set off at a gallop towards a bend in the river where I espied two or three horses evidently enjoying a feed of "granilla," the sweetest grass the country produces; and thinking I should make a good haul, I went right at them, when, to my astonishment, out of a clump of trees came a shout, "Alto, ahí!" (Halt, there), and I pulled up short on discovering a group of about twenty-five men. There was nothing for it but to trot towards them; and as I did so, I recognised them as Blancos, by the light blue ribbon round their hats; and to be a party commanded by Capitan Maximo Ramirez, who, being cut off from the main body of the Revolutionists, had escaped to the woods with his men, and there remained in hiding for three weeks, until an opportunity should occur for him to join his commandant and the Revolutionary army. His men had nearly all been in my service at one time or another, in the varied capacities of shearers, horse-tamers, shepherds, etc. etc., so I felt quite at home with them at once, and entered into conversation. They all had their horses saddled; and a few loose ones were straying about, ready to be driven on before them on changing their camping-ground (for these flying parties never sleep two nights consecutively in the same camp, and as often as not change twice in one night); and they were

anxiously expecting the return of the "bomberos" (scouts) that Maximo had sent out at dawn.

These were two young fellows whom I knew well, cousins to each other, Damian and Tenon Artigas, and who were nick-named respectively "Toco" and "Pelado." They had been born in the district, and lived in it all their lives; knowing every hole and corner in the woods and Sierras that could contain a sheep in hiding, much less a body of men and horses. I dismounted, and shook hands with several of the men, pulled out my cigar-case, well filled with "cigarritos de papel," and passed it round, continuing in conversation till one of the men observed that Toco and Pelado were so long returning that they must have found the coast clear, and gone to take "maté" at their aunt Anastacia's; and that if Ramirez saw no objection they might light fires, and do the same without danger, since the woods were dryish, and would not make much smoke. Maximo consented, and two groups speedily formed around the fires, the horses standing hobbled close by, and the lances stuck in the ground near each man's horse.

Half an hour might have passed thus in sucking "maté" (the native substitute for tea, partaken of through the medium of a hollow gourd and tube), the conversation being interlarded by bloodthirsty threats of what would be done should any unfortunate Colorado fall into their hands—threats of which a hand passed significantly across the throat was of the mildest type. Then the "caña" (white rum) bottle was passed round; and all were feeling uncommonly social and jolly, when a sharp cry from Victor Cejas made us spring to our feet.

"Ahi vienen, y apurados!" (Here they come, and in a hurry).

And, true enough, we saw the two scouts, Toco and Pelado, galloping down a long slope towards us, at a pace which showed it was not for pleasure, but for life they rode.

Jollity was over for the nonce.

In less than a minute every man had seized his lance and "tercerola" (carbine) and was in the saddle. Said I sweetly, "Adios, muchachos; I shall be seriously compromised if caught by any of your enemies; and to judge from the way Toco and Pelado are riding, such are not far off." With which, and shaking hands with Maximo, I turned my horse's head up-stream at a hard canter.

I had not gone three hundred yards when, casting a glance behind, I saw my friends tearing after me as hard as their horses could lay feet to the ground; and behind them, coming over the crest of a hill about three-quarters of a mile off, at a gallop, a body of men some seventy or eighty in number, whom I judged to be Government or Colorado soldiers.

No sooner did they sight us than, with a weird and strange yell, that came down the breeze with

a music which sent a shiver up my spine, they appeared to hurry forward; and as I was by this time already mixed up among the stampedes of Maximo's men, I knew well my fate would be most uncertain, notwithstanding that I was a foreigner, carried no arms, and had no party insignia; for on occasions of this sort men get so absolutely ferocious that they would not hesitate to "ball" my horse, take potshots at me, put six inches of lance-blade under my ribs, or play any other mild and festive trick, ending with a slit weazand, and afterwards rejoice at having been able to wipe out a "gringo" (foreigner) with impunity.

Therefore I gave a chirrup to my horse, and away we went, a regular case of "*saue qui peut*" for one and all. I never looked behind, but picked out the best and cleanest galloping-ground to the Paso de la Calera, where I knew, if once across the river, I could run for Don Melitos Piris' house, and be safe; for if the Colorados did see me arrive there, it would not matter, he being a great Colorado partizan, and a staunch friend of mine.

The many rations of grain my horse had eaten during the winter stood me in good stead now, for I found that without pressing him I kept at the head of the scattered column; many of our party, badly mounted, gradually dropping behind, and slipping off their tired animals on the edge of the wood, where they ran into the scrubs on foot, leaving their horses and gear an easy prize to the enemy, and little caring for the loss of steed and saddle, so they could escape, swimming the river under cover of the night, and get to some friendly "rancho" with a whole skin.

Two men, Luis Flores and Victor Cejas, both equally well mounted with myself, came up, one on either side of me; and as we galloped upstream on the edge of the wood we came to a break, or open clearance, which led down to the ford called Paso del Bote, where the water was running down smoothly and placidly, but at a terrible pace. The river at this spot was somewhere about two hundred and fifty feet wide, and above and below the ford was confined between high banks covered with scrub and thorny "*ñapinday*," whose cruel curved thorns, conjoined with the slipperiness of the banks, made gaining the shore on either side a most difficult and painful matter to any swimmer who might miss the actual landing-place. Victor had been quickly undressing himself as we galloped along, making his clothes into a long roll in his poncho, and tying them round his horse's neck, preparatory to a trial at the Paso del Bote (so called, like most matters in the B.O., because there *wasn't* a boat there), and was endeavouring to persuade Luis and myself to do the same. I, however, hardly saw the possibility of the attempt, and preferred saving my "recado" (Spanish

saddle), which was silver-mounted; for I was certain the stream would carry off my horse; and that even if I myself chanced to get across, it would be with the agreeable prospect of remaining in a hungry, half-drowned, and perishing-with-cold state the entire day, and part of the night.

No! Luis (a quondam friend and Fidus Achates of mine) and I determined to trust to horseflesh rather than water; so, as we were as yet pretty well in advance of our pursuers, we pulled in to a trot for a few seconds, and saw our friend Victor plunge into the turbid water, and swim beside his horse, holding on to the mane. They proceeded gaily enough for thirty yards or more, when the full force of the current turned the horse's head down-stream; and notwithstanding Victor's frantic efforts to head him up again by splashing water in his ears and eyes, he had to let go and swim for dear life to the opposite bank, abandoning horse and gear to the mercy of the stream.

Meanwhile the fascination caused by Victor's gallant struggle did not prevent us from keeping a weather-eye open on our pursuers, of whom some had remained behind, picking up the gear and horses left by those of our chums who had escaped to the woods. By good luck Luis saw six men, however, who, well ahead of the others, and thinking themselves hidden by the trees, were making for us with pistol in the rein-hand, lances well poised, and coming along at a pace that told us their horses were "all there."

"Ahora, si, Luis, vamonos de veras!" (Now, Luis, let's go in reality), said I, giving my horse a cut on the flank which made him bound at least three yards on his way; and then leaving Victor to his struggles, and with my faithful Luis at my side, we ran and were run for a matter of six miles, up and down hill, through swamp and over stones, "neck or nothing" (excuse the pun, for if caught our necks wouldn't have escaped), these wild demons giving tongue after us with fiendish shouts of "Ya! ya! ya!" and occasional long shots at us.

In a case like this the superiority of a grain-fed horse shows out so notably, both as to pace and "staying," that we were certain in the long run to last out half of our pursuers, and, could we reach the ford and get across safely before they caught us up, to make an easy stand, two to four. Indeed, more than probably they would not dare pass over after us, from fear of our having any protection on the other side.

One individual, however, splendidly mounted, kept gradually creeping nearer and nearer to us; and I was sadly afraid that, should he get within distance to use his "*boleadores*," I should be the victim, on account of being better dressed and

having a silver-mounted recado; therefore I begged Luis to have his "facon" (long knife) ready to cut the boleadores from my horse's hind legs should it be necessary. His only reply was "No hay cuidado, patron" (Never you fear, sir); but, without fearing, I thought the event so likely that I overhauled my pistols, and saw that the chambers revolved freely, with the amiable resolve to hurt some one before I "caved in."

Meanwhile four of our most persistent followers had hauled off, and left the race two to two, all of whom were going their best, when suddenly we heard six or eight shots behind and to our left, and casting a glance backwards I saw Maximo, on his light grey horse, with two companions, exchanging shots with four or five Colorados, thus putting our two pursuers almost between two fires.

Luis was equal to the occasion, and shouted to me, "Stop, Don Pepe, let's turn round and let drive at those two fellows before Capitan Maximo gets away, and you'll see how they'll run."

As soon done as said. We charged straightway, I revolver in hand, and he with a huge brass-barrelled, bell-mouthed instrument, called a "trabuco," well loaded with slugs, old nails, and odd etceteras. He reserved his fire for close quarters, and both yelling out some impolite expressions, after the usages of the country, I fired a single shot, which had the effect of causing our valiant (?) pursuers to strike off to the left, dashing past Maximo and his friends, who, seeing we had made a stand, turned and faced the enemy also. These now consisted of several well-mounted fellows, who showed every desire to swallow us up, had they *only* dared to wait until the

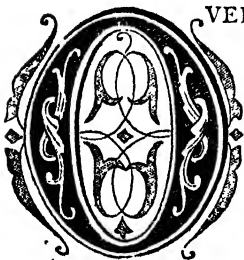
rest of their comrades came up—or we had been foolish enough to abide that moment. The soldier of the South American republics, however, is brave only when bravely led, or in single combat. Otherwise, in groups, without a leader, or with one of faint heart, he is nowhere; and such was the case with our present opponents, who, seeing we intended to make an effort and retreat with a determined aspect, or sell our lives dearly, merely hovered round us as we galloped on, turning every now and then to menace them again.

Thus we arrived at last at the Paso de la Calera; and my friends allowing me to pass over first, I galloped up to Don Melitos', thanking my stars that I had escaped with a whole skin, and vowing for the future never to attempt horse-poaching on debatable ground.

The results of this miniature "Bull Run" were that Toco and Pelado turned up at my house on foot at about 11 p.m., having swum the river and been in the woods till nightfall, and asked permission to sleep in my wool-shed. Poor Victor turned up at night at one of the shepherd's huts, in the costume of Adam before he was induced to taste that unlucky fruit. Maximo and the rest got away as best they could, with the exception of two poor fellows who were found some time afterwards in the woods, barbarously lanced, and with their throats cut from ear to ear.

Such is life in the B.O. for those who will attempt "gauchadas" like mine in revolution time; and to them my solemn advice, after twenty years' residence in the country, is the same as was given to the bachelor about to marry: "Don't!"

THE LABOURER IN LINCOLNSHIRE.



VER and above the usual landmarks of the Lincolnshire peasantry—"Caistor Palm-sun Fair," "'Orncastle 'Oss Fair," and the like—one incomparably transcends the ordinary days of the year, and that is May Day. In the agricultural mind harvest alone can be compared with May Day time. Perhaps more anxiety is caused to the farmer and his spouse by the latter epoch than by the former; for it is now possible, by the aid of machinery, to secure the crops in tolerable condition, whatever the weather may be, but year by year servants and labourers become more difficult to obtain and to manage, emphatically grow more "orkurd." By a curious perversity May Day in Lincolnshire does not mean, as a plain man would think, May 1st, but May

13th, this being "Old May Day;" just as some almanacs tell us January 6th is Old Christmas Day. However this may be, the Lincolnshire year for tenants, farm and domestic servants, begins on May 13th, and January 1st is completely disregarded. Consequently no slight amount of activity is caused in the county as often as May Day comes, some sketches of which, together with the usages of service there, we will endeavour to put on record.

Many farm labourers are engaged in Lincolnshire by the year, and they are then termed "confined labourers," living in cottages belonging to their masters. These men are not paid daily wages, but a fixed annual sum, thus escaping the inconvenience caused to the day-labourer by wet days, when he must remain idle. On the other hand, as he is a party in an agreement, the confined labourer is precluded from "striking" during his tenancy, as well as from the temptation of exacting his own remuneration at harvest time. Every May Day

changes occur amongst these men. They must all leave their abodes on the 13th exactly, in order that the men hired in their places may enter into possession at once. Consequently one of the most usual sights of the county at May Day consists of numbers of waggons, lent either by the farmers engaging or those parting with the confined labourers, filled with a motley collection of household furniture, while the families to which these goods belong walk by the side. This Hegira of the old and sedate labourers with their children is very gravely and quietly performed, in strong contrast with the noisy proceedings of the younger men and women servants.

These invariably leave their places of service on the 14th, the women quitting house-work, and the plough-lads (who do not become confined labourers till they are married or arrived at, say, twenty-five years of age) leaving the foremen's houses in which they have lodged during the last year. They, too, it should be explained, hold a middle position in the scale of agricultural labour in Lincolnshire. Without the liability to loss of work on rainy days, like the ordinary labourer, they have not arrived at the dignity of possessing houses of their own, and freedom from *surveillance*, like their confined brethren. They sleep at their master's foreman's house, and are provided by him with victuals, consisting generally of unlimited supplies of bread, milk, and bacon, and a certain amount of beer each day. The foreman, too, sets them their work each morning, either to plough, harrow, etc., or to take gorn to the nearest market town in the above-mentioned waggons drawn by straining teams, and to bring back coals or linseed cake. Besides this their duty is to see to the horses of the farm, morning and evening, so that they are kept well employed.

It is astonishing, with so much open-air work and such good supplies of food, how a miserable starveling of thirteen, who perhaps leaves behind at his father's cottage a family of eight or nine little brothers and sisters, improves in appearance after his first year of such service. A strong spirit of restlessness pervades these lads, and unless an increase of wage sufficient to tempt them be previously offered by the masters, they all leave them on "Pack Rag Day," as they facetiously call the 14th. Like sailors just put ashore, or lads breaking up for the holidays, they are in the greatest spirits, and having money (their annual wage) in their pockets, naturally make their way to the nearest town, where plenty of dissipations and bad companions are on the look-out for them. But too often "A fool and his money are soon parted" is an adage then seen exemplified in their case. The public-houses are full, fiddles (the modern substitute for "the Lincolnshire bag-pipes" mentioned by Shakespeare) sound, and dancing, laughter, and

horse-play abound everywhere—in the inns, the fields, the streets.

We cannot say that Lincolnshire is a pleasant county to live in during this annual Saturnalia. It lasts a week for the most part, the lads and lasses then entering upon their new places. Every poor family looks upon this week as the holiday of the year. It reunites brothers and sisters round their old hearths, and forms a complete break in the business of the farming calendar.

A natural incident of this general move of servants is a thorough cleaning of houses and furniture, before the old hands go and new ones enter. April and the beginning of May are thus the most disagreeable weeks of the year to all old bachelors, easy-going heads of families, or people desirous of their belongings being left where they can find them. Soap and water and blacklead are devoutly worshipped during these weeks as the fetishe of the Lincolnshire lower classes. The horrors of the Middle Passage are a joke to this dreadful spring cleaning. Be the weather what it will, it must go on, the natives think; and as unless it is thorough it is nothing, the right course is to turn everything in a house out of doors at once, to suspend blankets from windows, and lay the feather-beds next the flower-beds on the lawn. Fancy painters and paper-hangers at work in dining and drawing-rooms, and plenty of buckets of white-wash left in every dark passage for the unwary to fall over, and a stranger may collect a faint image of the *agrémens* of the Lincolnshire spring cleaning. It must last at least a fortnight, to be *en règle*, but in most houses it continues for the month preceding May Day. The males of each household generally fly the country during the infliction, and to make a call on a neighbour in April is esteemed the height of bad taste. It will serve such a boor right if the lady of the house herself open the door to him with a cloth fastened round her head, and her complexion improved by splashes of whitewash. When the men return home they can find nothing they want; whips, guns, books have disappeared. "What else can you expect?" the notable housewife will say, "everything must be rembled [moved] at May Day!"

For the fortnight preceding this august epoch, that blot of agricultural districts the Statute Fair is held in turn at the different towns round each village. It is scarcely necessary to depict the dangers which these statutory hirings bring with them to the young of both sexes who attend them. It always reminds us of a white slave market, to see the licence and roughness of manners which prevail at these "Mops." In many cases the clergyman has to grieve for the boy or girl hitherto steady at school and well-behaved on Sunday. The Statute Fair, with its flood of bad examples, and the strength of its temptations, too often sweeps

away the modesty and orderly behaviour of youth, and then a false shame forbids the good habits of the past being resumed.

It is matter of great thankfulness to all who are interested in the social welfare of Lincolnshire servants, that even the farmers are now turning against the immorality and contagious vice which too commonly attend the Statute Fairs. They have been much reduced in number of late years, and it is to be hoped that the next generation at latest may see their extinction. Lads and lasses generally engage themselves at such fairs for the next year, and receive a "pheasant-penny," as they call it (*i.e.*, a fastening penny), from their new masters. Of course this shilling often augments the gains of the "Blue Boar." That quiet hostelry at other times is now filled to suffocation with pushing noisy crowds of young men and girls. A fiddler or two have been retained, and dancing commences early in the afternoon, while the partners refresh themselves with huge mugs of beer, and eat ginger-bread and nuts in quantities which show what admirable digestions are engendered by constant open-air exercise. The brawls and disturbances which ensue at dusk may be left to the reader's imagination.

After a servant is once engaged, his or her master cannot in any subsequent fit of pique dissolve the contract. We have heard of a housemaid replying to her master who wished thus to dismiss her, while she refused to leave, "Nay, you have summered a bad cawf [calf], you may winter it now as well!"

It cannot be said that this annual holiday of May Day in Lincolnshire is fraught with many benefits to the county. Lasting as it does for a week (during which almost every farm-house is left empty of servants, and its owners congratulate themselves if they can secure the help of even an old woman from the village), it implants a general restlessness in the minds of the servants. May Day is their chief topic of conversation for months before it comes, and the notion of obtaining a new place and more wages thus familiarising itself amongst them, they are only too ready to act upon it. Where good places, it may be, have been left for some years annually by a girl or a boy, gradually they deem it necessary to give up their situation every year, enjoy their week's liberty (or licence), and know that they are tolerably certain to obtain a good place in a new locality afterwards. How fatally these unsteady habits react upon their work must be self-evident, as well as the bad effect this instability of character produces upon rural districts. All the influences which have been brought to bear upon the labourer during the year in order to teach him soberness, and even higher virtues, are at once overwhelmed by May Day, and the village philanthropist must begin his work afresh with a new generation of young men and

women, certain that his efforts will meet with the same fate next year.

The general unsettling which May Day causes through the county can hardly be exaggerated, and the character of its natives is anything but improved by it. Gratitude must greatly die out when year by year all old ties are thus suddenly broken, and the strength of friendship itself is severely tried by the strain to which this Saturnalia exposes it. The good old relations which almost took the form of family ties as time passed on between farmer and labourer, are now rudely broken in upon, while mutterings and actual deeds of "strikes," and "higher wages," and "labourers' unions," effectually estrange the two, whose true interest it is always to work together amicably.

Another common sight of May Day in this county is a couple of young people (followed by two or three more pairs of friends of their own age—never by their parents) going to church to be married, or perhaps, if it be evening, walking with all their friends to their new home in the next parish. In consequence of the before-mentioned arrangements for hiring servants, marriages amongst the working classes in the county invariably take place at this time. Many other changes in life amongst them are then entered upon. Thus a tall stalwart labourer recently came to us at May Day, for a recommendation to enable him to become a policeman. Knowing him to be somewhat "corf-hearted" (as the vernacular calls "calf-hearted"), though his Stentorian laugh would shake the village when a good shot was made at the skittle-alley, we deemed it necessary to ask a few questions as a preliminary. "What would he do supposing he saw thieves running off from a house?" With a knowing smile, he replied, "Whoy, I should just let 'em run!"

This was speaking so "like an ancient and most quiet watchman," so like a man well furnished with Dogberry's philosophy, "The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company," that he seemed an eminently discreet man for the post.

When it is considered that so lately as 1816 a book could be published on Lincolnshire called "Terra Incognita," and that even now Lincolnshire is more unknown to the rest of England than almost any other county, people having vague ideas of its being half fen and half huge drains, these particulars respecting its spring customs may not be deemed uninteresting. It is satisfactory to be able to add that its natives, even if they are the very people whom the poet had in view when he wrote of the *penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos*, are always as ready to give a warm welcome to any friends who may visit them from other shires, as they are to receive any enemies who should venture to land on their low sandy sea-board.

M. G. WATKINS.

IN HONOUR BOUND.

BY CHARLES GIBBON,

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

SHADOWS.

THE position was awkward, and there was silence for a minute. The Laird swung his glasses in pendulum fashion and regarded the others innocently, like a man who is aware that his conduct is liable to misconstruction, but whose conscious rectitude sustains him in the hour of trial; he was wishing he could discover whether or not Walter had heard that little fib, and he was in a manner glad that the second one had not been uttered.

Walter had heard it.

Teenie drew back a step, putting his arm away from her, looking at him with those clear far-seeking eyes of hers. She saw that he was very calm, although his face was pale. It was said of him by his brothers and sisters that he was most resolute and most unmanageable when he was quietest. But she was looking farther. She was striving to get a glimpse of that future which Dalmahoy had represented in such dismal colours. She was striving to discover what it was right for her to do after the appeal just made to her. Was she to ruin his prospects? Was she to make him unhappy? Was she to risk that?

Her heart craved for him in such a wild passionate way that she was ready to dare anything—but not if he were to suffer by it. She had never known anything approaching to fear until now, and she did fear; but it was for him, not herself. Slowly the sense of the utter change in herself dawned upon her; but how quickly the change had been effected! Her very love was the source of her new-born cowardice.

Was it the mistake about that fortune which had tempted him to speak? And was he going on with the engagement out of pity to her? She could and would do anything because she loved him, but she would not have anything for pity.

She put the thought—or suspicion—into words, and asked him—

"Were you thinking about the siller when you made me so glad?"

He took her hand, pressing it warmly. She could not doubt that his heart was in his words.

"You are my fortune," he said smiling.

He was ambiguous, but he could not tell her that his father had stooped to a falsehood.

"But the Laird says——"

He held up his hand, stopping her.

"My father is very kind to me; he is only

anxious that I may have a successful career. You must not blame him, or be angry with him, if he has said anything to vex you. I have been up at Drumlilmount to-day, and the cottage will soon be ready for us."

Teenie had nothing more to say.

"Very well, Walter," said the Laird in an injured tone; "I have done my best to save you, and Christina would have helped me, but for you. I wash my hands of the whole affair from this day forth; and all I have to say is, that whatever happens, you cannot blame me. I regret having interfered."

Dalmahoy bade Teenie good-bye, somewhat pompously but kindly, and marched out of the room, glad enough to escape without any exposure, whilst he was satisfied that he had been doing only his duty.

"I wish I knew what to do," exclaimed Teenie.

"There is nothing for you to do but to get ready for our wedding, and to prepare yourself to settle down into the humdrum ways of the wife of a poor country minister."

"You say that just to please me."

"Of course I do, for in pleasing you I please myself."

She was not satisfied, but she could not argue with him. He proposed that she should see his sisters. He had told them of the marriage, and they were most anxious to congratulate the bride.

"No," said Teenie very decisively, "I will see no more of your folk to-day. I want to get back to the Norlan."

She almost shuddered as she glanced from one end of the long dark room to the other. The shafts of light which penetrated it through the three high and narrow windows, served only to make the shadowy recesses and corners appear the more gloomy. "There should be fires here," was her mechanical reflection; her thoughts were far away from the subject.

He was sorry, but he did not attempt to persuade her; she had been too much tried and agitated already. He got the gig and himself drove her home. She was glad to have him with her, glad to feel that he was near her, although she scarcely spoke a word.

They found the skipper, telescope in hand, trying to make out the character of a brig which was passing far out at sea; Alison standing at the door knitting, and listening to Habbie Gowk, who, seated

on a tub which he had turned upside down for that purpose, was busy explaining the comparative merits of Dorking and Brahma-poutra hens as egg-layers.

"There they are!" he cried, jumping up and almost knocking Alison over the doorstep in his excitement. "I ken'd I would find them together. They're a braw pair. They were just made for ither."

He hobbled forward as Teenie alighted.

"I wish you muckle joy, hinny, and a lang life,"

Grace's name confronted her at every turn, and made her feel angry without the slightest apparent reason. Walter was already reading his letter, and she could see that it pleased him very much, for he was smiling—admiration and gratitude in the smile.

Teenie went into the house.

"You ha'e gotten the brawest lass in the two counties, sir—and the best, if you only guide her right."

"I'll try, Habbie, thank you," said Walter with a



"MARCHED OUT OF THE ROOM."

he said heartily. Then in an undertone, as if it were a secret of deepest importance, "I'm going to make the best ballant that I ever made for your wadding."

"Hoots!" cried Teenie, and was passing into the house—rather displeased than otherwise to discover that her marriage was already the common talk of the town and district—when Habbie begged her to wait a minute. After pulling out several bundles of his songs, scraps of dirty paper, and bits of cord, he at last found the letters.

"That one's for you, and that for you, sir—from Miss Wishart."

Grace again! Teenie was ready to crumple the letter in her hand without reading it. Somehow

short laugh; but he did not feel so light of heart as he had done a few days ago. That question of guiding her right—of guiding himself right—was a very serious one.

Teenie was up in her room reading the letter; it was full of kindly, generous thoughts. It told her that the writer was coming to see her, to offer help in the arrangements for the wedding; warned her that she was not to be distressed if she found the Dalmahoy family a little cold at first, and implored her to think of Grace Wishart as her true and devoted friend under all circumstances.

If Teenie had only got that letter before her interview with the Laird, she would have been pleased by it; she would have appreciated the un-

selfish nature of the writer, and she would not have been so much depressed by the scene at Dalmahoy. But receiving it now!—she felt pity in every word, and she hated pity. She did not want to be pitied by anybody, and least of all by her! She was inclined to resent the letter as an intentional affront, and yet she could not forget the brave self-sacrificing spirit of Grace; she could not forget the affectionate welcome she had received from her and she could not doubt her truth. But all this upset Teenie, and put her out of humour. She had been accustomed to find things so straight and plain in the life she had hitherto led, that she could not understand people saying one thing and meaning another; and yet that was what the Laird had done. Radiating from him, all the world seemed to be condemning her for agreeing to become Walter's wife. Well, why did they not say it outright, and let her understand the position? She liked Dalmahoy for one thing—he had spoken plainly at last. But sniffs, and sneers, and foreboding shakes of heads, she could not understand them, and she hated the people who used them.

She had cried out to Walter, "I wish I knew what to do."

In her blunt way she pulled herself up, and asked the question—

"Wouldn't it be best just to say that I'll no have him?"

And so end it all. End it all?—how her poor heart trembled at that! and how blank and weary the whole world looked under that light! If she could only reach that something beyond the present life, that mysterious something for which she had so often looked far across the sea, which she never found, and never yet realised in her own mind, she might have ended it all. But he had come and told her of his love, and that had seemed to be the something for which she had been craving, until these doubts and warnings made her sensible that she had not yet attained the mysterious something for which she yearned; yet her heart craved for him, and she could not give him up.

She would not give him up. The fierce spirit which rebelled against everything like coercion, rose within her, and she resolved to marry him in spite of every opposition and counsel. Then came the meekness, and to her strange cowardice, when she thought of him, and of the Laird's words, that he would ruin all his future prospects if he should marry her.

If he should marry her! It was very hard for her who loved him so, to decide how to act, when he was so persistent in declaring that his whole happiness lay in her hands, that she alone could make his future bright and prosperous.

What did he mean, if it was not what she wished him to mean? She beat her hands helplessly,

against the air; she cried for guidance and for help; and then the burthen of the old song returned to her—she loved him, and she could not give him up.

All this time Walter was waiting patiently to see her before he should return home.

"Don't think anything about what my father said," he whispered to her when she came to him; "it is his anxiety to see me comfortably placed that made him speak. We'll go up and see the house to-morrow."

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

DRUMLIEMOUNT.

THEY walked up the hill together, toward the little squat grey church at the top. There was still a shadow lying across Teenie's heart, and the brightness of the day did not dispel it. She tried to hide it from him, and failed. Walter was making an honest effort to win her back to the old free and fearless nature.

Above them, a pale blue sky, diversified with mountains of fleece, fringed with bright silver; behind them, the sea, glistening white and green, heaving gently, and singing its song, which is always merry or sad according to the humour of the listener; the scrambling houses of Rowanden, and the ever-changing group of men, women, and children on the shore; the wind sweeping up with its salt savour from the sea, and whistling coldly in their ears.

Before them, a yellow tortuous road, hedge-bound, and winding over a hill that would have been bleak and barren, but for the small plantation of firs and evergreens growing around the manse—planted there to protect the house from the sharp blasts of "the razor."

The cottage which the new minister was to occupy was on the opposite side of the road from the old manse, surrounded by a thick hedge and a few evergreens, but unprotected by any trees, except a few apple-trees in the garden at the back. But it was a pretty place, of modern construction, and with many conveniences: it had been erected by a retired officer, who had lived only a few years to enjoy his residence. It faced the sea, and the front wall was covered with roses and honeysuckle.

The lovers walked leisurely upward. Walter made fun of the winding road and the hill, playfully telling her that it was an emblem of their future career—always a toil up-hill towards home; but he would be quite contented if he might walk always hand-in-hand with her as they were doing now.

"Are you sure you will always be content with that?" she said, looking at him quickly.

"Sure?"—he was going to answer lightly, but he saw that she was very earnest; and so he spoke

gravely and tenderly : " As sure, Teenie, as a man can be of anything in his own nature. I cannot foresee, because I cannot understand, any change in my views on this subject. This is what I desire, this is what I seek—a simple life with you and my books, trying to do well ourselves, and trying to help others to accept life and its troubles humbly, hopefully, and gratefully."

" Did your father say anything more about—about me ? "

He did not like the question ; but he answered it frankly.

" Yes, he took me to task again last night, and repeated a number of unpleasant counsels and possibilities which are no doubt true enough to him, but they are not true at all to me."

" Why ? "

" Because we look at things from entirely different points of view."

Silence. He did not think it necessary to tell her *how* his father had spoken of her and of the engagement.

" It is all very well just now," the Laird had said, " the heat of enthusiasm and calf-love is upon you. But I tell you, I know what the world is, I know what human nature is, and you will repent. You will be sorry for having despised my counsel, when it is too late. We have not got into the millennium yet ; and human nature is much the same to-day as it was yesterday, and will be to-morrow. You think I do not understand your character ; but I do, better than yourself. You are as ambitious as the devil, and six months hence you will find this girl a weight upon your wings, utterly preventing your rising from the ground, and you will hate her. What do you say to that ? "

" I would say that, in regard to us, it is extraordinary " (smiling incredulously).

" Much worse—it's true," said Dalmahoy sharply. " However, you know my principles ; I have bothered myself more than usual over this affair. I don't like to be annoyed, and I won't be annoyed by it any more. Do as you please, only don't blame me. I have done my best to save you ; I have asked Grace, and she refused to help me ; I have asked the girl herself, and she refuses, which she would not have done if she had cared for you in the ridiculous way you fancy."

" She acted very bravely and honestly, sir ; she would have yielded to you but for me."

" Quite so ; I have nothing to say against her. I have done with the whole affair. Only there's a lesson I have learned from it—one is never too old to learn—and by which you may profit in your new career."

" Yes, sir."

" It is that Methven affair which has taught me the lesson—believe nothing that you hear, and only half what you see ; and then there will be a chance

of your getting on comfortably through the world without offending your neighbours."

With that sententious utterance the Laird dropped the whole affair, and satisfied that he was duly consulting the greatest happiness of the greatest number—he as usual being in the majority—he turned to his own enjoyment.

Walter could not repeat all this selfish counsel to her. He opened the little wooden gate, and they entered the precincts of their future home. The workmen were busy in the house, painting, papering, and carpentering. The grandchildren of the old bed-ridden minister, whose place Walter was to take, attracted by the bustle, were romping about the empty house. One chubby little fellow was standing near the doorway with a yellow basin and a clay pipe, earnestly blowing soap-bubbles to his own intense delight, and occasionally cheered by the approval of his brothers and sisters when they happened to be near him in the course of their game of hide-and-seek.

This was to be the parlour and dining-room ; that was to be the drawing-room, with the window opening to the garden ; and here in the corner, with the two windows, one to the road and the other to the garden, was to be his study. Upstairs were the bed-rooms, small but cozy. And so on.

After they had explored the house, and acknowledged the grinning salutations of the workmen, they went out to the garden. Behind the house they had a good piece of ground for potatoes and cabbages ; and if they required more, the neighbouring field might be rented. In front there was a fair space of grass for bleaching and croquet, and as much space for flowers as they were likely to require.

They sat down, she on a garden roller, he on the edge of a wheelbarrow. Before them, the slope of the hill and the glistening sea ; behind them, the rose-covered cottage, and the little fellow blowing his soap-bubbles.

" We will be very happy here, Teenie ; don't you think so ? "

Up went a bubble, wavering in the inconstant wind, gleaming with all the colours of the rainbow—then suddenly falling upon the ground, a drop of soap and water.

" Ay, Walter, I hope so " (she used to call him Wattie in the old days of childhood).

" You see that tower there " (pointing to the stunted square tower of the church, with its wooden slits to admit air and to let out the sound of the bell) ; " well, when the bell calls the fisher-folk up from Rowanden, and the farmer-folk from across the moors, I want to teach them to come gladly as to a merry feast, and you will help me to do that."

Up went another bubble. " Eh, but that's a fine one ! " cried the child.

"I'll do what I can, but I'm no sure that I can be of much use to you."

Her eyes were gazing into his so anxiously; she did not know how she was to help him in the work he seemed to be so bent upon, but she wished to help him, and that was everything.

"I picture to myself such a glorious life, with you beside me, always ready to cheer me when my heart fails, always inspiring me with new courage and hope when I am, in my weakness, inclined to falter and halt."

"Bonnier an' bonnier, bigger an' bigger!" cried the child as another bubble, larger than the others, went up, and his companions cheered its bright ascent.

"But it's out already," cried one of the children, with much disappointment and reprimand in the tone.

"I couldna help that," cries the bubble-blower; "look at this one!"

"Of course, we must expect to have trials, and difficulties to overcome; nobody can escape them," Walter went on; "but we'll try to make them light to each other by sharing them bravely, and by feeling that our love endures, although everything else should fail us."

"Tsha! that's no a guid one ava," exclaimed the audience of the bubble-blower.

Her eyes were fixed upon him, the clear truth and love that was in her heart shining like sunlight on his face, and filling his soul with gracious hope and pleasure.

"You may be surc of that," said Teenie in a very low voice.

"That's grand!" cried the chorus of children as another big bubble floated up gently and disappeared in the air. That was the most successful of the experiments yet made.

"Heaven bless you, Teenie, for those words," he said fervently; "it is not easy for a man to oppose all who care for him, and who cannot wish anything but his well-being; yet I have been obliged to do that, and I have been glad and proud to do it for your sake. But it is an immense relief and satisfaction to know that you are content, and that you are resolved to brave all the dangers of the future with me."

"You're making a botch o't," ejaculated one of the boys; "let me ha'e a try."

Teenie looked toward the sea; she was remembering the angry thoughts which filled her mind yesterday. Was she content? She did not know. She felt nothing but that she wished to be his wife—that she would be devoted to him whatever happened, and she could not realise any of the trials and difficulties to which he alluded.

"You'll wonder at what I am going to say, Walter; but last night it came to me, and I cannot get the notion out of my head," she said,

looking straight at him. "Grace Wishart was brave, and set you free when she saw that it was best for you; ought not I to do the same, when I see that it would be best for you?"

He was startled by this proposal, made so quietly and with apparently such mature consideration.

"But you cannot see that," he exclaimed;—"the positions are entirely different; you would destroy, not help me, if you were to forsake me."

"I wish I was sure of that," she answered dreamily, again gazing toward the restless sea.

The boys were sending up the bubbles in quick succession; they flashed an instant many colours in the delighted eyes of the children, and then went out.

"You cannot wish to make me miserable."

"No" (as before).

"You cannot wish to make me turn away from all the hopes I have cherished—from the work I have dreamed of doing, with you beside me to help and cheer me. You cannot wish that, and that is what would happen if you were to leave me.—I would think the whole world bad, and life not worth having."

His voice was subdued; but there was deep passion in his tone—in his face and his eyes as he bent toward her.

"I will never leave you, Walter, until I feel sure that you will be happier without me—that is what made me think of it; but I'm no sure that I would have been able to do it, even if you wanted me."

She smiled at her own weakness; and he was proud of it. He would have hugged her on the spot, but he was checked in time by a blithe shout from the children.

"Then we'll not speak any more about these unpleasant things. We'll just be sensible, and set quietly about our arrangements, and we'll settle down into a douce cozy couple before the honeymoon is out."

"But your folk are so set against me——"

"Hush!—you must not think that; besides, you are going to marry only me, not all my folk."

"But that fortune the Laird thought I was to have?"

"For my sake, Teenie, don't let me hear another word about that fortune, or it will drive me out of my wits, as I think it has done half the people of the county. What is it to us? we want nothing but one another, and, having that, all the money in the world cannot add to our happiness, or take away from it."

There was such a beautiful bubble went up at that moment; the bairns hurrahed and danced with pleasure, and watched it till it disappeared.

He made her so happy, because he told her just what she wanted to believe; and at the moment she really thought that her doubts were satis-

factorily answered—that the future was made plain to her, a long life of loving companionship, full of joy because their love was so sure and true. What indeed should she care whether the Dalmahoy folk were set against her or not? she had nothing to do with them. Grace Wishart, who was good and brave and generous, was her friend, and had told her that she was right; why then should she think of anything but the bright sunshine that was falling upon her? Why should she hear anything but blithe songs in the minstrelsy of the birds around her, and in the distant roar of the sea which the wind carried up the height, modulated and harmonised by its journey?

She found new pleasure in looking round the place which was to be her home—in settling

various details of arrangement, and in trying to remember the countless little odds and ends which would be requisite for prudent and thrifty house-keeping.

They went into the house to pay their respects to old Mr. Geddies; but this was one of his bad days, and his widowed daughter—mother of the bubble-blowers—who was his housekeeper, thought they had better not see him.

So they went down the hill together. The complexion of everything and everybody had changed to Teenie since she had gone up to Drumliemount. She was so happy that all the world seemed gay, and Walter the best and bravest gentleman that ever lived.

END OF CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

JOHN BULL'S MONEY MATTERS.—THE QUEEN'S INCOME.

BY ALFRED S. HARVEY, B.A.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART THE THIRD.



It remains to add that gradually, during the reigns of George the Third and his successor, the charges of the Civil Administration were removed from the Civil List. On the accession of William the Fourth, the House of Commons openly agreed that the Civil List should be applied only to the personal expenditure of the Sovereign, and the king accordingly received a Civil List of £510,000 a year, subdivided substantially in the same mode as that of Her Majesty, which we have already quoted.

Two sources of revenue, in addition to the voted Civil List, however, still remain to the Royal Family. The reigning monarch of these realms is also Duke or Duchess of Lancaster, and the eldest son of the Sovereign is Duke of Cornwall by birth. The former of these, the Duchy of Lancaster, has been vested in the Crown since the time of Henry the Fourth. It was his private property when he took possession of the throne, and it was then, and has been ever since, kept distinct from the other Crown Lands, which are now surrendered to the nation. There is a Chancellor of the Duchy, who is a political officer, and who looks after the rents and royalties of mines and quarries, and other channels of income which make up its revenue, and who pays over yearly to Her Majesty's Privy Purse the net profits of the duchy, amounting now to £30,000.

The Duchy of Cornwall has vested in the eldest son of the Sovereign since Edward the Third bestowed the duchy on the Black Prince. If there

be no son, the revenues are paid to the Crown itself. The income of the duchy arises chiefly from coal and tin mines and quarries, and from a compensation paid out of the Consolidated Fund in lieu of certain old duties. Its affairs are managed by a permanent council. The profits of the duchy have been considerably enhanced by the judicious management of the late Prince Consort, and amount now to £60,000 a year. The nation actually reaps the benefit of this sum, for when Parliament settled the income of the Prince of Wales at £100,000 a year, £40,000 only was made chargeable against the public revenue.

Let us now endeavour to ascertain the practical working of the system under which the Crown is supported in this country. The first point to be touched upon is the extent to which all the arrangements are penetrated with the idea of constitutionalism. The nation desires that there shall always be harmonious co-operation between the responsible Government of the day and the members of the Royal Household. This is effected by making the great officers of the Household—the Lord Chamberlain, Master of the Horse, and Mistress of the Robes, etc.—removable with every change of ministry. The scandal and friction which would be occasioned if a Prime Minister's conduct were always the subject of adverse and interested criticism from officials in daily contact with royalty is thus avoided, and the independence of the minister secured. Again, the nation does not wish so to endow a monarch that, on the one hand, his wealth may be applied as mere caprice or tyranny suggests, perhaps to the detriment of the freedom of the subject. On the other hand, the

nation would be disgusted at the spectacle of an avaricious or penurious Sovereign, who hoarded his income, and so proved himself a dwarfed and unworthy representative of the majesty of the State. To counteract both tendencies, the Civil List is, as we have seen, divided into classes, the object for which the total of each class is to be applied being specified by Act of Parliament. In this way the maintenance of the desired amount of State pageantry and magnificence is insured. Finally, the actual issues in each of the classes are subject to the examination of a Treasury official, the Auditor of the Civil List, whose business it is to see that the prescribed total is not exceeded.

But this system, however beneficial and constitutional, certainly imposes on the country some correlative obligations. If the Crown, after surrendering all its landed property, receives in return an income so divided as to place only £100,000 a year at its absolute disposal, the remainder being appropriated under conditions which render any considerable economy impossible, it seems but reasonable that the country should make special arrangements for special exigencies. Hence it has always been understood that the nation will grant a dowry to a son or daughter of the reigning Sovereign, and will bestow pensions on the various members of the Royal Family. There is much to be said on other grounds, for these practices. A royal marriage may be an advantage to the State, by strengthening a national alliance already existing, or effecting a new one; or it may be the occasion of all sorts of political complications and trouble. In either case, it is of the last importance that any proposed marriage should, if suitable, have the sanction of Parliament; if unsuitable, its veto. Now the granting or withholding of the dowry gives to the House of Commons exactly the needed power.

If now we are asked to ascertain the cost of monarchy, the task is by no means difficult. Her Majesty receives, as we have seen, a Civil List of £385,000 a year. To this we must add £31,000, the revenue derived from the Duchy of Lancaster, and £17,000, the annual cost of maintaining the palaces in the occupation of the Crown (such as Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle), which is provided for in a vote of Parliament. These items amount to £433,000. The Prince of Wales has £100,000 a year, of which £60,000 is derived from the Duchy of Cornwall, and £40,000 from an annuity on the Consolidated Fund; the Princess of Wales, £10,000; the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Arthur, £15,000 each; the Princess Royal, or Crown Princess of Germany, £8,000; Princesses Alice, Helena, and Louise, £6,000 each; the Duke of Cambridge, £12,000; the Duchess of Cambridge, £6,000; and the Princess Teck and Princess Augusta of Mecklenburg Strelitz, £5,000 and

£3,000 each respectively. These annuities amount to £132,000, and adding this, with the revenue of the Duchy of Cornwall, to our former total, we reach a total charge of £625,000 a year. Now the Crown Lands produce a profit of £375,000, and the other branches of hereditary revenue about £13,000, which sums are carried to the Exchequer. Thus the net result of the system we are discussing is that royalty costs the British taxpayer less than a quarter of a million a year.

Now taking Professor Leone Levi's estimate that the taxation of the working classes amounts to 12½ per cent. of their taxable incomes, and calculating the proportion which the cost of royalty bears to the general expenditure of the nation, we arrive at this result, that in the case of a skilled artisan with a taxable income of £100 a year, the maintenance of royalty costs him ninepence a year.

Such, then, is the outcome of the Constitutional Contract the nation has made with its Sovereign. Its every feature bears the mark of that spirit of compromise which is so characteristic of the English nation—the spirit which finds its expression in the saw, “The king reigns, but does not govern”—which gives the monarch a veto he is never supposed to exercise—which, in short, desires every act of Government to be the act of the Sovereign, and yet is sincerely distrustful of any other intervention of the Crown than is implied in sanctioning an Act of Parliament. Of course, arrangements carried out in such a spirit as this cannot be expected to excite much enthusiasm; on the other hand, they certainly disarm criticism. And this is just what has been achieved by the Civil List Contract. It works without friction, is thoroughly constitutional, and, moreover, has made it altogether impossible for a republican to attack royalty in England on the score of cost. Many of the criticisms which have of late years been directed against the Civil List have demonstrated this. They were felt to be trivial and pitiful, and, as a contribution to the discussion of the relative merits of royalty and republicanism, worthless. A logical republican would object to a king even if the Crown cost him nothing; an ardent propagandist of Divine Right would, we suppose, kiss the sceptre though he were beggared in maintaining it. But once grant that constitutional monarchy, however illogical in theory, is desirable simply because it works well, and it is difficult to see how it could be maintained more cheaply or more agreeably than by the Civil List.

In short, in this as in other matters, the nation has aimed rather at practical utility than at theoretic excellence. The result has been undoubtedly satisfactory. To the ordinary Englishman, proud of his country, and prouder still of its constitutional freedom, the Queen may be nothing more than the hereditary chairman of the Cabinet which governs

the nation ; to the myriads of that greater Britain on which the sun never sets, the "great Empress" is a potentate whose personal will environs their existence, and whose influence is felt in every event of their lives. And it is the highest achievement of our "crowned republic's crowning common-sense"

to have thus developed a government which is in unison with the sober ideas of practical Englishmen, and which yet furnishes that embodiment in a person, essential for the more enthusiastic loyalty and the more exuberant devotion of Celt, Hindoo, or Parsee.

ODD FISHES.

BY GREVILLE FENNELL.

"When found, make a note of."



HE general disbelief of the present age in monsters of the deep has received a cruel blow from Mr. M. Harvey, a Presbyterian minister at St. John's, Newfoundland, who has sent to England the photograph of a prodigious "devil-fish," called by Mr. Harvey a cuttle, but pronounced by the editor of the *Field*, in which it is figured, to be a calamary.

Frequent allusions to these monsters are made by old naturalists—of their fearful doings in detaining ships, sinking boat-loads of sailors, and carrying men from off the sands to devour them in some cavernous snuggerly in the deep. One of the most ancient of these accounts that we can trace says in reference to the seas near Smyrna: "There is a fish called a pulp, which floats upon the surface of the water like a slimy scum, and when turned appears to be an animal, with many long legs like that of a spider, and at each leg a ball full of liquor like water. It is of different colours according to the season and nature of the soil. It catches its prey with its legs, and frequently drowns men who have the misfortune to meet with it as they wash in those seas ; for it not only holds them fast with its long legs, but by diffusing a venomous liquor from its bags, deprives them of motion, and raises inflammations in the part it seizes."

Victor Hugo, in his "Toilers of the Sea," alludes to a creature of this character, and his account, as well as that of all who have preceded him upon the same topic, appear to have been put aside as the chimera of dreamy romancers, desirous to draw equally upon their own imaginations and the credulity of their readers.

But Mr. Harvey's description of the animal in question far exceeds that of the great French novelist, or of any of the ancient writers whose details have been long consigned to the limbo of fiction, but whose store-rooms we are now somewhat entitled to rummage, at least upon this and kindred subjects, and bring the results into the light of day.

The capture of this monster was made by three fishermen residing in Logie Bay, Newfoundland, three miles from St. John's, it having been entangled in their net. With great difficulty they succeeded in dispatching it and bringing it ashore, being compelled to cut off its head before they could drag it into their boat.

The body alone is eight feet in length, and five feet in circumference. The arms, ten in number, radiate from the top of the head ; and it is totally distinct from the European octopus, so well known in our aquaria, it having ten instead of eight arms, two of which, exceedingly elongated, are furnished with suctorial discs only at the extremities. The body, instead of being globular as in the common octopus, forms an elongated cone, and has been named by naturalists *Ommastrephes*. The mouth of the creature consists of a strong horny beak, exactly like that of a parrot in shape, and about the size of a man's fist. The two longest arms measure each twenty-four feet in length, and are only three inches in circumference, entirely cartilaginous, very tough and strong, and at the extremity are covered with powerful suckers, the largest being a little more than an inch in diameter. There are about eighty suckers on each arm, which tapers to a pretty fine point. Each of the eight short arms is six feet in length, and at the point of junction with the head is nine inches in circumference. The suckers have a denticulated edge, with a membrane in the centre, which the creature can retract at pleasure, and thereby create a vacuum. Thus directly a prey falls into its fatal embrace, the first valve that comes in contact, the membranous piston is set to work, a vacuum is created, and as it struggles to escape, it is brought in contact with more and more of the discs, and dragged within reach of the monster's mouth, its fate being sealed by aid of the powerful beak.

"No fate," writes Mr. Harvey, "could be more horrible than to be entwined by these clammy corpse-like arms, and to feel their folds creeping and gliding around you, and their eight hundred discs, with their cold adhesive touch, glueing themselves to you with a grasp which nothing could relax, and feeling like so many mouths devouring you at the same time. Slowly the arms, supple as

leather, strong as steel, cold as death, draw their prey under the horrible beak, and press it against the glutinous mass which forms the body. The cold slimy grasp paralyses the victim with terror, as the powerful mandibles rend and devour."

The brute appears to be quite as black as it is painted, within as well as without, for it is described to have two tubes or funnels connected with the body—one for ejecting the inky fluid by which the cuttle darkens the water around it, when it is attacked and desires to escape; or may it not be when it desires to mystify and enshroud its victim, for the more ready discovery of which its long and waving arms afford such facility? The other tube is connected with breathing organs, which it fills with water, and by the ejection is enabled to spring backwards with amazing rapidity, while by rapidly opening and closing the arms it can rise in the water with great force.

Prodigious as is the description, and horrible as is the character of this embodied nightmare, this specimen is declared in Newfoundland to be but an infant compared with some that have been seen around those shores.

It is stated, from sources considered trustworthy, that some time ago two fishermen in Conception Bay encountered a cuttle, the body of which was sixty feet in length. It threw two of its tentacles over their boat, and had they not on the instant severed the arms with an axe as they lay over the gunwale, it would have dragged them to the bottom. A tentacle of this monster is in the museum at St. John's, which is thirty-five feet in length, broadening out like the blade of an oar towards the extremity, where it is nearly seven inches in circumference.

Other cuttles, of forty, forty-seven, and one of the almost incredible magnitude of eighty feet in length have come ashore but lately in those parts.

Well may Mr. Harvey exclaim, "Oriental tales of cuttles sufficiently large to throw their arms over a ship's hull, and drag her under water, may therefore have more foundation in fact than naturalists dream of."

But let us dismiss this ghastly wretch and turn to another odd fish, whose amiable disposition, according to Pliny and other writers, was thus exemplified:—

The Lake of Lucrin, so famous in ancient times, is now no more than a little pond about a hundred paces broad and a quarter of a mile long; it was anciently joined to the sea, although now several miles from it. "Here a dolphin which frequented the lake was fed with bread by a boy that went every day to school from Baiæ to Puzzuolo, that the fish became at length so familiar with the boy that he carried him often on his back over the bay." Oppian tells us, "he was an eye-witness of it, besides many more that flocked from all parts to

see it;" and Solon affirms that "at last it was so common that it was scarce any more regarded as an extraordinary thing."

Sir Thomas Herbert, in his account of the dolphins on the coast of Zanguebar, on the east of the Cape of Good Hope, with studied seriousness tells us that "they much affect the company of men, are nourished like men, always constant to their mates, embrace with true affection, and are so tenderly affected to their parents that, when they are three hundred years old, they feed and defend them against hungry fishes; and when they die, carry them ashore and bury them."

Are we to presume that the above, like the prismatic fable of the dying moments of a dolphin, is coloured too highly?

"There is a sort of crab-fish so large that a man's leg will go into his mouth. They live most upon cockles, and have a notable way to get the fish out of the shell; when they see a cockle gaping, which they often do, they presently, by their claws, slip a little stone into the aperture so that the cockle cannot close its shell; and they pick out the flesh, with a great deal of dexterity." The same old black-letter which contains this, likewise has the fact that "there is a prodigious oyster-shell amongst the rarities of Holland, weighing 130 pounds."

Singularly enough, some contemporary writers were very hard upon the oyster story, while they swallowed the crab-fish. The former, however, has been long confirmed as true, and two of the shells may be seen publicly exposed at an oyster shop in Maiden Lane, which have since given rise to the almost transatlantic witticism, that such an oyster would take more than one man to eat it whole.

Here again we are approaching the repulsive nature of the cuttle tribe. "There is on the shores of Labrador a water-snake of so strange a quality, that whatsoever it touches it sticks fast to it, and by that means it gets its living. It is of a vast length, but can contract itself wonderfully. So he comes ashore, lays himself down close, and whatsoever stumbles upon him is caught by his glewy skin; then he whips away with it into the sea, and returns to his natural length, which is equal to a large cable." Harris adds a note to this—"There is another large water-snake, generally twenty-five or thirty feet long, and a yard in compass. One of them was found dead, twelve yards and a half long."

We find traces of another fish that affects a love of mankind, although strangely misnamed. "There is a fish called man-eater, which uses both elements. Its fins serve for stilts at land, as they do for oars at sea. It delights in beholding a man's face, and is valuable for a stone found in the head, which being stamped, and drank in wine fasting, cures the cholick."

OUT OF THE DARKNESS.



"Gazing out in the moonlight."

I SAT by the fire last evening,
 And the flames were flickering low ;
 The shadows that played on the chamber
 wall

Grew softer and softer, and faded all
 In the last expiring glow ;
 And the ashes fell like a fun'ral pall
 That is white with winter's snow.

I thought of the years long faded,
 Of the love which had burnt so bright,
 Which had glowed with a flame so wide and strong,
 It had thrilled my heart with a grateful song,
 And flooded the world in light ;
 Which I thought—Ah, God!—would endure so long ;
 And crumbled to dust in a night.

I thought of the lonely wifehood,
 Of the long sad summers of pain ;
 Of the bold brow darkened which once was fair ;
 Of the name I had been so proud to bear ;
 And he had been proud to stain ;
 Of that final hour of blank despair,
 And forgiveness given in vain.

I thought of the baby laughter,
 Of the soft cheek nestled to mine,
 Of the dear little feet that knew no rest,
 And the drowsy cooings on mother's breast,
 And the eyes whose liquid shine
 Had smiled their last as the sweet lips prest
 To the passionate pain of mine.

And up in my heart's great silence
 Rose a terrible cry, "Alone !
 Not only to-day, but for evermore
 Till thy feet have struck the Eternal shore,
 And the journey of life be done,
 And the cross that Jesus carried before,
 Is laid at the foot of His throne."

And gazing out in the moonlight
 Where the graves of my darlings lay,
 I thought how fair in the silver air
 God's holy angels were watching there ;
 And a whisper seemed to say,
 "What He hath taken beyond thy care
 Was in mercy taken away.

"If thou, His child, hast forgiven
 Through the sacrament of thy love,
 The Father, whose mercy is greater far,
 As His wrongs are deeper than thy wrongs are,
 That mercy is sure to prove ;
 For the wee white lamb and the fallen star
 Are His treasures alike above."

THEO. GIFT.

THE POETS OF THE SOFTER SEX.

IT is a somewhat remarkable fact that until the latter half of the eighteenth century Englishwomen can scarcely be said to have aspired to a place in authorship, more especially as poets. Neither the classical culture, of which they partook so largely in the great Elizabethan era, nor the example of a Vittoria Colonna and her tuneful sisterhood* in Italy, induced them to enter the domain of letters. One woman, and only one, Lady Elizabeth Carew, seems to have shown herself capable of writing verses worthy of notice in that age so fertile in men of genius. Towards the close of the last century, however, we find that many ladies became ambitious of literary distinction. Their names are chiefly found in connection with the celebrated Blue Stocking Club, and the most remarkable among them was undoubtedly Mrs. Hannah More. This excellent woman is now best known by her numerous prose writings, and by these she aided powerfully in preading sound religious and moral principles. But her earlier efforts were in dramatic authorship; and through the friendship of Garrick her tragedy of "Percy" had some success. Her verses were highly praised by Johnson. They show a great faculty for observation, and much

good sense, but are wanting in the essential characteristics of poetry.

Female authors now began to grow more numerous, and the present century has never failed to produce women possessed of that aptitude for poetic feeling and expression which might be expected from their natural powers of "sympathy and insight."

Two Scottish ladies, who lived about the time we have been speaking of, have each bequeathed to us a short poem worthy to be classed with the imperishable lyrics of Burns. Lady Ann Lindsay (afterwards Lady Ann Barnard) was the author of the well-known and pathetic ballad of "Auld Robin Gray;" and Caroline Oliphant (Lady Nairn) wrote the equally well-known, and if possible more pathetic song, "The Land o' the Leal." "Auld Robin Gray" was composed about the year 1771 at Balcarres House, in Fifeshire, the residence of Lady Ann Lindsay's father, the Earl of Balcarres; but its authorship was not acknowledged till 1823, when Lady Ann wrote to Sir Walter Scott, giving a full account of the circumstances attending its composition.

Besides "The Land o' the Leal," Lady Nairn was the author of the popular comic song, "The Laird o' Cockpen," and of several other lyrical pieces. She was a beautiful and accomplished woman, and ever ready to assist in works of charity.

Mrs. Barbauld, the daughter of Dr. John

* A collection of poetry published in Italy in 1559 included the works of fifty noble ladies.—*Handbook of Italian Literature.*

Aikin, and joint author with him of the well-known "Evenings at Home," was a voluminous writer, chiefly in verse of a devotional cast. Her "Ode to Spring" and her "Hymn to Content" show much capacity for lyric poetry. All her works contain passages remarkable for tenderness and for sustained dignity. The following lines in her poem on "Life" have been thought worthy of a place in Mr. F. T. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury":—

"Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me 's a secret yet.

"Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather.
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh—a tear!
Then steal away; give little warning;
Choose thine own time,
Say not good night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me good morning."

These lines were greatly admired both by Wordsworth and Rogers. The former said that he would rather have written them than any of his own.

Mrs. Barbauld wrote little during her married life. In her widowhood she returned to literary work. But

—"the Quarterly,
Savage and tartarly,"

had then begun that career of virulent criticism which culminated in the disastrous attack on Keats. Mrs. Barbauld, no longer possessing the elasticity of youth, was so disheartened by an article full of bitter personalities in this periodical, that she threw down the pen in disgust, and wrote no more.

The most considerable poem hitherto published by a woman was the "Psyche" of Mrs. Henry Tighe. It is written in the Spenserian stanza, and both in the style and in the allegorical nature of the subject may be considered as inspired by the "Faërie Queen." Cradled amid the exquisite scenery of the county of Wicklow, the authoress grew up deeply imbued with the love of nature. Her faults are those of a youthful and fervid imagination; and when time had matured her judgment, and taught her to adopt a more condensed and chastened style, she would probably have surpassed even this beautiful and pathetic poem.

One of Moore's most touching songs was written to commemorate the attractive qualities and the early death of his gifted countrywoman. Seldom has a lovelier character been portrayed than in the lines—

—"veiled beneath a simple guise,
Thy radiant genius shone;
And that which charmed all other eyes,
Seemed worthless in thine own,
Mary."

Mrs. Hemans has also paid a graceful tribute to Mrs. Tighe's memory in her lines on "The Grave of a Poetess."

Miss Baillie, whom Scott loved to address as "Sister Joanna," comes next in order of time. Her plays were intended "to delineate the stronger passions of the mind, each passion being the subject of a tragedy or a comedy." It is probable that the attempt to make each play an exposition of one ruling passion injured their dramatic effect. However this may be, they proved to be wanting in the qualities which insure success in the acted drama. Even with the aid of Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble, "Basil," one of her best tragedies, only kept the stage eleven nights. Nevertheless they will amply repay perusal. Written in a simple and vigorous style, they show close observation of nature and character, and abound in lines which are admirable for thought and felicity of expression,

—"What custom hath endeared,
We part with sadly, though we prize it not."

Or speaking of the aged countess in "Basil"—

—"Her nobler mind
Procures to her the privilege of man,
Ne'er to be old till Nature's strength decays."

Touches of pure poetry are frequent, such as the comparison of the beautiful and wayward princess in the same play to—

—"vapour from the mountain stream,
Which lightly rises on the morning air,
And shifts its fleeting form with ev'ry breeze,
For ever varying, and for ever graceful."

Miss Baillie was less successful in the lyrical pieces with which her dramas are interspersed. Though pleasingly versified, none of them rest in the memory. In the "Legend of Columbus" the fine lines occur beginning—

"Oh! who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name?"

Many of her fugitive pieces are very graceful and pleasing. Among them may be distinguished the lines to her sister, Miss Agnes Baillie, on her birthday, and the "Verses to our own Flowery-knotted Spring;" those on the death of Scott, bearing testimony to the tried friendship of many years; and the playful and well-known poem of "The Kitten." Miss Baillie, who was the daughter of a Scottish minister, and born in Lanarkshire, spent the last years of her life at Hampstead. She died in 1851 at a very advanced age, having enjoyed the friendship and respect of all who knew her.

But during the great outburst of poetic genius that marked the early part of this century, there is no name among female writers which can compare with that of Mrs. Hemans. This lady may be regarded with some justice as a feminine and Christian Byron. It is true that the mental unrest which had previously found expression on the Continent

in "Werter," in "Réné," and in "Obermann," and which colours so strongly the writings of her great contemporary, is tempered in Mrs. Hemans by a firm religious faith. This faith irradiated the sadness of her poetry with the light of Christian hope and resignation, while "the land of souls beyond that sable shore" only appeared to Byron as a dim possibility. There is no doubt that this tendency to sadness was intensified by the personal history of the poetess. A marriage of affection in early life seemed to promise much domestic happiness. It ended in an estrangement apparently not caused by any fault of her own, and she seems to have given utterance to the deepest feelings of her heart in the exquisite poem of "Properzia Rossi."

There is no rule so generally applicable to literary criticism as that which condemns very popular writers to a period of neglect and depreciation, before they are allowed to take their justly earned place among our classics. This is peculiarly the case with regard to those who have won their laurels with ease and rapidity. Byron, Scott, and Moore lost their prestige almost as rapidly as they gained it, and are only now beginning to be appreciated at their real value. On the other hand, Shelley, and still more Wordsworth, gained the public ear by slow degrees. If we come to our living poets, many begin already to decry Tennyson, while Browning will probably retain the place on Parnassus to which he has so slowly and resolutely fought his way, though he still addresses the British public as those "who like him not."

By the prevailing melancholy of her writings, Mrs. Hemans has unquestionably lost somewhat with the present energetic and hard-working generation. A more legitimate cause for adverse criticism is the quantity of verse she was induced to publish, in which she dwelt over and over again on certain favourite ideas, the freshness and power of her treatment lessening at every repetition. But it was not for want of rich poetic gifts that she fell into these errors. Many of her poems are unsurpassed in intensity of feeling and expression. It was the age of "Annals," and in writing to order she was often weak and diffuse. Still, if we take away all that is unworthy of her genius, there remains a large amount of imperishable poetry. Where, for example, shall we find a more magnificent dirge than "The Treasures of the Deep," or a nobler poem than "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," in which the rich imagery and terse and vigorous expression are worthy of the moral grandeur of the subject?

"The Battle of Morgarten," and some others among her odes, stir the spirit like the sound of a trumpet. The terrible pathos of "Ivan the Czar," the steadfast heroism of "Casabianca," and the stately grandeur of the solemn night-march from out the walls of Valencia, headed by the lifeless

form of the Cid, all bear witness to her success in ballad poetry. "The Forest Sanctuary," Mrs. Hemans' longest poem, is full of beautiful thoughts beautifully expressed, and so are many among the "Records of Woman." Nevertheless, it is by her shorter pieces that she will descend to posterity. Those we have already named and many of her miscellaneous poems will live as long as the language. Filled with intense religious faith, with ardent patriotism, with home feelings and yearnings for domestic happiness, they will never cease to be dear to the true hearts of her countrymen and countrywomen.

Like Miss Baillic, Miss Mitford, and other female writers, Mrs. Hemans essayed the drama. Her plays are fine poems, but they had no better success on the stage than those of others of her sex. The very general failure of women in this walk (Miss Mitford's "Rienzi" being almost the only exception) doubtless proceeds from their want of a sufficiently extensive knowledge of the world.

To those who believe in the influence of race on poetic genius, it may not be uninteresting to note that Mrs. Hemans, though born in Liverpool, was of mingled Irish, Italian, and German descent. She died in 1835, at the comparatively early age of forty-one.

In a critique on the writings of Madame Emile de Girardin, M. de Ste. Beuve characterises Mrs. Hemans as "an English poet of high distinction, profoundly moral, full of natural sensibility, always clothed with imagination and veiled in modesty" (*toujours revêtue d'imagination, et voilée de modestie*). He then gives a French version of one of her shorter poems, and contrasts it as a style of poetry perfectly true, perfectly sincere, with that which is not so, or is only partially so. If for Madame de Girardin we substitute Miss Landon, the remarks of the distinguished French critic will be equally applicable. This lady, whose untimely death on a distant shore excited so much sympathy at the date of its occurrence, had an undoubted poetic gift. Unfortunately, she succumbed to the temptations which we have already noticed as leading Mrs. Hemans astray, and adopted a tone of morbid sentimentalism which soon became out of unison with the growing taste for a more robust and healthy literature. The best passages in her most important work, "The Improvisatrice," bear a close resemblance to some parts of "Lalla Rookh." They are very melodious and pleasingly versified, but neither in this nor in her other poems is there much to insure them from falling into oblivion.

Another name belonging to this time must not be forgotten. Caroline Bowles, who became the second wife of Southey, and watched over his years of mental darkness, was a graceful, unaffected, and pleasing writer. Her poems are marked by a "spiritual undertone," which harmonises well with

her simple style and genuine pathos. "The Pauper's Deathbed" is powerfully impressive, and its unadorned dignity is well suited to the subject. We have only space for the opening and concluding stanzas :—

"Tread softly, bow the head,
In reverent silence bow ;
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

"Oh, change ! stupendous change !
There lies the soulless clod.

The sun eternal breaks,
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God."

The sonnets appended to "Robin Hood"—a fragment which was the joint production of Southey and herself, and published after his death—contain touching allusions to his sad affliction, and are very beautiful. The poem of "Walter and William," in the same volume, and many others among her tales, may compare with any of Crabbe's for their realism, while they have an ease and grace of diction and a simple tenderness all their own. E. W.

DOGS AND THEIR MADNESS.

BY AN OLD FELLOW OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.



THE last serious outbreak of "rabies," more commonly known as hydrophobia, in England was in 1866. In that year no less than thirty-six people died of the disease. Great alarm was caused, amounting to something very like a panic. Most stringent measures were taken, a large number of suspected dogs being killed ; and the number of deaths immediately fell to ten in the next year, and to seven in 1868.

It now seems as if we were threatened with a return of the epidemic. The disease first appeared in the northern counties some six months ago ; but it has spread with terrible rapidity. Mad dogs have been seen and killed in almost every part of the country, and several deaths have been reported.

Within the last few weeks rabies has broken out in London ; and the danger is so far recognised that Colonel Henderson has ordered the police to destroy all stray dogs.

Now hydrophobia is without exception one of the most terrible diseases with which we are afflicted, although fortunately it is comparatively rare. Its terror lies in the fact that it is absolutely mortal, and that the death of the sufferer is peculiarly agonising. It is consequently to be regretted—especially at a time like the present, when the appearance of the malady has caused such a widespread feeling of alarm—that so many popular errors and misconceptions should exist upon the subject. Some of these I wish to clear away.

The disease, as at present known, is always communicated by the bite of a rabid animal—usually a dog, but sometimes a cat, wolf, fox, jackal, racoon, or even a badger, for all carnivorous animals are liable to rabies, and it is amongst them that it

invariably originates. But to communicate the disease, the animal must be itself rabid when the bite is inflicted. The old superstition that if a man is bitten by a dog, and the dog afterwards goes mad, the man is in danger of hydrophobia, is altogether absurd, and gives rise to much groundless alarm. We might as well suppose that if our friend leaves us for South America, and there dies of the yellow fever, we are ourselves in danger because we shook hands with him when he left Southampton.

The bite of a dog is always a nasty thing, painful, and apt to fester and heal badly. But the bite of a dog in health cannot possibly give hydrophobia ; the animal must itself be rabid ; and under ordinary circumstances there is no ground for any grave apprehension on account of a bite, no matter how severe it may be. Even those who are bitten by a rabid dog will do well not to be seriously alarmed. In the first place, the bite, even if not attended to, does not by any means always result in the disease. Statistics, indeed, would seem to show that the chances of escape are almost as five to two, only forty deaths occurring out of a hundred persons bitten. But, besides this original chance of immunity, proper precautions go far to decrease the danger ; and if the wound is attended to by a skilled surgeon, the patient may make his mind comparatively easy.

But what is most important, especially for those who keep a favourite dog, is that we should be able to recognise the premonitory symptoms of the disease, and so secure the animal before it can do mischief.

To be forewarned is to be forearmed ; and at a time when hydrophobia is prevalent, those who are exposed to any risk of infection cannot be forearmed too completely. The symptoms of hydrophobia are very characteristic, and it is unfortunate not only that they should be so little known, but that so much misapprehension should

exist as to their nature. There is, for instance, a common notion that a rabid dog is a furious beast, which rushes wildly about, attacking everything that comes in its way. This is altogether an error. Rabid dogs have before now died quite tranquilly; and in any case it is only in the last few hours of the disease that delirium and frenzy set in. It is also a very common mistake to suppose that the mad dog dreads water, and that no dog is rabid which can drink. This is, indeed, a peculiarly mischievous delusion, as it leads people to imagine that because a dog will drink, he cannot possibly be dangerous. On the contrary, the dread of water (*hydrophobia*), which is so characteristic in the human patient, is often entirely absent in the rabid dog, and a mad dog will drink eagerly. Mr. Blaine declares that, after twenty-five years of large experience as a veterinary surgeon, he cannot recollect a single case of rabies in the dog in which the poor creature manifested any marked dread of, or aversion to, water.

Rabies in the dog commences with the ordinary signs of ill-health. The poor creature is dull and unhappy, its eye is dim, its nose is hot and hard, and its manner is listless and dejected. Indeed, a sick dog is in many ways like a sick child. It betrays symptoms of *malaise*, is downcast, and anxious to be caressed and comforted. Here, however, is one of the most fertile sources of danger; for from the moment that a dog begins to sicken for hydrophobia, its saliva is infectious, and there is consequently nothing more dangerous than ever to allow a dog to lick the hands or face. The deadly virus may be absorbed in the very slightest abrasion of the skin.

The first stage is soon over, and to it succeeds the second, in which the distinctive symptoms begin to show themselves. Rabies in the dog, as in man, is a disease of the nervous system, due to or coupled with a morbid condition of the salivary glands, the saliva itself, the *fauces* or throat, and the adjacent parts. Hence it follows that, as soon as the premonitory symptoms of general sickness and discomfort are over, the more definite characteristics of the disease itself are almost unmistakable. The poor animal suffers from an irritation of the gums and teeth that makes him—something like a teething child—bite and gnaw at everything that comes in his way. He will gnaw at his chain, and at the woodwork of his kennel, or at the mat on which he lies. He will take up in his mouth and champ stones, straw, and pieces of dirt or filth. His teeth apparently pain him, and he will rub and scratch at them with his forepaws, as if a fish-bone had stuck in the gum and he were trying to get it out. But most significant of all is the change in his voice, due to incipient inflammation of the throat and larynx. The bark of a dog in health is clear and sonorous; the

animal barks with ease—as it were, each yelp yielding a distinct and clear note. A rabid dog, on the contrary, utters a bark which, once heard, can never be mistaken—a sort of strangled, stifled howl, lugubrious in its tone, and uttered with an evident effort. It is not, indeed, too much to say that a skilled veterinary surgeon can detect a mad dog by its bark alone; and that the moment a dog's bark is altered in its *timbre*, the animal should be carefully watched to see if other symptoms are not present.

Nor is this all. Besides the inflammation of the throat, there is also the cerebral disturbance, which leads to a set of symptoms of its own, equally important and significant. The rabid dog is uneasy and anxious. He roams from place to place, seeking rest and finding none. He starts up suddenly and snaps at the air, as if he were vexed by phantoms. He watches intently imaginary objects, following them closely with his eyes, as if meditating a spring. Above all, he conceives a violent dislike to his own species, and the mere sight of another dog will at once drive him into an uncontrollable fit of passion. Hitherto he will have been sufficiently docile and tractable, obedient to his master's voice, anxious for the customary caress, and, if anything, more than usually demonstrative of his affection. But towards the end his restlessness increases, and he seizes the first chance of straying away from home. Wandering out into the street, he runs recklessly and listlessly up and down, his tail between his legs, his hair foul and bristling, his whole look haggard and woe-begone. The evil fancies which haunt him grow on him. Soon he becomes furious, attacking other dogs, horses, cattle, men—everything, in short, that comes across his path. In this, the last stage, the disease is only too apparent; further doubt as to its nature is impossible. As a rule the poor creature is killed, although often not before he has spread the disease over an entire county. If not killed, he soon dies in the natural course. His rage increases, but he becomes weaker and weaker. His legs fail him, paralysis sets in, and he expires in convulsions.

Such, then, is the course of the disease in the dog. With regard to it we ought especially to notice two things:—(1) That dread of water is scarcely if ever present. A rabid dog will, on the contrary, lap water eagerly. It relieves the suffering caused by his swollen throat. (2) That until the very last stage of the malady, and often even in that, the dog retains all his affection for and obedience to his master—nay, more, seems to be aware of his miserable condition, and to crave for help and sympathy. Indeed, in this respect a sick dog is, as we have already said, strangely like a sick child.

The lesson to be drawn from this is very obvious.

The moment a dog appears at all ill he should be suspected, more especially if he should have been bitten by a strange dog, or have the scar of a bite upon him. It is as easy to tell when a dog is ill as to tell when a child is ill. A dog in health is bright and animated, runs freely about, and carries its tail erect; its nose is moist, its tongue clean, its coat clear and "satiny," and its eye full of light and life. A dog that is out of health is the very contrary of all this; and the dog that is out of health when hydrophobia is prevalent should be at once secluded. In a few days either he will be well again, or else the distinctive features of the disease will have shown themselves, and further doubt will be out of the question.

What then is really all-essential is that those who keep a dog should watch him most carefully, to see that he is bitten by no other dog. But they should also watch his health, and note any alteration in his habits, however slight.

"But how if I am bitten," the reader will naturally ask, "either by my own or a strange dog?" The answer is a very easy one. If you have the least reason for suspecting the dog to be rabid, do not lose a moment. Go at once to the nearest surgeon; do not wait to send for him. On your way keep on sucking the wound, taking care to spit out all that comes into your mouth. If the place is where you cannot get at it to suck it, then you must squeeze it, or sponge it, or do anything else to incite it to bleed freely. If it is on a limb, put on what is called a tourniquet with a pocket-handkerchief or a piece of string, and a walking stick or a bit of firewood; and as soon as you are in the surgeon's hands, trust to him implicitly, and remember the good old lines—

"Better submit to a little ill,
Than run the risk of a greater still."

If a surgeon is not within reach, there are two resources, and two only—the knife and the cautery. Few people probably have the requisite courage to cut out the bitten part for themselves. But I venture to say this, that if any one who had ever seen a hydrophobic patient die, as I have, were to be bitten himself by a mad dog, he would take out his pocket-knife and, if possible, cut the bitten part away without a moment's hesitation. The pain of a cut is no very serious matter after all. We all know what it is; and any surgeon will tell us that to cut out a dog's bite is not much, if at all, more painful than to have a big double tooth pulled out. We may take it for granted, however, that few people will ever do this, and that fewer still will follow "Shirley's" example, and burn the place out with a hot iron. But there is a quick method of cauterising, used by Americans for the bite of a snake, and which I much recommend. If a Carolina planter is bitten by a poisonous snake, he pours gunpowder on the wound, heaps it into a

little pyramid, and then flashes it, repeating the operation some four or five times. The process almost always secures immunity; and the poison of a deadly snake is so much more subtle and rapid in its operation than the saliva of a mad dog, that I confess I cannot but think that what is successful in the one case would probably be successful in the other. But then gunpowder is not always to be got, and we consequently have to find a ready substitute for it. The best of these, to my mind, is the solid lunar caustic, or nitrate of silver. Chemists sell now, at sixpence each, little sticks or "points" of lunar caustic fitted up in a wooden case, not unlike a patent pencil. You can carry one of these in your waistcoat pocket; and, if you are bitten, you have only to pull out your "point" and to at once apply it freely to the bitten surface. I myself have kept dogs for years, and I make it a rule to "touch" with lunar caustic every bite that I receive. It is so infinitely the best to be on the safe side.

I will conclude with a word of warning, and a word of comfort.

The word of warning is—Trust to no so-called "cures" for hydrophobia. No cure is known. The broad facts of the case are simply these. Of those who are bitten by mad dogs, comparatively few take or "contract" the disease. Of those who are bitten and escape, it will be found that the majority have treated the wound vigorously—or, as doctors say, "heroically"—cutting it out, or cauterising it severely. But of those who contract the disease, all die. No single case of recovery is upon record. I do not like to use hard names, but I know what I think of those who pretend to have a specific for hydrophobia, and who are willing to sell it. Trust in no quack remedy. The danger is too terrible to be trifled with. Go to the surgeon at once, if you can. If a surgeon is not within immediate reach, then use knife, gunpowder, lunar caustic—anything that will burn out or cut out the wound, and that you have the courage to bear.

The word of comfort is—Terrible as the disease is, it is yet, fortunately for us, very rare. For the last fifteen years, the rate of mortality from hydrophobia in England has been only one for every 20,000,000 of the population. The risk of being bitten by a mad dog is in itself small, even at such a time as the present, when the disease is more or less epidemic. And even for those who are so unfortunate as to be bitten, the risk of death, serious in itself, is vastly diminished if bold and vigorous precautions are at once adopted.

Of police measures intended to stamp out the disease, I have not spoken. I have rather written for those who may be, reasonably enough, alarmed at the recurrence of this terrible epidemic, and who may wish to know how to best protect themselves, and what errors to avoid.

IN HONOUR BOUND.

BY CHARLES GIBBON,

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

WHAT FOLK SAID.

THE preparations for the wedding proceeded briskly ; but the event was (happily for those most concerned) deprived of much of the importance it would have obtained in local eyes, by the excitement prevailing in reference to the Methven fortune.

The news of the million which had been left heirless, had dropped like a bomb-shell into the quiet life of Kingshaven and Rowanden, burst, and spread frenzy, enmity, and bitterness of heart around. Claims the most absurd were suddenly discovered and advanced ; relationships were made out in the most ingenious fashion ; and even trivial services rendered to the deceased were suggested as titles to a share, in the enormous wealth he had left.

Men and women, hitherto contented and happy with what they possessed, became inspired with feverish excitement, utterly dissatisfied with their lot, and ready to stake their last penny in the effort to win the Methven fortune.

If George Methven had devoted all his genius to discover how he might most severely punish those who had been harsh and unkind to him in his youth, he could not have formed a more successful plan than that of dying without a will.

The provost quarrelled with the bailies, the bailies with the councillors, and the wives fomented the disturbance, besides getting up a pretty ado on their own account as to their respective claims. The humbler classes were not behind their superiors ; hard-working fishers, sturdy tradesmen, joined the halloo, forsaking honest work for that purpose, and paying the penalty in hunger and a vexed spirit.

The Methven family had suddenly become as large as that of Adam himself. Old friendships were broken off ; family ties only rendered disputes the more bitter ; faces which had been jovial became eager and suspicious ; hearts which had been open to charitable and kindly thoughts were closed against all comers. Honest, God-fearing people, who had been always ready to help a neighbour in distress, became spiteful and vicious, each blaming the other for advancing groundless claims to the property, and so confusing the title of the rightful heir, who was always the person making the charge.

The fortune had brought a curse upon them, and

rich and poor alike were unhappy in their eagerness to clutch it.

The lawyers smiled, and made hay whilst the sun shone ; they warned their clients of the hopelessness of their claims ; but the clients paid the fees, and insisted upon the investigations and appeals proceeding.

"Did you ever hear the like of that ?" cried Mrs. Dubbieside, flopping down on the sofa ; "they say that the girl Thorston is the heiress, and she is to marry Dalmahoy's son on the strength of it !"

"I'm glad somebody has been found to heir it, for I'm sick of the whole affair," returned the provost, who was fond of peace, and had been very much badgered in regard to this subject. Eager as he was to have a share of the money, he had been so tormented about it, that he was coming round to the sensible conclusion that a man with his carriage and lamps should despise and keep clear of the squabbles which were raging throughout the district.

Mrs. Dubbieside's fat person shook all over with indignation.

"You give me a dreadful stitch—you're such a coward, Dubbieside !"

"Maybe."

"I wouldn't be surprised if you meant to give in ; yet you know that your mother was Jean Methven's aunt, and what claim could be clearer ?"

"We'll see what the lawyers say."

But whatever doubts the provost might feel at home, he showed none of them abroad.

"The provost's an ass," growled Dr. Lumsden, the bailie ; "he pretends to think he has a chance, when he knows that my grandmother was full cousin on her father's side to the auld wife Methven. Let them come nearer than that if they can."

And so the strife went on ; and the only interest felt in regard to Teenie's marriage was inspired by the question, was she or was she not the heiress to the Methven fortune ? The ladies of course found time to express their amazement that young Dalmahoy should have chosen such a wife.

"A wild thing, utterly uneducated, and cannot play the piano !" exclaimed the banker's partner, thinking of her own three daughters, who had acquired three accomplishments at an Aberdeen boarding-school.

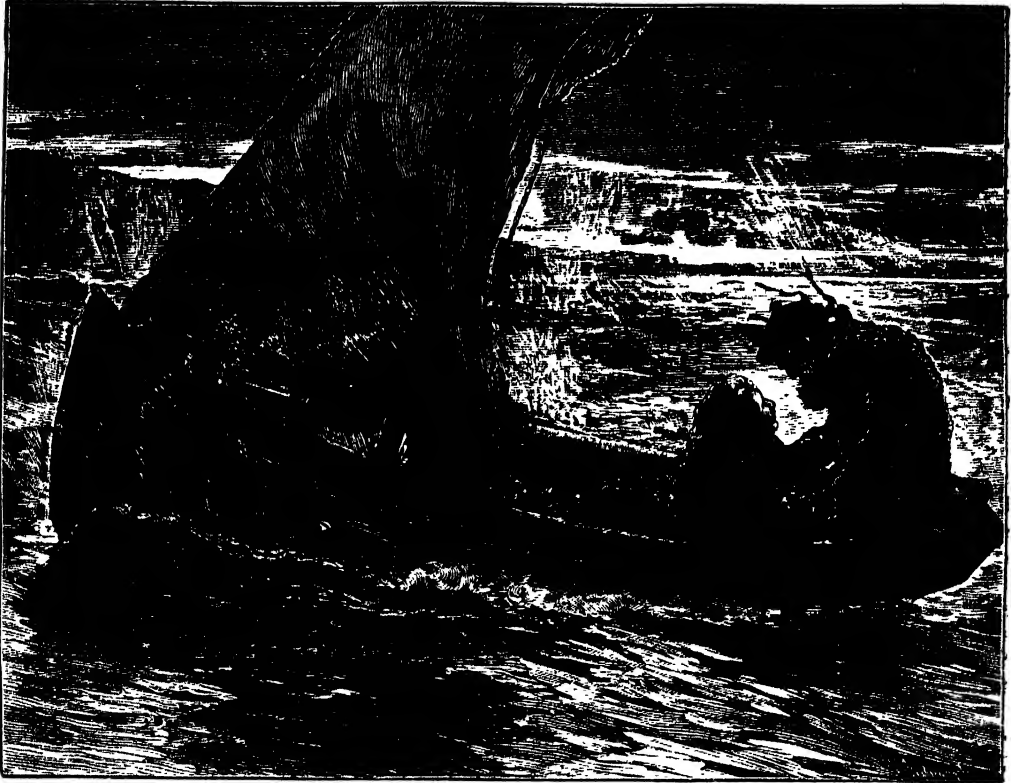
"I dare say he will think himself lucky if she should turn out to be the heiress," said Mrs. Brunton.

"Her the heiress!—it's perfect nonsense to mention it!"

"As like her as anybody, for it seems that it all depends upon the kinship with the man's mother."

"Take my word for it, the Thorstons will not get it," and Mrs. Shaw nodded as if she knew more than she cared to tell. The banker's lady had acquired a reputation for sagacity at a very cheap rate—she predicted the failure of everything and everybody, and as there are so many more failures than successes in the world, she was able to say,

became known that Dalmahoy was opposed to the match. Report said he was to forbid the banns, and to disinherit his son. The falsehood of the report gave it relish; it spread, and magnified as it spread. Details of a dreadful scene between the Laird and Walter were confidentially exchanged at tea-tables and supper-parties. The subject had a special value at that time, for it afforded the honest folk a space of ground upon which they might be agreeable, however much they might wrangle over the question of the Methven heir.



"WILL YOU MISS ME WHEN I'M AWAY?"

"I told you so," much more frequently than her neighbours. She now predicted not only that Teenie would not get the fortune, but also that "she had no qualification for a minister's wife."

Mrs. Brunton failed to see why the fact of her not being able to play the piano should be so fatal to the girl's future, and with much self-satisfaction she remarked—

"There's more folk than Thorston's lass cannot play the piano, and live very well for all that."

It was a cruel stroke, for Mrs. Shaw had not the least sense of music, and had once mistaken "Tullochgorum" for a psalm-tune.

Interest in the marriage was vastly quickened when, thanks to the charming widow Smyllie, it

At Rowanden, the fishers, men and women, were every one on Teenie's side; even the young fellows, who might have felt some envy in losing all hope of winning the prize themselves, joined her cause, and proclaimed her the bravest lady in the county. She would have been just the right sort of wife, they thought, for one of the old Norse kings, who used to sail the seas so bravely that the legends of their prowess stimulated the youths with courage, and inspired in them a fierce spirit of enterprise, which often told with good effect upon a night's fishing when storms rose dauntingly.

This scandal was very bad for the young minister, and he heard enough of it to make him smart keenly. Enthusiastic, earnest, seeing in the work he had

undertaken great possibilities for the noblest efforts a man can make, the fact of being the subject of petty gossip was extremely disagreeable to him. That it was false afforded him little comfort, for he knew that a man entering upon grave duties, such as his were to be, would lose much of the influence he should possess if his name were bandied about as that of one who had acted perversely or foolishly, according to the world's estimate of conduct.

Skipper Dan had not yet made up his mind whether to be pleased or sorry. In his own way he grinned over the "clashes" which were going about. The marriage-day was fixed, the preparations for it were progressing steadily; whatever folk might say—and folk would always say something—could not alter that fact.

Rough, uncouth giant that he was, nobody could guess the woman's tenderness with which he regarded his child, and so nobody could understand that Dan was not thinking at all about the grand match his daughter was making, but only about the difference there would be at the Norlan' Head.

"She wishes for't," he kept muttering to himself; that was the one idea he had grasped when first astounded by the Laird's consent, and he clung to it as if it were the only sure thing he could find.

As the day drew near, he thought much about the whaling expedition he proposed to make.

The only person who was thoroughly happy in the arrangements for the forthcoming event was Ailie. She was never done praising the old and the young Dalmahoy, and promising to the bride a long and prosperous life. To her the preparations afforded a ventilation for much suppressed energy. The grand dresses and their trimmings were sources of great joy; the "providing"—which is the bride's contribution to the effects of the future household, and in Scotland a most important affair, including linen, blankets, etc.—was to Ailie a supreme pleasure.

The woman was as vain and proud as if Teenie had been her own child; and she was determined that Dan Thorston's lass should go to her husband with as extensive a providing as even the provost's daughter could hope to have. So from morning till night she was busy: pawky to those who might be expected to give presents; extremely civil to those who brought them; sharp and contemptuous to those who failed to pay this mark of respect.

Teenie looked on, helped a little, objected a great deal; then laughed, and submitted.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH THE BRIDAL EVE.

TEENIE was restless and inconstant, now singing as blithely as a bird, by-and-by silent, gloomy, and fretful—she did not know why. She was going to marry the only man she ever cared for—that made her happy. But, on the other hand, there were weary, vague forebodings, threatening

her married life with sorrow—that made her sad and irritable. And she did not know why! She would not think of that silly book of fate about which Walter had seemed so vexed; she could not think that Grace had anything to do with this uncomfortable feeling, and she did not like to think that the Laird's blunder or the folk's clashes could be the cause of her uneasiness.

The Laird had said he would not attend the marriage, but being reminded of his guiding principle, he had half agreed to Walter, and was wholly decided in his own mind, to attend, in order to stifle gossip, and to have the opportunity of making a speech. He was always ready to sacrifice himself to the greatest happiness of the greatest number, and he thoroughly believed that he was always doing so.

The Laird's family numbered four daughters and three sons. Their positions in the register of the family Bible stood in this order:—

Helen—Miss Burnett—age, something under forty. She was tall, had a long neck, a long head, and very sharp pinched-like features; very thin hair. She professed an utter contempt for matrimony; she was in fact almost viciously eager to be married under any circumstances. Whenever she heard of the marriage of any of those youths and maidens whom she had known as children, her customary exclamation was "How funny!" That was a general phrase of hers, uttered without the least meaning of tone or look, no matter how grave might be the subject of conversation. Indeed, she frequently contrived to startle people by using it on the most inappropriate occasions. She was beginning to feel that she must give up hope, and she fell back upon the consolatory thought that she had been too exacting in her earlier days, or that no man had appeared worthy to win her.

Alice—a giddy young thing of thirty-five, held in severe subjection by her elder sister, who deemed restraint necessary to save her from conduct which would be very foolish, if not wicked. Helen was very fond of her all the time she condemned her giddiness.

Agnes Mary—quiet and studious, disposed to deep depression of spirits, owing to religious fears, and self-doubts as to her acceptance amongst the elect.

Walter.

Jane—a dark, cheery little creature, who always saw the silver lining of every cloud.

Archibald—a sturdy fellow, who had studied agriculture, and was now a coffee-planter at Ceylon.

Colin—a shy youth, who was spending a few months at home, previous to beginning work as clerk in a London bank.

The members of the family at home during this crisis were Miss Burnett, Alice, and Colin.

Miss Burnett at first positively refused to see

the future bride, but at length—whether yielding to natural curiosity, or to the tears and prayers of the “giddy young thing,” Alice, who was ready to hug and kiss and weep over anybody who was going to be married—she agreed to visit the Norlan’ Head, and her future sister-in-law.

“How funny! I suppose we must show some regard to this fisher-girl for poor Walter’s sake,” she said.

She always spoke of her brother as “poor” Walter.

Teenie received them civilly, but without the least pretence of affection, which was rather disappointing to Alice, who was prepared to go into ecstasies over her new relative, as she would have been over anything new—the stranger it might be, the greater would have been her delight.

“I am so glad to have a new sister,” she cried, embracing her.

But Teenie shrank back; Alice stood in dumb amazement at her unsympathetic manner, and Miss Burnett exclaimed severely—

“Alice, you are much too demonstrative.”

Alice recovered herself, and looking pleadingly at her sister—

“But she is so bonnie. I don’t wonder at Walter being in love with her, and I shall be so fond of her.”

Teenie felt a little annoyed, for they spoke of her as if she were some curiosity, or some wild animal exhibited for their entertainment.

“Can we do anything to assist you, Christina, in your arrangements?” said Helen, secretly eager to have some insight into the preparations of a young lady for the married state; and although the offer was made in her grimly polite way, she really meant it kindly.

“Oh! do let us help you,” cried Alice; “I would like it so much.”

“I see no way that you can help me,” answered Teenie, smiling faintly, and blushing while her heart warmed towards Alice; “there is nothing to do.”

“How funny!” ejaculated Helen, “I thought you would have been overwhelmed with so many things to do.”

“What kind of a dress are you to wear?” asked Alice; “is it to be white?—and have you got any lace?—I am so fond of real lace.”

“I don’t know yet,” answered the bride, disposed to laugh at this enthusiasm about a matter to which she had given little attention.

“Don’t know yet!—oh, dear! what a strange body you must be. I have thought ever so many times of how I should be dressed, and how I should stand, and how I would answer the minister. I’ve gone over it in fancy a hundred times, and the only thing I have not been able to realise is the man. You see nobody wants to marry me.”

“Don’t talk nonsense,” said Helen severely,

having a fear that the credit of the Dalmahoy family was being sacrificed by her sister.

“But it isn’t nonsense, Nellie, or I’d have been married half a dozen times at least.”

“You are such a giddy young thing, Alice.” That was the usual termination of their little disputes.

Teenie showed them her “braws”—dresses, presents, and providing. Miss Burnett was dignified, but expressed gracious approval of all she saw. Alice was in ecstasies of admiration; she began to look upon Teenie with a humble kind of awe, as one who was about to pass into the perfect state of womanhood.

Both sisters left the house with a much higher opinion of their brother’s bride than they had entertained previously. But Helen could not resist the temptation to be slyly satirical when she selected as her gift a pair of fish-carvers.

Grace had been with her several times—not often; and yet she seemed to be always at hand when help or advice was needed—very quiet, gentle, and always with that smile which was all the more tender because of the shade of sorrow lying behind it. She seemed to be gradually winning Teenie to forget that story Walter had told her—to forget the peculiar position in which they stood towards each other and towards him.

Only there were quick flashes of Teenie’s eyes upon the pale face of her friend when she thought the latter did not see, and these glances suggested that Teenie was not forgetting, but remembering the more acutely, the more the other’s devotion was revealed to her.

The day previous to the marriage: afternoon. Grace and Ailie had persuaded Teenie to try on her wedding-dress (the first time), and she was standing in the middle of the little room, face flushed, eyes bright, heart beating quickly, and conscious of an uncomfortable feeling that she was far too grand.

“You look beautiful,” said Grace simply.

“She does that,” echoed Ailie, standing with arms crossed, and each hand clutching an elbow; “there’s an auld fisher by-word that we say to lads when they’re going to marry—

“Put your hand in the creel,
Get an adder or an eel”—

meaning that they’ll get a wife that’ll sting them, or one that will slip through their fingers; but Maister Walter will get just as braw a wife as he could wish for. But she’s no right yet; she wants that bonnie sash you brought, Miss Wishart—where is it?”

“I left it down-stairs.”

Ailie went off in search of it.

Teenie crossed the room, closed the door, and fastened it. Then she turned round, looking at Grace with such clear, honest eyes, but with an expression of distress in them.

"I'm no happy—I'm no content—I'll no be able to go on with it," she said agitatedly.

"With what?" exclaimed Grace, startled by her words and manner.

"You should have worn this dress," she went on rapidly, "the morn should have been your wedding-day—not mine."

"Teenie!" (reproachfully).

"I say it again, it should have been yours, not mine. I cannot believe it's so near; I cannot believe that it's real. I've been waiting every day for something to happen that would break it off—I've been almost hoping something would happen."

"But why should you hope for that?"

"Because of you."

"Me!" Grace drew breath, then softly—"That's hard, Teenie."

"I did not mean to hurt you," was the impulsive cry of the girl; "I'm always doing what I don't want to do. I mean that you would have been better for him—that you are suffering; and you are so kind, and that makes it the worse."

Grace was very pale, but after the first moment of sharp pain and surprise, she was able to understand the passionate feeling which prompted the girl's words, and to sympathise with it. She was calm apparently. Two steps brought her close to Teenie; she reached up her hand, and rested it on the girl's shoulder.

"I will not seek to hide from you, Teenie, that you have pained and vexed me; but it is just as well that we should speak out to each other at once, because I want you to be my friend, as I want to be yours, and we cannot be real friends so long as there is any doubt between us. You have been thinking about me, and you have forgotten Walter."

"I wish I could forget him, it would be easy enough then to run away from all this fuss and worry."

"Well, you see that you care so much for him, that you cannot run away from him" (laughing good-naturedly), "and so you are very cruel to him when you think he ought to marry somebody he does not care for."

"But he does care for you."

"I hope so, but not in the same way he cares for you."

"And you like him."

"Yes, very much, and always will."

"And I come between you, and vex you and his father, and all his folk, and by-and-by he will be sorry too."

"You must not say that—and you must not think that; if you were to leave him now, I could not accept a man who I knew wanted somebody else to be his wife. You would not do that?"

"No."

"Very well; and I, thinking of his happiness, like him well enough to be able to say, 'Marry Teenie whom you love, and I am content.'"

"I could not say that, and if I did say it I would be sorry after; will not you?"

Grace was taken aback by the directness of the question, and she began to feel her patience a little exhausted.

"I cannot answer for my future feelings; but I promise that you shall not be disturbed by them."

"I am sorry I have vexed you," said Teenie, beginning to take off her dress, "but it has been a sore trouble to me to feel that I have come between you and him, and that I have angered all his folk."

"You must think of him, Teenie, and not of others."

"I'll try."

They parted—an eager desire for friendship on both sides, and yet both conscious of something which rendered perfect trust and confidence in each other almost impossible.

Teenie threw aside her wedding-dress, and put on her ordinary gown. She went out, despite Ailie's desire to try the effect of the new sash; and seeing Dan, she called to him—

"Come, father, I'm going for a sail; maybe it's the last we'll have together."

The skipper followed her down to the bay. She shouldered an oar, and marched over to the cobbles. The tide was high, and the boat was floating. She sprang in, and used the oar manfully to push out from the shore. They passed from the sheltering arms of the bay, and the prow of the boat swung round to the tide. She shipped the oar, and leaning over the gunwale, her hands caught the waves at every dip of the boat.

The skipper stood up against the mast, arranging the sail, and the red rays of the setting sun fell aslant the boat, crimsoning her face, and the water where her hands touched it. Above were great mountains, with bright copper peaks and borders; in the west, the sun, a ball of fire touching the top of the Crampians; around them, the cold green sea, chequered with brilliant red lakes. The keen gusts of wind, and the plashing of the waters, rendered the stillness of the evening more palpable.

A boat passed them slowly, sailing into the harbour of Rowanden. Its occupants were three girls and two youths; they had been out at Davies Bay, seeking mussels for bait. The girls were singing a song common among the fisher-lasses, to a slow tune which kept time with the rise and fall of the boat:—

"Oh, gin I was married!
I've a' thing weel prepared.

"I've sax new chairs and a table,
A guid kail-pot and a ladle,
A braw new bed, and a cradle
To rock some wee body in."

The voices of the singers were mellowed by the wind and sea, and the commonplace character of

the words was lost in the beauty of the surrounding scene.

The boat floated on, the voices faded away in the distance, and Teenie suddenly raised her head.

"I wish I was like them, father."

"What for?"

"They are so happy and content."

"Well, what should hinder you being the same?"

"I don't know; but I am not the same."

She was thinking what a simple life these girls had before them; to mend the sails and nets, to get plenty of mussels for bait, to have something tasty for the guid-man when he came home, and to see him safe in from a stormy night's fishing—that was all their care. With the usual blindness of people who wish to be something else than what they are, she did not think of the times when their guid-man did not come home safe from the storm, but some friend appeared with the news that the boat and crew and nets were all lost. She saw only the shadows of her own position, and did not balance them against those of others.

"Can we no sail out, father, and sail on across the water, and never come back any more?" she said, her hands playing fondly with the waves.

"What are you hawering at?" exclaimed Dan, amazed and puzzled by this whimsical humour.

"I want to get away to see the far countries and the strange sights you have told me about."

"You're a woman, and you're gaun to be married the-morn."

Dan mentioned that fact as an infallible remedy for all absurd fancies.

"I wish I was a man."

"What better would you be?"

She did not reply. The boat rose and fell lightly with the waves, which gurgled merrily against the prow as it cut its way forward. The sun dropped behind the distant hills, and in the gloaming the face of the water changed to dark green, and deepened in colour as the light faded. The copper clouds became black, and floated threateningly overhead. A distant sail crossed the horizon; a steamer, with its long-tailed comet of smoke, passed far out at sea. The lights of Kingshaven glimmered upon the water, and the lamps of the white tower showed brightly in the darkening night.

Teenie felt happy; the exhilarating breeze, the surge of the sea, the motion of the boat, and the solitude were very pleasant to her. They cleared her head, and made her forget all the petty doubts which had been afflicting her; they soothed the restlessness which had disturbed and frightened her.

She passed to the stern swiftly and steadily. Dan was steering and minding the sail at the same time. She "couried" ("knelt" scarcely expresses the movement) down at his knees, and peering up into his face in the uncertain light, she whispered—

"Are you sorry about the-morn, father? will you miss me when I'm away from the Norlan'?"

He dropped the rudder, and the rope with which he managed the sail; he gripped her by the arms, and the big frame of the man shook with emotion.

"My bairn!" he said hoarsely, "it's like rugging the heart out o' me to let you go; but you wish it."

"Then I'll not go."

"Havers!" he growled fiercely, catching up the rope and the rudder again; and, utterly ashamed of his own brief display of weakness, he was ready to be angry with her. "We'se baith gang to the bottom if you dinna take tent. We'll gang in now."

She rested her head upon his knee, and did not speak. Occasionally his rough hand touched her brow, and passed through her hair tenderly, whilst the waves plashed against the boat and the wind whistled in their ears.

They sailed into the bay safely in the dark.

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

THE MARRIAGE.

IT had been agreed that everything was to be very quiet—no crowd, no strangers, and no fuss at the marriage. So the only guests were the members of the Dalmahoy family, the minister, and two friends of Thorston's—the one an extensive fish-curer, the other a ship-owner—both having business relations with their host.

But Dan could not allow the event to pass without making some sign to his friends in the village; so he had arranged for a substantial dinner at the inn, where the lads and lasses might eat and drink, and then "shak' their foot"—that is, dance until they were tired—in honour of the occasion.

Rowanden was deeply interested. The fisherwives and daughters felt that a special honour was being paid to them in the marriage of Dan Thorston's lass to the Laird's son; and the men were not behindhand in self-satisfaction.

A number of flags were hoisted in various directions, and the boats in the bay were similarly decorated. There was a very hearty desire to pay respect to the skipper—as well as to his daughter—who had been so long regarded by the simple community as a kind of chief. Work was struck for the day; and even if Dan had given the most unmistakable signs that there would be a "good shot," not a man would have gone out on Teenie's marriage-day.

Notwithstanding the enthusiasm in the village, everything was to be done quietly at the house.

Ailie was glorious in a silk gown—the first she had ever possessed; and she had never dreamed of such wild extravagance, but Walter had presented it to her—and a new white cap, the voluminous frills of which shook with her intense enjoyment. The skipper was brilliant in a blue coat with brass buttons, and he was too much occupied by the

many matters requiring his attention, to have time for regrets of any kind.

The sun was shining grandly on sea and land ; there was not a cloud to shadow the happiness of the party.

Miss Burnett was arrayed in the latest fashion from Edinburgh. She was dignified and condescending, and young as ever. Alice was younger still, and quite playful in the delight with which she occupied the position of bridesmaid. Grace Wishart was rather pale, but quiet and helpful ; several confused arrangements were put into order by her, and nobody knew there had been anything wrong. She was principal bridesmaid ; and of all those who wished the bride a happy future, none did so with more fervour than Grace.

Teenie was very silent, often looking at Grace, but showing no nervousness ; she rather displayed that kind of defiance under which people sometimes hide great agitation.

Walter was grave, as if he were sensible of the serious responsibilities upon which he was about to enter. His brother, Colin Burnett, was the "best man," and he was as cool as if he had served an apprenticeship to marriage ceremonies.

The Laird came in the carriage, was received with loud cheers by some loons who had gathered about the doors, and he was gratified. He entered the house, and was somewhat disappointed at the smallness of the company, although he had himself agreed that things ought to be done quietly, and although he saw that the little parlour was pretty well crowded as it was. He was, however, magnanimous as usual, and waived all objections of his own in consideration for the majority.

Mr. Hutcheson, the minister of Kingshaven—a bald-headed and long-bearded gentleman, who had seen much of the world, and had settled down here for the sake of retirement and leisure, which he did not find—performed the ceremony.

"Do you take this woman to be your wedded wife?"

"Yes," said Walter very decisively.

"Do you take this man to be your wedded husband?"

"Yes," answered Teenie firmly, and almost as if her teeth clenched upon the word to give it emphasis, indicating that all doubt and hesitation were at an end from that moment.

Then came the prayer and the exhortation, the signing of the register and the "marriage lines," which were handed to Teenie, and it was all over. How little there seemed to be to do ! what a brief space it occupied, and yet what a difference it made ! There stood the bride and groom bound to each other—for life.

Teenie did not know any difference ; she felt a little shy and a little anxious, but she was just the same now as she had been half an hour ago ; and

yet there was the man standing beside her who claimed the devotion of all her future years.

"How funny !" exclaimed Miss Burnett.

"It's so nice," said Alice, "and so simple—I wish somebody would marry me."

"I salute you, Mistress Walter Burnett," said the Laird, kissing her.

"Faith, I'll do the same," cried Colin, who, in right of his position as groomsmen, kissed the bride.

"It's beautiful !" cried Alice, laughing.

Teenie rather shrank from these marks of favour, and she looked at Walter—her husband ; she felt timid as she thought of that, and wondered if there ever could be any mysterious authority which he should exert over her, that would make her feel indifferent to her father, and to all the old associations.

"Dear wife," whispered Walter, putting his arm around her in the presence of all the folk.

"Toots !" she cried, and sprang away from him.

The carriage was waiting for them : they were to spend the first few days of their new life in Edinburgh, and they were to drive to the Kingshaven station. They made a pretence of eating somewhat of the substantial lunch which Ailie had prepared, and then took their places in the carriage.

They were surrounded by a crowd of the fishers, their wives, and daughters, who had come up to the house in spite of the skipper's injunctions, and hailed the bride and bridegroom with loud cheers and blessings. Habbie Gowk rode through the crowd on his donkey, much flushed, and much more excited than was apparently necessary even on this occasion. Most surprising of all, he had none of his ballads in his hand.

"Wish you joy, sir—wish you joy, mem," he said somewhat thickly, but with a peculiar assumption of familiarity, and with even a degree of patronage, which was extraordinary in him, whose good-nature generally extinguished every thought of self ; "and you may wish me joy too, for what do you think——"

He paused, not for a reply, but to give greater effect to his words.

"What do you think?" he cried, looking all round him proudly, and then nodding to the Laird. "It'll please you to ken, sir, as it will my friends here, lawyer Currie has just tellt me that I am the heir to the Methven fortune ; and I am gaun to gi'e the biggest present of any to Thorston's lass."

There were astonishment and laughter at this half-drunken announcement. Then cheers, blessings, and old shoes showered upon the newly-married couple, as the horses moved slowly through the crowd.

"Hurray !" for Dan Thorston's lass, for the Laird, for his son, and for the Methven heir, as the missiles flew after the carriage, and guns were fired, and everybody was wild with delight. That was how they managed things quietly.



A MAD SWIM.

AFTERNOON in Central Asia. A splendid afternoon in the beginning of July, just toning down from the destroying heat of midday, into that soft voluptuous warmth which makes the do-nothing life of the East so enjoyable. Half a mile below me, the low grey sloping mud wall of Fort No. 1 lies hidden behind a bosquet of trees—the only trees within sight. Behind me, a few soldier-colonists are at work on their hay, watched with quiet contempt by two or three Kirghiz who are loafing about, “as the manner of the Scythians is.” On the farther side of the river a little reed-thatched hut, in front of which the Cossack ferryman is angling composedly, outlines itself against the boundless emptiness of the Kizil-Koum Desert; and in the dead universal silence the hoarse sough of the current is plainly heard, as it rushes by to its grave in the depths of the “Outlawed Sea.” It is four days since news came to us (by a roundabout route, it is true, we being off the telegraph track) of the fall of Khiva; and I, having been a prisoner at large for nearly three weeks, am sitting on the bank of the Syr-Daria, and mentally arranging my notes upon that thick, mutton-broth-coloured “Clean River.”

It is Sunday afternoon, although in this unpeopled waste, where even a Russian church has never been built, there is little difference between one day and another. Allowing for the difference of time, it is just eleven in the morning at home. Far away in quiet England at this moment church bells are ringing, and crowds gathering together to pray; and some few are praying even for me, while I sit here in the heart of the desert, cut off from it all.

We are now forty miles due east of the Sea of Aral, and the Syr-Daria, reforming as it nears its end, has lost for the time being its pernicious habit of branching off into lesser channels. Far as the eye can reach, the broad smooth stream flows unbroken, with a strength and swiftness matching the outburst of its headlong youth from the glaciers of the Thian-Shan. A few miles more, and the old worn-out veteran will degenerate into three or four shallow, marshy, reed-grown ditches, only one of which makes even a pretence of being navigable; but at this point his concentrated strength is sufficient to task (as I have seen more than once) even the engines of a transport steamer.

The breadth of the stream I have already ascertained; it remains to make sure of its depth, and the swiftness of its current. Of these points the residents, as might be expected, know nothing

whatever, and the only method left me is—to swim across. Query—Can this be done?

The Cossack soldiers tell me that it cannot, but then they have never tried. The native population of the village pronounce it flatly impossible, but they evidently belong to that large class of persons who consider everything impossible which they cannot or dare not attempt themselves. Moreover, although in these parts I am not an Englishman* (“very much the reverse, in fact,” as the refugee of ’98 said when asked if he were an Irishman), there is still enough of the old Anglo-Saxon leaven in my blood to make me fly at the throat of every “impossibility” by instinct. Nothing is impossible till it has been tried; and I make up my mind to try.

Whatever happens, I am not likely to be disturbed by too many spectators. Except the solitary fisherman on the opposite bank, there is not a living creature in sight. The haymakers have struck work, and gone off to sleep in what little shade they can find; the lounging Kirghiz have retreated to their tents in order to do likewise; and for miles on either side of the river the vast treeless plain is silent and lonely as the grave. Having satisfied myself that my clothes are tolerably safe from passing marauders, I plunge in.

A mad undertaking, beyond doubt, but not without a certain method in its madness. One does not bathe thrice a day in any river for weeks together without learning something of the ins and outs of it, and I have chosen my ground well. Just at the point of my plunge, a long spit of smooth firm sand juts out more than a hundred feet into the soft muddy bed of the river, like a patch of macadam in the midst of a clay road. All along it the water is shallow and the current weak, and so long as this bank lasts my work will be easy enough. What may come after, remains to be seen.

So on I wade through the shallow water, heading right across the stream, with the ferryman’s hut as a landmark. I have as much chance of keeping that direction to the end as of standing against a cannon-ball; but for the present the current cannot get a fair chance at me, and I “make my bee-line.”

By the time I have got half-way out along the spit, I begin to take in the general outline of my problem a good deal more clearly. There is evidently a strong current in the middle of the channel, but it sets towards the farther bank (deflected, no doubt, by the angle of the spit), and will probably carry me thither without much trouble. As for getting back again, that is a minor affair.

Meanwhile my proceedings begin to attract the attention of the contemplative ferryman on the other side, who has hitherto ignored me altogether.

The mere sight of a man bathing is nothing new in these latitudes, where every man, Cossack or Kirghiz, is only too glad to get into the water as often as possible. But none of them are in the habit of coming out as far as this; and, moreover, it is evident to him that I am in no hurry to turn back, and mean to go farther before I do. On the whole, he seems to think my farther adventures may perhaps be worth looking at; and perching himself on a convenient point, with his hand over his eyes, he begins to reconnoitre.

Deeper and deeper grows the water—first up to the knee, then up to the waist, then up to the shoulder—while the increasing strength of the current more than once almost shakes me from my footing. At last the middle channel is reached. I feel the ground sliding from under my feet, and make a plunge into the full swirl of the current. The next moment I seem to be lying stock-still in the middle of the stream, while the banks on either side are racing past like an express. Already the fisherman's hut, which was right opposite only a minute ago, lies twenty yards above me, and still the other bank seems a very long way off. Evidently the sooner I get over it the better.

Accordingly I begin to strike out with all my strength; but, although I have the current with me to some extent, it is no easy work. The reflection of the sun upon the water dazzles my eyes; and the coldness of the stream, so refreshing at the first plunge, now begins to make itself felt in a rather benumbing manner. Why does the bank keep sliding away as I struggle towards it? and why has that ferryman grown so unnaturally small all of a sudden, as he stands up to watch my head appearing and disappearing amid the lapping swirls of foam? Harder yet, for there is no time to be lost! Already I begin to feel a kind of tightening in my throat, and a strange creeping numbness through my hands and feet, which I know well how to interpret. Hurrah! we are nearing the shore at last. The broad brown line of clay below the tufted grass gets plainer and plainer every moment; and now I can see the flowers on the bank, and now the very creases of the reeds as they sway in the evening breeze—but still my feet find no stay. What if it be beyond my depth even under the bank, and if I should be swept down (as I have been elsewhere more than once) within arm's-length of the shore? Bah! what is the use of thinking about it? Five strokes more and I am among the reeds, and, thrusting my feet deep into the soft rich loam, stand upon actual ground once more.

Even now, however, my situation is anything but a promising one. I am up to the shoulders in water, under the rush of a current that well-nigh bears me down; while upon the high, sheer, slippery bank above me, beetling over at the top, there is neither foothold nor handhold to be found.

Start back across the river from this point I cannot, for, judging by the distance to which I have already been carried, I should in that case come out (if I ever came out at all) beside the fort itself, and have to walk back half a mile—a promenade which, even in these unfrequented regions, is not to be recommended. There is nothing for it but to wade up the stream, and I go to work accordingly.

Foot by foot, with my shoulder to the stream in order to give it as little surface as possible, do I fight my way along, the soft clay yielding under my feet, and the water swirling around me like a mill-race. Little by little the diminished hut and the dwarfed ferryman grow into their natural size, till at length I come opposite my original landmark again, and see the lean brown face and small deep-set eyes looking down at me in blank astonishment. Then follows a curious piece of pantomime.

The Cossack looks inquiringly at me, and then at the opposite bank, where my clothes are lying like a tiny white speck upon the broad green belt.

I reply by an affirmative nod.

Thereupon the prophet of evil shrugs his shoulders, and gives a shake of his long narrow head, to which Lord Burleigh's famous gesture is as nothing; after which he disposes himself to watch the end, with the same cool scientific appreciation wherewith some experienced Valerius or Cornelius of the later Empire may have watched the *Sec* or coming up with the flying *Retiarius*.

And well he may. The current which helped me in crossing is against me now; and the river, not yet crippled by its periodical sinking, is running in full flood. I have already been long enough in the water to be almost benumbed; and the sand-bank that aided me at the outset will be left far above me before I am half-way across. However, when a thing has to be done, done it must be, so I set my teeth and fall-to.

And then follows a prolonged nightmare, in which I seem to be always struggling my hardest, without advancing a foot. Through the water that splashes up in my face, I dimly see the opposite bank at an apparently hopeless distance, and seeming to get farther with every moment. If I could only turn over and float a little, in order to rest myself! But there is no leisure for rest now. My fingers are cold and heavy as marble, my limbs numb, and every muscle feels stretched and swollen, as if water had been forced under the skin. The veins of my temples throb painfully, and every breath that I draw seems choked as by the gripe of a strong hand. Already I am growing sick and dizzy, and everything seems to whirl around me, when suddenly the pressure of the current slackens—a sharp spasm of pain runs through me—and I become aware that I have landed on the head of a mud-bank, and that the sharp point of a projecting root is sticking in the flesh of my leg.

THE BUTTERFLIES.



"WENT CHASING BUTTERFLIES."

WORE ever Youth a fairer guise
Than Psyche chasing butterflies
Beneath the sky of June?

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Unflecked by clouds the day so rare—
Unmarred by grief the face so fair—
Face, sky, and heart in tune.

Youth at its brightest—pure and good,
 With nothing harmful in the mood
 That lures her to the chase;
 With tripping feet, that nimbly pass
 Through fern, and rustling heath, and grass,
 A wavering course to trace.

Now just o'erhead, now out of sight,
 Those painted wings take zigzag flight—
 Now nearer float—but yet,
 Trip she as lightly as she will,
 From flower-poised rest they dart, and still
 Evade her upraised net.

Grave Reason, with rebuking eyes,
 That see no sense in chasing flies,
 Stands half aloof the while,
 Too much inclined the whim to twit
 That led her from his side to flit,
 To greet it with a smile.

And when she saddens at his frown,
 And drops her net, and sobers down,
 He will philosophise,
 And tell her life is far too stern,
 Too full of thoughts that throb and burn,
 For chasing butterflies.

He has not learned—have you? or you?
 How much of teaching sweet and true
 Such joyous hours bestow.
 The heart that always keeps its youth
 Will also keep its hope and truth—
 Those gifts of long ago.

Such hours as these will Faith renew,
 Just as in childhood's days we drew
 Its emblems from the sky,
 Or flower or moss that grew around,
 Or shell or fossil that we found,
 Or bird, or butterfly.

The world of late has grown too staid;
 Too much with earthy crust o'erlaid—
 Too much with greed of gold;
 Or bent on probing mysteries,
 To all appealing to the eyes
 Is careless, or is cold.

But Psyche, 'spite her frolic face,
 When youthful fancies must give place
 To stern realities,
 Shall prove as sweet and true a wife.
 As if she never in her life
 Went chasing butterflies.

LOUISA CROW.

MY EARLY ADVENTURES.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, BY ARMINIUS VAMBERY.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.



At the time that my father died—it was in the year 1832—I was but a few weeks old. My mother was poor, even very poor, and when she—out of consideration for her orphans, to be enabled to give them a better education—married again, she soon sadly experienced how her new husband, though a good and honest man, could confer but little towards the alleviation of their depressing poverty. The quantity of necessaries of life, in food and dress, meanwhile increased also, and it was quite natural that one thought of trying how far the wings of the family members, considered ripe for self-sustenance, could be trusted into the world for the benefit of the juniors.

I was twelve years old when my mother considered me at that stage of maturity to work for myself, in spite of my terrible disadvantage, a lameness since my third year, in consequence of which misfortune I had to use a crutch under

my left arm up to the period just alluded to. Still I was sufficiently strong and healthy. Very simple diet, and even that sometimes not sufficient to satisfy my hunger, a scanty dress, and an unfamiliarity with comfort had steeled and hardened me early, arming me against all the vicissitudes of climate. I went—to say the most—only three years to any school, and as my schoolmaster found I had an excellent memory, being able to learn by rote anything—even the Latin—then not yet understood by me—I soon thought of studying, and longed to become a physician or lawyer, the beau ideal profession in the eyes of the country folk in Hungary.

My mother, too, wished something similar, but before such hopes arose the insurmountable ranges of poverty. I was forced to descend, and step down low, and was apprenticed to a tailor, who worked for ladies. I might have attained there to such skill as to be able to sew together some yards of cotton-ware; but the feeling was roused within my breast that Dame Fortune might have destined me for the production of superior work, worth sewing together; so I left the work-shop of this

artist, and took an engagement at the house of an innkeeper, as tutor to his son.

The subjects which I was required to teach were the elementary but hardest lore of reading, writing, and arithmetic. I had at the same time to do sundry small services about the house ; for instance, to clean the boots of the family on a Saturday evening, sometimes also to serve out to the over-thirsty customers a glass of wine or brandy.

Though my age was disproportionate to the office fallen to my lot—how could the yet uneducated be an educator himself?—the treatment I received from my employer was still more disproportionate to that which a mentor should have received. Yet it was my pupil himself whose behaviour was the harshest towards me. The lad was two years older than myself, and as my professional eagerness carried me so far one day as to rebuke his want of manners, the animosity of the lad was roused to that degree, that he turned with pugnacious daring against me, and I had to thank the accidental arrival and interposition of his mother, that it did not come to a serious breach of domestic peace.

Thus the schooling that I had to give became a hard one to my own self ; still I kept spiritedly my time of agreement to its end, and sped from the island Schütt, where I spent my childhood's earliest time, now with my hard-earned eight florins in my pocket, towards St. Georgen, in the neighbourhood of Presburg, to commence there in the Gymnasium of the Piarist Friars my course of studies.

The money I brought just proved sufficient for the purchase of the necessary school-books. Benevolent people aided me further on. In seven different houses I received in the seven days of the week my chief meals free, in addition to which I obtained from each family on their day a piece of bread for my breakfast, and one for my supper. The wealthier students presented me with their left-off clothes. By dint of industry, and earnest application to my studies, as well as by an inborn quick comprehension and tenacious memory, I gained at the public examination of the very first Latin class the position of the second best scholar. I felt a hearty pleasure in learning ; and as I soon learned to speak Latin fluently, this drew the attention of my teachers ; in consequence of which, much begun with hardship, in the commencement of my battling with life, was eased for me by benevolence.

I finished at the school of St. Georgen my second Latin class, also with distinction. But now the desire for travelling flapped its wings within my breast. I longed for change. My desire pointed towards Presburg, where a higher school existed, which at that time stood in place of a capital, being the coronation town of Hungary, and the seat of Parliament. In spite of my secured existence in St. Georgen, I left it then ; and the year 1846, at

the completion of my fourteenth year of age, dawned on me within the walls of the ancient town.

New struggles, new wrestling with troubles, new and gigantic exertions awaited me here in my efforts for existence. It became to me clear from the beginning that with the number of the population, and the height of buildings, increases usually the difficulty of forming acquaintanceship, and in inverse proportion decreases the sympathy towards our neighbours. I stayed here three years longer, partly as servant, partly as teacher of female cooks, servant girls, and other individuals of the lower classes thirsting after knowledge. There is not a stone in the pavement of this small and pleasant-looking town on the banks of the clear-waved Danube, that could not tell some sad story out of this epoch of my existence, could it but speak.

Notwithstanding all drawbacks, I proceeded towards my life's aim straightly and courageously. I studied in spite of all privations, and belonged at the end of the very first year to the best scholars. What astonishes me now-a-days most, while reflecting on these days of evil, is the reminiscence of my gay spirit, the humour accompanying me through all sad conditions in life, carrying me through, raising me above all difficulties. My indestructible health strengthened me also for the struggle, and did not allow my native good-humour to desert me.

In spite of the simple fare, consisting of bread and water, I kept my healthy rubicund complexion, amused my schoolfellows and comrades during our time of play, and as soon as a half-year in our school closed, I was sure to be the first who took his travelling-staff, lame though yet on foot, often without a kreutzer in my pocket, travelling wherever it chanced to lead, into the wide world. Thus I visited Vienna, Prague, and other towns of the Austrian Monarchy. If it came to pass that I got rather tired in my wanderings, a humorous observation to a passing coachman sufficed to get me a lift for part of the way. At night I made it a point to call at the abode of the clerical gentleman of the place, with whom my speaking Latin gained for me both favour and a few kreutzers travelling expenses ; while well-timed and kindly-received courtesy and compliments towards their house-keepers filled my knapsack with provisions, lasting for the next day's wants.

I found, indeed, courtesy and good-humour ready coins in all climes. They keep up their value in the eyes of old and young, men and women ; and whoever has the command of courtesy and humour may consider himself rich enough, even with empty pockets.

These wanderings were the preliminary exercises of my later dervish travels. Whenever the end of the summer holidays bade me put down again

my wandering staff into the corner, I did not feel particularly at ease. Whether my needy position may have been the cause of this, or the attitude forced upon me to baffle continually for bare existence, I could not say satisfactorily, but I know for certain that living in towns never proved an agreeable task to me. My entering again the rows of many-storeyed houses, the confined horizon surrounding me there, compressed my youthful heart sometimes painfully; and but for the prospective delight that, after the consummation of another year's scholarly achievements, I should again be able to roam through the endless empire of unfettered nature, nothing would have assuaged the gloomy spirit which ruled over my town life.

It was in the year 1847 when I first thought of commencing, besides the usual studies of the Gymnasium—all of which at that date were of a very unsatisfactory kind—private studying, learning by my own exertions the most miscellaneous literature of travel, which I eagerly devoured, and thus commenced the French language also. Besides my national mother-tongue, I had learned previously the German. Nearly at the same time I made myself acquainted with the Slavonic tongue also, and as I had to learn Latin and Greek in the school, wherein I soon became sufficiently proficient, I saw myself at the comparatively early age of sixteen in possession of several languages of the great mart of the world, so as to make hereafter the acquisition of tongues nearly related to those I already knew a comparatively easy task.

In the beginning, the learning by rote had a peculiar charm. Youth had no foreboding of the natural gift for languages. When I succeeded in raising the number of daily-learned words of any new language from ten to sixty, even up to a hundred, my happiness felt no bounds. Yet I have to acknowledge openly that I had no presentiment of the result towards which my success, however flattering to my vanity, would carry me.

Thus it came that I stepped by degrees from French to the study of the other branches of the Romanesque family of languages. I endeavoured with equal success, according to the same plan, to master the Germanic tongues, where my philological thirst led me to the English, and beyond it to the Danish and Swedish languages; the same with the Slavonic dialects. As my eagerness of learning, overruled by a sober plan, advised me to read aloud, and to hold with myself imaginary conversations in the just-learned languages, I succeeded to such an extent, that my youthful conceit allowed me to believe I had acquired in all these different tongues a perfection, sufficient to raise my self-opinion to a not unimportant degree.

Vanity, mostly a dangerous failing, can notwithstanding often become a very useful spur and encour-

agement. This overweening confidence produced by youthful fancy induced me not to leave the hitherto followed path of studying by self-exertion, but rather to complete my individual education in accordance with my personal inner calling. But in what direction? for what particular aim? will the kind reader ask. Indeed, I was myself unconscious of a satisfactory answer to that. *Nulla dies sine lineâ* was my motto and principle for some time past, kept in view faithfully, and followed practically; and though in the country I had as private tutor to teach often during eight to ten hours a day, yet the still remaining time sufficed for me to make considerable progress in my private studies.

The plan of monotonous dry learning by rote of several foreign tongues, was soon resigned for the enjoyment of their literary treasures. I drew freely out of the rich and promiscuous well of the productions of nearly every European nation. The bards of Albion and the troubadours of Servia, the songsters of Spain and the spirited poets of Italy; Lomonosoff, Pushkin, Tegner, Andersen, Oehlenschläger—nearly every muse of the present and past age filled up in succession my leisure hours. I always made it a point to read loudly; I wrote also—whenever particularly carried away by enthusiasm, awaked by one or other superior passage in the authors I read—and I expressed my feelings in words on the margin of the respective book.

The simple-minded neighbours may have thought me well-nigh crazed for this habit of mine, and I lost indeed on one occasion my place of a tutor, in consequence of this prejudice against my ways. But what did a critique of such critics touch me when I, wrapt up in my youthful dreaming, saw before me in a charmed state the combat before Jerusalem, in the spirit of Tasso, the heroic deeds of the Cid, or Byron's heroes and heroines? Yet I have to confess that the scenes enacted in the Orient had a spell over my soul that was nearly exclusive.

Asia, then removed from my sight, yet hovered over my spirit, but in the richest gold-encrusted, pearl-and-diamond-beset costumes. Who fares differently in youth who reads the "Thousand and One Nights?" How could it be different with me, who by origin and education am myself a semi-Asiatic?

Asia was known to me as the land of the most richly-coloured adventures, as the home of the most fabulous fortunes; and as I spent my early youth under adventurous circumstances, and already longed after fortune and success, what would be more natural than that my first longing for the far-off should lead me early in the direction of Asia?

To be able to satisfy this yearning soon and easily, I deemed it necessary in the first place to

make myself acquainted with the languages of Asia, and commenced with the Turkish. This Turanian dialect placed, in consequence of its relationship to the tongue of the Magyars, less difficulties in my way of mastering it than to any other Western man. More difficulties beset me in learning the strange characters of the Turk without teacher and without explanations. Whole days long did I draw them with my walking-stick in the sand, until I grew acquainted with the importance of the points, the signs of discrimination, deciding the correct pronuaciation of letters and words.

Unluckily I had the disadvantage not to possess any dictionary; the high price was far above my means (Bianchi's was sold for well-nigh forty florins); and as I could fathom the meaning of single Turkish words only by the aid of a correct translation, it happened that I learned a whole volume of great dimensions (it was Wickerhauser's *Chrestomathie*) with wrongly supposed meanings, which I had to unlearn, and to remember afresh with the corrected sense. Such bitter and necessarily occurring misfortunes met my autodidactical endeavours more than once; but what difficulties—what hard tasks could ever baffle successfully youthful thirst for knowledge and enthusiasm?

By that time I had reached my twentieth year of age, and had, for all my surmounted troubles, a most rich recompense in finding that I was able to read and to understand the whole of a small Turkish poem—the first yet—without any aid of a dictionary.

It could not have been the spirit of the Oriental muse—which I could not have fathomed yet—that had inspired me so much; it was rather the first sweet fruit of earnest exertion which presented me with so rich a remuneration; and this became again an encouragement, that led

me in my further progress to the conquest of learning in the field of Oriental science. All my thoughts, plans, and endeavours concentrated henceforward sympathetically in the Orient, enticing my whole being with thoughts of its brightness. My spirit, by anticipation, hovered already in the fairy fields of the East.

Travel in the East—a voyage to a land hundreds of miles distant—is for every one within Europe, who still has to battle for existence and daily bread, a very bold idea. I will not deny it, that even the more venturesome flights of youthful enthusiasm—

the irrepressible desire to see foreign lands and customs—are stayed by the stumbling-block which poverty laid in my way; and it was for a long time that this image—the creation of my fancy—had to hover before my eyesight, ere I could think on the carrying out of this plan. But bold determination always appeared in my fate much like an avalanche rolling down from the highest pinnacle of an Alpine range; it ever required but a slight



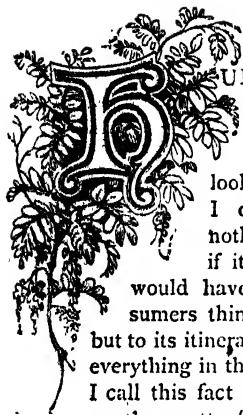
ARMINIUS VAMBERY.
(As dressed for his Asiatic travels.)

snow-flake, which, set in motion by a favourable breeze, soon increased to a mighty mass, when it crushed and burst every impediment besetting its path, and continued its course with uncontrollable might. Such a start was given to me by the patronage of Baron Joseph Fötvös, a gentleman whose literary genius was acknowledged throughout Europe. This noble countryman of mine was of slender means himself, but his influence gained for me a free passage into the Black Sea.

The baron himself most liberally spent on my voyage a modest "obolus," and a few laid-off garments; and I had, thus provided, soon my knapsack packed with books, and the steamer *Galatz* floated down with me on the mighty Danube, whence I continued my travel to Constantinople, the interim goal of my wanderings.

THE OLD WATERCRESS-WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EPISODES IN AN OBSCURE LIFE."



HUNDREDS of persons in London live on green-stuff—*Nasturtium officinale*. The statement has a startling look, and yet it is literally true. I do not mean that they eat nothing but watercress, but that if it were not for watercress they would have nothing to eat. Its consumers think of it only as a condiment, but to its itinerant retailers it means food, and everything in the way of subsistence. When I call this fact to mind, I look with respect on the pretty "cresses of the brook" I see flowering white in my country rambles—on the shallow, oblong, artificial cress-ponds to be met with round London, especially in the neighbourhood of the eastern section of the North London Railway. Watercress, speaking generally, is the support of the feeble. As a rule they are very old or very young voices one hears quavering, "Wa-atercrease, wa-atercrease—fine fresh wa-atercreases!"

In fine weather, in spite of the general squalor of the street-retailers, it is rather a pretty sight to see them flocking out of the great watercress market with their verdant basketfuls and armfuls, freshening their purchases under the sun-gilt water of the pump, splitting them up into bunches, and beautifying the same to the best of their ability to tempt purchasers. The fresh green and even the litter of picked-off wilted leaves pleasantly remind one of the country, in the midst of our dusty, dingy drab wilderness of brick and mortar; and there is something bird-like in the cress-sellers' cry as one after another raises it. It cannot compete in music with the Newhaven fish-wives' "Caller ou!" as heard floating about in Edinburgh at dusk, but still there is in it something of the same character.

But in bad weather, on keenly or dumpy cold mornings, when people who can afford the time struggle between the blankets as long as possible, making to themselves all kinds of ingenious hygienic excuses for getting up later than usual, and shirking their matutinal "tub," or at any rate "taking the chill off" its cold water to an extent which converts it into warm—on mornings when even those who have fortified themselves with a meal to face the outside air, and are sufficiently clad, hurry along snappish and blue-nosed, or stop to clap their hands across their breasts, and stamp their feet to warm their tingling toes—it is pity-moving to see the cress-sellers crawling to their markets through the raw glimmering-gas-lit gloom. Some have been shivering all night, others feel the cold all the more on account of the fetid heat of the

filthily-crowded lodgings from which they have just turned out. How they huddle together like numb, dumb cattle—cluster round any spark of *al fresco* fire—even throng pale patches of the dismal gaslight on the pavement! How covetously they eye the white mugfuls of smoking-hot coffee that are being gulped—the thick slices of bread-and-butter that are being munched! How they wheedle to make their few halfpence of stock-money go as far as possible—how they beg for ever so little stock, as a loan or gift, when they have no stock-money! Although, as Herbert sings,

"Most herbs that grow in brooks are hot and dry,"

what hopelessly toothachy viands do their goods seem on such a morning—what chilblainy work the splitting-up and tying-up! What a doleful castanet accompaniment the poor creatures' teeth play to their cry! I know that it is rubbish to rail at a man for enjoying the wealth which he or his fathers have somehow or other earned—at any rate got—but still when, on such a morning, I think of a self-satisfied, succulent, spotlessly appointed, well-to-do, middle-aged Englishman coming down, in fur-bound velvet slippers, a staircase kept at an "equable temperature" by double windows and warm-air pipes, from a luxurious bedroom and dressing-room to an abundant breakfast, aired newspapers, and toasting boots—and see at the same time a host of half-frozen scarecrows, young and old, scattering to try to get the barest crust by the sale of their green-stuff, I cannot help wishing that the snug gentleman referred to could, just for once in a way, be forced to change lots with a cress-seller—to open his eyes a bit—to teach him a little real human sympathy—to show him that he is not the marvellously liberal gentleman he fancies himself, simply because he subscribes a few never-missed guineas to well-advertised charities. Perhaps he considers it a duty incumbent upon his respectability to have family prayers. No blame to him—far the opposite—if he even only tries to be sincere, and not a pompous would-be-pious parrot.

On a spring Sunday morning, the heat of which would have been almost tropical, had it not been for a tempering east wind, I chanced to find myself in Regent's Park just after the bells of neighbouring churches had finished tolling in to morning service. Grass and leaves were out in virgin green. Enclosed corners blazed with big golden dandelions. White and purple lilac were in almost full blossom. Chestnut-trees, too, were spired with precocious pagodas, and the blossom-buds of the famous hawthorn-trees were bursting.

Dusky heavy-fleeced sheep stood grazing, lay dozing, or moved along lazily upon the wide sunny lawns, and the shadier green sloping banks of the brown canal, in which dogs, big and little, were splashing, swimming, or whining to be pulled out by the ears, or the nape of the neck—glossily-matted masses of moist misery. Other dogs, amongst them noble black retrievers, and fawn-coloured and brindled black-muzzled mastiffs, were racing hither and thither across the dry warm grass, some in bewildered quest of their masters, whose shrill whistles they heard; others simply to have a scamper, a roll upon their backs, and then a head-long gallôp back to their masters. The heat had excited some of the water-fowl also, for instead of gravely paddling about, the livelier ones rose from the water with a splutter, flew about calling one another, and then flopped into the water again with a splash and another “quack—quack—quack.”

A rumour was abroad that one of the elephants or a rhinoceros was taking a bath. A little rush was made to the railings of the Zoological Gardens. Little children were perched upon the top of them; small boys shinned up them; small men held on to them. Cabmen stood on the tops of their cabs, watercart-men on the tops of their watercarts, drivers of waiting waggonettes on the box-seats of their vehicles, and with craning necks peered into the gardens, from which the passer-by too lazy to cross the road could hear ever and anon an asthmatic snorting and a ponderous splash, followed by a high-mounting sun-gilt spray. Other sight-seers “on the cheap” peered into the gardens at the turnstiles, wondering how the few neither rich nor rare personages—not a whit better dressed than themselves—whom they saw wandering about within, got there.

Over the gate of one of those grounds-surrounded Regent’s Park villas, which make a country-loving built-in cockney break the tenth commandment—covet his neighbour’s nest-like house, and no mistake about it—hung a venerable man of twenty-five—a white-headed, white-stocked young footman, in full fig, conversing nevertheless, in his Sabbath morning condescension, most affably with a knot of acquaintances in Sunday best, but still in the footman’s eyes vulgarian mufti.

An open carriage, drawn by a pair of spanking bays—their assiduously groomed skins gleaming like horse-chestnuts fresh from the husks—drew near, and the venerable young man at once turned and fled towards the house, looking not unlike a startled white rabbit scurrying to shelter as his head, shirt, and calves glanced through the screening shrubs.

The friends in mufti dispersed more leisurely, and then turned to watch the dashing equipage dart in through the gateway about which they

had been clustered. When they resumed their walk, there was pride in their port, as if they too, in some indefinite way, belonged to the aristocracy.

A few carriages, for the most part hired, ground round and round. A few equestrians pounded round on their hack chargers, with sad countenances. But most of the people in the park were on foot, or seated on the benches, or lolling on the grass, gazing, meditating, smoking, reading books and newspapers, love-making, or quietly enjoying doing nothing. There was a curious medley of people present—soldiers in gay uniforms; paupers in their snuff-coloured Sunday suits; servant-girls out for a holiday; nurse-maids and patresfamilias wheeling perambulators; sisters of orders; elder sisters of families; hard-worked mothers, in charge of frolicking little ones; old bachelors moping like herons; young foreigners walking four abreast, and talking and laughing loudly; hearty groups of working men, who met other groups, and saluted one another with such affectionate greetings as “Well, old Mouldy, and how’s yourself?”

But there were scarcely any of those hateful young roughs who do their worst to make places of popular resort in London hideous, as they roll or rush about, shouting out their obscenities and blasphemies and idiotic laughter at the very top of their harsh voices. It was too early for them, I suppose. They are as cowardly as they are unclean, and cannot pluck up courage to annoy until they have still farther muddled their confused faculties with muddy beer, or have dusk to cover their retreat when an attempt is made to make them pay for their outrages on the commonest decency. When I hear people “high falutin” about English civilisation, Christianity, fair-play-loving manliness, the shoals of young London roughs rise to my eyes, ring in my ears, and I preserve a non-respectful silence.

The park, on the whole, was sunnily silent. The people in it, if they were keeping their Sabbath in no higher sense, were at any rate harmlessly enjoying a morning of rest.

I had just taken my feet from a bench beneath a hawthorn-tree, and risen to go away, when an old basket-bearing dame, seeing the seat vacant, came up panting and placed herself and her basket upon it.

There was no begging *ad misericordiam* tone in her account of herself as we entered into conversation. Deplorably poor though she manifestly was, in spite of the neatness and the cleanliness which characterised her remnants of raiment, she looked as if she would be offended by a proffer of alms, or a simulated wish to buy watercress unsaleable according to the ordinary laws of supply and demand.

"Good mornin', sir," she said cheerily, when our little chat was over. "It does a lonely old body's heart good to have a decent word spoke to her, when there's nothing to be got put on it."

A week or two afterwards, I noticed that the decent old body cried her green shuff in the street in which I lived. Very likely she had cried it there for many a year, but I had not happened to notice her before.

If people far more worthy of notice, according to their own conventional notions, than my poor old watercress-woman, only knew how little they are noticed by their neighbours in this everybody-for-himself London—unless some accident makes their existence interestingly recognisable—perchance there would be a little less self-conceit in the world.

No extravagant outlay of capital was required to enable one to become a regular customer of old Peggy's.

I do not know why I called her Peggy, except because she wore a very faded neckerchief-like plaid shawl, such as those the Welsh milk-women in London wear; and I remembered having seen, when a boy, a Glamorganshire old Peggy milking ewes in such a shawl.

Besides her "creases," this old Peggy sold little bunches of worm-like radishes, tiniest posies of wall-flowers and stocks which some benevolent gardener had enabled her to make up out of his refuse, and mittens and patch-work kettle-holders of her own manufacture.

She was always neat, clean, cheery, reticently "independent," and very fond of children, who were very fond of her. She wanted to give her posies to them, instead of selling them.

When my little ones noticed her tired look—they always swarmed to the front door when they heard her cry—they wanted her to come in "to have something;" but a glass of water for herself, and a freshening for her "creases," was all that even those little wheedlers could prevail upon her to take.

One foggy day in November, however, when she called, she was so faint and chilled that she nearly dropped upon the doorstep. The youngsters then

fairly lugged her in, and carrying her off to the kitchen, took possession of her. They could not manage to lift the kettle, but in other respects they "made tea for her all by themselves," pouring out and carrying to her the tea, making and buttering her toast, and so on. The poor old soul, who had been overcome by hunger, fatigue, and cold, recovered, and after a time chirped away as cheerily as ever.

"Yes, dears," she said, "your papa is right, I am a Welshwoman, and little did I think when I came up to make my fortune in London, before ever you were born or thought of—or your papa either, almost—that I should ever be as lonely as I am now. But God has been very good to me. I've had a good husband, and good children, and I've nursed their little children. But they're all gone now—to heaven, or else beyond the seas. But you see God is so good, He gives me kind friends yet, like you, my sweet pretty pets. I must be goin' now. I don't know when I shall want to eat anything again, after such a tea as you've given me; but, you see, if I don't sell my creases, I shan't have any stock-money for to-morrow."

The children would fain have cleared out her stock, paying for it "out of their own money-boxes," but this she refused to allow. She would only sell the number of bunches she had been accustomed to leave at the house, and then took her departure. Her cheery face was never seen in our street again.

In the spring, noticing a strange cress-seller there, I asked her if she could tell me what had become of her predecessor.

"Oh, Mrs. Griffiths, you mean," exclaimed the new watercress-woman, when I had described the old dame. "Dead an' buried afore Christmas, pore ole thing. She went to the markit one bitter cold mornin', an' the cold struck to 'er 'eart, an' she jest come 'ome an' died. Not a friend she'd left—lived 'em all hout. I mean as belonged to 'er, for heverybody as knew 'er was well disposed to 'er, pore ole thing. Though she 'adn't a penny in the world to bless 'erself with, she'd do a good turn for anybody."

SILVER AND GOLD.



EVER a word said you or I,
Never a thought we told;
Surely if speech be silver, love,
Silence is pure, pure gold!

Silent as we could be we stood,
Love in our eyes unbidden

Came, as each looked in the other's face
Thrilling with something hidden;

Thrilling with something ne'er to be said,
New and yet centuries old;
Speech may be silver ever, love,
If silence like this be gold!

C. J. B.

IN HONOUR BOUND.

BY CHARLES GIBBON,

'AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.
THE DIVERSION.

THE fishers gave one grand cheer for all the bonnie ladies of Dalmahoy and Craighburn, which was

cunning bands, or rolled up in the familiar knot at the back, and tied with a bit of bright ribbon. They were singing the "Boatie Rows" in capital marching time, arms linked in arms, bodies and



'HABBIE GOWK LED THE WAY.'

acknowledged with smiles and gracious bows—Miss Burnett crying in high falsetto, "Oh, how funny!"—Alice clapping her hands in ecstasy, and begging to be allowed to follow the folk wherever they were going.

Then the crowd moved off in an irregular procession toward the inn. Habbie Gowk led the way, bestriding Beattie with a jauntier air than ever the provost himself displayed when whirling along in his carriage and lamps. He was followed by a group of youths and maidens—the former in loose blue trousers, coloured shirts, and sparkling neckerchiefs; the latter in blue or red striped petticoats, little tartan shawls worn with a certain coquettish grace, and bare heads—hair plaited in

steps swinging to the tune. The next group were busy "daffing" (jesting), and hauling each other about from one side of the road to the other in a wild way.

"Let me be," cries strapping Peg Johnstone, as a stalwart young fisher gripes her round the waist, and kisses her without the least regard to observation. She whirls herself good-humouredly out of his grasp into the arms of another swain.

"Do you no wish it was your wadding, Jean?" says Gleyed (Squinting) Tam, leering at the bright girl beside him.

"Deed do I, so bein's it was the lad I wanted," replies Jean frankly.

"Wouldna I do for you?"

"Whan you ha'e gotten rid o' your gleyed e'e, and whan you're skipper o' twa boats, speir then," says the qucan, with that characteristic frankness which would be accounted rudeness elsewhere, but which here only provoked a hearty laugh at the expense of the lad.

He took it in good part, and, joining in the laugh—

"The boats I'll manage, but what has a gleyed e'e to do wi' t'?"

"I would never ken when you was looking at another lass, and when at me."

"Oh, but you would make my e'en grow straight, they would sit so steady on you."

"Will you sweer to that?"

"I'll try," was the somewhat cautious answer.

"When's your day to be, Tibbie?" says Tak'-it-easy Davie, reputed to be the laziest fellow in Rowanden.

He left his patch of garden entirely untended one season; but it happened that in the previous year he had so carelessly "lifted" (dug up) his "tatties" that he had left more than enough in the ground to form seed for the coming season. Consequently, without having put a spade in the ground, he had an excellent crop of potatoes. The neighbours were amazed; but Tak'-it-easy Davie simply observed, "There's naething lost by laziness." Another of his sayings was, "Procrastination is the mother of invention!"

To his question, Tibbie, a somewhat dowdy girl, with a rather severe expression, replied—

"My day?—the-morn come never."

"That's a long while."

"Is't?—but though, it's nae longer than when you'll bring hame a guid shot."

"That's because the shot turns out as the Lord wills, guid or bad."

"You lippen ower muckle to the Lord's will, Davie, and do ower little yoursel'."

"It'll no be sae wi' you, Tibbie, if you're to get a man—you'll ha'e to do a heap for yoursel'."

The girl tossed her head, cast a look of scorn upon the jiber, and pushed her way forward into pleasanter company.

The groups which followed were composed of older but not a whit sedater folk. Sturdy matrons whose backs had become bent with years of creel-bearing—creels full of fish to sell to the farmers roundabout, or creels full of mussels for bait, carried up from the rocks and sands of distant bays, and then patiently "sheeled" (taken out of the shell) for the guidman—were as brisk and merry on this day as if they had travelled backward in the path of years, and found themselves young and marriageable again.

The jokes were not quite so simple or quite so modest as those of the younger folk; the elders were bolder, and ventured on many coarsenesses,

which an unwedded lad or lass dared not have uttered. The freedom was not vicious, however; it was thoroughly good-natured, and it was mingled with serious discussion as to the price of fish and of provisions generally, with sad references to the loss of tackle on the fishing stations, a grumble at the water-bailies, or at the deficiencies of the harbour, and an occasional exclamation of good wishes for the couple whose bridal they had met to celebrate.

As the last of the crowd descended the hill, Skipper Dan turned to the Laird.

"You might come down and see the folk at their diversion," he said; "it would please them, and it'll do you nae ill."

"With pleasure," exclaimed Dalmahoy; "it is one of my greatest delights and privileges to share in the amusements and daily concerns of the people."

So when the ladies had been satisfactorily settled in the gigs—Grace drove herself—and had started homeward, the Laird and the skipper, Colin and the minister, proceeded to join the fishers at the inn. Aihc followed, after hastily putting things a little to rights in the cottage.

The scene was homely; it was made bright and happy by the spirit of thorough enjoyment which prevailed. The pleasure of the moment was the dominant power in every heart, and voices were loud and faces were full of smiles.

A long room—or rather two rooms in one, for a wooden partition had been removed for the occasion—was divided by a long table, which was laden with huge rounds of roast and boiled beef; greens and potatoes, and a favourite dish known as "scratch" (chopped potatoes boiled with suet, and mixed with oatmeal); bottles of whiskey side by side with bottles of "sma' yull"—a thin pungent liquor, very different from the washy stuff generally sold as common beer. The order of drinking was to take a glass of the whiskey neat, and to wash it down with half a tumblerful of the ale. The most frequent demand at the inn was "half a mutchkin" (of whiskey) and a bottle of sma' yull.

The room had a low roof crossed by strong beams. The walls were covered with a dingy brown paper splashed with flowers, which had been once brilliant yellow and scarlet, but were now oppressively dull. Above the mantelpiece was a painting—"The Port of London." It was a busy scene, crowded with ships and smacks, all nicely balanced one on top of the other, and looking as if in imminent danger of toppling over. The sky was a rich washing-blue, the water streaky blue and white. But the genius of the artist had been concentrated upon one grand effect, the representation of a man standing up in a small boat, his shadow reflected in the water. It was wonderful how he stood on his head, for you saw as much in the water as out of it, of the man, the boat, and the oar,

which nobody held (the man had no doubt dropped it when he stood up to display the shadow); the whole suggested that the artist, moved by an inspiration, had turned the canvas upside down, and so produced this marvellous effect.

There was another picture, an old engraving of Buckingham Palace—the glass broken, so that the paper was black with dust. The walls were further ornamented with the glaring show-cards of different brewers, indicating that there was no partiality on the part of the landlord. The ale which he supplied was from a local brewer who had no show-card, but it was very good ale for all that.

Places were scrambled for and taken without the least regard to precedence, except that certain lads wanted to be beside certain lasses, and that the skipper, Dalmahoy, and the minister occupied the head of the table, whilst Habbie Gowk took his seat at the foot, thus electing himself croupier, or vice-chairman of the feast.

One ruddy-faced dame, who felt weak after the excitement of the previous proceedings, helped herself to a glass of whiskey, muttering at the same time—

“Whatsoever we eat or drink, may we do it all to the glory of——”

She swallowed the remainder of the sentence and the contents of the glass. She was perhaps a little hypocritical, but she was not in the least ribald in asking a blessing upon her dram; mere habit had more to do with it than anything else.

The minister asked a blessing—he had discretion enough to be brief—and the company proceeded to pay the highest compliment to their host by eating with good appetite, and with much relish, if somewhat noisily.

“Choots, man! your fingers are a’ thumbs—gi’e me the knife,” cried Red Sandy, snatching the carver out of the hands of the young fisher, whose mind was too much occupied with Peg Johnstone to permit him to pay proper heed to the joint before him.

Half a dozen smart girls waited at the table, and the guests helped themselves so freely that they were speedily served.

“Gie’s a whang o’ beef here,” was the most frequent exclamation, and the business of eating progressed rapidly, amid much clatter of knives and plates and palates.

The eating finished, steaming toddy was served round in yellow jugs. Glasses were filled, and there was a general health-drinking, which necessitated the rapid and repeated filling of the glasses—much to the satisfaction of the company.

“Here’s to ye, skipper,” shouts Habbie from the foot of the table, adding with the air of a man who felt that he was the equal of any other, if not better, “and here’s to you, Laird—and to you, minister; may nane o’ us ever see a waur day than this.”

That was a toast in which everybody joined very heartily.

“And here’s to the new minister o’ Drumliemount, and the bonnie lass he’s married,” cries Habbie again, pleased with any opportunity to refill his glass; “may they ha’e many bairns, and never ken an empty pot or a cauld hearthstone.”

There was great enthusiasm at this, and sly interchanges of the sentiment between the lads and lasses at the table. The skipper nodded and drank, looking pleased. The Laird felt that it was incumbent upon him to say something, and he rose to his feet.

“What’s wrang noo?” whispered several voices.

“Whisht! the Laird’s going to gi’e us a toast,” answered others; and there was silence.

The Laird cleared his throat, and was distinctly heard in every corner of the room. He spoke with much suavity, a little becoming hesitation, and with some degree of gracious condescension to equality, behind which lay a sense of personal superiority that nothing could affect.

The present was an occasion of very great importance to him, and of very deep interest. In the first place, his son had that day gone through the most solemn and most binding ceremony of life—in fact, he had been married, and married to the most charming and most winning girl in the county, the daughter of his good friend Thorston. [Boisterous cheers and Hear, hear’s.] Although his own conduct in this matter had been somewhat severely criticised—nay, condemned by certain members of his family—

“Never heed, Laird, you’ll get ower ’t,” cried Tak’-it-easy Davie, with approving patronage.

The Laird smiled and bowed.

He had no doubt that he would get over it; indeed, he was sure he had got over it, for he hoped—nay, he believed—that the people of Rowanden, whom he had had the pleasure of feasting with on this auspicious day, and whom he had now the pleasure of addressing—he believed that they would regard his conduct in this affair as another of the many proofs he had given that he trusted and respected the People, and that he adhered firmly to the principle with which he had begun his career—of the usefulness of which they were the best judges—that the greatest happiness of the greatest number ought to be the ruling thought of all action, social or political, public or private.

There was vast enthusiasm evoked by this noble sentiment; the cheers and the clatter, and clinking of glasses, were loud and prolonged.

“He speaks like a book,” observed Muckle Will Johnstone, and his comrades echoed his commendation.

The Laird was profoundly gratified, and proceeded with even more satisfaction than he had begun with.

"Thank you, my good friends all; but I must say something which will displease you, because it tells against yourselves—or rather against human nature generally."

"Let's hear't, let's hear't," was the general cry.

"Well, you know that I disapprove of class distinctions [Hear, hear], and especially of that distinction which is broadly indicated by the words **Rich and Poor**. What are riches? What is poverty? The honest man is rich although he may not have a penny; the dishonest man is poor although he possess millions!"

"I'm no sure but I'd like to be the dishonest one in siccan a case," muttered Davie.

"Whisht!" growled his neighbour; and Dalmahoy went on.

"Now, what is it makes a man—or really rich or poor? Why, the possession or the want of happiness! Life is a mere question of happiness, and whatever makes us happy makes us rich. We have ourselves to blame, then, if we are not rich. What makes us unhappy but selfish envy—the bitterness with which we question the right of others to more wealth or pleasure than we possess? 'What right have they,' we cry, 'to more than us? Why, indeed, should not the positions be reversed?'—which is, in fact, what we desire. We do not envy those who have less than us—we do not suffer any pangs at sight of them. I have seen the millionaire rolling along in his carriage, and envying the sturdy peasant in the field—but it is his wealth of health that he grudges him. 'What right has this fellow,' he cries, 'to a sound digestion and steady nerves, when I am as I am?' The peasant pretty generally returns the compliment, and grudges the poor millionaire the fine dinners which he cannot eat. We rarely thank Heaven for being as we are. When the fit of gratitude is upon us, we only say, 'Thank Heaven we are no worse than we are!'"

He made a deliberate pause, and there was a hesitating cheer, as if the folk were doubtful whether or not he was making fun of them, or preaching to them, which was quite as bad.

"My desire has always been to make people happy," the Laird resumed, "and that is why I have turned a deaf ear to the objections already alluded to, and that is why, sinking all distinctions, I gave my willing consent to the marriage which has been celebrated this day. I hope and pray that the result will be a happy one for all parties concerned. [Loud cheers and "So say we."] I drink your health, ladies and gentlemen, good matches for all the bonnie lassies I see before me, and a good fishing season to all."

The speech was a great success, and the Laird discreetly determined to leave at the moment when he was most popular. As he made his way out, amidst loud and hearty congratulations, he halted

beside Habbie, and said in an undertone, but quite carelessly—

"I would like to see you up at Dalmahoy. Habbie. I have some interest in this Methven business, and if you are the heir——"

"If I am the heir!—there's nae doubt about it, Laird. Writer Currie told me, and gi'ed me two pounds erls to let him take up the case for me, and you ken he's no like to part wi' siller for nothing. There's no a doubt o't; and I'm to get out a vollum o' my poems on the strength o't."

That had long been Habbie's favourite dream and ambition—to see his vagrant sheets neatly bound up in blue and gold—preserved for posterity!—to look at the volume in the windows and on the counters of the book-shops—to hear the folk speaking about it—to know that they were looking at him as somebody "by-ordinar"—and to read the notices in the papers. Ah, it was worth coming into a fortune for that! So cried the simple vanity of the man.

"Put me down for half a dozen copies," said the Laird; "but I'll be glad to see you any time about the Methven affair. I may be able to help you."

"Sang about noo," was the general cry, on the departure of Dalmahoy.

"Come awa', Habbie; gie's a new skirl," says Ailie.

The poet sang "Cuttie's Wedding," in a somewhat cracked voice, but with a geniality which covered all deficiencies. Every word was associated by the audience with the event of the day, and the rollicking chorus which followed each verse was taken up vigorously and loudly, in tune and out of tune, bodies swaying to the rhythm of words and

"Now then, Tibbie, let's ha'e the 'Flowers o' the Forest,'" commanded Habbie, it being his privilege to call for the next song.

"Man, I'm that herse, there's no a sang in my thrapple."

"Take a dram, and that'll clear the pipes."

She did so, saying at the same time—

"Shut your e'en, neighbours, and you'll no hear me."

She knew very well that she was accounted one of the best singers in the village, and so she could make pretences which would have been mercilessly ridiculed if made by any less favoured one.

The song went round. Muckle Jean Houston—a man in stature and muscle—had a harsh voice and no sense of tune, but she obeyed the order of the day, and sang "My Love's awa' for a Sodger"—a very pathetic ballad, which was not altogether spoiled even by her voice.

It was Tak'-it-easy Davie's turn next

"I canna sing," he said.

"You'll ha'e to sing or tell a story," shouted Habbie authoritatively.

Davie's eyes danced with fun.

"I canna sing," he repeated; "but if I maun tell a story, I'll just say that I would like to hear Muckle Jean sing that sang ower again."

Muckle Jean threatened him with her fist; and Davie kept out of her way for a week afterwards.

The tables were removed, or thrust into corners, in order to make room for a dance. Habbie got his fiddle, and whilst he was scraping and screwing it into tune, partners were chosen for the reel. Ailie was amongst the first on her feet; the old woman looked as if she had grown young again, so light and firm were her movements.

"Come awa', Wilkie," she said to a hoary-bearded giant, who had been steadily and silently applying himself to the toddy-jug; "your mistress says ye've grown a stiff-kneed old sot; but I never saw ye leave a boat's christening or a wedding, without letting the young folk see how ye could shak' your foot, and you'll surely no be ahinthead at the wedding o' Thorston's lass. Come awa'; let the wife see that you're no sae useless as she thinks."

"I'll dance the Reel o' Tulloch wi' ony ane in the room," said Wilkie, with the gravity of a precentor on his trial. "I'll do't on the table there wi' a' the glasses standing—I ha'e done't many a time."

"I ken'd there was go in you yet."

The old man got up solemnly, balanced himself, and then took his place in the reel.

Habbie struck up "Miss Johnstone," and away went the dozen sets with lusty "Hoochs!" and nimble legs. The animation and enthusiasm would have made a sick man well. Old Wilkie forgot his rheumatism, and danced like a youth, whilst Ailie was as fresh as she had been in her teens.

Habbie changed rapidly into the "Marquis of Huntley," "Tulloch," "Bob o' Fettercairn," "Miss Parkes," and "Brechin Castle;" and at each change the reel became more furious, the voices louder, the springs higher, and the general action wilder and more reckless.

And so the fun goes on until twelve o'clock; then the "hood-sheaf," or parting glass, is served round—to keep out the cold; all join hands and sing "Auld Lang Syne," most of the singers regretting that the diversion is over, and that the round of work and worry begins again. Those who are able to walk home, do so; those who are not, are assisted by their friends.

Several lads and lasses dated from that day the beginning or the conclusion of their wooing. Half a dozen weddings took place within a month.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

OLD LETTERS.

GRACE WISHART was sitting in her room by the fireless grate; on a little table by her side was a lamp, and an open desk, the contents of which

were tossed about in a confused way, very unlike the orderly owner.

She was still in the dress she had worn at the marriage; her hair long and luxuriant, had been loosened, and was hanging over her shoulders and down her back; her elbows rested on her knees, and in her hand she held a bundle of letters.

They were Walter Burnett's letters; innocent enough in all conscience, beginning with the rude school-boy scrawl, in which he had asked her to help him in some trick or out of some scrape; passing into a less distinct but more decisive form during his studies in Edinburgh, whence he wrote descriptions of his college-life and friends; then developing into serious expressions of his faith, opinions, and hopes of the great work he might be able to do. There were many words of affection in the letters, but not a word more than a brother might have written to a sister. Yet she had magnified the value of those words, and treasured them. She had been made aware of her mistake, and still she had preserved the letters. He had not thought of asking for them—he valued them so little; that was hard upon her who valued them so much. But, inconsistently, she was glad he had not asked for them; she wished to keep them as the tokens of an old and very sweet dream. She had thought more than once of destroying them; she felt that it ought to be done; and yet the old dream lived so much in her heart that she found it very difficult to sacrifice these memorials of it.

To-day she had resolved that the sacrifice must be made—for her own sake, if for no better reason, in order to remove all palpable sign that the realisation of the dream had once been her brightest prospect. She thought that it was wrong to keep these letters now, unless Teenie had given her permission; and for that, of course, she would never be able to ask. With a sore heart she gathered them together, determined to burn them.

She looked over them for the last time, and cried. A word here, a line there, bore such a different meaning now from the interpretation she had put upon it long ago. Strange, that the same words could assume such different shapes. They were very precious to her, notwithstanding, and she lingered over them tenderly. Then she remembered that the man was Teenie's husband, and she placed them in the grate—very fondly, as a mother might lay a dead child in its coffin. She set her teeth and lips close, struck a match, and applied it to the papers.

How slow they are to ignite—how they resist the effort to destroy them, as if they were possessed of life, and accused her of ingratitude base and cruel!—so she thinks. How often they overcame the fire, and lie with blackened edges, twittering into silence, their scarred faces appealing for redemption!

But she must be resolute. No mercy; the command has been given; they are doomed. She separates them—shakes them apart ruthlessly, and applies the light again. A bright flame shoots up, as if, grown spiteful and angry, those voices of so many pleasures and pains had resolved to meet their fate. Now a wrathful twittering, and through the flame the black and white films shape themselves into the familiar face she loved so well, suggesting memories of the dear hopes now dispelled, of golden visions now proved vain.

She stirs the ashes, and still some fragment with dark brown centre, branching off to black and rugged edges, shows a word, or part of a word, scarcely legible, yet how suggestive of days and thoughts which trouble the memory, in spite of this effort to annihilate them all!

She turns away with a sigh, and would fain forget. The ashes will be swept up by the housemaid, and disappear in the dusthole; the memories will linger and recur at unexpected corners of life, filling the soul with sweet and bitter reflections.

Grace was a long time looking at the white ashes in the grate. Life seemed to her at that moment very hard—it seemed to be spent in getting out of one trouble into another; a year of sorrow for a moment's pleasure appeared to be the condition under which she existed. She wondered if it were different with others; how sad they must be if they were like her!

But having made the sacrifice, she was not going to mope or whine over it—she disliked people who whined and wasted life in wishing that the moon were green cheese, and that they might have it to eat. She liked people to take things just as they found them, and to do cheerfully whatever they felt to be right and best under the circumstances.

She meant to do so, she was determined to do so, but fate had been very hard upon her, and it was not easy to submit to its decrees in her case without some cry of pain. She had felt that it was right to release Walter from his engagement; and she knew that, having done so, it was also right and best that she should love Teenie, and try to make her happy. But although she tried to do all this with a cheerful face, she could not help the sad heart. One knows so much more than can be realised; the path may be very straight and clear before us, and yet difficult to take, when it compels us to turn away from all that is dearest to us.

Well, she had made one step forward in the new path; she had burned the letters, and so destroyed all material sign of the old life and the old dreams. She must turn away from them altogether; and still she lingered over them, stirring the filmy ashes, and wondering if he would ever think, or ever understand, how very much she had sacrificed in order to insure his happiness according to his wishes. Would he ever think of the old time when

she had been his promised wife? Would he ever regret that he had chosen another?

But this was altogether wrong and wicked. He was now Teenie's husband, and she must not even think of him otherwise than as a brother, and of Teenie as a sister—all the dearer because there was the danger of regarding her as the cause of the present suffering, and of hating her for it.

That was the theory of the position; but then weak woman's nature asserted itself, and poor Grace cried herself to sleep because the moon was not made of green cheese, and she could not have it to eat. There is such a difference between seeing what we ought to do and doing it.

She got up in the morning, however, quite resolved upon following the path before her, humbly and bravely, without ever casting a look behind, or ever giving a thought to what might have been, if she could help it. There were duties enough for her to attend to, and, perhaps, more zeal in discharging them would prevent her thinking about the past, and so help to cure the wound which Walter had caused.

She attended to her mother's comforts first, as usual; and then she went out to see some of her pensioners in the village. Her first visit was paid to Buckie Willie, who had been lying for some weeks under the affliction of acute rheumatism, and cursing fiercely all the time in his pain. The dram was the only thing which gave him relief, so he declared; he scoffed at medicine and blisters, and kept calling for the dram in the intervals of his swearing at the pangs with which he was visited.

He controlled himself to some extent when Grace appeared, and endeavoured to show his respect for her by restraining the oaths with which he saluted each pang. She had brought brandy; a dose was administered to him—a very moderate dose, he thought—and he declared himself so much better that he would like another, to be made quite well.

Grace promised the second dose by-and-by, and he submitted—until she should go away; but the pain seized him again.

"I'm sorry to see you suffering so much still, Willie," she said in her sweet voice.

"Suffer!—it's no possible that—ye ken the place—can be waur nor this. I'd be glad to try."

"Hush!"

She could not help smiling, although she was shocked.

Buckie Willie composed his features into a seriously calm expression.

"Noo, what *could* the Lord mean when He invented rheumatics," he said quite gravely.

"Like other ills of life, Willie, to chasten us."

"Chasten us!—it's a heap mair like to make deevils o' us! When the Lord made rheumatics to chasten us, it's a pity He didna learn us how to appreciate it."

"You must not speak that way, Willie, or I shall not come to see you again."

She was startled by the fierceness and irreligious exclamations of the man.

"You maun forgie me," he groaned; "it's no easy to mind the carritchers wi' the rheumatics stanging me in this way. Say you'll forgie me,

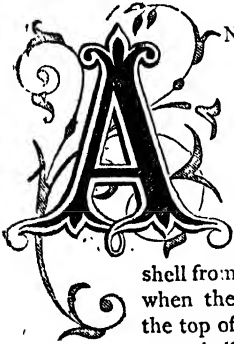
Miss Wishart, and I'll try to be quiet, though it's no easy."

He clenched his teeth in the bitter effort to restrain his cries of pain, and she granted her forgiveness. How strangely like her own suffering was this, although expressed in different fashion!

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

FISHED FROM THE SEA OF HISTORY.

BY GREVILLE FENNEL.



AN old author says: "There is a sort of large cockle, that is called the black gaping cockle, which has the same epiphysis as the long gaping cockle, by which the shells are tied together; to this some of the muscular parts of the animal are fastened, to restrain the shell from opening too much. This sort, when the south wind blows, rise up to the top of the water; and setting their two shells wide open, the one under them as a boat, the other on one side as a sail, they scour along." Dr. Grew quaintly adds: "The long gaping cockle hath not this same property, though somewhat larger; its length making too much sail, which would overset the vessel."

"The eel," says Aristotle, "does not float when dead," and he gives as a reason the absence of fat. "This," he says, "is confirmed by the swimming of the bodies of lampreys, congers, and murenas, for they abound with fat." It is remarkable that several other naturalists after Aristotle's time adopt this notion, which is one we must either reject, or conclude that the eels of the present day are better fed than of yore; for, indeed, Kitchener suggests that to get rid of an excess of fat the cook should throw the creature on to a brazier of burning charcoal while alive!

We would now approach the mermaid with the utmost gallantry.

Mr. Meyer assures us that "in 1403 a mermaid was cast ashore near Haarlem, who was brought to feed upon bread and milk, taught to spin, and lived many years." John Gerard, of Leyden, whom we find often quoted as a reliable authority, adds that "she would frequently pull off her clothes and run towards the water; and that she imitated speech, but it was so confused a noise as not to be understood by anybody. She was buried in the churchyard, because she had learnt to make the sign of the cross. He speaks this upon the credit of several persons that had seen her."

The ancient writers paid great court to the mermaid, and by all their accounts they were quite the reverse of those occasionally presented to us in a

dried shape, so artistically and deceptively got up by the Japanese, with the body of an ape and the tail of a fish. The Philippine Islands appear to have been a favourite resort of the Eastern model, for "there is frequently seen a sea-monster about the bigness of a calf, which resembles the ancient Syrens; the English term it the woman-fish, because its head, face, neck, and breast are like those of a woman."

The whole literary sea of black-letter is no less prolifically peopled with mermen, traditions of which live and are revered to the present day in various parts of the globe.

To come nearer home: a curious story, perpetuated in Murray's Suffolk, is still rife at Orford in that county. It was originally told by Ralph of Coggeshall (abbot of the monastery there in the early part of the thirteenth century). Some fishermen on the coast (A.D. 1161) caught in their nets one stormy day a monster resembling a man in size and form, bald-headed, but with a long beard. It was taken to the governor of Orford Castle, and kept for some time, being fed on raw flesh and fish, which it pressed with its hands before eating. The soldiers in the castle used to torture the unhappy monster in divers fashions, to make it speak; and on one occasion when it was taken to the sea to disport itself therein, it broke through a triple barrier of nets, and escaped. Strange to say, not long afterwards, it returned of its own accord to its tortures and captivity; but at last, "being wearied of living alone," it stole away to sea, and was never more heard of.

The Roman authors tell a story about a fish in the seas of Ephesus, which "appears above water like the figure of a man; perhaps it is the *erman*; but the learned call it *Pistris*, and say that such a fish was the cause of the siege of a fortress on that coast being raised, and the inhabitants relieved. Lucullus not being able to land his men, because the enemies' ships lay in the way, sent a message to the besieged, requiring them to hold out a while, and he would be with them presently. He then secretly filled two bags with wind, and placing them beneath his arms, entrusted himself to the deep, making his way in the night amongst the enemy, who, taking him for the *Pistris*, let him proceed; and when in the town, he encouraged the

people by his presence; and the fleet, becoming weary, shortly drew off from the place."

It may be here stated that the monk-fish has no resemblance to a man, it being simply called so from the hood it wears having a suggestive resemblance to a monk's cowl.

In the Moluccas we are told of serpents thirty feet long, which eat a certain herb, then get up the trees on the banks of the sea or rivers, and throw back the herbs, to which the fish gather, and are intoxicated, which makes them float on the water, and become the serpents' prey.

"One thing is very remarkable concerning the skins of sea-wolves, that pouches or girdles made of them relax and lie flat when it is ebb-tide at sea, whereas they are stiff and bloated when the waters flow."

"At Chang-he, in China, there is a sort of fish that cries like a child when taken, and resembles a small crocodile. Its fat is of that nature that when it once burns, neither water nor anything else can quench it."

"At Chaoking, likewise in China, there is a fish called the swimming cow, which comes sometimes on land and fights with other cows; but when it stays any considerable time out of the water its horns soften, and it is obliged to return to the water to recover their hardness."

The flying fish, so plenteous in many seas, was once denounced as apocryphal. It should be known that its coming on board ship uninvited is not the least of its claims to the navigator's hospitality, as it is stated by epicures to be the finest-flavoured table-fish that swims—far superior to the john-dory.

The herring, although so familiar to our shores, might be classed as an odd fish, if the old saying were true that it dies instantaneously upon being taken out of the water. But this is simply a vulgar error, the popularity of which even led M. de Lacépède into the endeavour to explain the reason physiologically. It is nevertheless true that the life of the herring, though perhaps less tenacious

than that of the eel, flat-fish, and others, is prolonged much more than is commonly believed. This error has doubtless arisen from the mode in which the fish are captured, the nets not enclosing them, but forming a wall in the sea, against which the shoal of herrings drive their heads, and, caught by their gills in the meshes, are literally strangled, and hang in the water *sus. per coll.* M. de Valenciennes took considerable trouble to refute this prevalent notion, and in addition to his own investigations to disprove the popular fallacy, he quotes the following witnesses:—

M. Neucrantz watched a herring live more than half an hour after it had been placed, without extra care, upon a conveyance with other fish. Sagard, a Canadian missionary, noticed herrings leap upon the deck when taken from the nets, and continue doing so for a considerable time. Noël de la Morinière, inspector of the fish markets of Rouen, writes that he has seen herrings live two or three hours out of the water; and that he has held them in his hands, when they lived for upwards of half an hour. He relates also a variety of experiments he made to demonstrate their tenacity of life—cutting off their fins, and otherwise mutilating them. In a word, as the writer of this paper has proved to the credulous fishermen of Yarmouth, the majority of the shoal are either choked by the mesh, or stifled on deck and in the hold by the superincumbent mass of captured fish. The fact is we only get one half of the phrase which has given rise to this belief that the herring has not got as much courage in death as its fellows, the whole of which runs—

"As a herring, dead—
That's when 'tis red."

But those who would continue their researches into the wide domain of strange fishes beyond the area at our disposal should consult Aristotle, Ælian, Pliny, Aldrovandus, Rondolet, Saliran, Gesner, Johnston, and Willoughby, and they will find much earnestly recorded to excite their wonder, if it fails to arrest their belief.

"DARKEST ERE DAWN."



HE night that great sorrow came o'er me
My spirit was bowed down in grief,
And deep was the darkness before me;
In vain I looked round for relief.
Then out of the depths of my anguish
I cried, in a passion of prayer—
"Oh, leave me not, Father, to languish,
Nor suffer my soul to despair!"

In heaven, not a star broke the glooming
Of dark desolation with light;
On earth, a black shadow was looming—
The pall that fell over the night.

At last, as I gazed in my sorrow,
I saw in the east, far away,
The light of the slow-coming morrow,
And knew 'twas the dawning of day.

Then over my soul came a feeling
Of calm in the midst of my care,
A spirit of hope and of healing
That told me men should not despair.
The morning grew radiant with gladness,
The birds carolled loud from each spray—
There is comfort when deepest our sadness,
'Tis darkest ere dawn of the day!

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

SHADOWS.



"THE WIFE IN HER HUSBAND'S SHADOW."

DID you ever look at your shadow
Stretched out before the sun,
And think what a fine straight fellow

You were when all was done,
And torment some slenderer shadow
By blotting the two in one?

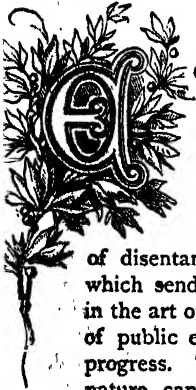
Did you say with a jest and laughter,
 'So, love, it still must be ;
 The wife in her husband's shadow
 Should hide entirely,
 As a thing flung out of the sunlight,
 Too sacred for men to see ?'

Did the lesser shadow resent it ;
 Or closelier press with thine,
 As often a sweet little shadow

Has swept along with mine ?
 Now, the shadows have faded together,
 And the sun has ceased to shine.

New suns will arise in the heavens,
 And shed as bright a ray ;
 But the shadow that with my shadow
 Had glided day by day
 Is the shade of a cross in the churchyard,
 And it shadows all my way.

THEO. GIFT.



A LITTLE BIT OF HISTORY.

CLIPSES, comets, and extraordinarily high tides can be predicted with accuracy ; there even seems to be a probability that in time the weather will also strike its flag to science, and that means will be found of disentangling the conflicting influences which send an aneroid up and down. But in the art of foretelling the probable current of public enthusiasm there is no sign of progress. The keenest observer of human nature can no more guess whether the career of any particular suitor, warrior, explorer, or criminal will simply appear in the newspapers and excite no more attention, or will be generally taken up as a matter of national importance, than the merest tyro can. It was more than a million to one that Robert Jeffrey's wrongs would remain unnoticed, or raise but a feeble and passing interest. He became a popular idol, however—a representative victim of the press-gang system, and the tyrannical customs which naturally grew out of it, and so a very curious story has been handed down to us.

In 1807 a privateer named the *Lord Nelson* was fitted at Polperro in Cornwall, a place famous for its hardy race of smugglers, the entire population being brought up to look upon coast-guardsmen as natural enemies, who might be killed with as good a conscience as though they were Frenchmen. The profits of privateering were often greater even than those of smuggling, and the *Lord Nelson* had no difficulty in gathering together a first-rate crew. Amongst them was a man who had been brought up as a blacksmith, but had found both excitement and profit in an occasional sea-trip, and indeed was as good at the tiller as at the forge, perhaps a trifle better. The name of this amphibious Cornishman was Robert Jeffrey, and his career as a privateersman was a short one ; for the *Lord Nelson*, at the very commencement of her cruise, was forced to put into Falmouth, where she was boarded by a press-gang. It was a perfectly illegal

proceeding ; the press-gang had no more right to take a man out of the *Lord Nelson*, than you or I have to break into a house and take the plate-basket. But at the commencement of this century private rights were very little respected where the public service was concerned, unless the person whom it was proposed to injure had plenty of money or political influence. Robert Jeffrey had neither, and he was carried on board H.M.S. *Recruit*, and converted into a man-of-war's-man quite against his will, and in defiance of his clear and undoubted protection.

The commander of the *Recruit* was a young officer at that time well known in the navy as a reckless, self-willed, passionate man, the foibles of whose nature were forced and exasperated by despotic powers and drinking habits. As if his normal thirst were not enough, he was now sent to cruise in the Caribbean Sea, where the heat of the sun whetted it to such an extent that he was seldom or ever sober, the mildest potation that he used to quench it being spruce-beer, of which he kept a cask always on tap in his private cabin.

Before he had been on board many days, Jeffrey's proficiency as a smith was discovered, and he was made armourer's mate. So that there was a fair chance of his making his enforced trip pretty comfortably, and returning after a few months to his native place with a pocketful of prize-money after all. But an unfortunate group of circumstances got in the way. The captain was not the only thirsty man in the ship ; his armourer's mate, for example, occasionally had a drought upon him, which was considerably aggravated by the extremely hot weather and the small allowance of water served out daily, for the ship was running short of that treasure which we never prize while we have it. During this state of affairs, Jeffrey was sent to execute some job in the captain's cabin, and being left alone with the barrel of spruce-beer, he began to ogle it. There was a drinking-cup, which had been used, lying very handy ; the captain was on deck ; no one could see him ; he

was *very* thirsty! He snatched up the cup, and desisted from his work a moment to draw off half a pint and toss it down. Very good it was, and very refreshing: if stolen waters are sweet, what must purloined spruce-beer be? Presently another drink was taken, with equal success. A third, however, was spoiled by the thick and wrathful voice of his captain, who had come below unheard, unnoticed, in time to witness this outrageous act of daring presumption. It would burn a hole in the paper to write down Captain Lake's remarks upon the occasion. Seventy years ago, all gentlemen swore a little; naval officers swore very much, increasing in vehemence as they rose in rank; men in liquor swore, as at the present day, hardest of all. You may imagine, then, what the language of a drunken sea-captain must have been, when he saw his beloved spruce-beer flowing down the throat of a common armourer's mate! That audacious wretch was clapped in irons presently, while his infuriated commander, having refreshed himself, returned to the deck, which he paced with unsteady steps, revolving in his mind what punishment would be sufficient for a crime so heinous. It ought to be something unusual, startling, appalling as the act which it avenged. Suddenly his eyes caught sight of a small island, now turned into a jewel by the rays of the sun, which was sinking in the west, and the inspiration came.

"Lieutenant," he cried.

"Sir?"

"Man the gig, and send for that fellow I have had confined."

It was done, and then, to the lieutenant's horror, his superior officer ordered him to take the prisoner, land him on the barren rock, and *leave* him. "I'll have no thieves on board my ship," he said.

The captain was evidently the worse for drink, and his lieutenant hesitated.

"Do you hear me, sir?" thundered the astonished commander; and discipline prevailed. Deeply as he loathed the act, the lieutenant had no option but to obey; the crew, though they murmured, did not mutiny, and Robert Jeffrey was put ashore without food or drink. He had his knife, and one sailor gave him a handkerchief, and another a long stick which he had thought to throw into the boat as they shoved off, for the deserted man to signal with. By this time the sun had sunk, and when the boat returned to the ship it left the poor fellow behind, alone, in the dark.

He fully believed that the captain only meant to frighten him, and bore up pretty well through the night with that idea. But when the morning dawned the *Recruit* was a mere speck in the distance, which slowly but surely passed away beyond the horizon. Then the unhappy man realised that he was a castaway.

The *Recruit* indeed had caught a favouring breeze, which carried her quickly to Barbadoes, where she joined the squadron under Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane. Here officers and crew, mingling with those of other ships, spoke freely of the affair, which presently reached the admiral's ears, who sent for the captain, questioned him, and finding the story true, severely reprimanded him for his brutality, and ordered him back to rescue the man.

The island upon which Jeffrey had been so barbarously left was one of the Leeward group, a desolate rock called Sombbrero, and the *Recruit* got back to it just a fortnight after the event. A careful search was instituted, but all that was found was a pair of trousers, not Jeffrey's, and a tomahawk handle, no trace of the missing man being discoverable.

This result being reported on the ship's return to Barbadoes, Sir Alexander Cochrane felt satisfied that the man had been rescued by some passing vessel, and let the matter rest for the time. But a good many formed a different opinion, and suspected that Jeffrey had come to some violent end; and when the squadron returned to England the affair was taken up by people at home, and made so much noise that, after two years had elapsed, the captain was brought to a court-martial, condemned, and dismissed the service. This, however, instead of appeasing the public excitement, only inflamed it the more, by the authentic details which were brought to light in the course of the court-martial. The illegality of the man's having been pressed at all—the veniality of his offence, especially considering the circumstances of thirst caused by short allowance of water in so hot a climate, and the ready temptation to appease it placed directly in his way, combined with the inhuman cruelty of his abandonment to stir the public indignation. Meetings were held, articles written, petitions signed, urging the propriety of endeavouring by all means to discover what had become of the missing man; and Sir Francis Burdett lost no opportunity of keeping the question before Government, in the House of Commons.

Illegal pressings, keel-haulings, floggings to death were not so very uncommon in the navy at that time as to account for the usually indifferent public's espousing Robert Jeffrey's cause so warmly; but it did so, and made a representative man of him.

The first authentic news came from George Hassel, mariner, who deposed on oath before the Mayor of Liverpool that he had just returned from Beverley, a town in Massachusetts, and that a man was living there who was nicknamed the Governor of Sombbrero, whose real name was Jeffrey. Whereupon this Jeffrey was communicated with, and in

due time a letter in reply purporting to come from him was received, giving a full account of his adventure.

When the *Recurit* had quite disappeared, he remained for some time overwhelmed with despair, but after awhile he grew calm, and felt very hungry, so he explored his island to see if there was anything to eat upon it, but could find nothing except birds, which flew away, as birds will, when he tried to catch them. At last he discovered an egg, but, alas! it was an election egg—a very good missile, but not edible. Soon, however, the pangs of hunger gave place to the severer sufferings of thirst, which he tried to appease by swallowing the seawater, and that of course made matters worse. But Heaven, more merciful than man, sent him a shower of rain, which lodged in the crevices of the rocks, and inflicted the punishment of Tantalus upon him until he thought of cutting the quills, of which there were plenty strewn about, and sucking up the puddles as we moderns do sherry cobbler.

In addition to hunger and thirst, he endured the agony of hope deferred, for ships were constantly passing, but failed to see his signals till the ninth day, when some one on board the *Adams*, an American schooner, noticed him waving the stick to which his handkerchief was tied. The master, John Dennis, sent a boat, and brought him off in an apparently dying state, so exhausted as to be unable to speak. With care and kindness however he recovered, and was carried to Marblehead, in Massachusetts, where he supported himself by his trade as a blacksmith.

This circumstantial account satisfied people at first, but when the letter was shown to Robert Jeffrey's mother she pointed out that not only was it written in a strange hand, but that it was not even signed by her son, who could write well enough, and was very unlikely to make his mark, as the man who vouched for the genuineness of this epistle had done. This objection naturally carried weight,

and many people suspected that the evidence of George Hassel and of the letter had been got up by the captain, who was anxious to prove the man to be alive, and so escape from the odium which attached to him.

Finally a ship was sent to bring this professing Robert Jeffrey to England, where he arrived in due course, and proved to be the right man safe enough, a certain shyness and diffidence which he felt in the presence of the gentlemen who had drawn up his report being the cause of his making a cross instead of signing it. He landed at Portsmouth in the October of 1810, three years after the event which had caused him to become a public character. The Admiralty forwarded him under the charge of a naval officer to Polperro, where the entire population recognised him, and his arrival was made the occasion of great public rejoicing.

But before settling down in his native place he accepted an offer from the manager of a London theatre to exhibit himself for a certain number of nights, and as it became the rage to go and see "Jeffrey the Sailor," he made rather a good thing of it. These profits were presently swelled by a sum of six hundred pounds, which was paid him by the family of the captain in acquittal of all claims he might have against that officer, who was still liable to a civil action, and in the excited state of public opinion was likely to be cast in heavy damages.

After the lapse of a few months, when he ceased to "draw," Jeffrey returned to Cornwall with money enough to purchase a coasting schooner; married, and, if this were fiction, would have lived happily for ever afterwards. But the story being a perfectly true one, Robert Jeffrey was subject to all those ills which afflict ordinary mortals who have never been the subjects of popular sympathy or curiosity.

He failed to make his schooner pay, and he died early of consumption, leaving his wife and daughter in great poverty.

LEWIS HOUGH.

WHY MY UNCLE WAS A BACHELOR.

"I tell you love has naught to do
With meetness or unmeetness."—*Whittier*.



YOU have often wondered, George, why it is I have never married—wondered, and most probably rejoiced, for at my death, you know, the old place will come to you, as it came to me, free of debt or incumbrance. I suppose you have attributed my confirmed bachelorhood to some disappointment in love in early life, eh? Ah, well! I'll tell you the whole story.

It may serve as a warning to you, I was going to say, only I don't believe in one man's experience being of any use to another. And as to warnings, bah! they never save. But I am in a retrospective mood to-night, so if you care to hear the story, you shall."

My Uncle George and I were staying up at Barluig, a small fishing-place of his in the Highlands, to which we resorted regularly twice a year

for about a fortnight, in pursuit of salmon. I had lost my father when I was four years old, and since that time his brother, my Uncle George, had been my father in all but the name. Indeed, I think we were fonder of each other than fathers and sons usually are in these days.

It had always been a wonder to me, and to every one else, that Uncle George had never married. Some people declared that he had been hopelessly in love with the beautiful Duchesse de ———, and that it was for her sake he had remained single; others hinted at some entanglement; whilst some maintained boldly that Sir George Wyville was married, and that I, his nephew, and heir presumptive in the eyes of the world, should look very foolish some day on the baronetcy and Wyville Castle being claimed by the son of my uncle's old college bed-maker.

But to all these stories I turned a deaf ear. I knew enough of Uncle George to feel sure there was not a shadow of truth in any of them. My uncle often spoke of the Duchesse de ——— as what she was—one of the handsomest women and most finished coquettes of her day. But I felt certain he had never cared for her; he would not have talked so much about her if he had. And as to an entanglement or a secret marriage, why, I knew all my uncle's affairs as well as I knew those of Charlie Baynsford, my bosom friend and brother officer, who had been gazetted as ensign and lieutenant in the 5th Foot Guards the same day as myself, about two months before. No; whatever reason my uncle may have had for remaining single, it was one that he had carefully guarded from the whole world. I was glad that I was going to hear it at last.

I refilled my glass with whiskey and water, lit my pet pipe, about the colouring of which I was so anxious, and drawing my chair nearer to the fire, prepared to listen in comfort.

"I was about thirteen, George, when I first saw Nora O'Byrne. I was at Eton then, and she was a flower-girl in the streets of Windsor. The first day I ever saw her—I remember it as well as if it were yesterday—it was a bitterly cold March afternoon, and she was standing outside the then only hotel in the place, selling violets. To this hour I cannot stand seeing a girl selling violets in the street. I gave her all the money I had in my pocket, and my heart with it. It is no use attempting to describe her. All descriptions of real beauty are futile. She was simply the loveliest child, as she was afterwards the loveliest woman, I ever beheld. Day after day I used to see her. I contrived to meet her quietly. I did all I could for her, and it went to my heart to feel that I could do so little. I used to give her food; clothing it was of no use giving, for her mother took it away again directly, and pawned it to buy gin.

"I need scarcely tell you that 'Nora' was no common beggar-girl. Her father had been a well-to-do workman, and during his lifetime she had been to school, and had learned how to read and write; but after his death they had been reduced to beggary through her mother's fatal propensity for drink. For nearly two years of my life I spent every shilling I could spare upon that child, and I loved her as I have never loved any other human being. And what is more, I kept my boyish love a secret from every one—no easy matter, as you may imagine.

"When I was fifteen I had a bad attack of typhus fever. I was staying at Wyville at the time for the summer vacation with my uncle, Sir Rupert. He had a perfect horror of sickness, of fevers especially, and directly I was taken ill he left the house to pay a visit to some friends near Windsor. He promised me that when the school met again he would ride over, and give the fellows at my house the latest accounts of me.

"I did not return to Eton till after the Christmas holidays, and then Nora was gone—where I could not learn. In vain I made inquiries of different people in the town who knew the girl by sight. All I could learn was that neither she nor her mother had been seen since the beginning of September. I was nearly frantic with anxiety. I give you my word, George, that never but once again in life have I felt anything like the utter grief and desolation of that time, when I thought of Nora, with her extraordinary beauty, thrown upon the wide world with no other protection than that drunken old mother.

"Well, time passed on, and when I was eighteen I left Eton and went into the Guards. My mother took a house in Hertford Street, and I lived with her. I went everywhere, and was made much of. I was then at Wyville Castle and fifteen thousand a year—to say nothing of the baronetcy; and I could have married—as my uncle and mother were always telling me—almost anybody I chose. But I did not choose. Strange as it may appear, I never met a girl I could care for—never met any one who could make me forget for one moment my childish love. I grew tired of everything sooner than most men, and at twenty, having obtained several months' leave of absence, I started for a tour in the East with my old friend Baynsford, who was then Captain Fellowes. When we were at Smyrna I received a letter from my mother, telling me that my uncle was going to be married. As I had been taught from my childhood to consider myself his heir, you may fancy, George, with what feelings of disgust I received the intelligence. My mother wrote a very illegible hand, and moreover always crossed her pages, consequently deciphering her letters was no easy task. I could not make out the name of my uncle's *fiancée*, although Fellowes

and I sat up half the night trying to discover it. My mother said Sir Rupert had met her in Paris, and I thought the word we could not decipher looked like a French name.

"London was no place for me now, I decided, and determined to leave the Guards and exchange into some regiment going to Canada—a country I was particularly anxious to see. We lingered a good deal on our way home, and were a great part of the time in out-of-the-way places, where we saw no newspapers. Thus I missed reading the announcement of my uncle's marriage. When I arrived in town I heard of nothing but the extraordinary beauty of Lady Wyville; and many were the warnings I received—half in jest, half in earnest—not to fall in love with my aunt. It was very odd, but I felt no curiosity to see her. On the contrary, the idea of making her acquaintance was rather repugnant to me.

"I left a card for my uncle in Grosvenor Square, a day or two after I returned home, at an hour when I knew she would be out; and I declined, on the plea of a prior engagement, an invitation that I received to dine with them the following evening.

"A few nights afterwards there was a large ball given at the Russian Embassy. I heard, directly I entered the house, that my uncle and his bride were there; but there was a great crowd, and I never caught sight of them. Towards the end of the evening, just as I was going away, the Duchesse de — came up to me in the conservatory, and told me that my uncle and aunt were just then on the staircase.

"'You must come and see her, George,' she said to me; 'she is perfectly beautiful.'

"I made some commonplace reply, such as that it was only very pretty women who ever admitted beauty in others; and then, with the little duchess on my arm, I went to greet my uncle and his bride.

"She was dressed all in white—not the faintest trace of colour about her—and her lovely face turned as white as her bridal wreath, as she came face to face with me. It was Nora—Nora whom I had last seen in rags, bare-footed, asking alms from the passers-by, and now met again thus—at an ambassador's ball, and talking to a foreign prince!

"My uncle introduced me to his bride, and I made a profound bow, and with a face as white as her own, congratulated her on her marriage, and expressed the gratification I felt at making her acquaintance.

"She gave me such a look, poor girl! I knew then that she had never forgotten me. I passed on with the duchess into the ball-room, and I felt rather than saw that Nora turned to look after us.

"'Is she not beautiful?' my companion asked me with levity. 'Ah, I was right. I could see you were desperately *épous* with her. What is it you English call it? Love at first sight. Take my advice, *mon ami*, and don't see too much of your lovely aunt.'

"'I shall follow your advice,' I said; 'I mean to see as little of her as possible.'

"Something in my voice made my companion glance up; and then, with true tact and good-breeding, she hastened to change the subject. She was a kind-hearted little woman, in spite of her trifling language. I know that never again to me or any living being did she recur to what she had noticed that evening; and that she had noticed more than she chose to say I felt certain.

"I never saw Nora again so as to speak to her during my uncle's lifetime. I exchanged at once into a regiment under orders for Canada. There I remained three years, until the death of Sir Rupert recalled me to England. Nora had no children, so I was now Sir George Wyville. 'She might as well have waited for me,' I thought bitterly. I met her once at our solicitor's upon business, just after my return home, and that was the last time I ever saw her in this world. She lived entirely in London, doing an immense deal of good, I believe, amongst the Irish poor. But her career of usefulness was a short one. She only survived Sir Rupert four years. To me she died the hour when she became his wife. She wrote to me once after she was a widow, telling me all the circumstances of her marriage—how that Sir Rupert had rescued her from a life of beggary in the streets, and sent her to school for four years, and that then she had felt herself bound in honour and gratitude to marry him.

"She concluded her letter by expressing a hope that we might still be friends. Friends! I had no more friendship to offer her than I had love to offer any other woman; and my uncle's widow was sacred in my eyes.

"I never saw Nora again.

"I believe the world talked a good deal about my strange conduct towards my aunt, and pronounced it to be 'very bad taste,' now that I had come into the title and estates. Only the Duchesse de —, I fancy, gave me credit for having some good reason for thus avoiding Lady Wyville.

"There, George, you know now the story of my life—why I have remained a bachelor all my days. I am not aware that there is any particular moral to be deduced from my tale, unless it is 'Only to fall in love in your own rank of life,' a piece of advice that was very frequently given to me when I was young. I hope you will profit by it better than I have done."

THE EARTH AND THE SOUL.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.



CHILD of my bosom, babe of
my bearing,
Why dost thou turn from
me now thou art old?
Why, like a bird for a flight
now preparing,
Shrink from my touch with
a tremor of cold?"

"Mother, I dread thee! mother, I fear
thee!
Darkness and silence are hid in thy
core;
Deep is thy voice, and I tremble to hear thee;
Let me begone, for thou lov'st me no more!"

"Love thee not, dearest one! son of my splendour,
Love thee not? how shall I smile thee a sign?
See my soft arms, they are kindly and tender!
See my fond face, flashing upward to thine!"

"Mother, thy face looketh dreadful and ghastly!
Mother, thy breath is as frost on my hair!
Hold me not, stay me not—time speedeth fastly;
Look! a kind Hand beckons softly, up there!"

"Child, yet a while, ere thy cruel feet fare on!
See, in my lap lie the flowers of the May;
See, in my hair twine the roses of Sharon;
See, on my breast gleam the gems of Cathay!"

"Mother, I know thou art queenly and splendid,
Yet is there death in the blush of thy bloom.
Touch me not, mother—my childhood is ended—
Dark is thy shadow and dreadful thy doom!"

"Child, 'twas I bare thee! child, 'twas I fashioned
Those gleaming limbs, and those ringlets of
light,
Made thee a spirit sublime and impassioned,
Read thee the Book of the Stars night by night,
Led thy frail feet when they failed sorrow-laden,
Whispered thee wonders of death and of birth,

Made thee the heir of the Garden of Aiden,
Child, it was I! thy poor mother, the Earth!"

"Mother, I know it! and oh, how I loved thee,
When on thy bosom I leapt as a child,
Shared each still pleasure that filled thee and
moved thee,
Thrilled to the bliss of thy face when it smiled.
Yea, but I knew not thy glory was fleeing,
Not till that night thou didst read me the Scroll,
Sobbed in mine ear the dark secret of being;
Mother, I wept—thy fair creature, the Soul!"

"Child, wherefore weep? since the secret is spoken,
Lie in mine arms—I will rock thee to rest;
Ne'er shall thy slumber be troubled and broken;
Low will I sing to thee, held to my breast.
Oh, it is weary to wander and wander!
Child of my fashioning, stay with me here."

"Mother, I cannot; 'tis lighter up yonder;
Dark is thy brow with the Shadow I fear."

"Child, yet one kiss! yet one kiss, ere thou fliest!"
"Nay, for thy lips have the poison of death!"

"Child, one embrace!" "Nay, all vainly thou
criest;
I see thy face darken, I shrink at thy breath."

"Go! I have wept for thee, toiled for thee, borne
with thee,
Pardoned thee freely each taint and each stain;
Take the last love of my bosom forlorn with thee—
Seek the great Void for a kinder, in vain!"

"Mother, I go; but if e'er I discover
That which I seek in those regions untrod,
I will come back to thee! softly bend over
Thy pillow, and whisper the secret of God."

"Child, thou wilt find me asleep in black raiment,
Dead by the side of the infinite Sea;
Drop one immortelle above me, for payment
Of all the wild love I have wasted on thee!"



IN HONOUR BOUND.

BY CHARLES GIBBON,

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

WAITING.

GRACE went on to a cottage at the upper end of the village. It stood a little apart from the others, and everything about it was singularly trim—too trim; there was a want of life in the exceeding orderliness of the place. It seemed as if no foot had crossed the threshold since it had been cleaned; no voice or face indicated that the cottage was inhabited. From the door or window there was a clear view of the harbour bar, the lighthouse, and a long reach of sea.

She lifted the latch and entered, her foot leaving a mark upon the sand which covered the stone step at the door. There was the same painful trimness inside as out; everything rigidly fixed in its place, everything polished and shining with almost obtrusive cleanliness.

A woman of about fifty, in a neat grey dress, her white hair plaited like a girl's, and not covered by the cap generally worn by women of her years, advanced to meet the visitor with a quiet, pleased smile.

"You are very kind, Miss Wishart, to come and see me so often."

"It's a pleasure to me, Mysie; how do you feel yourself now?"

There was a strangely subdued and submissive smile on Mysie's calm face, which was still bonnie, and had been bonnier.

"About my usual; nothing to complain of, and nothing to boast about. Will you no tak' a seat?"

Grace took the chair, and entered into a general conversation with Mysie about the ailments, losses, and successes of the fishers. Mysie was one of the ablest nurses, and always ready to help her neighbours, whilst in the big houses roundabout her assistance was frequently sought in cases of illness. Her peculiarities were known and respected; her retired mode of life, and her fancies about the house she occupied, were never alluded to in her presence. It was said that she was "some crack," but there was no sign of madness in her gentle manner, and her devotion to any of the neighbours who might be in trouble was certainly a most benevolent form of insanity.

Thirty years ago, Mysie, then a bright-eyed, handsome girl, married her cousin Bob Keith. There was not a gentler, shyer girl in the village than Mysie, and there was not a more good-natured or more rollicking fellow than her husband. He

had a brother, Alick Keith, who was skipper of a schooner engaged in the Baltic trade, and who was reputed to be the most daring seaman ever known—he would sail upon a Friday! He would defy all storm signals, and all presages of bad weather or an unlucky voyage. Once a strange dove, weary and starved, had settled upon his bowsprit, coming from nobody knew where, and although his men implored him to put back into harbour, he refused! In fact, there was no end to his defiance of all the laws which had hitherto controlled the skippers and sailors of Rowanden, and there was apparently no end to his success. Nevertheless discreet old fishers, who knew what was what much better than these young innovators, shook their heads and declared—

"There's nae guid'll come o' yon loon."

Barely three weeks after his marriage, Bob Keith was offered by his brother the post of chief mate on board the *Jessie Bell*, of Kingshaven, with a small share in profits.

The offer was a good one, and Bob was anxious to accept; he only hesitated because he had been so recently married. Mysie would have liked him to refuse, because of the reckless character which Alick bore in his seamanship; but she was too young a wife to know how to exert her authority. She could not deny that Alick's offer was an excellent one, or that it was the right thing, even for her sake, that her husband should take advantage of any opportunity to make way in the world. Bob accepted his brother's offer.

The *Jessie Bell* sailed, Mysie watching it from the cottage door until it disappeared over the sea.

Some months afterwards, the skipper of another Kingshaven vessel reported that in the midst of a terrific gale, to avoid which he had wisely tacked, he had seen the *Jessie Bell* attempting to enter the Baltic; then suddenly he had lost sight of her. From that day nothing was ever heard of the vessel, or any of its crew.

Mysie listened to the news, dumb and white. Her own parents, and the mother of Alick and Bob, were overwhelmed with grief. They went into mourning, and lamented the deaths of the two promising youths.

Mysie was silent, but she would *not* put on mourning. She arranged her cottage with scrupulous care to the position which everything had occupied on the day when Bob went away, and

went about her ordinary work quietly and resolutely. She said nothing concerning what she hoped or expected ; she simply placed things so, and went on with her work—waiting. She served her parents faithfully, she gave more than a daughter's duty to the mother of her husband. They died : Mysic did not change ; the house was still in order, just as when *he* had left it. Many good offers of marriage were made to her, and they were declined very resolutely. She was still waiting for him.

She never said that she was waiting, she would

fusal to leave it or alter it in the slightest degree, there was nothing odd in her ways, and much that was kind and useful.

At early morning or late in the evening, Mysic was often seen standing at her door, looking out to sea ; during a storm she was always there, whether it happened late or early. Whenever there was a wreck, Mysic was the first to know it—the first to give warning, and to call for help—the first down at the shore, giving the aid of a strong and intelligent man in launching the life-boat, inspiring the crew by her energetic presence, or in preparing



"CAST ON TO THE SANDS."

neither speak about the *Jessie Bell*, nor listen to any one else speaking of it. The moment she heard the name mentioned, she would go away—without fuss, but in a manner which clearly showed that it was a subject she did not wish to enter upon.

Her house was kept with a tender care, ready for the wanderer whenever he might appear ; the duties which fell to her were performed with alertness and cheerfulness. The folk pitied her, and shook their heads, lamenting her strange hallucination. By-and-by people became so accustomed to her ways that they scarcely noticed them ; and, with the exception of the house, and her firm re-

signals—ropes—assisting bravely in everything which could further the good work of rescue.

Mysic eagerly scrutinised the face of every creature who was carried ashore by the boat, or cast on to the sands and rocks by the great angry waves. She looked as if for the face of some dear friend, whom she never found. But there was no murmur of disappointment, no word of complaint on her part, she went on with her work as vigorously as if there had been no hope of her own dispelled.

She had ceased to gather mussels and limpets for bait on the death of her father ; nursing and weaving stockings for the neighbours and the

farmers' wives gave her ample occupation. Her calm ways and her skill earned for her the title of "the Wise Woman," and she was often consulted by the young folk about the most delicate as well as the most ridiculous dilemmas.

Whatever delusion or hope she entertained regarding her husband's fate, she did not trouble any one with it. The old love remained; but she did her work bravely.

"You have been very patient, Mysie," Grace said after a pause; and it was the first time she had ever made allusion to the woman's past; then dreamily and speaking to herself, "I wonder if it is better to wait, hoping, than to know that waiting and hoping are vain and wrong."

Mysie lifted her eyes from the rough stocking she was knitting, and, with a strange inward look, gazed first out through the window toward the sea, and then at her visitor.

"You're looking poorly, Miss Wishart," she said; "I noticed it when you came in; I'm doubting you're no weel."

"I am not very well, but I shall be better in a few days."

"Something has gane wrang wi' you."

"Yes—something which I thought would not have troubled me, because I was doing what I knew to be right; and yet it is vexing me, and making me feel unlike myself—making me feel as if it would have been better to have done wrong."

She shuddered at herself as she spoke these words in a whisper.

A pause, during which Mysie's knitting dropped into her lap, and her soft grey eyes remained fixed upon Grace with a questioning expression.

"Have you to wait—like me?"

"No; I must neither wait nor hope. I think it would be pleasant to change places with you, Mysie."

"And you ha'e siller and land, and youth, and a thing that aye can crave for."

"Not everything—none of us have that; but I would rather have a light heart with a light pouch than all the wealth in the world."

"Better a heavy heart than a heavy conscience."

"Which kills soonest?" said Grace, with some bitterness in her sweet voice; "if any choice were given to me, I think that is the one I would choose."

"I'll tell you, Miss Wishart, what I have never told to living creature before; it'll maybe help you, and you have been guid to me. When the news came that Bob's ship was wrecked and every soul aboard lost, I thought it would be easier to die than to live. Then I wouldna believe it was true, because I couldna think that God would be so hard upon puir creatures that had never done ony harm they ken'd o'. So I put the house in order, and waited for him to come hame. But he didna come. The deevil was aye putting ill thoughts in my head, and I wrought late and early to keep

him out. Syne, I found that without a bawbee I was able to help my neighbours, and that they were grateful and kind to me. Syne, I came to understand that my work was needed for others, and so I had been left, waiting. I'm waiting and watching aye, but doing my best a' the while; and though I'm waiting yet, I ken that when he comes it'll be to take me awa' frae this place. It was lang, lang or I could understand that, but I learned it at last, and I'm content to be quiet and bide my time to gang hame to him."

"Aye—but if you had to wait, Mysie, without hope—to wait knowing that you could never meet him again—what then?"

"I canna say. I think I would ha'e waited a' the same, sure that He would learn me how to thole in His time."

The simple unquestioning faith of the woman who had suffered so much did Grace good. Her heart was purer when she left the house than when she had entered it. Thinking of Mysie's life, she became the more resolute in directing her steps into the narrow path which lay before her.

"It is strange," she reflected, "that the calm, pure temperament which makes us morally grand, is only found in one who has suffered much affliction; as if it were necessary that we should suffer in order to be good or wise."

As she passed through the village, grateful voices saluted her with kind inquiries for herself and home; pleasant smiles showed her the happiness which her presence gave; the bairns ran to her with merry, eager faces—with some selfishness, too, for they knew that she generally carried a packet of "Peter Reid's rock," a sweetmeat famous along the east coast.

She was comforted and encouraged; her foot was firmer on the ground as she made her way homeward, and the world was much brighter than it had appeared in the morning. She seemed to waken to a new sense, and she was thinking how full the world is of lovers whom we never know, how full of loveliness that we never see, and of music that we never hear. There are the people we love or who love us at a glance, and whom we never see again; there are the countless beauties of nature through which we pass unobserving; the forms and shades—ever varying with the day—of flowers, trees, mountain, valley, and sea; there are the bright songs of the birds always making the air musical, and to which we so seldom give an attentive ear. How much of all this passes back to the Giver, unseen, unenjoyed, and unappreciated! When His glories pass so, what wonder that the greatest efforts of a poor human heart should often pass away unkenked?

"But God sees and knows," said Grace; and something of the old sweet light dawned upon her face.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

HOME.

HARVEST work had begun when they returned. The crops were yellow, and falling steadily under the scythe or reaping-machine; the fields were dry and parched-looking; the heather on the moors was crisp, and crackled under the feet. The opal sea flashed its many colours in the eyes, dazzling them with its splendour; in the hot noontide the sound of waves was refreshing to the senses.

Dan met them at the station.

"Glad to see you back," he said; "I hope you're both weel."

He spoke as calmly as if they had not been out of his sight five minutes. Walter gave his hand a hearty shake, and Teenie did the same—no more, for kissing and hugging were quite out of their way, and the skipper would have been scandalised exceedingly if his daughter had offered to kiss him there on the platform before all the people.

She was looking bright and happy, radiant indeed; and the blush which covered her cheeks, as various friends saluted them and wished them happiness, added to the brightness of her eyes and to the joy of her smile. She was not at all awkward; she nodded to old acquaintances, ran up to fish-wives and fisher-lookers with cheery greetings; although they were awed by the splendour of her silk gown, and almost afraid to speak to the lady, she was just the old, wild, fierce, and kindly Teenie that she had been before there was the slightest likelihood of her becoming wife to the Laird's son.

"She's no stuck-up ava," said Tak'-it-easy Davie, who happened to be on the platform, and to receive a warm greeting from the bride; "by my soul, I wish she'd married me."

"You, you guid-for-naething loon!" cried auld Meg Carnoustie, who, with creel of fish on her back, had been one of the first to whom the bride had spoken; "she'd be sair wanting a man that took you, let alone Thorston's lass."

"Wait a wee," says Davie with a sagacious nod.

Then Teenie would bow to the grand folk with as much ease and self-possession as if she had been born in a palace, instead of the cottage at the Norlan' Head. True, she had very little to say to the grand folk; but then they had as little to say to her, and were rather disappointed that she did not show any gratitude for their condescension in noticing her at all.

"She's a saucy creature," muttered Mrs. Dubbieside. "and has no sense of her station at all. One would think she was used to being married, she takes it so easy—or else she's thinking yet that she's the Methven heir."

Poor Teenie had not the remotest thought about George Methven, or his troublesome fortune; neither had she the remotest idea that she was not

behaving with the becoming propriety of a newly married girl. She was happy, and she never suspected that she ought to act or look otherwise than as she felt.

Walter was awkward and shy enough for both parties; and he had to confess to himself that—although he could find no reason for it—he would have been better pleased if Teenie had been a little less boisterous. He had an unconscious sense that a lavender silk dress with a long train, and a high bonnet with orange-blossoms, did not agree well with a manner which suggested a skipping-rope. His sense of incongruity or the ridiculous was pained.

He shut his eyes immediately to that, and admired—or rather loved the more—the good heart and generous nature which were quite unconscious of the incongruity between silks and fish-scales. He was grateful that Teenie remained unchanged.

Nevertheless, he found himself as awkward and bashful as when he had gone up to receive his first prize at college, knowing that the eyes of a crowd of his class-mates and their friends were upon him. It was a self-consciousness which he felt was contemptible, and he tried to get rid of it, but could not.

He was heartily glad when they were seated in the Dalmahoy gig which had been graciously sent for them by the Laird, and were driving at a good pace up to Drumliemount.

It seemed very strange to her when they turned the corner of the road away from the Norlan' Head, and moved in what was comparatively a strange direction to her. Yet she was going home!—going to the place where her life was to pass away in the common round of cares and duties—going to the place in which all her thoughts and hopes must be in future centred. It was a new world full of bewildering novelty, and yet surrounded by the dearest and most precious of old associations. It was almost uncomfortable to turn away from the old home to the new. Here was one of her vague cravings gratified, and somehow it amused and puzzled her rather than gave her satisfaction.

Ailie had been at the house for a week, scrubbing, cleaning, and brushing, until she had almost driven the one servant lass "clean out of her judgment," as the girl declared.

Ailie was at the gate to receive them—she had been there many times during the morning, looking out for them. Her mutch (cap) was snow-white, and the frills were as stiff as starch and piping could make them—forming a white, prim halo, round her ancient and kindly face.

The garden was in trim order now, and the roses were in full bloom on the house. They passed up the newly gravelled path—gravelled with small, round, pale lavender stones, which rolled and rattled under the feet—and into the house.

When they crossed the threshold, Walter put his arm round his wife and, kissing her, whispered one word—

"Home!"

What a delightful sound it had, spoken by him in that place, in that loving voice! The sunlight streamed in upon them, a round mote-white beam fell on them, and the perfume of roses and honeysuckle mingled with the word, and they were always afterward associated with it in her mind.

Home! she had never known how much there was in the word until that moment. There she was to be queen, and live happy ever after. It was not the gorgeous palace she had dreamed about, but it was a reality; and at this minute she felt as if she would have been quite content if it had been a mud cabin, or a shieling of wattles and heather.

They went into the parlour: the window was wide open, and the perfume of roses and honeysuckle filled the room. She threw off her bonnet; he took off his hat and light overcoat, thrust his fingers through his hair, and looked at her fondly, proudly.

"It's not much of a place, is it, Teenie?—but it's our own," he said with a laugh.

"And that's everything," said she laughing too, and examining each article in the room, mentally estimating its cost—without the least thought that more or less was anything to her.

He looked at her with loving admiration.

"Yes, Teenie, that is everything, so long as we are true to each other. Do you think you can be quite satisfied here?"

"Satisfied!—I'm just that proud and happy I could greet for very joy and—I dinna ken what."

Her eyes and voice were full of tears, which made her very beautiful, although they were not allowed to find vent.

"I wonder if you will always think so?" he said reflectively.

She looked at him with that winning expression which a pretty woman's face obtains when mouth and eyes form an O of wonder, rebuke, and love.

There was only one answer to such a look, and he made it—he hugged her.

"There," she cried, pretending to struggle for freedom, "let me begin my duties at once, and go into the kitchen to see about the dinner."

"Confound the dinner—Ailie will see to that for to-day at any rate."

But Teenie's restless spirit would not consent to that arrangement. She was eager for the fun of showing her authority as "the mistress," as the maid of all work called her, and eager to examine every corner and treasure of her home.

She changed her dress with commendable rapidity, and in a neat house-dress of simple cotton pranced down-stairs. She glanced into the study, which Walter called his workshop, and there, as

she expected, saw him already among his books. He made a movement as if to approach her, but she gave him a merry look, and closed the door between them.

The husband smiled, and turned again to his noiseless but most eloquent and dearest friends, books.

He was unspeakably happy. He was beginning the life of which he had often dreamed, and beginning it in entire accordance with his own wishes. Married to the woman he loved, and appointed to the work he loved, he had no fears for the future, no doubt of accomplishing some part at least of his ambitious designs—the designs being only to prove himself useful in helping his fellows to realise that mere life is a blessed gift—that to the true-hearted life is full of gracious sympathies and helpers.

He was not blind to the possibilities, or even probabilities, of failure; but he comforted himself with the reflection—

"A man must fail in so many things, that to succeed in any one he must work hard and fast to accomplish a great number."

He intended to accomplish a great number. Meanwhile, sitting in his cosy room, the open window admitting the lazy air, the hum of bees, and the perfume of flowers, he felt grateful for the mercies which surrounded him, and full of earnest resolutions. He thought that whenever he might be disposed to discontent, he would only have to remember this day, and he would be cured.

Teenie made her way to the kitchen, and was received by Ailie with new exclamations of admiration and pleasure.

"Marriage has improved you just wonderful," she declared; "'deed, I'm thinking I would like to get married mysel'."

Teenie enjoyed the idea of Ailie getting married, and was very energetic superintending the dinner, examining the furnishing of the kitchen, and telling her old friend of the wonders she had seen in Edinburgh—of the castle on the top of the rock, the houses ten and twelve storeys high, the grand shops, three times bigger than anything in Kingshaven, and many other marvels which made Ailie's eyes open wide in wonder.

That first dinner at home was very pleasant to the husband and wife, the little parlour was so bright, and they were so happy in themselves. Then they went out to the garden, and seated themselves under an apple-tree. He read; she played with her fingers, and stared at the ground with an air of profound attention, but she was busy speculating about all she would have to do in the house, and not hearing a word of what he read. He discovered that by-and-by, and closed the book.

"You couldn't have been more inattentive if I had been reading one of my own sermons," he said maliciously.

She felt very wicked, and could make no excuse. She just looked at him helplessly.

"We'll have all sorts of visitors to-morrow," he said, changing the subject.

"What for?"

"Why, to congratulate us, to quiz us, and to see if we haven't already repented our bargain."

"I wish they wouldn't come."

"So do I."

"Then why don't you tell them not to come? Whenever there was anybody I didn't want to come to the house, I told them to stay away."

"Arcadia!" laughed Walter; "we can't do that, Teenie."

"Why?"

"Because we must do a great many things we don't want to do, in order not to give annoyance to others, and because these visits are signs of friendliness with which we ought to be pleased. I wonder Grace hasn't been over this afternoon. She knows we are at home."

Grace!—was he already wearying for her?

Teenie was silent; it seemed as if a shadow had crossed the bright sunlight.

She moved nearer to him, placed her hand on his, and looking into his face with such earnest eyes, she said softly—

"You're no sorry, are you?"

"Sorry!—for what?"

"That—that we're married now?"

He regarded her with an amused and puzzled expression.

"You dear, stupid, wee lassie, what could put such an absurd notion into your head? Why, if ever a man was permitted to know perfect happiness on this earth, I am realising it at this moment."

Her hand closed tightly upon his, and she laughed at herself. She did not know why, but his warmth, his look, and the mere words of his assurance gave her a feeling of intense relief.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

MY EARLY ADVENTURES.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, BY ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

WHO can fathom and describe the feelings of a young man, scarcely twenty-two years of age, who hastens towards the point of his warmest longings; who, hitherto driven by his fate strangely hither and thither, now seeks, with say fifteen Austrian florins in his pocket, a yet unshaped living in the far distance, amidst strange races which, uncouth and wild, have just commenced to approach a peculiar kind of assimilation to the West? On the high-rising waves of my feelings played the commotions of fear and hope, pain and curiosity. There was no one to accompany me to the steamer at starting—no friendly shake of hand—no warm kiss of a mother gave me a parting farewell on my long and distant voyage.

I had cause enough to be out of spirits—even to be disheartened to a great extent. But once thoroughly plunged amongst the objects of the human kaleidoscope on the deck of the steamer—and there is a very miscellaneous assembly at every voyage down the Danube—scarcely did I find opportunities to speak in Servian, Italian, Turkish, and in other languages hitherto known to me but theoretically, when by-and-by every trace of troublous feelings vanished. "Now," I thought, "you are in your vital element."

There was besides another circumstance in my favour—that, in consequence of my fluent polyglot conversation, I soon became an object of general respect, and a wonder of the multitude. They en-

circled me, wished to find out my nationality, and doubted the fact I mentioned, that I never was yet in foreign parts.

The gaping multitude gave me much amusement, but I drew practical advantages also from these communications of the free judgment of my fellow-travellers. At the sound of the dinner-bell I would hang back with confusion on the deck. There came forth every time some enthusiastic son of Mercury, who took the youthful prodigy down to table with him, and paid for his meal.

If after all these failed to start up such a patron to my appetite, I had to resort to a short walk before the kitchen-door of the steamer, whose managers are generally Italians. Some few stanzas of Petrarch or Tasso sufficed to draw the attention of the "cuoco." A conversation in pure Tuscan was commenced, and the result ended in his bringing out a dish well filled with macaroni or risotto, crowned by a morsel of boiled or roasted meat. "Mille grazie, signore," meant that I might appear in the evening hours for the continuation of his kind sympathy. The good Italian placed his linen baretta upon one side of his head, and smiled; and his encouragement, "Come, sir, without ceremony, whenever it may please you to see me," was a proof to me that the seed of my linguistic experiments did not fall on to a barren soil.

My good-humour fortunately ever proved a sure help in need; and, combined with my polyglot talent, it proved able to elicit favours where other people's endeavours would have failed.

Thus did I reach Galatz, a decayed dirty nest ~~men saw~~, but still more forlorn and wretched at the time I speak of. During the down voyage on the Lower Danube, of course the right bank, with its Turkish towns and Turkish population, absorbed my whole attention. Every long-bearded turbaned traveller who got on the steamer was for me a new leaf for my practical ethnographic studies, and at the same time a new cause of agitation.

Whenever the sun set, and the Oriental orthodox believers sat or rather knelt down with features of the utmost contrition in prayer, I followed every movement—maybe with a pious copying—of their members with a feverish attention, and listened to the very breath and accent of the Arabic words of their worship, whose meaning even to them was unknown as they breathed them off their lips; and only when they had finished their devotions did I again respire freely.

This interest, undisguisedly shown, could not escape the attention of the fanatical Mussulmans. We have to recollect it was in the time when our Hungarian refugees sought shelter and protection in Turkey. Some, maybe hundreds, of my countrymen have taken but outwardly to the faith of the Islam. In the popular belief of Turkey, the whole people of the Magyars were ready to acknowledge Mohammed as their prophet, and as soon as a Madjarly was met with, instantly the fire of proselytism flashed up in the true believers.

Such or similar interest must have been at the bottom of the friendship shown to me by some Turks from Widdin, Rustschuk, and Silistria, on the voyage down to Galatz. It may be that my suppositions are unjustified, and that such sympathy was awakened by that Osmanlic national feeling which then was shown to every Magyar just defeated by the Russians. Be that as it may, this sympathetic relationship proved to me very advantageous, not only during my voyage, but also, as my readers will see hereafter, during the whole time of my abode in Turkey.

Drawn by curiosity to the semi-Asiatic Turks, it could not be otherwise, these were the means to introduce me into the Oriental world. I scarcely consider it necessary to say that after a few days of living together with them, I had made such a proficiency in the Turkish language as to become in Galatz the interpreter to one of my countrymen.

My voyage from Galatz to Constantinople found me already for the most part in Mohammedan company. That I went "last" class on board the vessel, living all the time upon deck, having had to pay but half the passage-money, my readers no doubt have guessed already. I placed my knapsack near to the closed ring of the baggage of the Turks, of whom the greatest number were just then on their pilgrimage to Mecca; and I longed im-

patiently for a glimpse of the sea, which I should get now the first time in my life.

He who gained his idea of the sea from Byron's sea-scenes, from the "Lusiad" of Camoens, or from Tegner, will not be moved by every-day feelings when he for the first time in his life beholds the endless water-mass below and around him, unable to reach its boundaries, and especially cradled in his progress, at the same time, on the waves of the old Euxine. An hour before we reached the Sulina mouth of the Danube, I was moved by the scene of awful sublimity now visible in the distant sea; nor could the deep gurgling sounds and wild groans of some sea-sick co-passengers awake me out of my fanciful elevation.

My health did not suffer in the least within the realms of Father Poscidon. I had—I am sorry to say—only a fiercer appetite than usual; but the cooler evening air (we were then in April) was able somewhat to lower the temperature of my spiritually heated, excited blood. In spite of the kind care of a Turk, who placed a superfluous carpet at my disposal, I soon began to feel cold, and only after having satisfied my longing look upon the star-bestrewed heavens, did I at last fall asleep.

It might have been midnight, when lightning and thunder, and a violent shower of rain, awoke us somewhat roughly from our dreamy slumber. At daytime I longed to see a storm on the sea: the night granted my prayer, and, I must acknowledge, this storm amply satisfied the curiosity of my romantic nature.

How my heart beat when the vessel leaped like a gazelle up and down on the towering waves! The creaking of beams, the howling of the wind, mixed up with the lamentations of my sick and frightened companions, the continuous call upon Allah of those surrounding me—nothing could deaden the bright aspect wherein this otherwise prosaic scene presented itself. Only the cold shower, that wetted me through to the very skin, forced me to relinquish my place.

I rose to warm my blood by walking amidst the chaos of stretched-forth legs, travelling-bags, guns, and turbans; however, this proved quite impracticable, and I sent a longing look towards the deck reserved for the promenade of the first-class passengers. Here I perceived a man walking to and fro. I thought first to commence a conversation with him; as however my courage failed me, I thought myself of other means to draw his attention to me, and commenced amidst the tempest still raging around us to quote some part of an epos known to me. My choice fell on Voltaire's "Henriade," from which I emphatically repeated—

"Je chante ce héros qui régna sur la France,
Et par droit de conquête et par droit de naissance."

My declamation rolled audibly along the deck,

through the dark night. Scarcely had I finished a few strophes when the much-envied first-class passenger stopped, and after having stayed for a short while with listening ears near a knot of Turks, he commenced a conversation with me.

With a master of ceremonies like Voltaire, questions about descent and social position might well have been deemed superfluous. It was but at the dawn of morning that I found out that the shape wrapped up in the darkness of night was a Belgian by birth, a diplomatist by vocation, who now went to Constantinople as secretary to his king's embassy.

The gentleman, astonished to hear at night a thoroughly soaked-through fellow-passenger quoting with a zest next to poetical rage, was still more surprised on seeing me at daybreak poorly dressed as I was. Still he appeared to have no worse opinion of me, considering that he invited me to seek his abode in Pera, and promised to me his protection as far as that could be of any service.

From Varna to Constantinople we had the finest weather, and our voyage was as charming as we could ever wish it. The steamer's entrance into the Bosphorus, a place which touches even a prosaic temperament, excited me, as is easily conceivable, into the highest rapture. But when in the midst of the dense mast and flag forest of the Golden Horn, my looks wandered around, and I appeared to myself like one left behind in the midst of the great world, especially when the circle of my fellow-travellers began to resolve itself into smaller departing knots, baggage and men going off in all directions; then, indeed, commenced the feeling of désertion, unstringing my heart. I was dispirited, and my courage felt low.

Of the fifteen florins which I got from Pesth, just so much remained in my possession as to enable me to pay for the boat that brought me to land. I set my foot on Turkish soil, not with a light heart, it is true, but obviously with a light purse. Still I went forth with a careless amble along the narrow streets which lead to the heights of Pera.

Where shalt thou sleep, then? what shalt thou eat? what is there for thee to commence with? Such would have been the questions put to itself by a less adventurous temperament—by a more mature age. But enthusiasm is blind; and I was just occupied in deciphering the letters of Turkish signboards, when a stranger—it was a Hungarian—attracted by the long ribbon streaming from my Hungarian hat, accosted me. He asked me in Italian about my home and the aim of my voyage. After having answered him, he naturally continued our further conversation in our native tongue, and great was our mutual pleasure.

Mr. Püspöki was at home an honest artisan. In Turkey, however, he had in turns several positions. He was in succession officer of the line, canteeneer (sutler) during the Crimean War, accountant on

board the vessel, and cook—thus he gained his subsistence. I found him employed in his last capacity, living in a poor chamber on the ground-floor of a house in the dirtiest street of the quarter, behind the wall of the English Ambassador's palace. His room presented but a mattress stretched along one of the dingy walls, and this couch he soon divided with me.

The first night on this bed will ever remain well remembered. My hospitable countryman was already sunk in deep sleep, while I, still pondering over the peculiar commencement of my Turkish life, yet lay awake, unable to close my eyes. Suddenly I heard my boots—first the one, then the other—seemingly by their own power commence to walk off.

"Friend," muttered I softly, while awaking my friend at my side, "I believe some one is taking our boots away."

A slight murmur was the answer; I repeated my observation, when the host, half in sleep, retorted, "Ah! sleep; it is but the rats that play around our boots."

Fine, indeed! thought I; an amusing game, provided that they did not gnaw holes into my nether garments also. But I felt now downright tired, and soon fell, against my will, fast asleep.

As far as I remember, I slept two nights more in this cave-like abode. New acquaintances among my Hungarian countrymen found for me an asylum within the chambers of the then already half-deserted Hungarian Association. There were fewer playing animals here, but the more hopping ones; and when one night, suffering from the cold night air, I had to request the secretary of the association kindly to furnish me with a blanket, he unfurled the national tricolor from its staff and handed it over to me, with the following pathetic words:—

"Friend, this flag has fired so many braves to battle and victory. The flag itself was oft in the fire of battle. Dream of glorious victories; maybe it may warm thee also."

And it proved a capital joke. I wrapped the ragged tricolor tightly around my body, and though continuing to shiver for some time yet, finally lapsed into sound sleep.

Thus passed again a few days. The circle of my new acquaintanceship was widened by-and-by. The circumstance whereby I drew to myself the attention of all whom I met, was decidedly my promiscuous knowledge of languages; and especially did it astonish everybody that, having never been before in Turkey, I should speak and write its language so well. The most natural vocation I could have embraced under these circumstances, to earn my daily bread, was to teach the different languages required in the land. Written advertisements were distributed, and the first lesson given was, peculiarly enough, in the Danish language.

And whom would my reader imagine that I had for my pupil? No less a person than the First Secretary of the Royal Danish Embassy to the High Porte, who, a native of the Levant, learned the language of his adopted land from a Hungarian.

Mr. Hübsch, a noble-minded and well-educated gentleman, whose personal character will ever remain to my mind a most pleasing reminiscence, had long been on the look-out for a master of the Danish language. Thus my acquaintance came to him very convenient, and proved very agreeable. He made, indeed, such progress, that in the course of a few months the reading of Andersen's "Spilleman," and "Berlingske Tidning," could be reckoned in his achievements.

From this peculiar beginning of my teaching languages, I was raised to the never-expected position of a teacher. The promising advertisements had not missed their aim. While one day I stayed at the book-shop of Mr. S—, there entered a young Turk, who brought a numerous retinue, and whom my first thought placed among the wealthier of his nation; and he wanted the announced Madjar for his "khodsha" or teacher of the French language.

The young bey was, as I heard afterwards, a "miraskhor"—that is, an heir just entering into a rich patrimony—and therefore tried to connect his new material wealth with the outward attributes of it. To these belonged in those days, within Turkey, (1) a suit of cloth according to the latest fashion; (2) prim, well-fitting, tight, lacquered shoes; (3) a small jauntily-set fez—gloves, of course; (4) a light, graceful step, with modern movements of the limbs; and (5) the art of "parleying" in French.

The first four attributes the bey was, of course, furnished with by European handicraftsmen; the fifth I was expected to help him to. I was therefore forthwith engaged as his teacher, having to receive ten piastres, besides the expenses of the passage there and back, as the dandy lived at Scutari.

This engagement gained for me the first opportunity of entrance into a thoroughly Turkish house. I went daily with great regularity; but generally found my pupil, who used to rise just then from his slumbers, still suffering from the consequences of his nightly revels; his eyelids opened but with difficulty, nor did I find in him any great eagerness for the learning of the French language. It was a full month before he mastered the alphabet.

My pupil was mostly in the company of a venerable Mollah, who was seized generally by a shudder whenever the sound of a giaour tongue met his ear; he, the father of my pupil, was a notoriously pious Moslem, and the walls within which I taught had resounded hitherto but with the texts of the recited Koran, of sacred hymns, and holy prayers.

"Indeed, indeed, thus sneaks the spirit of un-

belief into our country," mumbled the old Mollah into his beard.

It is obvious that this teaching was to myself of very great benefit. In the commencement we kept closely enough to the French, but later on we deviated from the mere learning of the forms and constructions of the to-be-acquired tongue, to explanatory descriptions of European life and European views. I talked to the bey about our social, political, and scientific institutions, of course all in rosy hues; it came natural to me, so near yet to the old home. Every European, while still at his first Oriental station, looks back with charming recollections to the West he has left, and finds even the faulty beautiful at a distance.

My communications were mostly listened to and received with applause and admiration. Turkey had just, in the united armies of friendly England, France, and Italy, seen a good part of Europe within its own territory. The Turks were then rather curious after information which referred to the West, and although my accounts may have raised now and then envy, jealousy, disagreement, and conceit, yet they were listened to with pleasure.

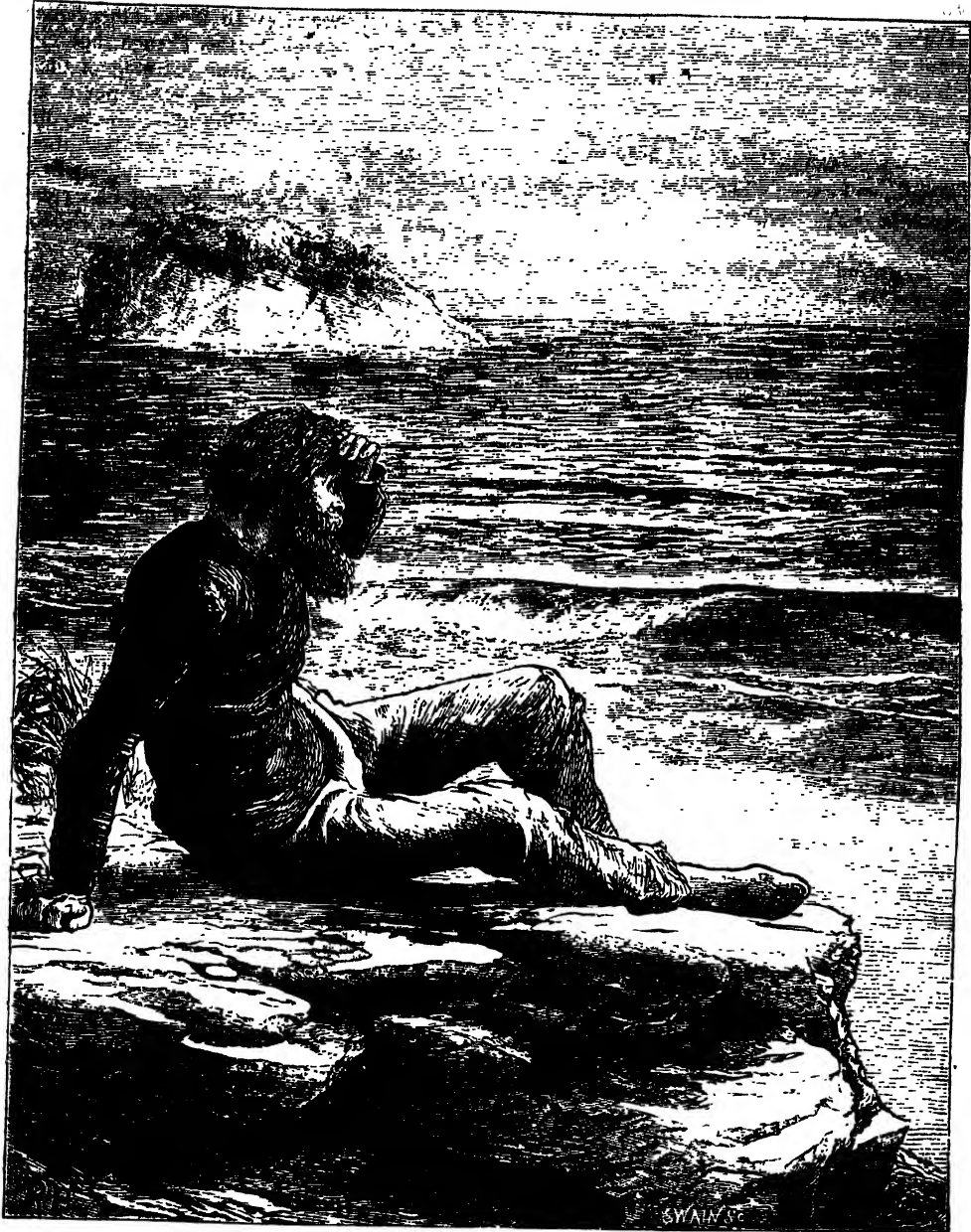
At the end of the lesson, the sumptuous breakfast was duly brought in, and I will not prove ungrateful, and am ready to acknowledge that the Turkish art of cooking gained my gastronomical plaudits from the very commencement. It happened also often that, immediately after breakfast, my pupil and I undertook an excursion on horseback; he paid visits in my company. In few words, I spent, from the very commencement of my stay in Constantinople, a great part of my time in thoroughly Turkish society, and only near nightfall did I return to Pera and to European customs.

But my permanent stay among the Turks commenced truly only when, on the recommendation of a countryman of mine, I was chosen by the Divisionary General Huscin Daim Pasha, tutor to his son Hasan Bey, residing in his house.

I transferred my *omnia mea mecum porto* from Pera to the charming row of dwelling-houses of Fyndykly, got a separate room assigned all to myself, and enjoyed, for the first time since my arrival, the happy amenities of Oriental peace and Turkish comfort. The life in a strictly Mohammedan quarter of Constantinople, in the immediate vicinity of a small mosque, from whose slender minaret the earnest melancholy sounds of the "ezan" during the silence of night so magically charmed my ears; the splendid view from my window, opening on to the near sea, with its thousands of vessels, and on to the magnificent palace of Beshiktash; finally, the patriarchally dignified tone which ruled within the house—all this had such a charm of novelty for me, that it will for ever remain within memory's sweetest records.

THE WRECKED.

BY W. C. BENNETT, AUTHOR OF "SONGS FOR SAILORS."



"I WATCH AND WAIT IN VAIN."

WHERE birches bend by Loch Achray
I see a cottage door,
I see a face, so far away !
A gaze I'll glad no more—

A longing look, a fond, fond gaze,
As though its sight could reach
To where I waste my lonely days
Upon this island beach ;

Oh, whisper to her, wandering breeze;
A lone heart, far away,
Breaks to be northward o'er the seas
With her by Loch Achray!

Day dies to dark, and dark to day,
Before these watching eyes;
How long—for ever must I stay
Beneath these shadeless skies?
Dumb stirless palms that watch around,
White reefs of foam and roar,
Oh, southern sights! oh, southern sound!
That I were north once more!
Oh, seaward wind! oh, wing me, breeze,
Far from this dimless day,

Through clouded skies, o'er dark dear seas,
To love by Loch Achray!

No sail upon the cloudless deep;
I watch and wait in vain;
Must I for ever watch and weep
To see a sail again?
Oh, face that day and night I see!
Oh, eyes that gaze to mine!
Oh, heart that prays that I may be
Once more at home and thine!
What sighs from my lone tropic life
Go upward, night and day,
That I again may clasp my wife
At home by Loch Achray!

MY EARLY ADVENTURES.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, BY ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.



MOST lastingly shall I remember the person of the major-domo, Vckilhardsh. He was an old grey-bearded Anatolian. The good old man had peculiar patience with my offences against the strict Oriental customs; he gave himself the trouble to teach me to sit with propriety—that is, with the legs bent under the body he taught me how to hold my head and hand; how one was allowed to yawn, sneeze, etc. His attention extended to the very minutiae.

"Thou hast come now for the first time," used he benevolently to tell me, "into a cultivated world, and thou must learn everything."

Of course, the good old man considered me as one of those individuals come from the land of the "black infidels," from the country where there existed no propriety, no morality, no customs; and he thought that a stranger from those places required just as much education as a peasant from the environs of Kharput and Diarbekir.

Very superior in appearance, however, was my lord the Pasha. It is the same who afterwards, as head of the celebrated Kuleli conspiracy, grew famous. This conspiracy had no less an aim than the removal of Sultan Abdul Medshid, together with his head men, and all this under the original idea, that hereby all the causes would be removed which essentially contributed to the downfall of the Turkish Empire, and that by such an unlawful act, but in good faith, the Ottoman Empire, tottering by age, should gain new vigour by orthodox fanaticism.

Husein Daim Pasha, a native of Tchirkassia, had by nature a rather too ample sense of freedom, and brought that temper from the free ranges of

his native country into the City built on Seven Hills. He spent his youth at the court of Sultan Mahmud, during the very time of the eradication of the Janissaries, and the conflict with Egypt; and as his political views dwelt permanently but on a radical revolutionary transformation—a view shared by many of his contemporaries—he came to the idea of curing the deeply rooted evils of the Turkish State by a marvel.

His fanaticism may have been enhanced by the circumstance that he lived in close contact with the political refugees. He heard much from these, during the siege of Kars, in the long dreary nights, when seated in their circle within his tent, that would inflame his fancy. I remember still minutely how the eyes and features of the tall, slim-built man worked, whenever I communicated to him single episodes of the Hungarian war of 1848—9.

Enough: I was present in his house when the first threads of this conspiracy were spun, and the first plans formed. The enlivening spirit of the whole scheme was a Mollah from Bagdad, named Ahmed Efendi, a man of rare capacity of mind, of mighty reading, of an ascetic life, and an unbounded fanaticism. He served during the whole Crimean war as a "Gazi" (religious warrior), bare-footed, bare-headed, in a most simple garb, reminding one of the very first epoch of Islam.

Never did the sword leave his lean loins, nor the lance his cramped fist, neither by day nor by night, except during his five diurnal prayers. In the snow and in the storm, in the turmoil of battle and on the harassing rough marches, ever did the ghastly fanatic with fiery eyes lead his detachment, whose chief officer was my lord.

Such a man could not but please Husein Daim Pasha. The acquaintance was commenced in the camp. Here it was cemented into something

like a blood-relationship, as proved by the fact that the lank Mollah was allowed to pass unasked even the threshold of the harem, where, within the sanctity of Turkish family life, one was most securely protected against prying listeners. For me, the appearance of Ahmed Efendi had in the commencement something awful; but later, when I, in proof of condescending confidence, was called by the name of Reshid (the Brave, the Intelligent) by the Pasha, the frightful man only then approached me with more amity, as he conjectured that by accepting the Eastern title I was ready in time to embrace his faith also. A mighty mistake! But I allowed the zealot to nurse his sweet hope. I won by it not only his goodwill, but also his instructing me in Persian.

Ahmed Efendi even granted to me the privilege of seeing him within the cell of the courtyard of the mosque. And how interesting proved those hours, spent with other youths thirsting for knowledge at the master's feet, when, as by a wonderful charm, the whole extent of Mohammedan Asia had opened to my comprehension!

Ahmed Efendi had an astounding, almost supernatural memory. He was a thorough master of the Arabic and Persian—could recite a whole library of Eastern classic scholars—and I had but to commence from my Persian Chrestomathy (collected by Mr. Spiegel) one verse from Khakani Nizami or Dshamy, and he continued the whole of the masterpiece communicated in my handbook to the very end. He could have awed me for hours by his recitations of equal worth.

To this Ahmed Efendi do I owe my transformation into an Asiatic. I say advisedly transformation, because I claim the confidence of my readers when I assert that acquaintance with the Asiatic never changed in my heart the spirit of the West. The more I learned to appreciate the culture of the Islam, and viewed the world with the eyes of its people, the higher rose in my estimation the culture, manners, and science of the West.

In the year 1860, I was very probably the only European who could enter every circle of Constantinopolitan society without hindrance, and thus gained much knowledge of the life of Stambul. And nobody need find fault with me if, returned to European society, I remember with unmingled satisfaction the hospitality I enjoyed in the houses of most eminent Turks. The condescension of the man of state, the absolute absence of all haughtiness, are indeed virtues looked for often in vain within the lands of our Western civilisation. The silly conceit, the ludicrous arrogance, and the deplorable ignorance of certain aristocrats of Europe furnish a very poor comparison to the often derided manners of Asiatic men of power and station. With us the high-born are but proud of their long noses, proportionate to their line of ancestors. The Oriental

cares for the nobility of blood and descent only in his horses and sporting dogs, while with us such mere animal excellence is thought most of by the "exquisites." I am curious to know where there may be a land in Europe in which an unknown foreigner could meet with encouragement to satisfy his thirst for local knowledge, with that rapidity, by that condescending favour in the most eminent and noble circles, gaining at the same time introduction to the mighty, their benevolence and protection. With us there are indeed protectors, high patrons, who aid the man of letters and art; but there is none of that elevation, confidential friendly feeling, which meets scientific endeavours everywhere in the Orient. In our European countries, heraldic pedigree, often rotten at its core, alone gives the tone to society. In Mohammedan Asia this evil does not exist; and though the Arabs pride themselves on their achievements in arms, and on the generosity of their ancestors, yet they are far from wishing to prop up their own personal merits, as so often happens with us in the West.

To return to my literary activity in Stambul: I shall mention but briefly that I published in 1858 a German-Turkish dictionary, a little volume whose shortcomings even I the author could not deny; yet it was the first of its kind ever written, and is to the present day the only one accessible to the German travelling to Constantinople. In my study of Turkish literature there were two points especially on which I had concentrated my attention. To commence with, I found in the history of the Ottoman Empire so much which could prove useful for reference in the history of my own country, that it induced me to translate it. By this translation I came early in contact with the Hungarian Academy of Science. Within the pages of Turkish historical works, we meet absolutely with no critical pragmary, but we gain—even without such enlightenment by reasoning—by a minute circumstantial detail of narration, very much in historical dry facts and dates, for which no historian can be sufficiently grateful. For instance, it might be a little-known fact that yonder Turkish sultans who, with their devastating armies, broke into the south-eastern portions of Europe, against whom so many crusades were preached, had imperial historians travelling in their suite, and had done more for the science of the muse Clio than our true Catholic potentates and princes of those times.

Secondly, I found on the field of linguistical research, as to the study of the Eastern-Turkish language, an almost uncultivated wild and devoted to this my whole attention. I found in several libraries manuscripts useful to my purpose, and I frequented besides the cloisters (Tekkes) inhabited by Bokharites; and to insure success by every means at my command, I chose a person of Central-Asiatic birth for my teacher. Mollah Chalmurad (this was my

teacher's name) made me in advance acquainted with the manners and customs of Central Asia. I hung with genuine passion on his lips whenever he narrated about Bokhara, Samarkand, the Oxus and the Jaxartes, because I soon perceived that the man travelled very much even in his own country. He had twice undertaken the pilgrimage to the holy cities of Arabia, and excelled in that acuteness and far-sightedness which are the birthright of nearly every Asiatic, but are found most powerfully developed in every far-travelled son of the East. This acuteness of his made me often tremble for my personal safety in his company.

The study of the Eastern-Turkish language had, beyond the general scientific, a still nearer specific interest for me, in consequence of its great treasure of Turkish words which the Magyar uses in common with the Turk. In my former observations, having this in view, I gave utterance to the conjecture that the use in common of some words by both Turk and Hungarian might date from their living in close proximity in Europe. But I made the experience in Constantinople, and especially in my intercourse with Anatolians, that the deeper—that is, the more eastward—the home of the Turk was, the purer and more unadulterated proved the character of his language also, and as my reader may guess, the nearer related proved the analogy between his and the Magyar language. To speak truth, even my boldest imagination never deluded itself with the hope that I might finally arrive at the abode of a pure Turanian people, which, in consequence of the nearer assimilation of the Turkish and Magyar languages eastward, would stand quite closely related in respect of its language to my countrymen.

Such an expectation, which has been falsely ascribed to me in different quarters, would have been—if only from my too superficial acquaintance with comparative philology—altogether impossible. In the next place, it would have proved me very deficient in ethnographic knowledge, to have assumed that in inner Asia—true, not quite known by us—there could live races about which Europe had no knowledge whatever. I repeat, then, that the supposition that I had considered it a chief task of my travels to find out the original birthplace of the Magyars, was from the very beginning a wrong one. All I sought was a Turkish dialect, whose age, and purity secured to it by its isolation from the West, would prove highly interesting to philology. And as that dialect could now be learned from books, nothing remained for me but to wander over those distant regions, and to acquire by hearing and speaking a practical acquaintance denied to theoretical study.

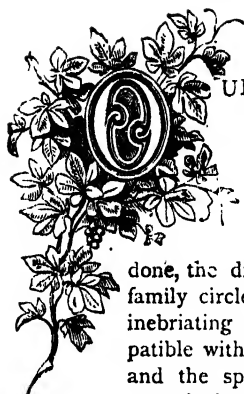
I do not doubt for a moment that, besides my desire to study the Dshagatai tongue, my longing for travel, which seems to be innate, and my ardent seeking of adventures, formed the main incentive

for my decision to travel into Central Asia. The life in Stambul, with all its charms and interesting experiences, could not but act in a debilitating and enervating way on my system. During my numerous visits in Pera, I saw myself plunged after a lapse of half an hour—leaving in Constantinople the luxury of Asia, and the customs of the innermost countries of the East—suddenly into the midst of European turmoil. The comparison of the two races—there that of the East, here of the West—might have continued for some time to fascinate my attention; but in Pera, that Babel of European nationalities, I came frequently in contact with men of deep thought, who kindled in my breast the fire of further study, and encouraged me, who then considered myself yet in all things a thorough European, to the most venturesome enterprises. And how little encouragement was there needed for me!—to me who used to feel a spell come over me by the mere mentioning of Bokhara, Samarkand, and the Oxus. Oh, no! their persuasive exhortations acted only as proofs of the practicability of my undertaking. The literature of travel was tolerably well known to me, and all my doubt referred but to the dangers I should have to encounter.

The plan of a journey into Central Asia had just awoke within me, when I was honoured by the Academy of Pesth in being elected its corresponding member. This was intended as a reward for my translations of Turkish historical authorities. It formed a new incentive, inviting me to follow up my plans of the future. At that time, even in Hungary, important political changes had taken place; and when, after several years' absence, I returned in 1861 to Pesth, to hold my academical position, it required with Count D— only a suggestion for me to receive an aid of 1,000 florins (in bank notes; equal to 600 florins in silver, or £60). In my home, the success of my undertaking met with much doubt. They failed to see how one of so frail a body, and with such slender means, could travel so far. The good gentlemen of course had no idea that one neither travels by means of money, in Asia, nor by means of legs; but that the use of the tongue, and that the right one, stood in place of both. Such remarks, however, did not touch me deeply. The Academy of Pesth gave me an introductory document, my authority. This, for general comprehension among the Tartars, was worded in Latin, and addressed itself to all Sultans, Khans, and Begs. This document might have proved a sure passport to the gallows or the block, had I shown it in the Steppes or on the Oxus. Our home government of those days, too, had the generosity to grant me a passport to Bokhara. I put the best face on all intentions, and after a delay of three months in Pesth, started on a second voyage, with the view of going on my Asiatic expedition next spring.

THE CRINKLETON MYSTERY.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD.



OUR grotesque teapot was an article decidedly ugly, wearing a permanent and disagreeable grin, and with a kind of snake arrangement for handle and spout. The gentle associations—the day's labour done, the drawing in round the fire, the family circle, with the cheering and not inebriating results—seem wholly incompatible with the use of such an article; and the spectacle of the amiable fluid poured from such a vessel by gentle hands, almost a painful one. But I would not part with it for any money; it is held in affection like a cherished heirloom. Yet it is damaged—indeed, from the network of lines and cracks which covers it, even an unprofessional could see that it had been “smashed” into a hundred pieces at least. So it has. One day it got a fall—was dropped—and lay on the floor, shivered into a heap of fragments. The restoration, deemed impossible at first, was undertaken for a large sum of money, which was paid with delight, for that fall brought about what you are now going to hear.

I well recollect the day that my dear father secured it, and when he said it was “a unique.” We could see no beauty in it, although we tried hard to do so; and as to its uniqueness, we rather thought that was an advantage for the world, and for the spread of taste. He was considered a gentle enthusiast, this Mr. Crinkleton, and as I once overheard a brother-amateur whisper to his friend, “like a particular saucer—all cracked and mended,” and though I should not say it, still the conviction began to force itself on me of late years that, from over-devotion to this pursuit, he had grown a little odd. Not that he was one of the reckless, wasteful amateurs, with whom collecting is a passion as impossible to be resisted as drinking, and who devour and swallow everything with a reckless craving. He had the most surprising taste and judgment, and it was admitted that the choicest and most valuable portion of his collection had been gathered very cheaply, when he was a poor man. But I can see I have been assuming a good many things as known, which there has not been time to tell.

I, who have now the grotesque teapot in my hand, and am relating this story, was his son—a son that worshipped him, and sympathised with what friends called his hobby; though I frankly own I never could understand how this plate was precious, or that jug was rare, or this “bit” of Palissy worth more than the number of sovereigns

that would cover its surface. I confess, indeed, I had a feeling, but it was one of repulsion, for those brown lizards which kept crawling over the green plates.

However, he understood these things, and I did not, though he often offered to teach, or rather, inspire me. Gradually the house began to fill with these treasures. Corner shelves and cupboards appeared, and were crowded. Cabinets became choke-full, and the fame of the “Crinkleton Collection”

As is usual in such cases, public opinion was divided, one portion of the community laughing at and pitying that poor man who was wasting his own and the family substance in a lot of crockery and gallipots; the other looking knowing, and saying that “little old Crinkleton” knew well what he was about, and would by-and-by sell the collection for ten times the amount it cost him. It did indeed seem likely—for what he had bought for a few shillings he was now offered pounds.

I was all this time what is called “a little thing”—a pet, dividing the affection of my father with his other treasures. *That* constituted our united family—that perpetually increasing family—I finding new relations every day, in the shape of china dogs, Chelsea shepherds, Dresden beauties, and Toby jugs. Oh, the Battersea enamel snuff-boxes and wine-labels! the tea-urns of rare Bedlin!—but I must leave this subject, or I shall never get on.

One day, however, there came a surprise, not to say a shock, for me. That queer little Crinkleton, as the neighbours and friends would call him, had brought some new treasures and curiosities. Alas! a stepmother and her daughter.

They were very designing people, and, I believe, frightened him into it. He was shrinking and timorous, he would never have had courage to carry such a scheme into execution. Thenceforth began a new and, for me, a terrible life. They brought no money with them, though he was persuaded that he was doing what is called “a good thing.”

They very soon convinced him of the contrary. Two more rapacious spoilers could not be conceived. Every moment in the day they were making an inventory of “the property” about them with a questioning eye. An order was sternly sent forth that all buying was to be given up, and that “good money” was no longer to be squandered on rubbish. Yet it could be seen that, with an extraordinary inconsistency, they watched jealously over every article of the property, counting them, and taking good care to ascertain their value. All our life in that house was of a sudden changed. Our

poor dear father seemed to shrink and cower away under this despotism. As for me, I felt that all happiness was gone, and that I was living in a prison under the charge of gaolers. Many were the little furtive walks he took with me—I being no older than eight or ten years—when we would make our way guiltily to the narrow lane or street, to gaze at curiosities which he dared not purchase. It was miserable for me, whose hand was in his, to note his wistful looks, and even more miserable to see that this was but part of his sufferings under this slavery, which grew more and more galling every day.

It was on one of these occasions that we spied the grotesque teapot. The sight brought the colour to his cheeks, for he had nothing of that pattern in the collection. It was exposed in a poor, mean little den—not a curiosity shop at all—a kind of huckster's place. Here the teapot was offered with a view of finding some purchaser who would use it for the purpose of making tea. He was enraptured with it. He could at least ask the price. Four-and-sixpence—worth, he said, five guineas, and would be worth double by-and-by. As we went out it was offered for three-and-six. It was very tempting, but he resisted it then.

The next day he took me out with him for a walk, but this was for a second inspection. He delayed long before he could make up his mind, but at last the purchase was made. Then it was to be brought home, and then came the difficulty. Where was it to be placed?—for their Argus eyes would detect the slightest change. But they had an instinct that something was wrong. The daughter was in the parlour window, looking up and down the street, while *she*—I always thought of her as though she were a unique, like the teapot—opened the door, and gave a policeman-like glance at his figure. The grotesque was hidden away under his coat, but a great protuberance revealed its place of concealment. We were both arrested, the trembling victim assailed by both women, and the grotesque confiscated on the spot, as indeed all his treasures had been already. I saw them later inspecting it curiously, and with eager eyes; for they had a suspicion of its value, and after all trusted to his judgment.

Indeed, latterly I noticed that this pair were inspecting the cabinets; and more than once I had surprised them with their heads bent down over some little cup or figure.

One day, too, I heard them talking earnestly about some one they called "Dimbley's man," and what he had said. This did not make much impression, but in a day or two I again heard a remark about Dimbley's man, to the effect that he was coming to-morrow. In our next little walk, grown curious about the matter, I asked my father—

"Who is Dimbley's man, father?"

He started.

"Why?" he said—"what about him?—what do you know of him?—who wants him?"

These questions were put quickly, and with agitation. I told him what I had heard, when he almost gave a cry, and turned sharply round to go home.

"I see what they are at. I suspected it. They want to sell the things."

We returned hurriedly—he was in a perfect fever, and when he entered flew to inspect his darling treasures, which he found all safe, though he discovered the two women busily engaged in peering into the cabinets, and handling them cautiously. But with them was a gentlemanly and fluent personage, who was giving his opinion, and admiring the collection.

He read the whole situation at a glance. The colour flew to his cheeks, and with vehemence that was wholly artificial and unnatural he addressed the party.

"I know well what all this means," he said; "I'll not have it—I'll not allow it. It is robbery. I'll not part with these things but with my life.—Go away, sir," he said to the gentlemanly man; "this is my property. They are not to be valued or sold."

To do him justice, the gentlemanly man was much put out at this incident, and declared truly that he had merely come, as he supposed, at Mr. Crinkleton's request. And he took his departure at once. Then my father turned on them.

"Let a finger be laid on my treasures," he cried, "and I will do something desperate. I'll send them to-morrow to some museum—give them away—sooner than have them scattered. Mind, take warning, for they are part of my life!"

The two ladies were much taken aback at this sudden explosion, and even tried to soothe him. But for the rest of the day he was terribly excited, and the following morning was lying ill in bed, with wild eyes and all the symptoms of fever. A doctor was sent for to attend him—an eminent practitioner—who looked grave. Indeed, the two ladies caught the reflection from his face, and looked grave and disturbed.

I was the only one whom he seemed to recognise, though indistinctly. Again there was fresh whispering, and inspection of papers and property. And again his eyes peered out wistfully towards the door, as if he could see the spectral images of his collection floating away in the direction of Dimbley's.

He grew worse and worse. To my inexpressible grief, it one morning passed round the house in a mysterious way that we were to lose him. Some one came running for me, and took me by the hand to lead me to him. There was a piteous intelligence in his eye, and a gleam of light came into it

as he saw me. He was moving his arms, and pointing, and trying to speak.

The lady who was his wife kept turning up her eyes and shaking her head, as who should say his wits were gone. But he kept his imploring glance fixed on me, making as though he would clutch something in his hand. I was sure, I could have sworn it was one of his pet treasures, and stole away to rack my little brain with desperate attempts. At first I thought it must be the two precious figures of Old Bow, representing Kitty Clive and Woodward Martin as the fine lady and gentleman, and I returned with these in my hands. A fresh eagerness came into his eyes, and he seemed to smile and nod his head, as though it was something near what he desired.

Some curious stupidity came over me—or was it my trouble? for I surely ought to have guessed, and gone out to choose some other article, which should be the right one. While I was taking a hurried bird's-eye glance over the collection, they came running to me again, and I was dragged in to see the last friend I had on earth in his agony.

* * * * *

So he passed away; and after a scarcely decent interval, the two women were going about with avaricious eyes, counting up the treasures. This time there was no one to interfere with "Dimbley's man," and the eminent firm had pronounced that the whole, when submitted to competition at their well-known mart, would bring a vast sum. By the will of the deceased collector, made shortly after his second marriage, the whole of his property was to go to *her*, and a small pittance was kept for us—that is, for me and for my sister, who was at a cheap boarding-school.

A great fuss began to be made about the Crinkleton Collection, and it was discovered that another portion was at some museum in the country, where it had been exhibited, and which was quite as valuable as that in our house. The whole, it was expected, would bring ten or twelve thousand pounds. They were gloating over their prospect. We—that is, my sister and I—would be beggars, but that they did not think about.

By-and-by the inventory was taken, the catalogue made out, and the prospect discovered to be even more inviting. The men in green baize arrived to pack and carry away. Spring-vans stood at the door. We saw the whole stripped gradually—there was not to be a relic kept (so I was told) to remind us of the dear old collector who had brought them together. Very timorously I begged that they would let me choose something which I might keep as a souvenir; but an excuse was made that a list had been taken, and that it would be impossible to make any alteration now.

Utterly shocked and almost desperate with rage at such heartlessness, I came to the resolution that

I would have what I wanted, and determined to secure what was associated with one of the last acts of my father's life at which I had assisted, namely, the old teapot. That should be mine, and should not be subjected to the profanation of a sale. I did not care for the penalties, which I knew would be awful; they might put me to the torture, they should never know where I had concealed this relic.

My plans were laid. I chose a moment when they had gone out, and taking no one into my confidence, prepared to execute the daring scheme. It was a nervous task. The teapot was placed, with a few other articles not yet removed, on a high bracket of antique pattern over the chimney-piece. Even standing on a chair I could not reach it; still I was not to be daunted. I constructed a sort of ladder formed of chairs, which, with much trepidation, I ascended. I secured the grotesque teapot, but without ever having heard the Latin quotation, *Facilis descensus*, I found myself cordially endorsing its truth, and stood there on a precarious balance, carefully holding the treasure, and not knowing what to do next. To get down and leave the teapot, it might be thought, would be the simplest course; but with my nervousness, and its own insecurity, the structure now began to totter. The next instant I heard *her* on the stairs.

How it occurred I know not, but there followed a crash, I being left standing up on the insecure construction, whilst the old cherished teapot had slipped from my fingers, and was dashed into a hundred fragments on the hearthstone! They rushed in—I was dragged down and in a storm of scoldings was hurried off for punishment. It was inflicted with terrible severity, and I bore it without flinching. One thought was even then in my mind, to recover the shattered fragments, keep them in that condition, and perhaps one day, when I was richer, get them restored.

When they were tired of scolding and beating, they had gone down-stairs; then after waiting patiently I watched my opportunity and stole down. They had not thought it worth while to remove the fragments, which lay there in a heap—the curved handle, the leering face, the spout, the lid. I gathered them up tenderly, and as I did so, saw that a small piece of paper folded up was lying, as it were, partially thrust into the spout. I took it up with the pieces, on the ground that it was a relic of his that ought to be preserved, and reverently brought the whole mass away to my own room.

It seemed hopeless. I tried myself to put the pieces together in many different ways, but it was not to be done save by a miracle—a miracle however which skilful hands accomplished later. In a sort of despair I laid it aside, and then carelessly opened the paper.

It was signed with *his* name, which was sufficient to give it an interest for me. And yet this only made me feel more acutely the cruel loss of the piece of earthenware, which I felt that nothing could ever restore to us. It was a long time indeed before I set myself seriously to the task of making out what was written on the slip of paper.

It began, "Codicil to my Will," and stated that it revoked the bequest of a particular date, and left all his personal property and effects, including the china, which was to be sold off, to his two children.

This I did not quite understand at the time, nor did I see the full force and meaning of it. But

seizing a favourable opportunity I got away out of the house, and hurried to a friendly Mr. Baker—of course bald and benevolent—to show it. He started as he read.

"This makes a most important difference," he said; "you must leave it with me, and I will call up in the morning."

Everything, as it proved, was ours. The cruel pair got nothing, save the small sum that had been settled on *her* at the time of her marriage.

The collection brought a vast sum, much more indeed than any one had ever anticipated. And the teapot, as I have already said, repaired with the most exquisite art, now reposes in a place of honour.

IN HONOUR BOUND.

BY CHARLES GIBBON,

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH. MORE SHADOWS.

THE calls of ceremony proved rather more of an affliction than Teenie had expected; and much as she had wished before that they might be left alone, the wish was a great deal more fervent after the first half-dozen visitors had appeared.

The calls were made at uncertain hours—she was compelled to be always ready; and she was obliged to pretend to be pleased to see people who, she felt, cared nothing at all about her, and for whom she could not care anything. Then she very speedily became aware of two facts: that one-half the callers came out of idle curiosity, and the other half out of a sort of pity for her husband—as if they would show him that, although he had been foolish, they were magnanimous enough not to ignore him altogether. Very few seemed to come with any friendly disposition towards her.

Teenie didn't like this—it was humiliating to her, and she was irritated by it. If good-nature did not induce folk to desire to shake hands and wish them happy days, why should they fash themselves and her by coming at all? She did not want them.

She had not yet learned that as a wife she was bound to forget herself, and respect the civilities paid to her husband as much as if they were paid to herself.

The whole business of the calls was a disagreeable falsehood in her eyes, and several times Walter had serious difficulty in persuading her to appear. When she did appear she was silent almost to sullenness; she said "Thank you" to the good wishes which were expressed, but she said it like a parrot, without soul or any touch of sensibility

to the meaning of the words. Most of the visitors went away with grim forebodings of a miserable future for the young minister.

"He's caught a Tartar," was the general exclamation.

Aunt Jane came, and Teenie could not abide her, she was so overwhelming with her patronage. Aunt Jane went away with the impression that Walter was worse than a fool—he was a donkey; and she experienced a sort of satisfaction in thinking that his harness would very soon gall him.

Widow Smyllie called, and Teenie hated her, she praised everything with such painfully sweet airs, and such thinly veiled contempt. The widow retired with the idea that Teenie was a dull, ignorant doll, of a very bad pattern.

The gentlemen were not nearly so difficult to deal with, Teenie thought; there was far more heartiness in their manner and voices than the ladies had shown; consequently she was much more herself with them, and they went away with the notion that young Dalmahoy had been lucky, all things considered. General Forbes was quite charmed with the bride, and could scarcely believe that she was only a fisherman's daughter. He mumbled a pretty speech to her, in which he was sincere enough under the influence of her brave bright eyes, and pledged himself to be her knight-errant, if ever she should need one.

Aunt Jane and the general had a fierce quarrel next day, on the subject of Walter's wife, and they parted mutually resolved never to speak to each other again. A similar resolution was usually formed by them once a month at least. But they were neighbours, they were both excellent whist-

players, and somehow the terrible resolution was always forgotten in the course of a few days, during which each did severe penance in missing the favourite rubber and the sixpenny points.

Teenie was glad when the day was over, and the outer door closed for the night. She had never known anything so wearisome or so disagreeable as that day's proceedings.

What made it all the worse, she saw that Walter was not pleased with her share in the performance, although he expressed no hint of disapprobation.

motive of these friendly visits, and try to forget or overlook any selfish thoughts which may mingle with it."

Teenie believed that he was right, but she was too much irritated just then to make confession. Still she had a fancy that, when they found it pleasanter to be alone, people had no business to intrude unasked.

She was lighting the lamp; he was sitting, book in hand, purposing to read as soon as it was lit.

"It was a pity Grace did not come to-day," he



"THE HARVESTERS WERE BUSY AT WORK."

"I hope they'll never come back again," she said spitefully.

"They are not likely to come for some time."

"The longer they stay away, the better I'll be pleased. It's a shame that they should come vexing folk for no other end than just to see what you're like, and to price your dress and your furniture, as though such things were the whole measure of your worth. I saw them taking stock of me."

He did not reply immediately, and when he did, it was in a very serious tone.

"Those people came to us, Teenie, quite as much because they think it right to come, as because they wish to see what we are like. We must do what we think to be right, too—respect the first

said, "she would have been a great relief to you when you had to meet so many strangers, and she knows them all. I hope there is nothing the matter with her."

Teenie almost allowed the globe to drop over the glass funnel. He seemed to be always thinking of her; nothing could go wrong but Grace would have set it right. The mood she was in made her feel spiteful for a minute. Then, she checked herself, remembering what he had said last night. She took a healthier view of his words, and recognised in them his kindly anxiety for her comfort.

She would have been better pleased, though, if he had suggested any one but Grace.

Next day they walked over to Dalmahoy. A

hot glaring sun, the earth throbbing with heat, woolly cloudlets floating drowsily against a grey sky.

They took a short cut through a field of barley, where the harvesters were busy at work. One half of the grain had been cut, and now studded the field in rows of stooks, round which half a dozen toulz-headed bairns were romping; the other half was rapidly falling under the long sweeps of the scythes. The voices of the harvesters were loud and mirthful, and an occasional snatch of song cheered on the work. The three scythesmen bent sturdily to their task: it was a point of honour amongst them how straight should be the line of standing grain each left behind him, and how short the stubble. Each scythesman was followed by an "uptaker," a woman who gathered up the cut grain in a bundle, formed a band by deftly knotting together two lengths of the straw, upon which she placed the bundle, and passed on to the next heap left by her scythesman, to repeat the same process. She was followed by the "bandster," a man who caught up the two ends of the band which the woman had made, tied them together, and placed the bundle up on end against two others, thus forming a stook, which stood there for several days to dry before being carted into the farmyard, and built up into stacks.

The bandster was followed by the "raker"—a loon of about fifteen who, with a broad horse-belt crossing his left shoulder, dragged a large rake after him, moving round and about the stooks, gathering up the loose stalks into heaps at one side.

From the top of the field to the bottom was called a "bout," and in the middle of the bout the three leaders halted to sharpen their scythes. A fierce rasping noise broke harshly upon the clear atmosphere, mingled with sounds of voices in gossip and laughter; flocks of tewhits (lapwings), their white breasts glittering in the sunlight, swept overhead.

The work began again and continued to the end of the field. There the scythes were shouldered, and the crowd of workers trudges—leisurely enough to displease the farmer, who is looking on, if he had not been so accustomed to the ways of his folk—back to the top of the bout, to begin again. During this promenade there is plenty of time for courting, story-telling, and now and then a song. The men and women, lads and lasses, take advantage of the opportunity.

The men wear white linen jackets, coloured shirts, corduroy breeches, and straw hats—except one, a distinguished poacher of the district, and he wears a foxy-like fur cap which has a close resemblance to his own reddish hair and whiskers.

The women wear great white or yellow sunbonnets, which fall over the neck and shoulders, and protrude over the brow, displaying the ruddy,

healthy, laughing faces to much advantage; short gowns of brown or red-spotted calico, grey drugget petticoats short enough for a ballet dancer, exposing thick sturdy limbs covered with grey worsted stockings.

The harvesters never halted in their work when they saw the young minister, and his wife, although they knew them quite well. But when the two came near, the men gave a hearty "Fine day, sir," and the women, with respectfully averted heads, stared at Teenie sidelong, and took an inventory of everything she had on.

When the couple had passed, the harvesters nodded to each other, made comments and jokes, with some of which neither Walter nor his wife would have been pleased had they overheard, although there was not a word of ill-nature in anything that was said. There was, on the contrary, a very hearty "Wish them weel" on every lip; but the young couple supplied material for conversation and speculation during the course of the next two bouts.

The Laird was quite gracious in his reception; he saluted Teenie in a stately way, and expressed the happiness he felt in seeing her look so well; he hoped she was comfortable in the new house; and if there was anything he could do to add to her comfort, she had only to mention it.

Teenie felt, as she always did with Dalmahoy, uncertain whether he was in earnest or making fun of her.

"Everything is very comfortable in the house," she said, with eyes fixed on the carpet, and thoughts wandering back to the last interview she had with the Laird in that room—his warning that she should refuse Walter, and his reference to the Methven fortune. Somehow she wondered, in a faint distant way, whether she had done right or wrong in acting contrary to his advice—"but thank you all the same."

"How funny you should come to-day, and we were just going over to see you!" said Miss Burnett, sailing into the room, her long neck bare as usual.

"You do look nice—I wish I was married!" cried Alice, with her customary ecstacy.

The ladies entered into an animated cross-examination of their sister-in-law, as to the latest styles of bonnets and dress which she had seen in Edinburgh. They were properly shocked to find that she was lamentably ignorant upon this vital subject. She could not describe one of the countless new bonnets she must have seen in the shops and on the ladies in Prince's Street; she could not give the remotest idea of the colour, material, or—most important of all—the shape and trimmings of a single dress!

"Head and body are all fluffed up behind in a silly way," was all the description she could give, and the ladies were much disappointed.

Poor Teenie had been too much taken up with her husband, too much interested in the city and the various excursions they made, to Craigmillar, Roslin, and other places, to give the slightest heed to the fashions; and now she found that all the historical, biographical, and topographical information she had collected was as nothing compared to the fashion of a bonnet!

She felt humbled in the presence of her grand sisters, and sorry that she had displayed such complete ignorance of what a lady ought to have known and observed.

"But I can tell you all about Allan Ramsay and his 'Gentle Shepherd,'" she cried, making a last effort to rescue her character from the abyss of utter ignorance; "I saw his statue, and Christopher North's—that was the great Professor Wilson, and I'm going to read all his books."

"Oh, how funny!" exclaimed Miss Burnett, somewhat more shortly than usual.

"Yes, dear, but we'd rather hear about the bonnets," said Alice again pathetically; "now that papa keeps us so close here, we can only see these things once in two or three years, and it would have been so nice to have gone to the flower show in something fresh from Edinburgh, which is always fresh from London, and that again is fresh from Paris. It would have spited Madam Smith of Kingshaven, who makes a trip once a year to London, and dictates to everybody all the year round on the strength of it. It would have been nice to spite her. I wish we had thought of telling you what to look at."

"I wish you had," said Teenie humbly, and ready to submit to any penance for her stupidity.

Walter and his father were standing in the recess of one of the windows, talking seriously.

"I'm heartily glad you find things answer well so far," the Laird was saying, "and I hope it will continue. I hope it for my own sake as well as yours."

"I have no doubt of it."

"At present, you mean?"

"No, always."

"Just so: we shall not discuss the question: I hope you may be right. All I want is that you should quite understand, as you have made your bed so you must lie on it."

"I am quite content," answered Walter smiling; "I accept the future as it may come to me; and whether it be good or ill, I hope my friends will make allowances for me."

"Don't fear for them: our friends make many more allowances for us than we give them credit for. If we were pulled up every time we blunder through ignorance, or selfishness, or carelessness, we would be worried into our graves in a year. Do you make allowance for them. I think that much more needed."

"Thank you, sir; I shall not fail in that if they will only show consideration to her."

"She'll earn consideration for herself, or I'm mistaken," said Dalmahoy, looking at Teenie through his glasses as she sat between his two daughters. "You remember what I have told you; for although my resolution not to help you might break down, that won't alter the fact that my pockets are empty, my account at the bank blank, and I can't help you even if I would."

"I trust you will never be annoyed by any necessity to think of helping us."

He spoke quietly, but proudly too, proud in the sense of youth, health, and hope, and in the possession of the rarest treasure a man can call his own—the wife he loved, and who loved him.

They quitted Dalmahoy with all honours. Peter Drysdale was never more respectful than he was to Teenie; he had not smiled for years until she came—she made him think of the grand visions he had entertained when he first saw the "panoramy," and he declared that she "wasna the least upsetting."

Alice at the window waved a handkerchief to them as they passed down the avenue; and the Laird, twirling his glasses round his forefinger, vowed that they did not look ill-matched.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

DAME WISHART.

THEY walked on to Craigmillar.

As they came near the house both looked anxiously for Grace, but she was not visible. Both had the same impression that there was something unusually quiet about the house. No dog stirred, and no one appeared to welcome them.

"I am afraid Grace is ill," he said, as he rang the bell.

"You think a great deal about Grace," she said, looking straight at him, and with a faint return of the old feeling of spitefulness.

"Yes," he replied, with the clear honest look into her eyes which nothing but perfect honesty on his part, and utter absence of a suspicion of her feeling, could have permitted; "she occupies the next place to you, Teenie, in my thoughts. She has always been good and generous to me."

"More generous than most women would have been, as you know," he would have added, but he happily checked himself, thinking that the reminder might be unpleasant. He had no idea how unpleasant it would have been. An honest man is very stupid when placed in such a position as Walter's, and he was stupid and blind too.

They entered the drawing-room, and presently Grace herself came to them, pale, and eyes sunken. She advanced quickly to Teenie, kissed her, and in a low earnest voice said—

"I am glad to see you back, and looking well."

There was no mistaking the sincerity of that voice and look, no mistaking the truth of the brave heart that beat within the frail frame of the bonnie, unfortunate woman.

Then she turned to Walter. He kissed her too, and Teenie felt no pang of jealousy. Somehow the appearance of Grace, and her manner, had altogether disarmed the incipient viciousness with which she had been disposed to regard her.

"I was afraid you were ill, Grace," he said warmly, and holding her hand.

How her heart beat! how her whole form quivered under his touch, and the kindliness of his words! What was she not ready to sacrifice, just to be permitted sometimes to touch his hand—sometimes to hear his voice saying a friendly word to her! Poor Grace, so strong to help others, so powerless to help herself; she would have sacrificed anything to have an occasional smile from him, if no more than such a smile as he might give to a pet animal. Surely Teenie could not grudge her that!

"No, I am not ill, but my mother has had a bad turn, and I have been obliged to stay with her day and night. She cannot bear me to be absent from her, sleeping or waking. That is why I have not been over to see you."

"I thought there was something wrong when you did not come. But I hope aunt will soon be better."

"She is very old," said Grace wearily, "and she has little chance of being much better in this world."

Standing there, holding his hand, he looking in her face, which had grown haggard during the last few days, she saw that he was quite unconscious of the real cause of her altered appearance. Standing there, holding his hand with one of her own, and taking one of Teenie's in the other, she silently vowed that he never should know the real and deeper cause. She looked at him with a faint despairing smile, and then turned her face towards the wife with such a pitiful expression of inquiry, asking did she understand, that Teenie felt ashamed of the cruel thoughts of which she had been guilty, and wished that she could do something, however slight, to comfort this poor soul, that seemed to be cast out upon the world without any place in which to rest.

Grace saw that she understood, and the fingers tightened upon hers, and the eyes brightened with gratitude—brightened and glowed, and the whole face flushed as if with new health, in the new pleasure which had been given to her.

It was a compact between the two as distinct and well understood as if lawyers had written it out with their disagreeable formality on imperishable parchment. It was a compact as clearly defined

between the two as if it had been discussed by a congress of lawyers. Which of them would be the first to forget it?

"Is aunt in bed?" he asked.

"No; I wish she could be persuaded to keep her bed; she would suffer much less pain; but she persists in getting up to her chair, and I have difficulty enough to keep her in the one room. She has attempted to go out several times, but she cannot walk, and I am obliged to watch her closely lest she should fall and hurt herself in one of her efforts to get upon her feet."

"Why will she not stay in bed?"

The tears glistened in Grace's eyes.

"She has a great dread of death, and fancies that if she were once to yield and lie abed she would die immediately. So she almost lives in her chair. It is often twelve and one o'clock before I can get her to lie down, and then she is awake at the first sign of daylight, insisting upon getting up. When she is very ill she will not go to bed at all, thinking that by keeping to her chair she will escape her enemy."

"This must be very wearying to you, Grace. You must let Teenie and me relieve you."

She shook her head.

"My mother will scarcely allow me to be out of the room."

"We'll go up and propose it to her, at any rate," he said decisively.

There was a momentary and inexplicable hesitation on Grace's part, and she glanced at Teenie doubtfully, as if the proposed visit might not be agreeable to her.

"I would like to see your mother," said Teenie quietly. She had never known a mother, and she felt eager to offer help in any way that might relieve Grace.

"Very well, come up, but you must not mind anything she says."

And again she looked pleadingly, as it were, at Teenie.

They went up-stairs. Mrs. Wishart was seated in her big chair, her hands falling limply over the sides, her chin sunk upon her breast, a painful spectacle of suffering age fighting stoutly against natural decay.

Walter advanced and kissed her, expressing a hope that she was well.

"That's a good lad. I have na ken'd what a man's mou' was like this long while. I'm no just so spry as I would like to be, but I'll be on my feet again in a day or twa. It was kind o' you to come and see an auld body like me. But wha's yon?"

"That's my wife—Teenie."

"Wife, wife," mumbled the old lady vacantly.

"Yes, and she has come with me to see if you will let us wait on you sometimes, in order to save Grace."

"Wife," continued Dame Wishart, as if she had not heard him, and as if she were making an effort to solve some riddle; "that canna be your wife, Wattie; there's your wife" (pointing to Grace). "You were paired lang syne, when you were bairns, and it brings Craighburn and Dalmahoy together, just as we would like to see them. Craighburn's the richest of the two, Wattie, and you may count yoursel' lucky, for Grace has had a heap o' offers, and——"

"You forget, mother," said Grace, advancing, with much deprecation in the look she gave to Teenie.

"Forget? forget?" exclaimed Mrs. Wishart, startled and distressed, for that was one of the calamities which, next to death, she most dreaded—the loss of memory.

She pressed her gaunt fingers against her temples, and her feeble eyes wandered vaguely from one face to the other.

"You forget, mother, that Walter has married Teenie Thorston—a good, bonnie lass."

"Wha is she?"

"You remember Skipper Thorston?"

"Him that saved the folk that were drowning aboard the steamer *Ariel*?"

"Yes."

"Ah, you see I mind quite weel what happens, and that was a pickle years syne. But what about him? What were you saying? You're awfu' ravell't in your way of telling things, Grace. You should try to be like me."

"Well, it's his daughter Walter has married."

"Where are you, Wattie?" And she groped about for him as if she were in the dark.

"Here, aunt" (taking her hand affectionately, although he felt somewhat vexed upon Teenie's account).

"It's no possible that you've given Grace the gae-by? For though I couldna thole to let her away just now, she's a fine bairn, and she'll be a grand wife to him that gets her."

"Grace and I have settled that, aunt," he said awkwardly, and wishing that Teenie might have been spared this dialogue.

"You mean that you have done it."

"It was done with her consent, and because we thought it best."

"Mother, mother, you are forgetting. I explained it all to you," cried Grace, much disturbed; "and the doctor said you were not to excite yourself on any account."

To the amazement of the others the old woman stood up on her feet, gazing fiercely upon them all. Years seemed to pass away from her as she spoke—

"I do not forget, Grace. I mind that, when you were a bairn, I settled that you should be the means of keeping Dalmahoy in the family. I

married in the hope of it, when I saw the waste my daft brother was carrying on. I brought you up in the expectation of it, and I could almost have been content to die, seeing the wish fulfilled in you and Wattie."

"Whisht, mother, wisht! a stronger will than ours has ordered things as they are."

"I will not wisht, and you had no right to take upon yourself to settle a matter of this kind without speaking to me."

"I did speak to you, but please wait till they are gone, and I'll explain."

"You must have spoken to me when I was asleep, but I'm awake now. Do you ken what you have done, you and Wattie between you? You have murdered the family of Dalmahoy; and here am I, an auld frail woman, just dropping into the grave, and learn at the last minute that what I planned and lived for has gone all agee through your fault."

"I'm sorry, aunt, that I should have disappointed you," said Walter, eager in any way to divert the storm from Grace's head.

Dame Wishart was twenty years younger in her wrath.

"Sorry—you may weel say that! You are a fool, Wattie, and that poor lassie who has helped to make a fool of you will be sorry for it some day. You have broken up Dalmahoy, for I tell you that wild brother of mine hasna a penny to bless himself with; but, worse than that almost, you have lost the best wife that ever man had. Oh, I understand, auld and dotered as I am. Grace has given in to your nonsense just because she was the most fit to be your true wife. You have been cruel to her, but take my word wi' you—the word of a wife that stands in the grave—you have been far more cruel to yourself. She cared for you, you poor stupid gowk, as never man was cared for by woman. I ken it a', blind and helpless as I look. Awa' wi' you, awa' wi' you—I canna thole you near me!"

She dropped back upon her chair apparently lifeless. She had spoken with such rapid vehemence that no effort of her daughter could interrupt her, and she was utterly insensible to the agony she caused to the one on whose behalf she spoke. Grace would have done anything to have spared Teenie such a scene, and so would Walter. He had grown pale, and would, in obedience to the distressed signals of Grace, have forced Teenie from the room. But she imperiously determined to remain and hear all that was said. She was the only one who was quite calm, but her eyes brightened and her cheeks flushed a little as Dame Wishart proceeded. For the first time she seemed to understand all that Walter had given up for her sake.

He advanced hastily to offer assistance in restoring his aunt, but Grace motioned him back.

"She will be worse if she sees you. Don't stay."

—Teenie, remember she is very ill. I'll be over to see you as soon as I can get out."

Teenie pressed her hand without speaking, but the big bright eyes were full of pathetic interest and regret.

On the way home they found conversation difficult—he was vexed by what his aunt had said, because he felt that it would annoy his wife; and she was sorry for it, knowing how much he would suffer on her account; but neither had sense enough to speak out the feeling which was uppermost, and so they watched each other wistfully, each wishing that it were possible to say something which would impart comfort to the other, and yet saying nothing.

"You must not mind what my aunt said," he remarked with an effort, as they were ascending Drumliemount; "she is an old woman, and it is not easy for her to submit to the destruction of any of her cherished schemes. But I did not know until to-day that she had so set her heart upon that match."

He pretended to laugh, and looked most uncomfortable.

"Would it have made any difference if you had known it?" said Teenie, as he opened the gate and she passed through.

"I'm afraid it wouldn't," he answered, this time with quite a hearty grin, for he was looking at her, so brave, bright, and bonnie, and at their cosy cottage. Home and beauty, both his. Was it possible to have decided otherwise than he had done?—"Are you sorry?"

"No," she answered absently, "but I was wondering——"

"Well, what were you wondering, now?"

"I was wondering," she said, halting to pluck a white rose, and to pin it to his coat, "I was wondering if some day you might not remember all that your aunt has said, and maybe blame me."

"It will be you only who will be able to make me remember it, or to regret what I have done. When that day comes, Teenie, we'll be a very miserable couple. We don't look like it just now."

And both laughed, with something approaching gaiety in their tone.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

OLD-FASHIONED ELEPHANTS.



As a piece of general information, and apart from natural history knowledge, most people are aware that there are but two living species or kinds of elephant. These species include the Indian elephant (*Elephas Indicus*), the most familiar form, seen in menageries, and which is susceptible of being highly trained and domesticated; and then we also find the

African species—the *Loxodon Africanus* of naturalists—this latter being of a fiercer and less tractable disposition than his Indian relative. The differences and distinctive characters of these two kinds are readily appreciable to the ordinary observer. Thus, the Indian elephant has a concave forehead, possesses ears of comparatively small size, and the upper surface of the molar or grinding teeth is divided into a number of transverse spaces by the peculiar arrangement of the enamel of these teeth. And, lastly, the fore feet in the Indian species possess five hoofs, whilst the hind feet are provided with four hoofs only. In this species, also, the male animals are alone provided with the characteristic tusks—which in all elephants consist of two of the incisors, or front teeth,

of the upper jaw; these organs being very largely developed, and continuing to grow during the entire lifetime of the animal.

The African elephant is distinguished on the other hand by its convex forehead, and the larger size of its ears. The upper surfaces of the molar teeth of this species are divided into lozenge-shaped spaces by the arrangement of the enamel; and the fore feet in the African species are furnished with four hoofs, the hind feet possessing only three. Then, lastly, both the male and female animals in the African species possess tusks, those of the males attaining the largest size.

Such is a brief *resumé* of the characteristics of the two surviving members of what, in past ages of our earth's history, was a large and numerous family. Although the elephant order is thus sparsely represented in the present day, it attained a high development in former epochs, the history of which belongs to the domain of the geologist, rather than to that of the naturalist. And the past development of the elephants has reference not only to numbers, but also to the large size and curious conformation of many members of the group; whilst in relation to man's own geological history, and to the first appearance of human life, in Europe at least, certain extinct elephants afford highly important information alike to the geologist and antiquary.

Although, humanly speaking, and in relation to

the ordinary ideas of time, the ancestry of the elephant order might be regarded as exceedingly remote, geologically speaking their origin is of comparatively recent date. The first traces of elephant-remains occur in rocks belonging to what geologists term the Miocene age ; these being formations which comprise rocks of recent origin, and which lie comparatively near the surface of the earth. But it must be remembered that a thing *geologically* recent is, in ordinary language and ideas, incomprehensibly remote. And bearing this latter observation clearly in mind, we may find the past history of the elephant family exceedingly interesting from more than one point of view.

The earliest representatives of the group are found as fossils in the Miocene rocks of India, and from these formations the remains of upwards of six different species have been obtained. India at a former period must therefore have formed a centre of distribution for the elephant tribe ; although, knowing little or nothing as yet, regarding the geology of other Asiatic regions, it may be premature to assert that other Eastern countries may not yield as rich a store of elephant-remains. Of the Indian species, all have died out or been exterminated except the single living Asiatic elephant, and according to trustworthy accounts, this familiar form is rapidly passing out of existence also, through the inroads of man upon the species, and also upon the territory and habitat of these animals.

It may seem somewhat strange to hear European elephants talked of, just as the existence of the British lion, bear, or hyæna may seem to ordinary readers of an entirely hypothetical kind. Not only, however, have the remains of several distinct European elephants been found, but these latter species must have existed in Europe at a date much more recent than that at which their relatives lived and became extinct in Asia. The deposits known as the Pliocene and Post-Pliocene, bring us very nearly to the formations and soils of our own day, and to the geologist's mind it seems but as yesterday when compared with the vastness of anterior epochs, since the last representative elephant vanished from the category of European animals.

One of the most familiar of these latter forms is the *Elephas antiquus* of geologists, which must have possessed a wide distribution, not only in space, as represented over the European Continent, but in time, as represented in geological epochs or ages. Thus we find the remains of this form in Italy and in France ; later on, its remains crop up in the superficial deposits of Spain and Southern Europe generally. And as to the time or period during which this form persisted in Europe, we have certain evidence that, as it existed before the Glacial or great Ice age, so it persisted throughout that uncongenial period, and apparently lived and flourished amid the ice and snows which marked

that famous epoch. And we further know that it survived the rigours of the Ice age, and that it only became extinct when a more genial climate had been inaugurated, and when the present features and aspects of our earth had begun to be apparent.

The form which we are discussing did not differ materially, or to any great extent, from the existing elephants, either in size or structure. But, like other huge and extinct quadrupeds, the European elephants must have been provided with coverings of hair or wool, enabling them to brave the lower temperatures and varying warmth of the regions and times in which they were placed, and during which they existed. We know for a fact that a certain species of rhinoceros was in this way provided with a woolly coat ; this latter form being essentially Northern in its distribution. And, similarly, the celebrated Mammoth, to which we shall presently allude, was furnished with a covering of wool and hair, fitting it for residence amongst snow and ice, and otherwise enabling it to live in regions in which the living elephants would inevitably perish.

A curious and somewhat anomalous elephant of European celebrity was the "Maltese," or "pigmy" elephant. Of this variety there were several kinds, the "Maltese" elephant *par excellence*—the remains of which are found in the superficial deposits of that island—being only four feet in height, a circumstance from which the familiar name of "donkey elephant" has been derived ; and another and still smaller species of "pigmy" elephant has been described, this latter form averaging only three feet in height.

Mastodon remains first occur in the Miocene rocks, and several European as well as Indian species are described from these formations. Like the *Elephas antiquus*, the *Mastodons* extended from the Miocene into the Pliocene period, and thus survived the important physical changes that marked the transitionary periods of that age. The *Mastodons* possessed molar or grinding teeth of peculiar structure, adapting them for triturating and bruising vegetable tissues ; the crowns of these teeth being elevated into nipple-like cones or prominences, whereby the plant-food could be thoroughly divided and crushed. And these animals, besides possessing the ordinary tusks of the upper jaw, were generally provided with shorter tusks springing from the lower jaw ; the latter teeth, however, in the majority of instances, do not appear to have attained any great size.

Another extinct elephant of large size was the *Dinotherium*, the remains of which occur in the Miocene rocks of Central Europe, France, and in Asia as well. The peculiarity of this form consisted in the absence of tusks in the upper jaw, and in the huge development of those of the lower jaw,

And these lower tusks, unlike those of other elephants, were curved downwards and backwards, instead of upwards and forwards. The functions of these tusks appear to have been chiefly directed to aiding the *Dinotherium* in climbing on the banks of rivers or estuaries, or in digging up the roots upon which it, in all probability, fed. It thus appears to have been amphibious in its habits, and from this consideration it was long included among such forms as the existing dugongs and manatees, or "sea-cows," which are nearly related to the whales.

The last extinct elephant which we may notice has every right to be regarded as the most famous of the group; not only from its peculiarities of structure, but also from its relations to primeval man, with whom it was, in the latter stages of its existence at least, contemporary. The Mammoth (*Elephas primigenius*) has long been famed, not only in scientific but in popular estimation, as the latest form which sustained itself in the colder regions of the world, and as an elephant which appears to have been absolutely confined in its distribution to cold latitudes.

As fitting it for such a residence and life, the woolly and hairy covering of the body, already noticed, may be mentioned. The exact nature of this body-covering was clearly ascertained from the examination of a nearly perfect mammoth which was found literally packed and preserved in ice, near the mouth of the river Lena, in Siberia. The skin was seen to be covered by a coat of reddish wool, interspersed with longer hairs of a black hue; and the structure of the skeleton, and of the body generally, was also definitely ascertained from this specimen—the skeleton of which is now preserved in the St. Petersburg Museum—as well as from other specimens which have been found in a similar and more or less perfect condition.

The specimen from the Lena measured sixteen feet four inches, from the forehead to the end of the

tail—which, however, had been partly destroyed. It was nine feet four inches high, and the tusks measured along their curve nine feet six inches each. The Mammoth more closely resembled living elephants than any of the extinct species. The tusks, however, are much more curved than in other elephants, and are generally larger; and the other and grinding teeth, which resemble those of the Indian elephant, have the ridges more closely set than in the living Asiatic species.

The tusks of the Mammoth have long been sought after in Siberia, on account of the ivory; but they occur as fossil remains in Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, Asia, and North America also. From Essex, for example, the tusks of a Mammoth have been obtained, one of which measured nine feet ten inches along the outermost curve, and was two feet five inches in circumference at the base. And other localities, in the southern districts of England especially, have afforded specimens of these gigantic elephant-remains.

It has been now proved by abundance of satisfactory evidence that the Mammoth and primitive man were contemporaries, in the later periods of Mammoth existence at least. The fossil remains of the Mammoth have been found in closest proximity to traces of human handiwork; and, indeed, a rude portrait of it has been found scratched upon a portion of its tusk—the rough art-handiwork of primeval man, thus attesting the fact of his having seen the animal depicted in his sketch. And from other sources the evidence of man's propinquity to this old elephant has been fully supported and confirmed. Judging thus of the antiquity of the Mammoth, we may similarly decide concerning the antiquity of man himself; and thus the elephants of the past, in their relation to man's past history, constitute a subject of great import and interest, alike to the geologist, theologian, and antiquary.

ANDREW WILSON.

A HERMIT-BEE.

ANACREONTIC.

DEAR Proteus, who such manifold shapes
Could take whenever it suited thee,
Just help an unfortunate jackanapes,
And turn me into a hermit-bee!

I hope you know the creature I mean—
No other bee would do duty as well;
It isn't a drone, it isn't a queen,
But a lonely thing in a single cell.

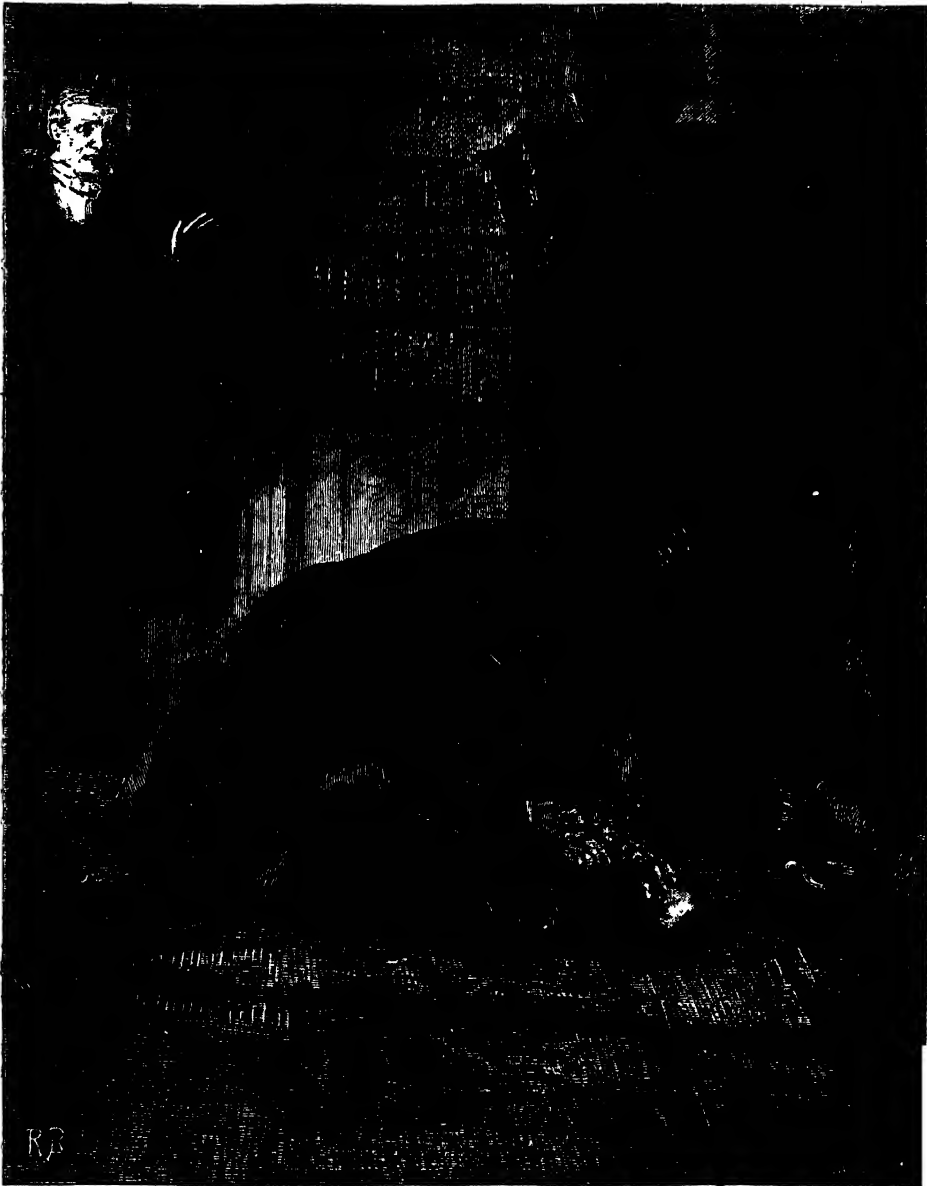
(Perhaps you'll say that you've no pretence
To the power of changing another's frame;
That's some other god's; well, no offence—
Just kindly oblige with the party's name.)

Yes, a hermit-bee is the thing for me;
He scorns the crowds of the storied nest;
A rare independent fellow is he,
And takes the lodging that suits him best.

Good-natured god! oh, I thank you much;
A wonderful quick transformer are you;
For here I am, at a single touch,
Behorned, bewinged, and becoming to view!

And now for the cave I've tried so hard
As a suitable hermit dwelling to win.
Good Pro., when settled I'll send you a card:
"At home.—The Dimple, Dorothy's Chin!"
H. G. B. HUNT.

AN UNPLEASANT VISITOR. •



"BEING THE STRONGER MAN"

AT half-past five in the morning of a certain Fourth of June, I walked on shore from the Havre boat at Southampton, setting foot once more on English soil after an absence of eight years, the greater part of which had been spent in a very wild district of South America, where I had made some money. *How* I am not going to say, though there was nothing wrong or dishonourable about it ;

but there was much risk, and my poor little capital of five thousand pounds was several times in imminent danger of being swamped in the process of decupling. My luck might not befall others, and I decline to tempt any to engage in a similar venture. Gambling, some men called it, but that was unjust. The peculiarity of gambling is that one must win at another's expense, whereas everybody engaged in the enterprises I allude to *might* be a gainer, just as everybody *might* be ruined.

Well, here I was, back in my native land once more, and heartily ashamed at not feeling more enthusiastic on the occasion.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead," etc.,

I repeated to myself, and had to own that there did, and I was the man who deserved Sir Walter Scott's reprobation. My parents were dead; I had no brothers or sisters; with friends and distant relatives I had kept up no correspondence. I could impute no blame to any one, and felt no bitterness; but I was dull and lonely, and not at all sentimental.

Then my hotel, when I reached it, seemed to grudge its hospitality at that hour of the morning. There was a stale smell about the coffee-room, which was being swept out by a man who looked half awake and utterly miserable. Going to bed was out of the question, as I had slept soundly all the way over from Havre. There seemed no particular reason why any one should remain at Southampton at all, beyond the cogent fact of there being no train for some hours, so I thought that the inn folk would be on the alert for straggling guests. But no; in order to get my luggage taken in and stowed away, I was obliged to use quite forcible language.

That accomplished, a walk till my countrymen woke up a bit seemed the only resource. One, a small and juvenile compatriot, had already awoke—an exceptionally early bird, who probably hungered for a worm. I met him at a street-corner, and he wanted to clean my boots. This, being a sort of welcome, soothed my feelings, and I let him have his way, though the steward of the steamer had put quite sufficient polish on them. Then I started for my walk. The town looking deathly with all its shutters up, I passed through it into the open country, and took a long circuit. Between seven and eight, I came to a picturesque village, with a very pretty church and churchyard. The latter was quite a garden, tempting me to walk in, wander about, and moralise. A winding path led me up to a wicket-gate, communicating with extensive and well-cared-for grounds, which surrounded a substantial house, no doubt the clergyman's residence. A step on the gravel causing me to turn my head, I saw an old gentleman in a white necktie coming along one of the paths with a rake in his hand; and I was about to retire, when I recognised him as my former tutor.

"Mr. Stanhope!" I called.

He paused, and came towards the wicket in his old courteous way—a little more stately, though, I fancied, than formerly.

"You wish to speak to me?" he said.

"Do you not remember me, sir?" I cried; "I am Harry Morton."

"Is it possible?" he exclaimed. "Why, I declare it is Harry himself! The fair, smooth-faced boy, turned into a bronzed, bearded man. No wonder I did not recognise you at first. Come in, come in; I am glad to see you. Where have you been all these years? What have you been doing? Why did you not write?"

"I landed in England, for the first time since we parted, just two hours ago."

"And you came to see me at once—that was right and kind."

"No; I thought of you still as in Somersetshire; it was quite by chance that I lit upon you here. I hope the change is for the better?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Stanhope, "this living is a very good one, and I am quite a rich man. Since you have so fortunately found me, you must pay me a visit. We will send for your luggage after breakfast—for which, by-the-by, you must be ready."

My old tutor had indeed risen considerably in the world, since the days when he was glad to take pupils to make both ends meet. His house was elegantly furnished, the plate on the table massive and handsome, and the meal well served, with ice for the butter, and such little luxuries, not often found in the establishment of a man with no female belongings. But it seemed that Mr. Stanhope, being an archdeacon, was expected to entertain many guests, and had therefore chosen a good upper servant, who understood all such matters.

He alluded to his Sybaritism as not being very apostolic.

"But what would you have?" he asked. "I receive a good income for the purpose of keeping up a certain appearance, and it would be a breach of trust if I lived like an anchorite. I believe I am thought mean for not having a footman, but I hate men-servants about me."

"But you cannot have women to look after your horse and carriage; how do you manage there?"

"Oh, the groom is a married man, and lives in a cottage close by."

I remarked that, the situation of the rectory being somewhat lonely, I should have thought the presence of a man-servant in the house would have been desirable; but the archdeacon laughed at the notion, saying that the people about him were so honest, that he believed he might leave his doors and windows open day and night without risk of robbery; and as for professionals from the large towns, it was not likely that they would organise a trip, the profits of which would be so small.

"And now," he added, when breakfast was over, "you will excuse me for a few hours, I know. I have some work to do which cannot be put off. After luncheon we will drive over to Southampton for your luggage. Meantime the library is at your disposal, for during the summer months I always write in a small room opening into my bed-room."

The library was a handsome and comfortable apartment, very different from the pupil-room of former years. But most of the old volumes which stood in the book-shelves were familiar, at least so far as their backs were concerned, and as I sat and looked at them I fell into a reverie.

I suppose that few men have escaped the predicament of loving a woman who did not return the compliment; it is a sort of moral measles which most of us go through in early life, when it does not injure the constitution. After the age of forty these juvenile diseases are more serious, but then we are not so liable to catch them.

I had my love-disappointment when very young; but the attack must have been of unusual severity, for the effects were lasting. When I left school and went, at the age of eighteen, to Mr. Stanhope, to be prepared for Oxford, he had a niece living with him—an orphan child dependent upon him for protection, though not for support, as she was comfortably provided for. Indeed, her father, when requesting his brother to take care of her, thought that he was benefiting both parties, and that the use of the child's income would add to the comforts of a clergyman struggling on an income little over a hundred pounds a year.

But Mr. Stanhope was extremely—perhaps over scrupulous about the employment of the interest on the girl's capital, and endeavoured to reduce the indirect advantages accruing to himself, from the extra household expenditure necessary for a young lady's comfort, to the lowest degree possible; while any fancy of hers that was purely personal was gratified at once, which was hardly a judicious system from an educational point of view. When the girl was old enough to take charge of the household affairs, indeed, she easily managed to add to her uncle's comforts without wounding his susceptibilities; for he was simple and unsuspicious, as most learned men are.

With Ella Stanhope I fell desperately in love. It is all very well to laugh at the passion of boys, which indeed is often marked by amusing extravagances, but it is very genuine. After a little experience, a man learns that individuals of the other sex are human—fallible like himself; but at nineteen he looks upon the object of his affections as a demi-goddess, and there is a touch of idolatry in his devotion to her. There is something almost sublime in the way a love-sick youth ignores all obstacles, in the firmness of his faith in the future—in the cool way in which he treats everything

and everybody, as existing merely for the furtherance of his amorous prospects. It is well that these early passions rarely come to anything, for the risk of disappointment is terrible. When the boy-husband finds that the girl-wife is not his ideal, he is apt to cool with perilous rapidity.

Ah, well! moralise as I may, I find it impossible for me to believe that I should not have been an exception to the general rule. In spite of experience and observation, I feel convinced that my life would have been a very happy one if Ella had passed it with me. I do not blame her, or accuse her of trifling with me. She was quite a child, and did not know her own mind. When I found, after a year's intimacy, that friendship had ripened into love, it was easy to persuade her that she had experienced a similar change of feeling towards myself. She never meant to wound me or deceive me, of that I am certain. I believe that she would really have loved me in time if—Pshaw! one may wander for ever in the dreamland of "ifs."

I went to Oxford, where my most intimate companion was a man named Stanley. Not that there was much in common between us beyond youth, high spirits, and a turn for frolic. Our acquaintanceship was an accident; our rooms were on the same staircase, we were both freshmen surrounded by strangers, and happened to speak to one another on the evening of our arrival.

Too great a votary of pleasure to read, he failed in the first examination we went in for; and as I passed creditably, he asked the secret of my success; for I seemed to be as idle, or nearly so, as himself. I told him that, though inattentive to lectures at college, I read steadily with a private tutor in the vacations; and as it was very necessary to him that he should pass, he determined to follow my example; and so, thinking to do a good turn to both, I introduced him to Mr. Stanhope.

Then came the old stereotyped story—my friend "cut me out"—the girl I loved found fresh homage preferable to stale. All is fair in love and war, they say, but I refuse to endorse the proverb. Slander is foul play under any circumstances, and Stanley made use of slander to warp Ella's heart from me. And he concealed his object, and taught her concealment; and he professed friendship for me all the time. Pah! I would sooner play the part of dupe than supplant another on such terms.

I suppose he loved her, after his fashion, if that is any excuse; for her bit of money was hardly enough to tempt him into a distasteful marriage. To have sought her uncle's consent would have been useless, for though Stanley was somewhat older than myself, he was not in a position or of an age to marry with prudence; besides, Mr. Stanhope loathed deceit and treachery of any kind, and would have been indignant on my behalf.

So Stanley persuaded Ella to elope with him. His influence over her must have been unbounded, for under it she made a false declaration as to her age, in order to facilitate their marriage.

I learned my fate from a letter sent me by Ella herself, in which she asked my forgiveness.

I could forgive *her* easily enough, but him—never! I was very young, and so far made a fool of myself as to send him a challenge, which of course he laughed at. He had no particular objection to shooting me, he wrote in reply, but the very strongest to being hanged for it. Oh, how I raved that the days of duelling had passed! I would have given every penny I possessed in the world for an hour alone with him in a desert, foot to foot, none knowing of our whereabouts. As for assaulting him publicly, the idea of that soon passed away. An unseemly scuffle, ending in a charge before the magistrate, and a jocular account of the whole affair in the police reports—it was not to be thought of. No, I had no redress, and my hatred of my enemy was all the more intense. It was not the mere fact of the girl jilting me for him—I could have got over that with my infatuation for her; it was the treachery, and the sense of being tricked, which made me thirst so for revenge.

Even now, as I sat in the library, ruminating over the old story after so many years' absence, my breath came short and my pulses throbbed as they had done when conflict was forced upon me in the wild lands where I had been residing. Stanley had befooled me—made me his tool—driven me from my native country—slandered my good name—all with perfect impunity, and I hated him as keenly as when my wounds were fresh. So absorbed was I in dreaming over the past, that I started when the archdeacon joined me with the remark that he had done his morning task, and was at my service.

"After such a lapse of time," I said that evening, "I hardly dare make inquiries about old friends."

"Ella is alive, and I hope, well," replied Mr. Stanhope with a sigh. "Her husband has treated her—as might have been expected; indeed, he has gone to the bad altogether, but she still clings to him. I have offered her a refuge here, but she says that her duty is with him."

"I know nothing," said I.

"Stanley inherited a fair estate soon after his marriage," said the archdeacon; "but it did not last him long. He dissipated all that he could lay his hands upon, and his wife had no settlement; they have almost known want. From gambler he turned black-leg; from black-leg, swindler; he was convicted and imprisoned. When he was released his wife returned to him. That they are not now utterly destitute is owing to the one sensible thing the poor girl has done. While her husband was in confinement, a little property

invested in Indian railways came to her. She put the scrip into my hands and empowered me to receive the dividends, which I forward her half-yearly. Stanley thought for some time that this money was an allowance made by me, but he somehow obtained an inkling of the truth, and wants to get hold of the capital. But he cannot sell unless he has the scrip, or whatever they call it, which is locked up safely in my bureau in the library; and he is unable even to learn exactly what the money is in, for Ella herself has only a vague idea about it. I dare say that I am acting illegally in not handing over the coupons to him, but I do not care for that. He had the impudence to call upon me and bluster about three weeks ago, but I simply refused to answer any questions, or to admit that I had any property of his wife's in my charge; I told him if he proved that I had, and defeated me in an action at law, I would do what I was obliged to, and nothing more. If Ella herself demanded the scrip, of course I should give it up to her; but she will not do that, for the sake of her child."

"Child?"

"Yes, there is one, only one happily, a girl."

That was not a good story to sleep upon; for hours after I had gone up to my room, I sat and thought it over. For the archdeacon retired early, having an important sermon, to be preached before a congregation of clergymen (which must be a very critical audience), in hand, and he intended to work at it awhile before he slept. I took a book up-stairs with me from the library, but could not read it, so after several attempts I gave in, and yielded to the enervating indulgence of vain regrets, and morbid dreams of what might have been.

Every one has experienced the high state of tension which the nerves attain when you are sitting up at night after the household has retired, absorbed in reading, writing, or thinking. Writers of fiction have informed me that the more the imagination is stimulated, the greater is the degree of sensitiveness attained, and I fully believe it. For sitting there picturing scenes of happiness which might have fallen to my lot, I was somewhat in the position of one inventing a story, and certainly my senses were almost preternaturally acute. I distinctly heard the low silvery bell of a timepiece in the library strike two, though the situation of the apartment with regard to my bed-room was such, that a really loud noise would not have been audible there in the day time.

Immediately afterwards I thought I heard another sound, like the shaking of a window-frame; and listening intently, I fancied that this was repeated. I smiled at the start which such faint and probably imaginary noises of the night had given me, and rousing out of the easy chair in which I had been reclining, I prepared to go to bed. My candle had burned down in the socket an hour

before, and I had not disturbed myself to light one of those on the toilet-table; for there was a moon, though it was not full; and I always sleep in the summer months with blind up and window open. I have slept without a roof over me too often not to be a lover of fresh air, and I now went and leaned out into the night—my habit, the last thing.

Hark! That was certainly not fancy. I distinctly heard a sash softly raised. Leaning cautiously forward I could see several windows, but they were down, and the blinds or shutters were closed behind them; it was not one of them. But the library window was round a corner, not visible from my position; it would be in the shade too, and therefore more likely to be selected for an entrance, supposing such a thing to be effected.

I remained listening intently for a few minutes, but heard no further sound. Probably my host had finished his sermon and closed the window of his little snugery; but I was not satisfied, and opening my bed-room door I stepped out on to the landing and listened there. Presently I heard a crack, as of wood when broken; this was repeated, and then there was a sort of wrench. Creeping down the stairs, and pausing at every step to listen, I was guided by these sounds to the library. The door stood open, and the moonlight poured into the room from the staircase window, so that I had to manœuvre to approach without casting a shadow. This I accomplished however, and peering in, I could distinguish the outline of a man standing against the door of a tall cabinet, which I judged, from the sounds heard, that he was endeavouring to prise open.

"What are you doing there?" I cried.

The figure darted towards the window, which was wide open; but I was quicker, and caught him. He struggled hard; but, being the stronger man, in a

couple of minutes I had him down on the carpet, with my knee on his chest and my hands at his throat.

The moonbeams from the staircase window fell on his face, and I recognised Stanley. I confess with shame, with horror, that I have never felt any pleasure so keen as the Satanic joy of that moment. The brooding of the last few hours had exasperated my long-cherished hatred of this man to the highest pitch, and here he was *in my grasp*!

"Mercy!" he whispered in a choking voice, "I cannot breathe! Mercy!"

"Mercy!" I repeated, mocking him; "I have waited too long for this moment not to take full advantage of it. I am Morton, you viper—the man you betrayed and laughed at! You would not meet me in fair fight, but it has come to much the same thing, you see."

"Let go of the man, Harry—let go, I say!" cried a voice behind me; "you are choking him."

I obeyed sullenly, and arose. Mr. Stanhope fetched a cordial, which he poured down the throat of Stanley, who presently revived.

"You had better let me secure him in that chair sir," said I, "and then I will rouse the groom and send him for a policeman."

"I only wanted my own," said Stanley sullenly. "You have property of mine in that bureau, I am certain, and I cannot get it by fair means."

"I cannot hand Ella's husband over to justice, Harry," said the archdeacon. "Leave him to Heaven, and let him go."

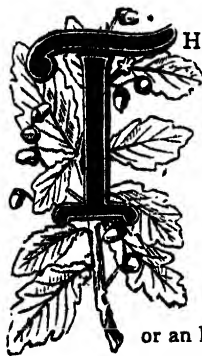
I bowed my head, and the fellow slunk away. But his career was near its close. Six months afterwards he was convicted of forgery, and sentenced to penal servitude for life.

His wife and child live in a little cottage in Archdeacon Stanhope's parish. LEWIS HOUGH.

MY EARLY ADVENTURES.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, BY ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.



THE preliminary preparations, which required yet about six months, had consumed nearly one-half of the 600 florins, and consisted chiefly in the visiting of localities sought especially by travellers and pilgrims from Central Asia. This people, for the most part poor, I used to reward according to my slender means for the smallest service—some questions or an hour's conversation. I had herein a great advantage, the Turkish conversational tongue used in the lands of the Oxus

being pretty well known to me before I started for those regions. I had heard so much about the chief towns of Central Asia, that single quarters of these towns were as well and better known to me, from theoretical conception, than any such of Paris to the readers of works describing them minutely.

Very noteworthy, and even peculiar, was the manner of my friends in Stambul, on seeing my preparations for the distant Turkestan. With the majority of the modern Mohammedans, a journey induced by thirst of knowledge is but an eccentric action.

Such an undertaking is called, in short, *insane*, whenever planned for an inhospitable, wild region,

fraught with dangers. I can remember yet very well with what a shudder, with how deep a pity the effeminate Efendies looked at me, when I spoke with the utmost contentment of my future abode among the Turkomans, and my expedition through the Steppes. "Allah okollar" (Let God give him understanding), was the pious wish, mumbled by all in a low voice. A man who relinquishes purposely this charming Bosphorus, the comfortable life in the house of a Turkish grandee, can indeed be charged with insanity, according to their ideas. "No one can cure insanity, may then Allah take pity on him," said the Efendies, and gazed at me for some time with frightened looks.

And yet these good people had a wish to benefit me as much as they could; they did what they thought would smooth my lot, and retard as long as possible what they considered an inevitable doom—my destruction. Persia had been chosen by me for the first land to be visited, and as in Teheran for several years a regular Turkish Ambassador and suite lived, and as the then Plenipotentiary of the Sultan at the Court of Persia, Haider Efendi, was a friend of my protector, thus it came that I received, besides the official recommendation of Aali Pasha, a collective letter (general introduction) to all the acquaintances and relations of K—— Bey, wherein I, the unfortunate, was placed under their kind protection, in the warmest expressions. I received also "firmans," wherewith to cross the Turkish dominions, to be presented before the authorities. In this I was represented as the traveller, Reshih Efendi. Of my European descent, my aim, and the plan of my wandering, not a word was said; and I had only to act in conformity with the general purport of my introduction—in fact, I was not allowed to do anything else—and was taken everywhere for a thorough Turk, and for an Efendi of Constantinople.

So much about the practical part of my preparations. As to the intellectual, the moral, I need not mention that the nearer the moment for starting arrived, the stronger grew my longing, the more moved my soul. Where I dreamt about as a child, raved as a youth, whatever hovered like a *fata morgana* permanently about my path, through the literature of the Orient and Occident, that I was destined now to reach, and to gratify my eye. Where passion reigns so tumultuously as in my innermost heart, in such persons understanding and prudence are often disregarded. Nothing could have kept me back, only the material privation, the difficulties encountered with the elements, and the endangering of my health; for I never thought of an absolute failure in my plans by death. Now I beg to ask my reader what hardship could have happened to me, what could have been the privations, which the harsh fate of my youth would not have prepared me for? I was

famished up to my eighteenth year, insufficient dress was the fate of my early youth. Men's whims and weaknesses I learned to bear early, and experience taught me to consider the man in Asia's rough garment very like intrinsically to the finely dressed man of the West. Pity and kindness I generally found more with the first, and thus the awful picture of the barbarians, so often sketched by our modern literature of travel, could but make me curious to experience, and never was able to discourage me in my onward progress. There is but one circumstance that in the execution of my plans could be taken into consideration, and that is the fact that after early schooling in misery and battling for bread, having at last had the enjoyment of well-living, comfort, and rest in Constantinople, I felt my newly gathered strength, and could think of continuing the fulfilling of tasks expected from me. For I had lived, during the last few years in Constantinople, well, I may say very well. I had a comfortable lodging, luxurious board, even a saddle-horse for my pleasure. Having thought all this as naught, exchanging these comforts for a mendicant's garb and staff, that alone do I consider fair to be placed to my credit.

But whereto would the spur of ambition be unable to incite us? And what is our whole existence whenever this instinct is unknown to us, or has become deadened? Material well-being, exaltations, and decorations are but motley-coloured childish games, not able to bind our fancy for long, and of which the sound human intelligence soon gets tired. But how noble and exalted is the conviction of having done—though the smallest—offices and services to mankind in general! and what could be more sublime in this world than the hope to be able to enrich the book of spiritual life, were it but with a single new letter? Thus did I think and feel, and found strength in it, enough to enable me to suffer a thousandfold such hardships as I met with.

A fortnight ago enjoying every luxury of a wealthy Oriental demesne of the Seven-hilled City of the South-east, this moment—I jot down from memory the items of my travel—I am jolting to and fro on the meagre back of a miserable, jaded, small horse, on the road leading up to Erzeroum, from the coast of the Black Sea through the Pontine ranges. A charming bit of land this, that surrounds my ride, the first to meet the traveller's view going to Asia. A magnificently romantic spot, among ranges full of steep mountain-tops, deep ravines, forest-crowned peaks, and bold uprisen rock-walls. The scenery is exactly so distributed as to give the traveller a foretaste, to enjoy the more the magnificence he can meet with only in the interior of Asia. Truly so, of Asia alone. And just on account of this, memory treasures for ever after the haunting scenes of this part of the East, because from this point, far into China, but rarely do fat meadows, dark

forests, and the heart and eye-refreshing green patches enchant the traveller. One meets no blade of grass that unaided nature, without watering, without human efforts, would have raised. All is dreary, all is waste and dried up, and the Pontine range does not appear as the mighty rocky gate of Asia, but more like the *Ultima Thule* of nature, where none of the vegetation gratifies the cultivated observer with the mild, life and health-giving blessings of the clime of Central Europe.

But let me stop. It is not a book of travel that I am writing now. I have fulfilled that duty as far as I was able in my works already published. Let there be here but the first impressions of my difficulties during my travels, and the commencement of my trials. The transformation, sudden and dangerous, from an Efendi into a dervish would have been neither practicable nor morally possible. Step by step one gets at the goal, but by degrees alone can man endure the deepest misery alike with the highest fortune, but thus can it bring lasting benefit. From Constantinople I departed as an Efendi, and kept in that position on to Teheran, a space of about three months. But I represented withal an Efendi of meagre means—a wandering savant, according to the view of the Orientals. I had for my expedition in clothing but enough linen for a change, had to sleep where hospitality offered a shelter, or on the bare hard earth—now and then on a soft-cushioned divan, and enjoyed, instead of the simple fare of a dervish, a good savoury meal.

The ride of the first days, having gone over six to eight German miles from the commencement, was very tiresome. Sliding down on a night from the saddle, all my members felt as if broken. I often had scarcely the power to move, and yet I had to prepare my own meal, being servant, cook, and master in one person, having besides to attend to the wants of my poor horse, hired for a moderate recompense for the term of six days. My duty was the more punctiliously fulfilled as I was more dependent on him, poor brute, that had no other reward but his scanty food—void of curiosity after the language of Dshagatai, and the lands of the Oxus—that had no moral encouragement to proceed but the whip. I had to pass, as my Asiatic fellow-travellers said, the days of soreness; and got comfort from the thought that the pleasure of travel would become the sweeter, the sooner my body got “boiled and baked”—what we call hardened.

This culinary process, effected by jolting and the hot sun, was generally gone through in three or four days; and indeed, as soon as I got accustomed to these hardships, I commenced enjoying the charm, the romance of this kind of life; and had but my horse been improved also by some sort of “boiling and baking” process—had he but got more into the way of progressing better, as if interested in

my aims, I should have found my travel from the commencement very entertaining.

No roses without thorns. I am sorry to remember that the first impressions of my travel lost their romantic hue on the very first night by arriving at such localities, and having to rest upon such couches, as offered on previous nights the same comfort to the very poorest Turkish and Persian traders, mule-drivers, and mendicants; whereby a considerable number of guests nestled unasked within the folds of my garments, which, judging from the discomfort I was put to, seemed to enjoy my exotic acquaintance.

The flesh of my legs got thinned; my face, but little protected from the parching sun, swelled with blisters, and the skin peeled from nose and cheeks. But my strength increased, and with it my courage and spirit. Along the whole track the honest Turks received us with kindness, and the cunning and ill-willed Kurds with respect and awe. I had but to open my lips, and all hands were crossed over the chest, saluting me according to the custom of the true believers, and offering me, with a salutation full of respect—“Efendim” (my master, my lord)—their hospitality.

This circumstance, of course, only confirmed the prudence of keeping up the travelling incognito. It proved a well-passed examen, and was as good in its reassuring effect as a diploma, wherewith I might quite safely enter on the experiment of an otherwise dangerous tour into Central Asia.

Thus the very first four weeks of our travel into the interior offered me unexpected charms. Whenever after a long ride I lay tired on my carpet, to enjoy, leaning against a wall, the flickering dance of the lively hearth-fire, I arrived at the conclusion that within boundless nature I could move freely, unmenaced by any danger from others, not harassed by the chicaneries of an interpreter, or a master of etiquette, or society's stringent ceremonies at a public reception. At such moments indeed I felt happier in the hard saddle on the back of my jaded brute, and would not have exchanged it for a seat in a first-class railway carriage. I became, without will or effort on my part, a wandering authority; and I was not a little proud when some rich Persian merchants, when passing the ranges of Dagar, placed themselves under my protection, and, as the readers of my “Wanderings and Adventures in Persia” will remember, evaded by this subordination the attack of Kurd robbers.

My meeting with these Persians was in another way also fortunate for me. As I left the Turkish boundary behind Bajazid, my grandeur—my title of an Efendi (gentleman, sir)—my exterior commanding respect, went to grief. My red fez with the brass plate (tepelik), instead of being my shield and protection as hitherto, was to become the source of danger and evil.

I nearly forgot to mention that, passing the boundary into Iran, I left the land of the Sunnites and entered the soil of the Shiites, and quite lost sight of the circumstance that the kind but idle Osmanlies never appear, or certainly very seldom, in the country of the Persians; and thus my insignificant social position ran the risk of being considered, in the midst of this fanatical population, an eyesore.

You see what positive religion is; here even, far from our easily-split-up European churches, I became again, as I might have become in Europe, a martyr of positive tenets, though but assumed for safety, and was exposed to sufferings for belonging to a sect wherewith my connection was but imaginary, and which in my innermost soul I loathed as I do all the rest.

END OF CHAPTER THE FOURTH

IN HONOUR BOUND.

BY CHARLES GIBBON,

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

TRANSITION.

THEY were to settle down now, and apply themselves to the common duties of daily life—she to see that their one domestic swept and dusted the rooms properly (that was easy enough, she thought), and to look after the cooking (she felt some despair in thinking of that); he to read, to write his sermons, and to visit his parishioners.

To him the idea of the simple quiet life he was to lead, in which there was yet the possibility of accomplishing important work, was delightful. The woman he loved as his companion, the work to do to which he was most devoted—what more could man desire or hope for in this world?

His sermon did not progress so rapidly or so satisfactorily as he would have liked. He began to think that he was too happy to get below the surface of his task. The earnest thoughts which he desired to utter somehow lost their strength in being transferred to paper. Then when he had concentrated his whole heart upon some particular passage, the door opened, and Teenie would appear, with such a miserable look, to tell him that she had spoiled the broth or burned the pudding, and he would be obliged to get up and comfort her.

This was amusing at first, but by-and-by he discovered that æsthetic speculations and the distresses of the kitchen did not harmonise very well; the one interrupted the other grievously. He began to fidget; he blamed himself much for the lack of that philosophic calm which sustains the mind in equal poise, no matter what winds are blowing, or what seas are rolling.

He was obliged to preach an old sermon on the first Sabbath after his return. That was vexatious, for he had intended to deliver a fervent discourse, which, inspired by recent happy experiences, should reach the hearts of his hearers, and help them to accept gratefully life as it was given them, good and ill together. The kirk was full; many were anxious to see the newly-wedded couple, and to note how Teenie would conduct herself in the minister's pew.

Walter felt that he had lost an opportunity; and, to make matters worse, one of the elders recognised the sermon as one he had heard before. He was much scandalised at this backsliding of the young minister, and resolved to take him to task for it at as early a date as possible.

Walter had occasion to call upon this elder. Mr. Pettigrew was in a comparatively large way of business. On one side of his shop he was a grocer, cheese-monger, and licensed to sell wines and spirits, to be drunk off the premises. Very drouthy customers, who wished to drink at once, had only to go round to the back, and they were served with the half-mutchkin, or whatever they might require, through the back-window, outside which they could drink and be merry, whilst Mr. Pettigrew obliged his friends, obeyed the letter of the law, and maintained a clear conscience. On the other side of his shop the elder was a draper, boot-seller, cabinet-maker, and undertaker, not to mention a minor trade in song-books and newspapers.

Mr. Pettigrew was a successful merchant (all the shopkeepers are called merchants). He had brought to perfection the art of attracting customers by presents of sweeties to the children. He was tall, comfortable-looking; had a white fatty face, decorated with short grey whiskers; he had a text ready for every occasion; he was much respected; and he was a martyr to his anxiety about other people's business. Whatever happened in the "town," Mr. Pettigrew was sure to know all about it, and he gave his customers the benefit of his knowledge, pledging each to profound secrecy.

"Step ben this way, minister. I'm proud to see you, sir, and I take it kindly, your coming so soon after you got settled. And how is the mistress?"

He led the way into a little parlour at the back, talking all the time in quite a friendly way—his voice was fatty like his face—and as if that old sermon were not uppermost in his thoughts. He had mentioned the sermon to a dozen customers privately.

He placed glasses and a decanter on the table.

Walter declined any refreshment at that time of day.

"Oh, but you maun take something on this your first visit, Mr. Burnett. I canna let you away without taking salt, so to speak, with me," said Mr. Pettigrew, producing a black bottle with a red seal, then hunting about for a corkscrew, which at length he found.

Then placing the point of the corkscrew upon the cork of the bottle—without breaking the seal, however—he looked at his visitor with the most

he always insisted that his guest should "say the word."

"Aweel, since you winna, there's no more to be said," observed Mr. Pettigrew, with every appearance of chagrin borne with Christian resignation.

They proceeded to business, which was to discuss the necessity of certain repairs in the church, and a joint movement of minister and elders upon the heritors to obtain the requisite concessions. They had sundry little disputes about what was necessary and what was not; they agreed upon various points,



"WALTER AGAIN PROTESTED."

hospitable expression of which his face was capable, saying—

"You'll take some of the very best sherry wine, sir? Just say the word, and I will pu't" (pull it—draw the cork)—"but I *will* pu't!"

And he made desperate pantomime, as if about to insert the corkscrew. Walter again protested his disinclination to take anything just then, and Mr. Pettigrew became the more vehement as the other became more decisive.

"But I *will* pu't; the best sherry wine; only say the word, minister, and I will pu't."

The same bottle and the same pantomime had often done Mr. Pettigrew good service, obtaining for him credit for hospitality without expense, for

and their conversation came to a close without the elder having referred to the particular subject in which he was at the moment interested. But as Walter was taking his leave, the elder coughed and said in a considerate tone—

"I hope, Mr. Burnett, you're no meaning to give us that same sermon ower often—the afternoon one I mean. There is naething to say against it, but we can have ower muckle even of a good sermon; and I take the privilege of age to mention the matter to you."

Walter's cheeks burned, for indeed he had a sharp sense that he had not done his duty.

"I thought it better to give you a discourse which had been carefully prepared, than one hurriedly and

therefore badly prepared. But you shall not hear it again, Mr. Pettigrew."

"There's not a word to say against it, mind, only I thought it my duty to mention it to you."

"Thank you."

Apart from this disagreeable reference to the sermon, there was something about the whole interview with the elder which depressed the young minister. There was a coarseness and earthiness in the subjects of their discussion, and the manner of them, which dissatisfied him, chiefly with himself. And so, as time went on, he found that the great work of which he had vaguely dreamed was interrupted and interfered with by the most trivial circumstances—or what seemed to him trivial circumstances. Slowly he became aware that the question of mere existence, the petty problems of the ways and means of bread-and-butter, stood between men and the higher sense of religion—and the bread-and-butter came always first in their thoughts.

He found that his attention was to be distracted by the pettiest of disputes; that he was expected to be the peacemaker often in drunken brawls; and that he was to keep a strict watch upon the manner of the Sabbath observance. Although these things were urged upon him only by a small section of his congregation, he had not acquired the art of satisfying these bigots, and yet leaving freedom to the others. One poor woman, the small widow of whose cottage had been transformed into a shop by filling it with cheap toys, dusty bottles full of lozenges, and tin trays full of treacle-balls and candy, was brought up before the bailie for the heinous offence of selling sweets on the Sabbath. The woman pleaded use and wont, but she could not deny her guilt, for there was an elder who had himself purchased a pennyworth of candy in order to prove the charge!

The minister made an appeal on behalf of the poor woman—he even dared to excuse her!—and from that day forth a number of his parishioners looked upon him with fear and horror as a man of dangerous, if not altogether heterodox, opinions. He was not sound in the matter of sweets.

He accepted the position: it was his work to make the best of things as they stood—to excite the noblest aspirations of those who came under his influence, and to point the way to true faith, which implies courage and hope. That was his work: he would do it.

But after a while there came to him, with painfully slow steps, the knowledge that the trifles of life have more influence upon it than the heroic deeds of action or suffering which may distinguish it. Petty debts accumulated until they assumed proportions which startled and frightened him—all the more so as, despite wild efforts on his part, he could find no way of satisfying or reducing them.

Nobody pressed him for money, but the sense of owing it was none the less keen to him. He smarted under it, and he was shamed by it; soul and mind seemed to be weighted by the vulgar needs of filling the inside and covering the back. How slow he was to recognise the commonplace conditions of existence! But he did recognise them at length, and he accepted them like the rest, bravely. It was a struggle with him at first, and he felt as if something of the better part of his nature had been sacrificed in the struggle.

He was disappointed; yet he clung to the ideal he had formed, feeling the more need to exalt it, and keep it steadily before him, since he found that the grosser elements of nature were so strong in their influence upon our ways.

Teenie was disappointed too, although she did not realise so clearly the source of her disappointment. She found the household worries very trying to her patience and her temper. She was often irritable, and she took an almost wicked satisfaction in provoking her husband, until he would leave the house and take a long fierce walk along the shore to calm himself. She was always sorry, always very penitent, and ready to take all the blame to herself; but she was also ready to repeat the cruel experiment, forgetting the past. The making-up was very sweet, certainly, but it was costly.

Day by day the old craving for the mysterious something which lay beyond the horizon line of sea and land came back to her, and slowly grew upon her until it developed into an unspoken discontent with the routine of her life.

She did not say to herself that she was dissatisfied; but she knew that she was impatient, that she did not find pleasure in her household work as she ought to do: and at times she was very angry with herself for that, and for a day or two she would work with an almost savage energy at anything that fell to her hand to do. She would be quieter and blither for a week afterwards, only regretting that there was not enough for her to do.

She was very sorry, and almost cried with vexation, to find that she could not take an interest in her husband's sermons and his books. They had very cosy evenings when they sat chatting together, or maybe playing at cards—chess she could not acquire. But when he read to her she found it difficult to keep awake, and she performed all sorts of pretty manoeuvres to conceal her yawns, and to convince him that her eyes were wide open. At last she would get up, unable to endure the torture longer, put her arms round his neck, make faces at him, pinch his ears, and maybe kiss him, whilst she begged him to put the book away and talk to her.

"I wonder whether it should be regarded as a compliment or not, Teenie," he said laughing, "that you think I talk better than I read."

"You read such dry things."

"I thought this was interesting; but it is wonderful what an effect reading has in contrast with the poorest conversation. I remember once when my father was ill, he could not get sleep: I used to take down Blair's Sermons and read—and he went off immediately."

"Try the same plan with me when I'm sleepless," said Teenie gleefully:

Travels or ballads she would listen to eagerly, and she would lay aside her sewing or knitting that she might give the closer attention. Then her bonnie face would brighten, and her lips part, as she bent forward in growing interest with the progress of the narrative. When he had finished she would sit silent, dreamily realising the wonders she had heard about.

But as his work became more troublesome—as the necessities of his position pressed closer upon him—he became more and more involved in his tasks. The readings for mere amusement became fewer; his leisure hours shorter; and as she could not find interest in his work, her fits of restlessness became more frequent. She had boundless energy, and as it could not be directed into the common channels of their life, it was rapidly developing into general discontent with herself and everything around her. She flatly refused to take a class in the Sabbath school: in fact because she had a timid fear of her own incapacity; but pride would not allow her to say that. She said that she could not and would not, and when Walter was at length obliged to say that his wife was unable to take a class—it caused him a sharp pain about which he said nothing—there were many unpleasant looks cast at the minister's wife. That did not help her to any more gracious mood.

When she felt very wicked, as she called her queer humour to herself, she would steal down to the Witch's Bay, take out the small boat, and have a cruise out to sea or round by the rocks. The beautiful colours of the water, glancing under the noonday sun, or flashing brilliant crimson and purple in the sunset, delighted her. The roar of the waves, the plashing against the rocks or lapping against the boat, the foaming crests curling and leaping towards her, were very pleasing to her, and the rolling movement of the boat soothed her. Sometimes Walter would accompany her on these excursions, but more frequently she went alone, unknown even to Ailie, who was now sole mistress at the Norlan' Head, and still Teenie's closest friend. She had no confidante, for she had nothing to confide. She was herself still quite innocent of all knowledge of the dangerous issues to which her restless spirit and vague yearnings were leading her.

Skipper Dan was fitting out a vessel for a whaling expedition. It had come into his head that for

Teenie's sake he ought to increase his store, and that combined with his sense of the loneliness of his home, to urge him to carry out the idea which had occurred to him when he had first thought of her going away from the Norlan' Head. The old spirit of adventure seized upon him, and he entered into the work with an enthusiasm which increased daily as he saw the preparations of the *Christina*, as he called the ship, nearing completion. The vessel almost took the place in his thoughts which his daughter had occupied before her marriage. Early and late he was near her, admiring her build, her "lines," and everything about her, and filled with joyful pride when any one else expressed similar admiration.

"Is she no bonnie?" he said to a Kingshaven tailor who met him at the harbour, "did you ever see finer lines in any boat that sails the sea?"

The man looked, and then answered cautiously—

"I canna say, Dan; she's no painted yet."

Dan turned away in silent contempt.

Teenie was often down viewing her namesake. She took the interest of a child—or a lover—in the progress of the ship, and she longed to be a man, that she might have accompanied her father on his expedition. If he would have allowed her, and if her husband had consented, she would have found the utmost satisfaction in going with the *Christina*, and would have delighted in all the hardships and dangers of the voyage. But of course such an idea was not to be entertained for a moment, and she was sorry.

The next best thing to going with the vessel was to be aboard it as often as possible, and she became as well known to the ship-wrights and the other men as her father. She found an excellent vent for her surplus energy in seeing to the fitting-up of Dan's cabin. He scoffed at her arrangements, and at the woman's luxuries which she insisted upon introducing; but it pleased her, and so he submitted, as he had submitted to so many other things.

At length the season had come round; the *Christina* was ready for sea—all her stores and hands complete. She was towed out of harbour, cheered and well-wished by a crowd of fishermen, women, and children, who had gathered on the quay to watch the departure.

Teenie and Walter were on board, intending to return with the steam-tug. Ailie did not go, for she thought it was just as easy parting on dry land as on sea, and "a heap more comfortable."

So they moved out across the bar, past the fearful Wrecker, and the *Christina* stood out upon a clear course. Then came the parting.

"The tug leaves us here," said Dan, as if it were the most ordinary affair in the world.

But when Teenie rested her hands upon his shoulders, and looked into his face so fondly and so frightenedly, so unlike her old self, Dan felt

uncomfortable. Walter and all the men were looking at him.

"You'll come back, father?"

"Of course, sea and the Lord permitting."

"Aye, but you'll take care——"

"Hoots! do you think I'm a bairn, or that I'm weary o' life? I'll take care, never you heed; but if it's the Lord's will we should go to the boddom, we canna help that."

He spoke as if she had been finding fault with him unnecessarily or foolishly.

"I wish I was going with you," she said laughing, partly in jest, but a great deal more in earnest, as she glanced along the vessel, noted her trim decks, and saw the stalwart seamen, brisk and merry at their posts.

"See what your guidman would say to that," retorted the skipper.

"He would say that he can't spare her," said Walter, taking her by the hand to lead her away.

"I would hope sae," commented Dan, after giving some directions to his mate. "Now then, awa' wi' you; the boat's waiting, and there's a fair wind that we maun tak' our use of. Wish us luck, Teenie, for I'm going to make siller for you, lass, and we'll come home with the Bank o' England in our hold."

"Good-bye, father," she said simply, as she kissed him, and he looked rather ashamed of that natural sign of affection.

"Pleasant times till I come back," he said quietly, then gripping Walter's hand, he added, "Be guid till her."

"Never doubt that."

They went over the side, and on board the tug. They were carried safely into Kingshaven harbour. Teenie was quiet; there was not the least indication of hysteria in her manner. If she had parted with her father for the evening only, sure of meeting him in the morning, she could not have been more calm outwardly.

But her heart was full of strange fears, such as she had never known before. Formerly she had parted with him, even when he had been going on a similar voyage, without the least sense of dread. Now she felt as if they had parted for the last time, and she seemed to realise a portion at least of the dangers he had to encounter. She became sensible then how rapidly her nature seemed to have changed, and although her husband stood beside her, she felt lonely and weary.

Dan had seemed almost gruff in his parting; but he watched the tug with yearning eyes until it disappeared from sight. He answered the last faint signal which Teenie made with her handkerchief, waving his hat to her. Then all seemed to become blank. His eyes became unaccountably dim, and he turned and cursed the mate heartily for some fancied neglect of his command.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

B A B Y.

IN the pleasant May-time a baby was born at the manse, and Teenie was very ill. Trees and flowers were brilliant with brown and green buds just bursting into life; the birds sang a merry woodland chorus, and the sea swept inward with a grand bass sough that told of storm and peril.

At one time she was so ill that the doctor looked grave, and professed himself unable to predict the result. That was a very bad sign, for the doctor was not one who ever doubted his own skill; he only doubted nature.

Happily, Teenie was unconscious during the period of her chief danger. She did not know how Walter wandered through the house, and round the house outside, in anguish on her account, and praying for her safety. She did not know how Grace had come over from Craighburn to nurse her; how she sat by her day and night, ready at the least sign to supply her with soothing drinks, and to calm her delirium with loving words and the gentle touch of a faithful hand.

She did not know what wild things she had been saying—some of them striking Grace very sharply—how she had jumbled together the names of Walter, Dalmahoy, her father, and her nurse; and how she had uttered in her frenzy the wish she had never clearly realised to herself—that she might be allowed to go away in the *Christina*, to sail to strange regions, and never come back to stand between Walter and Grace.

This was heard only by the nurse; and she was careful to keep the door close. She became the more confirmed in her resolution that no one but herself should be permitted to attend the invalid. She was used to nursing, she was accustomed to spend many nights in a chair by her mother's bedside, and so was the best qualified to take care of Teenie, as she was the most interested in preventing others from hearing the young wife's ravings.

Ailie would have relieved her; but Grace insisted that she had enough to do in taking care of Baby—a fine healthy boy, with lungs of the very strongest quality. Mysie Keith came over expressly, as an experienced nurse, to offer her services. Grace thanked her, and said she would be glad to have her when the delirium had passed off. As for Walter, he was peremptorily excluded from the room, except when Teenie was in a sound sleep. At the first sign of awakening, Grace bundled him out at the door.

One night—fire and lamp burning brightly, Grace sitting with elbow on the table, brow resting on hand, an open book before her which she was not reading, and Teenie sleeping more peacefully than she had done since the birth of Baby—Grace became instinctively conscious of a change. Her

thoughts, sad and far away, seemed to be drawn back by some spiritual influence to the room and the duties she was performing.

She lifted her head, and found the big wondering eyes of Teenie fixed upon her with an expression of puzzled curiosity, and she knew that the crisis was past.

"What's wrong?" said Teenie, as if the whole trouble were associated with somebody else.

Grace was beside her, holding her hand, feeling her pulse, smoothing her brow, and trembling with joy.

"You have not been well, Teenie, and we have been very anxious about you."

"About me? What was the matter?" said the invalid in a faint tone, and laughing feebly at the idea of her having been very ill—she who had never known a day's sickness.

"You have been very ill, and you must not excite yourself in any way. You must obey me for the present, and in the morning you shall see Walter and Baby."

"Baby?" murmured the girl vaguely, and as if seeking to catch some will-o'-the-wisp of thought. Then a dim consciousness of what had passed seemed to dawn upon her; the eyes brightened, and the pale cheeks flushed, as she repeated tenderly and wonderingly the word "Baby!"

"You must not speak again," said Grace with gentle firmness; "I must be very stern with you, I see. Drink this, and do not attempt to move or utter a word, or I shall be very angry."

Teenie obeyed quite humbly. She had not moved her head from the pillow; but Grace felt that, wherever she moved, the big, unnaturally bright eyes followed her with strange questioning looks, noted every turn she made, and speculated what she would do next. In the stillness of the night the consciousness of those eyes became painful to her. She wished that Teenie would go to sleep, or turn her face to the wall; she felt inclined to talk, although it was in direct opposition to the doctor's commands; by-and-by she felt ready to do anything that would break the charm which those sad questioning eyes wrought upon her, and she had to make a strong effort in order to remain silent.

In a very little while, Teenie, lying there motionless watching her nurse, understood the whole position as well as if she had been conscious all the time. Grace had been nursing her through a dangerous illness—had probably rescued her from death by devoted care—and there she was, quite a helpless, useless creature, apparently doomed always to give trouble and anxiety to those who loved her, whilst she could never find the least opportunity to render them a service in return.

She felt so miserable and worthless; and she thought that the very best service she could render to everybody would be to remain quiet and die.

Then something seemed to whisper "Baby" in her ear, and her pulses quickened with life whilst her eyes filled with tears for which she could not account at all. Only she knew that she would not like to die.

"Grace!"

That lady was startled by the low pathetic cry which filled the room; it was one of the rare occasions upon which Teenie had called her by her Christian name; generally she avoided naming her altogether.

Grace was kneeling by the bedside, and Teenie looking wistfully into her face.

"I wonder how you manage it, Grace," she said faintly.

"Manage what?"

"To forget yourself the way you do—I couldn't do it. If you had been me, I couldn't have come to nurse you and save you as you have done to me. I must be awfully bad."

And she looked helplessly frightened at the sense of her own iniquity.

"You dear, silly child, you would do a great deal more than ever I have done for anybody you liked."

"And you do like me?"

"Very much."

"That's queer."

"Teenie moved her head for the first time, as if the problem required a change of position to be solved.

"Wh

"You don't know the spiteful way I think of you whilst—just because I know you are so good, and true, and brave. Whilst I wish you were at the other end of the world—or me; then I think it would be better for me to be away, because you would make him so happy and——"

"She went no further; her voice, weak at the best, seemed to be stifled with subdued sobs.

"Oh, Teenie, Teenie! why do you speak of this?—you are making me very wretched."

"I don't want to do that—for I like you, Grace, I like you a great heap."

Grace kissed her affectionately—that was the only reply she could make—and then she implored her to be silent.

"You must not speak of these things—you must not think of them, and you must go to sleep."

"Get Wattie to come and read me one of his sermons if you want me to go to sleep," she said with a faint twinkle of her old humour.

She seemed to be so much better, that Grace for an instant hesitated whether or not she would summon Walter; she knew that he was in his "workshop," trying to read whilst awaiting the report of any change for the worse. But the danger of exciting the patient beyond her strength was too great; and so she took her chair again, pretending to fall asleep, in the hope that Teenie might rest.

Then there was that strange noisy silence that is felt in the night when two people are wide awake, and each trying to keep quiet in order not to disturb the other. The little clock on the mantelpiece made an extraordinary din; the wind seemed to roar round the house, although it was a calm night; a branch of a rose-bush tapped on the window with irritating loudness and constancy; even their pulses seemed to be heard.

There was a grand crimson glow on the window, one of the panes glistened with prismatic lights, the lamp and fire faded, and they knew it was morning. It was a grateful relief to both, and each thought that the other had rested comfortably owing to the cunning way she had feigned sleep.

Grace administered the morning dose of medicine and then she went for Walter. He came in looking weary and haggard enough, but so joyful with the news conveyed to him, that he looked flushed and happy as he embraced his wife.

"What a fright you have given us, Teenie!" he said, husky with pleasure.

"Did I?—I'm awful sorry."

Then the cause of all the trouble—Baby—was introduced: a fat, plump, rosy boy, utterly indifferent to everything and everybody. He was placed in the bed beside his mother, and he kicked and squalled lustily.

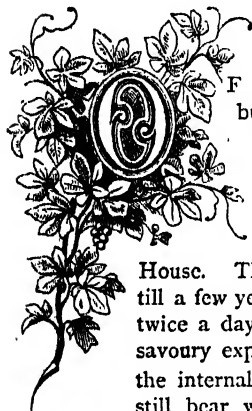
"He couldna be stronger if he was six months auld," exclaimed Ailie proudly and admiringly.

"What a funny wee ted!" said the mother, half laughing and half crying.

But when the doctor came he damped the joy of the household, for he found his patient terribly weak; he declared that she had been excited far beyond her strength, and he would not be answerable for the result. If she lived, it would not be due to his skill—and that was the first time Dr. Lumsden had ever made such an admission.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

IMPRESSED BY STAMPS.



OF all the snug and profitable businesses in London, there are not many which may be compared with that carried on in a very unpretending range of apartments in the lower part of Somerset House. The windows of these rooms till a few years ago looked out, at least twice a day, upon a vast and most unsavoury expanse of Thames mud; and the internal arrangements of the place still bear witness to that malodorous period in metropolitan history. It was impossible, or at least very dangerous, to ventilate the establishment from the river-front, and a shaft was therefore carried from the summit of the building down into these lower regions, and a strong current of air drawn through it by a revolving fan, which still spins round and keeps the place in a tolerably wholesome and comfortable condition. The Embankment has abolished the mud, and has enabled the public to peep in upon a very busy scene; but probably few of the passers-by are at all aware that from these dingy-looking rooms emanate most of the stamps, used throughout the United Kingdom.

It is not, however, through the windows that we most proceed to inspect this very important branch of Government manufacture. The entrance is from Wellington Street, through which all day long deeds and documents of every conceivable description are carried, for the purpose of receiving that magic touch of the die which instantly converts them from mere paper and parchment into

instruments as powerful as British law—a touch without which, it is curious to observe, they would be invalid, even though, through any material laid upon them, they had received the requisite impression.

The first thing likely to strike one who follows in the wake of a document tendered for stamping, is that Her Britannic Majesty conducts this department of her business rigidly on the ready-money principle. There is no trust here, or if there is, it is on the part of the customer, who hands over his money in one room, and forthwith proceeds to another one below it without either acknowledgment or equivalent. In this lower room he awaits the arrival of a "warrant," and perhaps amuses himself by speculating on the possible use of a broad band of canvas moving continually across the ceiling. This is a contrivance for bringing down papers from the room he has just left. The officer who has received his money, fills up a form which, when completed, shows that a certain sum has been paid, and "warrants" the stamping department in producing a stamp for that amount. This form is slipped into a spout, through which it falls on to the revolving canvas, is carried by it across the room and rolled into another spout, finally emerging on the counter in the room below. Here the warrant and the document to which it refers are put together and deposited in a shoot, down which they slide into a large room where stamping is actually going on.

Taking an imaginary dive down this shoot, the first thing likely to attract attention is an ingenious contrivance of the present comptroller for bringing the various rolls and packages from the bottom of

the shoot into the middle of the room. They fall on to a surface composed of parallel bars, of which every alternate one has a motion that carries anything laid upon it gently forward. In the middle of the room they are taken possession of by examiners, who scrutinise the warrants and whatever accompanies them, and mark upon the documents themselves the value of the stamps with which they are to be impressed. Those that are of paper are now distributed to the various presses; in the case of parchments, however, a preparatory process has to be gone through. Any stamp impressed upon them would be liable to obliteration by moisture; and against this, provision has to be made. In the first place a small slip of blue paper is pasted over the part to be stamped, and then paper and parchment are punctured, and a scrap of patent capsule metal inserted in such a manner as to form part of the surface to be operated upon. The stamp now to be embossed upon this combination of parchment, paper, and metal will be practically indelible. This preparatory process is partly done by boys, but by the aid of a little machine in the room one person may do in a given time four or five times as much as will be got through by a hand-worker.

As in most similar establishments under intelligent management, little niceties of arrangement and mechanical devices for facilitating and regulating labour are very numerous. In this room, for instance, is an odd-looking apparatus for obviating a difficulty which was found to arise in taking documents in their proper order. Before its adoption, parchments brought to be prepared for stamping were deposited in a heap, the bottom part of which, comprising of course all those first brought in, would often lie there the greater part of a day untouched. To meet this difficulty, a kind of roundabout was constructed, consisting of four troughs mounted on a central pivot. These troughs are filled and emptied in turn, each one as it is loaded being passed round one stage towards the machine already mentioned.

Most of the stamping in this room, having to do with a very miscellaneous assortment of sheets, is performed by hand-presses. At one time no other power was employed in any part of the establishment; but the introduction of stamped cheques brought in such an overwhelming influx of business, that the department, though working night and day in relays of hands, was unable to cope with it. They got a million and a half of stamps in arrears, and fell into no little confusion; and, but for the timely introduction of steam, would probably have broken down. A somewhat similar strain on the department was brought about by the institution of post cards, the first order for which was for one hundred millions to be executed between July and Michaelmas. On the other hand, the abolition of

newspaper stamps rendered useless a great deal of machinery, which had been specially invented for this work by the late comptroller, Mr. Edwin Hill, (the brother of Sir Rowland), who, in his power of organising labour and his mechanical ingenuity, appears to have been singularly well fitted for the management of an establishment like this; and, both in the machinery and in the general arrangement of the place, has left behind him many indications of great ability.

Now-a-days, arrears of a million and a half of stamps would be no very serious matter. The average number of penny impressed stamps—not adhesive postage or receipt stamps, or any of a similar kind, but *impressed* stamps such as are on cheques, promissory notes, etc.—is at the present time 225,000 daily. In value these important little impressions range from these penny ones up to £11,250, which represents the highest die in the possession of the department. This of course is not high enough for some of the plums that fall to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and it occasionally has to be repeated two or three times on the same document. This was the case, for instance, in stamping the will of the late Mr. Brassey, the probate duty on which required a combination of dies representing no less than £45,000, the highest amount paid on any document of late years.

The actual receipt of money and the operation of stamping are, for the most part, the duties of different departments. An exception is made, however, in the case of two or three machines which are constructed to register the number of impressions they give. Some of the sixpenny stamps are produced by a press of this kind, and the money is taken by the person who impresses the stamp. A similar arrangement is adopted in the case of two-and-sixpenny and five-shilling stamps, the only difference being that a money-taker intervenes between the person tendering the document and the official who stamps it.

One room of the department is devoted to various forms of stamping by steam power. The presses here are worked by boys, of whom there are, throughout the establishment, about 100. The skill and rapidity which some of these lads acquire are remarkable. They begin to learn by practising upon a "dummy" press, a wooden affair which produces no regular stamp and which, therefore, wastes but little paper and, what is of more importance, does not result in the loss of a finger or two, if the owners happen to put the ends of them under instead of the sheet. There are various kinds of machines going in this room, the most interesting of which perhaps is one producing the embossed oval stamps on envelopes, the pink ground of which is laid upon the die by two or three little rollers mounted on watch-springs and driven, by the machine itself, across the face of it,

every time it is uplifted from the bed in which the envelope is laid. Cheque-books are being stamped in this room in enormous numbers, the speed of the presses being regulated only by the limit to the manual dexterity attained by those working at them. Some are going at the rate of 60 stamps a minute, while one sharp hand is turning them out with apparent ease at the rate of 140 a minute, or about 40,000 in the course of an ordinary day's work, the machine itself snatching away each leaf the instant the blow has descended upon it.

One of the most interesting features of this establishment is the system upon which the work of these boys is organised, and which would be well worth the attention of many employers of labour who find the juveniles in their employ a constant source of annoyance and difficulty. Any detailed account of the system referred to would be scarcely within the scope of this paper, but it may be described as a very wise and carefully elaborated scheme for making a boy's promotion and advancement in earnings the unvarying result of merit, and rather a part of the machinery of the place than the effect of any action taken by superiors.

In another part of the irregular and rather bewildering maze of rooms in the occupation of the department, labels for patent medicines and half-penny stamped wrappers are being produced by the ordinary printing process, and in another room postage and receipt stamps are being dealt with. These and, speaking generally, all other adhesive stamps are printed and gummed by contractors off the premises, and are merely perforated in Somerset House. This work, as well as the great bulk of mere printing, such as newspaper wrappers and post cards, is in the hands of two firms, on whose premises the Board of Inland Revenue have officers charged with the safe custody of all plates, blocks, and dies, and the general supervision of the work so far as the interest of the Revenue is concerned.

The perforation of penny postage stamps is, altogether, rather a complicated process. They are of course printed in the sheets of 240 which may be bought for £1 at any post office, and theoretically these sheets should be all exactly of a size. Before printing, however, the paper requires to be damped; and, practically, this is found to expand the sheets in very different degrees, and the first thing to be done on their arrival at Somerset House is to sort them. This is done by boys, who rapidly lay each sheet against a gauge, and put them out in distinct piles. There are five sharp lads usually employed in this way, four of whom between them manage to get through on an average £12,000 worth of penny stamps a day. When thus sorted they are handed to others, whose duty it is to lay them in parcels of six or seven sheets, the stamps falling exactly one over the other, so that in every sheet the perforation shall be precisely in the spaces between

them. This is accomplished by having two pin-points at a proper distance apart, and sticking the sheets upon them, each pin passing through a mark printed on the paper for the purpose.

Each little parcel is now placed in the perforating machine, which is far too complicated to admit of description here, but the working of which may perhaps be made intelligible. The sheets being laid in the bed of it, and the machinery set in motion, a set of small punches come down and, at a blow, pierce three sides of every stamp in the first row on the sheet, leaving the space between the first and second rows unperforated. As the punches rise again in readiness for a second blow, the machine itself pushes the sheets along one stamp, and again the punches come down and operate on the second row, thus of course completing the perforation of the first, but leaving the space between the second and third rows uncut.

It is only the penny postage stamps that have to be gauged and sorted before perforation. Other kinds are done on paper which does not require to be wetted before printing. The cost of this preparatory operation however is merely nominal, and the penny stamps cost less to produce than any others of a similar size. Hence it is that they are retained notwithstanding that, owing to the liability of the colour to come off, they are confessedly rather unpleasant to handle in any considerable numbers, and from their stiffness are not always very easily made to adhere. As to the colour coming off, that in one respect is held to be rather an advantage than otherwise, since it very greatly increases the difficulty of removing the cancel-marks without destroying the stamp. This of course is an important consideration, so long as there are people who will always make merrier over a penny won by trickery than over a shilling they have honestly earned; but one cannot help thinking that to pay greater attention to the nature of the obliterating marks would be better than to retain a stamp which, while more extensively used than any other, is far inferior to them all. The cheapness of the stamp is, however, the principal reason for retaining it. But even if the difference between the cost of this and of a better form—the receipt stamp for instance—were far greater than it can possibly be, it would yet seem a very trivial consideration to weigh against the convenience of the public universally.

By this time many of the papers and parchments we saw coming down the shoot from the outer world have passed through the regular routine, and as we retrace our steps a little we find them undergoing a final inspection, from which they are tossed on to another revolving canvas, that gradually rolls them upwards to an aperture, through which they are ejected into the domain of an officer who deals them out again to the public.

GEORGE F. MILLIN.

NEVERMORE.



'HERE I SIT WITH DROOPING HEAD.'

AS I watch the fleecy snow
 Glistening on the moorland height,
 From the dazzling hall below
 Streams a flood of crimson light ;

Mingling with a paler sheen
 As the moon goes sailing by,
 Weaving silvery webs between
 The grey mountain and the sky ;

And the merry guests rejoice,
While I murmur o'er and o'er,
"Nevermore to hear that voice !
Nevermore ! oh, nevermore !"

From yon peaceful cottage steal
Pleasant sounds of youthful mirth,
And the varying lights reveal
Happy faces round the hearth—
Lo, they draw the curtains now,
But the shadows still are there,
And the bright heads meekly bow,
As they breathe their evening prayer.
Now a wistful face I see,
Watching from the open door—
Nevermore I'll watch for thee !
Nevermore ! oh, nevermore !

When the evening waxes late,
And the tapers brightly burn,
Oh, how sweet it is to wait
For some loved one to return !
In the gathering mists to stand,
Full of tender hopes and fears,
Till the dear one's loving hand
Wipes away our happy tears ;
But, alas ! I know that mine,
Though as eager as of yore,
Nevermore may rest in thine !
Nevermore ! oh, nevermore !

E'en the festive strain, that swells
O'er the loud rebellious blast,
To my lonely spirit tells
Mournful stories of the past—

Bearing on its shimmering wings
Records of departed hours,
Laughing even while it flings
Broken wreaths of withered flowers.
Could not summer's balmy gales
One wee bud to life restore ?
"Nevermore !" my poor heart wails,
"Nevermore ! oh, nevermore !"

Could I rest my burning cheek
'Gainst thy faithful breast once more,
Could I hear thy heart-pulse speak,
As it spoke to me of yore !
Ah ! methinks the perfect bliss
Would be tempting me to pray
That thy tender thrilling kiss
Might beguile my life away.
In my loneliness I cry,
"Soothe me, darling, as before !"
"Nevermore !" the winds reply,
Nevermore ! oh, nevermore !"

Now the noisy guests depart,
Little thinking as they go
That they leave one aching heart
To unutterable woe ;
For, as darkness falls around,
Here I sit with drooping head
Deaf to every passing sound,
Listening only for thy tread !
And as night wears on apace,
I am moaning as before,
"Nevermore to see that face !
Nevermore ! oh, nevermore !"

FANNY FORRESTER.

MY EARLY ADVENTURES.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, BY ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.



WHAT was there to be done ? I knew well that, according to the Shiitic tenets, "Takie" (that is the temporary secret existence of the sect) was allowed ; but in accordance with the Sunnitic tenets this is prohibited. As the sudden change of religion, though it often takes place with the people of Bagdad, would help me but little, and would have been still more dangerous as to my further plans, I had to bear contentedly the martyrdom, and to take up spiritual arms in this arena for the rights of Abubekr, Osman, and Omar, with all the zeal of his nearer-related followers. And what wretchedness—what endless hardships—what sad hours—how much reviling, derision, and here and

there even beating, had I to suffer on account of these first three Kalifs ! Indeed, I shudder at the remembrance of my Sunnitic incognito. True, it had something tragico-comical about it—how I, with my newly acquired eloquence—a stranger to the language I used, and foreign to the religion in whose behalf I used it—defended the rights of the first successors of Mohammed twelve centuries after their existence.

This was, at all events, the final draught of the chalice of bitterness I had to swallow on my tour in Persia. For the rest, the land and people of Persia offered me one of the most interesting studies, after having hitherto moved exclusively among Turks. The appearance of the (generally speaking) heavy and helpless Turk in the province of Azerbaïdshan, who tries to copy the proper Iranian in all his sliness and civilisation of manners, gave me much inward merriment ; and as the

dialect they use also attracted my full attention, so that within a fortnight I could use it pretty fluently, I awaked the Shiitic, proselytizing jealousy at many a place, and they sought to get me back by all means to the teachings of the sole authority of Ali. The impressions I received became the livelier the further eastward I penetrated, and at the same time the more encouraging for further progress. When I found in Tebris, for the first time on my Central Asiatic travels, a table and chairs, emblems of European civilisation, it required all my moral courage and mental power to suppress my yearning after the distant Western lands.

I was just seated on my rush-mat in the Caravanserai of Emir, when I was struck by the expressions in German, in the Swiss dialect, of a European passing me. He was speaking to a countryman of his following him. I accosted him. Mr. W— was quite astonished to find a European under such circumstances and thus disguised. He at once offered me hospitality, though I refused to accept of it during the first two days; but in the end I could not resist the temptation; and once in his house, I enjoyed in full the luxury of European customs. Clean linen, a good board, a comfortable bed, had a relish; but very soon the inner voice awoke me to the consideration of my circumstances for the safety of the future. I tore myself away from the sweet comradeship and the enticing fetters of comfort, donned my filthy dervish garment again, and on went I on the path of misery and privation as before towards Teheran. And the July sun of Persia did not make my ride under his parching rays more easy or comfortable.

In the Persian capital I was to be exposed to similar temptations, and indeed it required a much greater effort to tear myself away from luxurious enticements, into the tiresome path towards my prescribed goal. As my kind readers may remember yet, I had to enjoy the hospitality of the Turkish Ambassador at Teheran, and this proved more superabundant in its show than I ever could have expected. Haider Efendi petted and spoiled me nearly by forestalling all I required, by his grand mansion, and his luxurious table. Similar was the manner of living of all European ambassadors.

It must be remembered that I arrived at Teheran with the fame of a prodigy. People were much surprised at my ease in speaking the Azerbaïdshanic dialect of the Turkish tongue. Some suspected even that I might have travelled for some time previously in those regions.

Sweet was the rest in the Turkish summer palace at Dshizer, in the neighbourhood of Demawend, a thousandfold sweeter when remembering the pestilential air of Teheran, and the burning glow of the sun of South Persia. And yet I awoke one fine morning at the end of August with the firm purpose of getting my meagre knapsack ready for further wan-

dering. Forward, ever forward, prompted a secret voice from every quarter of the compass. I proposed to hasten across Khorassan to the river Oxus, but as the conflicts then raging made such an attempt next to impossible, and would have endangered all my experience gathered hitherto, my ardour for adventure had to choose another aim.

It drew me towards the celebrated Ispahan and charming Shiraz. True, it was the infatuation of a traveller only curious to know these historical gems, as I had to dread to lose all my hardiness gained, by effeminacy within the lap of luxury, and thus be forced to get hardened in afresh on my return voyage. The members of the Turkish Embassy, and some Europeans at Teheran, who in such a heat scarcely dared to issue out of the soft shade of their tent-like dwellings, thought me crazy in leaving. Their dissuasion, however, and their pictures drawn to frighten me from my undertaking, found deaf ears, and on the 1st of September I was already seated upon my lightly packed ass, again in my costume of Bagdad, with the many-coloured silk cloth ("kerfee") twisted like a turban round the crown of my head, the long tassels hanging lazily down in the hot stillness of the air to my very chest, and amidst a caravan, mostly of pilgrims on their return from the grave of Imam Rizas at Meshed, *vis à vis* Teheran, hastening back to their Southern homes again. I had seen much, very much indeed, and the firmness wherewith I remained in my adopted character of Sunnite, and passed a school of hardships and anxiety, was destined to be the best preparation for my subsequent struggles.

Imagine a pack of mad Southerners, who come home drunk with the imbibations of the chalice of fanaticism—return filled with enthusiasm from the grave of a Shiitic saint *par excellence*—who are mad against every form of Sunnism—*who* with canine instinct run in search of the scent of something that could be made a stumbling-block to their fanaticism, to cool their exuberance. And now consider me, with a frail body, wrapped in a poor and scanty garb, riding my modest ass, myself a Sunnite amongst them, without defence or protection, exposed to perpetual derision and scoffing, proceeding on the same road with them, and you may have an idea of the position that I occupied in the midst of these Meshedes. Had not the cowardice of the Persians been known to me, and had I been unable to make good my right of a "joldash" (travelling companion), I might indeed have become afraid for my safety. But I rightly thought the zealous* to be seldom thirsting after blood, where they cannot still their hunger at the same time with gold.

During the first days I was the target of general

* In Persia as elsewhere.

derision, contempt, and scoffing. While riding, while resting, and at dinner alike, I was assailed. Even during the cool night hours, when tired and worn out I fell a-dozing on the slowly pacing animal, even then I was unceremoniously roused, and rudely asked—

“What, do you mean that dog called Omar—that ugly domesticated animal—that vermin—was not a usurper? Answer, ha, Efendi; for, indeed, I feel a mighty impulse to send you, too, to your dirty patron saint.”

Thirteen centuries have passed since vanity and the thirst for ruling, dressed in the cloak of religion, commenced its wild, nation-severing battles, a struggle that cost a sea of blood, a mountain of dilapidated buildings, bankfuls of treasures, and—look here! after thirteen hundred years, I, seeking with harmless passion after Turanian roots of words, am still thrown into the same whirl of insanity, and awaked from my refreshing slumber by pokes in the ribs. Is this not fruitful?

These sufferings were sufficient to steel even the most timid in a struggle against the generally known zealotism of the Mohammedans of Turkestan. The hardships of the road, the privations during my travel, which I undertook as a pleasure trip on the largest scale through Southern Persia, all increased seriously, and yet only strengthened my desire for further wanderings. Having left Teheran with a single ducat, and counted on the benevolence of the Persians, I was of course reduced to the necessity of diminishing my daily food. Meat was with me a scarce article. I lived mostly on tea, bread, and fruit. I sought and found hospitality in the house of the Imam Dshuma, the highest and most influential prelate of the Shiites, whose power often overawed even the kings.

Aga Buzurg (Great Lord), as he was styled, received me very well, in the hope of being assisted in the glorification of Shiism over Sunnism during a controversy. He was, however, deceived. And what a shudder would have shaken any of the faithful, had he known how the Great Lord had eaten from the same plate, and drunk in common from out the same cup, with an unbeliever, whose touch sufficed to contaminate the members of the Shiite sect! Later, of course, he must have heard of it; but he gave vent to his anger only in public, because this head of the Shiites was nothing less than a bigot.

During my onward voyage to Shiraz I met with still more varied adventures and experience. I rambled often several consecutive days quite alone within the magnificent ruins of Persepolis. I boiled my scanty meal—some tea—on the altar of Nakshi Rustern, which relic looks as new as if its sculptors had but yesterday left off hammering the chisels that moulded it. And when the crackling flame arose, and the fumes ascended from the black

stone plate towards the skies, it lulled me for hours into a charmed contemplation, wherein the stony figures of the worship disused for centuries passed before my dreamy eyes. How interesting were, after all, those bygone days I passed within the honoured monuments of Persian antiquity!

Towards evening I used to slink to one of the adjacent villages to fetch my daily provender. Nothing disturbed my spirit of reverential piety within these sacred ruins but the silly custom of European travellers of engraving their names, with the hope of immortalising themselves, in the slabs or columns of the place. And that sky—that wonderful azure blue sky of Shiraz, never found elsewhere—how deeply did it move my soul, how happy did I feel for hours in its contemplation! I stopped two entire days at the tomb of Saadi, the great moralist and traveller. From his book did I suck the sweet honey of eloquence. He passed with his travelling-staff across two-thirds of the globe, and made himself immortal on every page of his writings. On the tomb of Hafez, not a great distance from that of the former, I thought it pious to quaff some cups of the excellent wine of Chullarij. A friend of mine, Dr. F——, accompanied me thither; and while the cups filled with the effervescent drink lingered on the horizontal marble slab, placed there by Kerim Khan for the glorification of the great poet of love, I found my most daring dreams surpassed. I forgot grief, misery, the hatred of the Shiites, and all wretchedness, happy in the few moments spent at that immense distance from my native land.

How I would fain dwell longer in the remembrance of those scenes! While there I should have liked to remain within the hallowed precincts longer. But it is time that I return to Teheran, and communicate to my readers those feelings which seized hold of me when I first met that company of ragged Central-Asiatic pilgrims, with whom I intended to enter the otherwise unreachable centre of Asia.

They looked indeed very ragged and wretched. In the features of their tanned faces poverty had stamped legibly its mark; a bewildered conception of world and men, a violent fanaticism unmistakable in its expression, awed the beholder from the very first meeting. That, notwithstanding all this, the small twinkling eyes of these Tartars had a smile for me, that I was enabled to draw courage and zeal from their manner, could be explained but by the fact of my scientific fanaticism plucking its medicine wherever it found it. In the same way as the single members of the Turkish Embassy saw but crafty pilferers and arch-murderers in these people, so would every European, maybe to-day myself, have opined; but then I lived so much within the influences of Asiatic ideas of all circumstances; my abode in Constantinople transforming

me into a Turk, the same way that my travels in Persia changed me into a thorough Asiatic. Indeed, I had no foreboding, nor did I believe it, that travelling with these pilgrims was connected with more hardships than I had suffered hitherto.

But herein I was essentially deceived.

To me, the immense difference by which the social and ethnographical life in Central Asia differs from the same within Mohammedan parts of the rest of Asia was unknown; and no doubt to this circumstance must be ascribed my illusion. In the first place, the uncommon uncleanness, which characterised not only the dresses of my travelling companions, but also their manner of living, I learned early to loathe, because it oppressed me—it lowered me by its very contact. He who has travelled with very scanty means from Trebizond to Shiraz, and then again to the very southern shores of the Caspian—he who, as I have related already, at the very first halting-place of his travels had to make uncomfortably close acquaintance with companions that are inseparable from all Oriental travellers, and who, finally, with wild and dirty-looking Turks, Koords, Arabs, and Persians of the lowest order, had to drink in common out of the most primitive vessels, and had to take his meals with his fingers out of the same dish, as I have done it often—might not have been touched so much by the inamenities of his life among such companions, though it might cause horror to a European; and with all former experiences to keep up my spirits, to blunt my fastidiousness, I was shocked, and thought the endurance of it beyond my strength within the very first few days—as soon as I entered into intimacy with the Tartar mendicant pilgrims.

Among twenty-four members of our company, to but four or six did their means allow change of their nether garments, though vanity or pride suggested to these also to dress up in shaggy garbs, consisting of many-coloured rags wherewith their body was more surrounded and patched over than dressed.

Added to all this, by far the greater part had a lamentably sickly appearance. Many were disfigured by chilblains, from long exposure to frost, and blisters brought on by want of protection against the sun's heat.

Consider now the fate of a European who had to rest night after night in close contact with these people; who was obliged to eat all his meals out of one dish with them; who had to bear and to be thankful for the daily bodily proof of their attachment, without being allowed to betray the slightest sign of loathing—a deadly sin among the Mohammedans. Under the sky, in the free air, my lot may have been considered tolerable, while travelling in a smaller party over hill and dale with my companions; but extremely disagreeable were to me the first nights, and the impression which

these left on my memory will haunt me to my very grave.

In my food, too, I had to undergo a great change. The Turkish and Persian board—which a European would consider insupportably bad—compared to what I had to eat on my travel through the south of Persia, appeared to my mind as the perfection of culinary art. How times changed with me! The Tartar gourmets delighted but in rice, prepared with plenty of mutton suet; and as this is not customary with the Persians, we had to purchase at our halting-places in Mazanderan a lot of tallow candles, break these up into a saucepan, and grease the rice-dish with the fat, although fresh butter could be had cheap and in abundance.

My wish to make use of the latter, and prepare for separate use my own share, might not have seriously shocked my companions, but I made up my mind to remain faithful to the principle of undivided friendship, and thought it better to succumb to the experiment of my thorough Tartarification, than to fall a victim to the suspicion and tyranny of the Central-Asiatic authorities. This appeared anyway to me the wisest policy, as I thought, and not without some likelihood, that my only hope lay in the adoption of as many Turkestanic manners and customs as possible for my thorough protection in their land.

Whether it may have been fear of my future fate, or repentance on account of my undertaken travel, that disturbed my peace of mind during the first few days, is a question put to me since by many. Should I own it openly, I should have to say that all such feelings were utterly foreign to my mind.

In the first place, the sympathy of my fellow-travellers appeared to me a sufficient guarantee of safety against all possible contingencies of danger. Secondly, the burthen, the hard struggle for existence during the first epoch of my mendicant life, had been softened in part by my previous hardships. Poverty I had known since my earliest youth. On the other hand, the charm of novelty which I met with during my strange existence amongst the Asiatics, and expected to find still more interesting in the future, made me forget the troubles of the present. Thirdly, the feeling of vanity to be treading on a virgin soil of geographical and ethnographical research, roused in my breast a sense of self-importance, and formed within me an ambition of such charm, and so mighty a sympathy, that to achieve something in this novel field of science I would not only have exposed myself to any toil and trouble, but would have dared any kind of danger. This consciousness went so far, that I often muttered to myself, "There never was any European here. Here thou art a Columbus! —a Pizarro!"

WOMEN WHO WORK.

THE LADY DOCTOR.



HE doctor? Yes, I am their doctor, inasmuch as I have attended the family for several years, brought the youngsters through their convulsions and measles, and just assisted at the introduction of a seventh baby. I have been up all night with the mother till the happy event was over ;

and now I must hurry off to see a poor girl who is lingering in a painful, wasting illness, which might have been cured in a month if she had gone to a doctor in the beginning, and which I much fear is beyond everything but alleviation now. She lives in Chelsea, and thence I have to go to two cases in St. John's Wood, one in Russell Square, and another right up at Highgate. A large enough practice? Yes, certainly. Consider that there are about half a dozen medical women in the whole of London, and not hundreds, but thousands, of sick and suffering fellow-women crying out for their aid and attendance, and it stands to reason that each of the former must have her hands at least as full as five out of six general practitioners.

But yet I am not a doctor? No—not, in law, either physician, surgeon, or apothecary. The law, as at present in force in England, forbids the giving of any such degree to a woman. She may study from the same books and in the same hospitals as male students, attend the same lectures and pass the same examinations ; and after doing all this she cannot take even the lowest medical degree open to a man. She cannot obtain even the least legal recognition of her studies and qualifications. "I believe," a very well-known physician told me, "that you are quite as well qualified to practise as myself, or any other medical man. I have no doubt that others of your sex are equally so ; but all the same you are a quack, because it is not allowed, and never shall be allowed, that you receive the necessary degree which, in the eye of the law, separates a doctor from a quack."

Therefore, you see, I am no doctor in one sense, but simply an unlicensed practitioner ; or, as the doctor says, a—*quack!* So be it, say I. If at the price of an uncomplimentary name, after years of hospital work, hard study, and general practice, I could save but half a dozen girlish lives, otherwise sacrificed to scruples of delicacy, which it is the fashion of the world to deny and ridicule ; but which, however foolish, do exist and will exist as long as men are men, and maidens maidenly—if I could but train half a score of women to a calm and skilful practice

of managing that ordinary event in the course of nature which, as Florence Nightingale says, is "not a fatal disease, nor a disease at all ; not a fatal accident, nor an accident at all ;" but which, in the hands of ignorant and uneducated women, hospital students equally inexperienced and fond of experiments, and surgeons fresh from fever cases and *post mortem* examinations, has cost more innocent and valuable lives than many a recognised and malignant disease—if I could do only so much, and no more, I would willingly bear and assume the title of quack, or whatever else ignorance and prejudice might be pleased to style me.

But how was it some medical women—Mrs. Garrett Anderson and Mrs. Elizabeth Blackwell—have been able to take a degree? How did Mrs. Anderson manage it? Well, in this way, by being the *first*, and therefore not so strictly guarded against by laws of regulation or precedent ; by what men would call a "fluke," in fact—I'm not fond of slang words myself. Mrs. Anderson studied at a public hospital, went through the full course, not as a recognised medical student, but under the guise of nurse, was given private lectures and instructions on all the different subjects by the hospital physician, passed her examinations as well as any man, and took her degree at Apothecaries' Hall, the lowest degree you can take, and that only available by virtue of the word "person" being used in the regulations of the society, without distinction of male or female.

It was after and in consequence of this, that a new regulation was enacted that no person not having passed the necessary examinations and gone through the regular course of study in a "public and properly qualified hospital," could take a degree as a "registered" medical practitioner.

Now, the College of Surgeons had already ruled that no woman should be permitted to enter herself as a medical student in *any* "public and properly qualified hospital." *Ergo*, no woman can take a degree ; or legally sign even a vaccination certificate as a "registered" medical practitioner : can—however perfectly qualified by hard study, careful examination, wide practice (all carried on under difficulties which would daunt nine out of ten men), and last, not least, womanly sympathy—obtain a legal right to interfere for the rescue of her fellow-woman from the jaws of death. A hard case? Well, yes, I think so ; but not so hard on those who would devote themselves to the work as on the patients they would succour.

What first induced me to take up the profession? Well, in the beginning, I suppose, a strong innate taste for the study of medicine—what, in fact, is

called a vocation—and a great desire to be able to relieve the physical sufferings of other women and children. No woman, indeed, who does not possess these two primary qualifications in a very marked degree should, in my opinion, attempt to embrace a profession every step of which is not only hard and painful in itself, but made harder and more painful by the fact of its being associated so entirely with men, that they seem to think they have a right to drive a woman from it, as they might a poacher trespassing on their preserves.

When Dr. Mary Walker lectured in a London hall, the students of a large medical college signalled their manliness and chivalry by yelling at and pelting her, as a lot of street-boys would pelt a wild cat.

When another lady sat among a host of fellow-students in the amphitheatre of a great American college, during a most painful disquisition, striving to banish altogether from her mind the fact that there was any other audience present save herself, and to take into it every particular which could and her to benefit her suffering sisters in a future day, a student from above dropped a sheet of note-paper containing some offensive jest on to her arm. It lay there a second in the eyes of everybody, and then, without moving head or eyes, or appearing in any way conscious of the insult, she just turned her arm sufficiently to allow the paper to roll off into the arena beneath. I don't know whether it was the silent contrast between the woman's dignity and the man's cowardice, but I am glad to say some of the young men in this case had the courage to hiss the scamp who had disgraced them.

Nerves? Well, I should think the preceding anecdote would have sufficiently answered that question, and proved that a woman can control them even in a most trying situation. If a woman's nerves are too weak for ordinary medical practice, how is it that, in the guise of sister of charity and army nurse, they can penetrate where the shells are flying thickest on the field of battle, kneeling by the wounded, or keeping at the surgeon's side, his coolest and most tireless assistant?

How is it that, as army nurse again, they can watch the most trying surgical operations, dress and bandage the most horrible wounds, and by their gentleness, patience, and *nerve* control even the outrageous fury of a delirious soldier? Nerves are not a question of sex, but of will. They have been considered as interesting and feminine in women, and therefore women have given way to and encouraged them; but, like most other moral and physical weaknesses, they can be subdued if the will be brought to bear upon them in sufficient strength, and a woman's will is no weaker than that of the opposite sex. She may indeed voluntarily submit it to a man; but independent of and apart from that submission, it remains as strong, if not stronger, in every way.

Besides, look at history. Pick out the principal characters of men and women, and ask yourself whether the latter are remarkable for a want of nerve, or the reverse. Look at Grace Darling at Gertrude von der Wart, at Lady Catherine Douglas! Look how women watch beside death-beds from which men have shrunk in horror, at times of pestilence, when they have kept up their own and their children's courage while strong men have sickened and died of sheer nervous fear. Boys are naturally much shyer than girls; and shyness is only a form of nerves. Train a girl in that respect as you would a boy, and the result will be the same.

One of the cleverest professors of anatomy that ever lived was a woman—Anna Mazzolini, he name. And I have seen the hospital surgeon and principal medical man in a large town, turn white and shaky at the sight of a little child in a fit, and have to be "kept up" with a glass of wine before he could take the proper means for its recovery.

No; nerves—and I have tried them by my own which were no stronger than other women's in the beginning—are nothing but a matter of will and training; and if, by over-fostering and weak indulgence, they have grown more noticeable in our sex that is only another reason why to get them into proper training and subjection is one of the first items in the "work" of a medical woman.

But about myself? Oh, I made my first essay in nursing. I nursed a cousin, of whom I was very fond, through a dangerous illness; and then he husband sickened, and I nursed him in like manner. At the end the doctor told me he had never had so able and efficient an assistant, either in man or woman; and knowing my desire to lead a useful life, and that my father had always had a great desire that one of his girls should study medicine, he not only advised me to embrace the study of medicine and nursing as a profession, but gave me a letter to the head matron of a certain royal hospital in Marylebone. I went there joyously; but as it happened the list of nurses was full. The matron, however, offered to admit me as a pupil, and agreed. I wanted work, and I knew that was work for which women were especially fitted, and for which they were often disgracefully incompetent.

Yes, you are right, I was in every way a novice to it myself at the beginning; but I didn't stay long. I worked very hard, and observed keenly for at the end of a few months the head matron remarked on my skill in attending to all regular cases (the others, a proportion of one to a hundred came under the medical men), and said she would give me the same certificate of merit as would have been given to a house-surgeon on leaving.

Well, yes, I felt flattered. You see I did not know then how little *real* use such a certificate would be in enabling me to enter on the medical career. Shortly after this the head matron was

obliged to leave, and I was left in her place, with the direction of everything, and with full authority to manage. It was about that time that I began to examine and reflect on the abuses and mistakes in hospitals for women, as at present conducted; and to see the extreme need for having superior and educated women thoroughly instructed in all the branches of medicine and surgery necessary in the medical treatment of their own sex.

No, I did not stay very long at that hospital. After the head matron returned, I went to Melbourne in medical attendance on a lady who expected to be unwell on the voyage, and did not care to trust herself in the hands of a young army doctor. After that I went to another London hospital for women, under one of the clever men of the day. He was very fond of his case and social enjoyments, and he found it so convenient to have some one on whose skill and judgment he could rely, that he gave me private lectures and instructions in surgical operations; and left general directions that, instead of troubling him, I was always to be called to manage every case of which I chose to accept the responsibility. In this way I attended many difficult cases, trained other women practitioners, and was in fact, though not in name, house-surgeon, for there was no other resident in the hospital. Indeed it occurs to me as one of the trials attending the life of a medical woman, that she may study and practise anything, be the doctor's right hand, or take his place altogether, so long, and no longer, as she does not attempt to claim the right to any recognition of her services, but will be content to keep in the background, and while doing a man's work, carefully hide from the world that it is done by a woman.

After this I went to Bern, and studied in the hospitals there; to Florence, and did the same; and on returning assumed the post of superintendent to a district body of Bible nurses, where I had to dispense medicines and attend in general practice over a thousand patients, among the poorer women and children.

No, I don't at all approve of women attending men, any more than I approve of men attending women. They are both unnatural and indelicate, one neither more nor less so than the other; and you must enter practically into the subject before you can see how widely spread, though carefully smothered, is the feeling that such is the case, even among poor and supposedly vulgar-minded women.

Have you never wondered why respectable females of the lower orders evince such a rooted horror of "going to the 'orspital," and prefer even to die in their crowded, miserable rooms, than be put under the students and surgeons of an airy, well-regulated hospital? There is reason enough, and many women besides lady doctors know it; but it is not a subject which will bear going into in a

general magazine; though anecdote after anecdote might be given which would make even careless and frivolous women shudder and weep, to think of what their humbler sisters have to endure because of a class prejudice, and because the very nature of such endurance prevents its being discussed in general society. They would do more than weep, they would earnestly and unitedly demand that if—as is now proved to be the case—women *can* be educated to the same pitch as men in all things connected with the medical treatment of women, provision should be made for such education as early as possible.

Such provision has been asked for—and refused. The result is, women go on asking, and both study and practise without it.

About one's own delicacy of feeling? No, I don't consider that the medical profession *need* in any wise injure or rub off the innate delicacy or refinement of any lady's mind. It may give her courage to speak plainly on painful subjects, where there is necessity for her so to do. It may make her less tolerant with mock modesties and that false delicacy which is a betrayal and contradiction of itself; but to assert, as many do, that lady doctors must, without exception, become strong-minded, unfeminine, and coarse, is utterly and entirely false.

I know a lady doctor living near me, of whom a lady of position, and a most ultra-refined and delicate woman, said to me, "I had had a great prejudice against ladies of your profession; but I fell in love with her at once. It was not her skill only, but the halo of gentleness and dignity which seems to envelop her, the refinement of mind which took the unpleasant taste out of even painful words, and gave me a feeling of rest and security from any shade of unpleasantness, which a woman seldom feels when entering into the subject of her ailments with a medical man."

No; why some women accuse us of indelicacy, and do more to injure and hinder us than anybody else, is because we are too truthful. We will *not* pander to the self-deceit of those fine ladies who, falling sick of over-feeding and over-idleness, of dissipation and unhealthy hours, call in a doctor to flatter them in their weaknesses, and afford their jaded nerves the relief of a little pleasing excitement. Ask any fashionable physician how many of these he can count among his regular patients!

Call in male professional aid if needed? Certainly. In any case where there is risk to life, I always offer to call in a medical man. That offer has been accepted once! Indeed, I would *always* in such cases follow the general practice.

But here we are at our journey's end, and a bad case of neglect before me. Yes, I dare say I shall be up all to-night and perhaps to-morrow; but no one should be a doctor who has not trained himself to sleep at any hour, and at a moment's notice.

IN HONOUR BOUND.

BY CHARLES GIBBON,

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-NINTH.

IN THE SUNSHINE.

It was a hard fight, but, as Ailie said, she "warstled through wonderful." Youth and a healthy

The state of his mother's health rendered it necessary that Baby should be brought up on "the bottle," and he took to his milk with splendid appetite, showing no interest whatever even in



"HE TOOK HER HAND"

constitution were good allies; and so the doctor, who had regarded the case with such gloomy anticipations, was able to take credit to himself for one of the most remarkable rescues in the annals of medicine. Indeed, he wrote to the *Lancet* on the subject, and ceased his subscription to that journal from the date on which his contribution had been declined with thanks.

By-and-by Teenie was able to sit out in the garden, oppressed almost with shawls and cloaks to protect her from the keen breeze. She would sit looking at Baby being nursed by Ailie or Grace—she was too weak to hold him often herself. He was a perpetual wonder to her: his smiles were glorious; his howls and kicks were inexpressibly comic.

the grave discussion as to what name he should bear.

It was a very grave discussion, renewed many times. Teenie and Grace had consulted endless lists of names at the ends of dictionaries and elsewhere, numberless grand names were proposed, but objections were found to all, and they came back to the point from which they started, that they must call him after one or both of his grandfathers. But Hugh was not a nice name, and Daniel, with its unavoidable contraction into Dan, was almost ugly. Walter was not bad, but they were desirous of giving precedence to the old people.

"I wish he had been a lassie," said Teenie thoughtfully.

"Why so?" asked her husband.

"Because then it would have been easy enough to settle his name—we would have called him Grace."

"I would have liked that very much," said Grace; "but as he is a boy, we must give him a boy's name."

Finally, it was agreed that he should be baptised Daniel Hugh, although there was a unanimous conviction that it was not a good combination.

Teenie grew stronger as days passed, and she was able to take long drives with Walter in the Dalmahoy gig which was sent over to the manse for her benefit. It was a delight to her to lean back, and stare about her and before her, feeling the pleasant breeze beating upon her cheeks, and inhaling strength at every step the horse made. Walter was beside her, and she was very happy, although she was often dreaming of the great sea—no land visible—waves rolling high, and the *Christina* tossing upon their foamy crests. Then she would look round upon the pleasant landscape, and wish that her father were with her.

There was the bright yellow corn, delicately tipped and tinged with green, waving and murmuring under the wind; at intervals there were groups of cots with white or reddish clay-coloured walls, covered with ancient thatch, moss-grown in parts, the rest embrowned by age and weather; or striped with earth-patches where the peasant had been repairing the roof.

Presently they would drive along the bank of a gurgling stream, where a band of boys who had probably raced there from the school were romping about, in well-patched clothes, with bare feet and with breeks—when they had breeks—rolled up to the thigh, whilst they waded in the water, in their hands very primitive rods—made of a branch, a bit of twine, and a bent pin—fishing for minnows. Others were rolling down the bank, in the simple enjoyment of mere life and freedom from school.

On the other side of the stream was a light green meadow, which had been closely cropped by sheep and cattle; beyond it a rich golden plain of full ripe barley, studded with stooks just cut; this plain was backed by the deep green of a turnip-field, and beyond that was a purple moorland seen through scattered trees of dusky green, fading into a blue-black background of plantation which formed a dark line on the horizon. Overhead, the sky clear pale blue, with fleecy clouds floating lazily eastward, forming into grotesque shapes fringed with bright silver and gold where the sunlight flashed upon them.

She was unspeakably happy in all this sunshine, although she was so weak and helpless. The brightness of the earth seemed to reproach her for certain dark and half-acknowledged wishes that

she might be taken away then in order to allow Grace to be happy. The world was very beautiful, and Walter was very kind, and she clung to both with desperate fondness. No, she could not give them up, although Grace was so good, and must be so miserable.

She was regaining strength rapidly; every day she felt better and looked better. During this period she became aware of the many signs of kindly interest in her welfare which were made by people whom she did not know, and to whom she had never spoken a word, as well as by those she did know. Friendly inquiries were made for her daily, and little offerings were left at the manse by rich and poor.

"The house is just bock fu' of jeellies and wines," exclaimed Ailie. "I dinna ken how they'll ever manage to get through it all."

"There's a great deal more kindness and goodness in the world than we fancy," Teenie said to her husband one morning, when she began to realise all the stir and anxiety her illness had awakened in the district.

One of the most devoted of Teenie's friends was Habbie Gowk. Throughout the period of her illness he was at Drumliemount some time in the course of each day, always with a bunch—a "babb," he called it—of wild flowers; and when he learned that she was up, and able to speak to those about her, the flowers were frequently accompanied by "A Morning Salutation," in verse of course, written on large blue letter-paper, in a big text-hand.

Walter was rather vexed to discover in the course of these visits that Habbie's face looked somewhat haggard, his eyes restless, and his clothes unusually tattered. Even Beattie seemed to have grown thin, and to wear a dejected look. The happy spirit of the poet seemed to have vanished; his loud laugh was never heard, and all his pawky ways of pressing the sale of his ballads were forgotten. He was a man oppressed with cares, the weight of which even his donkey felt.

Teenie and Walter were at the door, she seated beneath the roses and honeysuckle, he leaning against the porch. Habbie dismounted at the gate, left Beattie to browse at the roadside, and advanced.

"I am blithe to see you, mistress," he said, with hearty goodwill, "and I hope it'll be long or you ever ken such trouble again. You'll no care for this now."

He uttered this last sentence a little ruefully as he looked at the wild flowers he carried, and which this time, moved by some curious fancy, he had encircled with a ring of pink and yellow sea-ferns, binding the whole with a broad band of thick brown sea-weed.

"It's bonnie, Habbie," she cried, with almost

childish pleasure, as she took the "babb" and held it up admiringly, "and it was just uncommon kind of you to thin'k about them. This brings me to the woods and sea. Thank you, Habbie; I feel better and stronger looking at them."

"I'm glad, mistress, that they please you," he said simply.

"But what's wrong with you, Habbie?" she exclaimed, observing his altered appearance; "have you been poorly too?"

"No, no just poorly, but——"

He stopped, awkward, conscious of the very dilapidated condition of his wardrobe, and ashamed of being there.

"What is it, Habbie?" said Walter good-naturedly; "you are not the man you used to be. What has happened to you?"

The poet made a wry face, and scratched his tousled head.

"It's that fortune," he said, with a faint perception of the ludicrous contrast between his appearance and the cause to which he attributed it. "That—um—that siller Geordie Methven left; it's put a'thing wrang."

"How so?"

"I promised no to speak about it, but I winna hold my tongue longer. I wish I had gone to the Laird when he said I might go; but the writer Currie threatened me no to speak to mortal man, or he would drop the case; and so I was feared to speak, and it's just been a millstone round my neck. It's waur nor the gaswork yet."

"But if you are the heir, as Currie tells you, there should be no need for secrecy of any kind."

"I think Currie's a—beg your pardon, mistress; I'll no call any names in your presence; and I dinna ken that I should mention the matter here of all places, for you are both interested parties."

Walter and Tecnie laughed.

"Don't be afraid of us, Habbie," he said; "we have not the least notion of contesting your claim to the fortune."

"It's no that I'm feared about; I would be glad if it came to you; but Currie gar'd me sign a paper giving him power to do what he likes, and he's kept me on waiting and waiting, day after day, expecting that the business would be settled, and I would find myself a man of fortune. But every morning there's this plea, and that plea, and one delay, and another delay, until I'm clean worried out of my judgment wi' expectations that come to naething. Yet I canna gi'e up the chance. The craving for the siller seems to ha'e grippit me, and I can do naething but dream about it, waking and sleeping, and I wish to the Lord I had never heard about it. I can hardly keep from calling him ill names, even in your presence, mistress, when I mind what fine times Beattie

and me had afore I ken'd that there was a chance o' my heiring a fortune. It's fair ruination."

He was much excited in giving this story of his troubles, and there was a pathetic sigh in his voice as he lamented the happy days when he had been a contented vagrant.

"You should place the business in the hands of another lawyer, if you think Currie is not acting justly," said Walter, deeply interested.

"Aye, but though, what better would I be? I ken nothing of the business, and the thing has grown upon me in such a way that I'm feared to do anything that might lose a chance; for I canna go back to the time when I never thought about it; I canna be as I was. I feel now as if the siller was really mine; and if it's decided that I have no claim till't, it will be just as bad as though they took it out of my pouch. I ken it's laughable that a ragged, guid-for-nothing creature like me should even himsel' to be heir to millions, but it was put in my head, and I canna drive it out."

"But what is the difficulty in your case?"

"As far as I can make it out, it's just this: My mother was one of the auld wifie Methven's daughters, but I was born in an out-of-the-way place in the Orkneys, and they canna prove that I'm the son of my mother. Whiles I'm tempted to run away from the whole affair, but then I come back, hoping and hoping, and syne I take a dram just to forget myself, or to feel as blithe as though I'd come into the fortune. But I'll no weary you any more. I'll speak to the Laird; he kens the law, and maybe he can help me. Guid day, mistress, and I wish you had the siller, though I'm no sure it's a good wish."

"I'll speak to my father too, Habbie, and if we can help you we will."

"Thank you, sir; it's kind o' you, but I'm doubtful."

He went away, refusing to have anything to eat (he was not offered anything to drink). He did not go to Dalmahoy that day however. He visited his acquaintances, got a dram here and a dram there, rarely saying a word about his fortune, but feeling his burden lighten with each successive dram. Finally he found himself in the evening seated in a cosy room at the inn, surrounded by a group of fishers, mostly young men, who looked upon him as a kind of butt for their frequently rude mirth, at the same time feeling a vague respect for him as a poet, and as the possible heir to the boundless wealth of the late George Methven. He told stories and sang his songs, his glass was kept well filled, and he was as happy as if he had obtained the fortune, or had never heard of it.

Somehow he reached his lodging, and during the night he roused his landlady, shouting—

"Tibbie! Tibbie, woman! I'm that dry; fetch in the well!"

His miseries returned to him in the morning.

CHAPTER THE THIRTIETH.
IN THE SHADE.

"**THAT** fortune is a shuttlecock," said Walter next day, as he was preparing to go out; "everybody seems to have a game with it, and to feel much the worse for the amusement. It was lucky we never had anything to do with it."

"Yes, it was lucky," Teenie thought, and at the same time she remembered what Dalmahoy had told her when trying to persuade her not to marry his son. It was curious that Walter seemed to have so entirely forgotten it.

He left her in his room; he had to pay a number of visits to his parishioners, and then he was going on to Dalmahoy. She had to arrange for him some old papers, which were untidily packed in a deal box he had brought with him from college. She was in a dreamy mood to-day, but the task before her was simple and interesting, for it would help her to realise his life during his student days.

There were old essays which he had written as exercises in his classes, or for the debating society to which he had belonged; his first attempts at sermon-writing; scraps of sermons and rough notes suggestive of other sermons; the letters of old college comrades, and some wild squibs and caricatures written during the contest for the election of the Lord Rector.

They were very amusing sign-posts of the past, and Teenie felt quite merry in going over them. There were many ridiculous things to laugh at, and to tease him about hereafter; many indications of wild notions which were as unlike the quiet resolute man who was her husband, as if they had been written by another person altogether. What a transformation there was from the youth to the man! and yet he had always seemed the same to her. She wondered if other people had noted the change which had escaped her eyes.

There was one more bundle of papers—letters, tied with a thick cord and crushed into a corner. The handwriting was a lady's. She opened the letters with a peculiar feeling of curiosity—a mingling of merry anticipations of something more to tease him about, with a touch of regret that his past had not been all hers.

They were Grace's letters, written to him whilst he was studying in Edinburgh, or during his absence on some excursion in the Highlands.

Although there was a smile on her face, her heart beat fast, and then fluttered feebly as if she were in the dark, conscious of the presence of some indefinable danger. She hesitated to read them; she felt that it would be wrong to do so, and she began slowly to retie the bundle.

It was very careless of him not to have destroyed them; most negligent of him to forget that they were in this box when he asked her to arrange its contents. Perhaps it was not owing to negligence

that he had left the letters there, but because he knew that they did not contain anything which she might not see?

She paused, pondering that question.

The sophistry of the wife's curiosity prevailed. She untied the bundle of letters again and read them. One by one the letters were taken out of the envelopes, read, and replaced.

She did not think of the pain Grace would have suffered, had it become known to her that those letters had fallen into other hands than Walter's; but she did think that he had been cruel in not destroying them. Or was it possible that he could have been so blind and dull, that he had not felt the yearning woman's heart throbbing in every word and every line? Here was the revelation of a love so strong that under its grand halo nothing he could do seemed wrong; so self-forgetful that Teenie partly understood now how Grace could love him and yet surrender him to another.

The foibles which he confessed in his letters to Grace were treated with tender partiality; the little tokens of success which he was able to announce were hailed and magnified with loving enthusiasm; the few conventional words of affection which he wrote were received with eager gratitude. How utterly submissive to his pleasure was this woman; how grand he must have appeared in her eyes; and how cruelly unconscious he must have been to it all!

Teenie felt that her love was very poor indeed compared to that of Grace; yet he was her husband, and Grace still loved him, and was able to care for his wife.

She could not understand it at all: she thought there was a mistake somewhere. She was not given to tears, but she bowed her head over that sad record of a disappointed affection, and cried bitterly—not for herself. There was no jealousy, no angry feeling in her heart now; there was nothing but piteous regret that she had marred the happiness of one who deserved it so much better than she did. Why, why was it that one so good and generous as Grace was, should have to suffer, whilst she, a weak useless creature, should have her wishes granted?

She asked the question almost fiercely; and then she felt afraid—felt that she had done something unpardonably wicked, and, sobbing, wished that she had never been born, since she was the cause of sorrow when she wished most to give joy.

What agony Grace must have endured; and how bravely she had concealed it!

Teenie dried her eyes, irritated with herself for such weakness, and then, very tenderly, tied up those old letters. Holding the bundle in her hand, dazed with strange thoughts and self-accusations, and her heart aching, she tried to think what she

could do to relieve Grace. Nothing, absolutely nothing; she must just sit still with the knowledge of all the sorrow entailed upon one whose life was blameless, without even the privilege of telling her that she shared her pain.

She replaced the letters in the box, and turned away from them. Since she could do nothing she would try to forget them: but she could not.

Walter found his wife looking much paler than she had done when he went out in the forenoon, and she was much weaker too.

"You have been wearying yourself," he said anxiously, and fearful of a relapse; "you should not have overtaxed your strength. What a stupid fellow I am, to have allowed you to attempt anything just now!"

He poured out her medicine, and tried to make her more comfortable in the chair. He moved about rapidly, performing all those little affectionate offices which relieve an invalid.

Her big dreamy eyes followed his every movement, with a strange eager look in which there was much sadness. She noted that, although he was trying to hide it from her, there were signs of agitation on his face and in his manner. Had he remembered about the letters, and was he vexed to think that she had seen them?

When he had done everything he could think of to relieve her, and stood by the chair anxiously watching her, she looked up at him with a quiet smile.

"I'm better now, Wattie; I'm always better when you are beside me," she said; "I'm getting strong fast—but what is the matter with you?"

He was disturbed by the question, and looked grave as he took her hand, patting it gently with his own.

"I suppose it's better to tell you at once than allow you to worry yourself wondering what it can be. My father is in serious difficulties, and——"

He stopped, for the words he had been about to utter—"he blames me"—would have vexed her. So he said quietly—

"And I do not see how to help him."

"But what are the difficulties?"

"Money—money—and money," he answered, trying to speak lightly.

"Is that all?"

He smiled at the question, and was thankful she had so little experience of that terrible condition, the want of money, whether it be little or much.

"Yes, that is all."

"Then we can help him—my father will do it for us."

Her face brightened, and she felt almost glad of this calamity which enabled her to be of some use. But Walter shook his head, as if her hopes were quite vain.

"Your father will not be home in time, and if he

should be, I do not think he could advance the sum required—seven thousand pounds."

"Eh!" cried Teenie, in despair; if he had said seven millions she would not have been more startled. She only knew that he had mentioned a sum too large for her wildest fancies to realise.

"How could the Laird make away with such a heap of money?"

"He says it made away with itself. At any rate the money was borrowed on the security of Dalmahoy, house and grounds, and it was spent. The Laird was not much afraid of being unable to repay the money when called upon, and was sure that at the worst he could renew the loan; for Mrs. Dunlop, from whom he borrowed, was one of his oldest friends. But several projects upon which he had counted have failed; Mrs. Dunlop is dead, and her heir has just served my father with a terrible document called a 'Schedule of Intimation and Protest,' the effect of which is that, if the bond is not paid off three months hence, Dalmahoy will be sold."

There was a sort of grim satisfaction in talking thus calmly about a matter which was racking his heart with pain—a matter which meant the utter ruin of his family.

"And your father—your sisters—what will they do?"

"Who can tell?" he said, so quietly, but with a pale look which filled Teenie with dread. He was gazing down dreamily at the box of old papers, and his thoughts wandered back to the happy student days when the future seemed so clear, and his energies seemed great enough to overcome any difficulty life could present. He went on: "They cannot work, and I have no home to offer them. Droll, is it not?—there is that Methven fortune, which might make so many people happy, uselessly multiplying itself whilst a whole crowd of heirs are wrangling over it and making themselves wretched about it; and here are we, who might be saved from misery if we could only obtain a fraction of it. I shall learn many wise lessons from that fortune, if I can only escape the mania of craving to possess it. At present I am sorely tempted to desire it for my father's sake."

He spoke in much the same tone and manner as if he were reviewing a mathematical problem, or looking curiously at some psychological puzzle. He had not the least craving for the Methven estate; although he saw how much trouble a very small portion of it would have spared him, yet it was no more than an interesting subject for reflection to him. He was deeply distressed on his father's account; and he had been sharply reminded that the present crisis was entirely due to his obstinacy in marrying Teenie; if he had only fulfilled his engagement with Grace—"an engagement," said the Laird, "which your sense of

honour as a gentleman should have compelled you to keep, no matter what she was willing to agree to—there would have been no trouble now. There would have been plenty of means to clear Dalma-hoy, and to save it from that scamp who is a mere gambler on the Exchange of Glasgow, and who is either hard pressed for money himself, or thinks this a good opportunity to set up as a landed proprietor."

"However," said the Laird finally, in his grand magnanimous way, "I've eaten my cake, and I am content; but then I have eaten your share as well as my own, and that's awkward—for you."

His frankness and generosity were beautiful.

These things running through Walter's head, he was still unconscious of any regret that he had acted as he had done, although he could not avoid acute suffering in the knowledge that the course he

had found it necessary to pursue should entail sorrow upon others. He questioned himself, had he not acted selfishly? Then he looked at Teenie and simply answered the question—he could not help it.

At the same time he stooped down to the box of old papers; he turned them over tenderly, and presently he came to the bundle of Grace's letters. He took it up with a glow of sweet and sad remembrance on his countenance.

"Poor Grace!" he said, handling the letters fondly; "she was very kind to me; I wish I could show her what an exalted place she has in my thoughts."

He was unconscious that Teenie was watching him, and that her eyes were very wide and bright.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRTIETH.

SOMETHING LIKE A FIRE.



WELL, you seem to have discharged the 'Whole Duty of Man,' according to John Murray," remarks a St. Petersburg friend to whom I have been retailing my experiences of the interior of Russia. "Is there anything left to add to the list?"

"Nothing that I can think of, unless it be a big fire."

"A big fire, eh? Why, you're worse than the rat that starved in the granary. I'm sure there have been fires enough this summer to give every tourist in Russia one for himself."

This statement, though rather "tall," can hardly be set down as a positive exaggeration. During the past summer Russia has been outdoing herself in fires, in a way astonishing even to those who remember the great conflagrations of 1862. All the journals have been teeming with fire after fire, to an extent which might lead a casual observer to conclude either that the Russians are in the habit of regaling themselves annually with a patriotic rehearsal of the burning of Moscow, or that the entire nation has attained the condition of the Chinese in Charles Lamb's incomparable "Essay on Roast Pig," among whom the only known method of cookery was by burning the entire premises. North, south, east, and west, the public at large appears to have been amusing itself by making a bonfire of everything that comes to hand, while the insurance companies of every degree are repenting in dust and ashes. One could hardly open a newspaper without seeing announced, in a careless off-hand summary of half a dozen

lines, as a matter of no moment, the destruction by fire of "fifty houses," "one hundred and thirteen houses," "an entire street containing several public buildings." Hitherto, however, I have remained, like Gideon's fleece, dry amid abundance, not a single fire out of all this multitude having been obliging enough to come in my way; but it is decreed that this delay shall be atoned for by the spectacle of a conflagration worth all the rest put together.

One dreary September night, I had been sitting up late over the fifth volume of Count Tolstoi's "War and Peace," perhaps the best Russian historical novel ever written. I was just midway through the Borodino chapter, and had so thoroughly enjoyed the lifelike description of the great battle, that it was little wonder if it haunted me even in sleep. But I could hardly have slept more than an hour, when I was roused by a clamour that might have awakened a rural policeman, and, rushing to the window, found myself in the midst of a scene that almost realised the visions of battle upon which it had broken. Alarm-lights were hoisted upon the tower of the fire brigade station, which was next door to me; lamps were flitting about the courtyard; the trampling of horses and the rumble of wheels, mingled with the hoarse shouting of many voices, came echoing from below; and overhead, the whole sky was purple with the reflection of a fierce red glare that broke the darkness far away to the eastward. There could be no doubt of it, I had got my wish at last. I dressed myself as if "running it close" for morning chapel at Oxford, and was down-stairs and out of the house in a twinkling.

"Where is it?" ask I of one of the helmeted

figures in grey frieze who are rushing about in front of the station.

"Tootchkoff Bridge," answers the man, and the next moment I am running at full speed towards the scene of action. There is no need to inquire further; at the mention of the Tootchkoff Bridge, I comprehend at once the whole extent of the catastrophe. The bridge in question crosses the Lesser Neva about half-way along the eastern shore of the island on which the Vasili-Ostroff suburb is built; and close to it, on the farther side of the river, lies an enormous hemp-wharf, containing four or five warehouses, and usually covered with piles of loose bales, in addition to the quantity stored within. Such a magazine of fuel, once fired, would make a blaze to startle all Petersburg; and, indeed, the whole neighbourhood is already in commotion. Heads are thrusting themselves out of windows; voices calling to each other; half-dressed figures running about the streets; and more than once, as I fly along, a fire-engine comes thundering past at full gallop, the brazen helmets of its men glancing redly in the fitful light. At length, as I turn the corner of the street leading to the Tootchkoff Bridge, the whole scene bursts upon me at once.

The entire front of the hemp-wharf is one sheet of dancing flame, which, tossed by the rising wind, swoops forward ever and anon as if to overleap the very river itself, casting out a heat which, even across the whole breadth of the stream, is wellnigh unendurable. Beneath the deepening glare, the river seems to run blood; the faces of the crowd, looking wan and ghastly beneath that infernal lustre, appear and vanish like phantoms; while, in the distant background, the tall lance-like tower of the great church of the citadel looms out through the rolling smoke like a threatening giant. Of the store-house in which the fire began nothing is left but a great heap of glowing embers, around which the flames rising from the loose hemp lap and surge like a whirlpool. A second warehouse is just bursting into a blaze, and the engines are working with might and main to save it, the long black line of the water-jet standing out against the flaming background like a bar sinister drawn athwart some gorgeous escutcheon. But all is in vain. The hemp within is already alight. The smoke deepens—thickens—reddens suddenly—and up through the roof leaps a great spout of fire, with a long rejoicing roar, accompanied by a sharp snapping like the report of a firework. The rafters crack and hiss in the blaze; the "chirr" of broken glass is heard from the upper windows; and right and left the fiery claws clutch at the adjoining timbers, till all is one broad flame, above and below.

Wilder and wilder grows the tumult. Engine after engine comes rattling up, goes thundering

across the bridge into sudden darkness, and comes out again in the full glare of the fire—the faces of the men, and the very buttons on their uniform, standing out as clear as if under a microscope. What with the stifling heat, the fierce intensity of movement, and the deafening uproar, my battle-visions are more than realised. Every feature of the panorama—the hoarse words of command, the incessant play of the engines, the helmeted figures running and scrambling under the red glare, the crash of falling timbers, the masses of men looming shadow-like through the rolling smoke—is in grim harmony with the idea. It is the escalade of Badajoz over again!

As yet the great warehouse in the centre of the wharf has escaped unscathed, though environed on every side by a perfect wall of flame; but it has evidently not long to live now. Flakes of burning hemp fall upon it like rain, and a long jet of fire from the nearest of the blazing buildings keeps darting viciously out at it, in stroke after stroke, like the arm of a boxer. One blow, swifter and fiercer than the rest, at length gets well home; the dark mass is suddenly lit up from within, sparks and pieces of wood fly in all directions, and in a few seconds the whole building is in flames. And now the destruction has reached its height. From the head of the bridge to the furthest storehouse, the whole wharf is one great roaring blaze, the floating spurks of which shoot athwart the black sky overhead like the fiery rain of Dante's "Inferno;" and in its ghastly splendour, the whole length of the quay, the dark woods that cluster along the farther shore, and even the golden domes of the churches far away beyond the Great Neva, stand out in a weird unearthly picturesqueness.

At this moment—how or whence no man can tell—a fearful whisper runs through the crowd that there are men shut up in the great warehouse—probably stupified by the smoke, and unable to get out. The rumour speedily reaches the firemen, and the bare suggestion is enough to stimulate them to redoubled exertion. Half a dozen stalwart volunteers, with their clothes steeped in water to keep off the flames, dash into the glowing mass, flinging aside the half-consumed timbers with the strength of giants; but the stifling heat soon overpowers even *them*—they stagger, scorched and gasping, out of the furnace, and sink exhausted on the ground. One man actually plants a ladder against the burning building, and mounts it with the hose-pipe under his arm, in the hope of giving it a surer aim. For one moment he is seen outlined against the flaming background like a statue of bronze—and then an ill-aimed jet from one of the other engines strikes the brave fellow full on the body, and sweeps him like a feather into the very heart of the fire! Not a trace of him was ever seen again; and his very name is most probably un-

known. Why should it not be? he was neither grandee nor general—

"Only an honest man
Doing his duty ;"

and human life, like human labour, is cheap in Russia.

And so, through the long night, the fire roars and rages ; and when the day dawns upon it at last, there is but little left for the destroyer to feed on. Slowly and sullenly his rage dies away in hoarse growls and gaspings, and the silence of utter desolation now sinks upon that great wilderness of ruin.

While the fire raged, the indescribable magnificence of the spectacle made one half forget its horror, and the ruin which it entailed ; but in the grey of early morning, when the uproar and excitement are over, it is a dreary and hideous sight. Over the whole place broods a guilty silence, an air of hopelessness and lifelessness, a blank unseeing stare from the gaping windows, which makes one feel like the accomplice of some mysterious crime. The great warehouse, where the fire did its worst, is gutted from roof to basement ! only a few blackened beams, like the ribs of a skeleton, bridge the space between the smouldering walls. Overhead, the clear sky is blotted with creeping smoke ; while the ground is covered far and wide with half-consumed bales, mounds of singed hemp, masses of iron plating bent and twisted in every direction, charred planks and smoke-blackened rafters floating in pools of water ; and around the chaos stand groups of curious spectators, not noisy or excited, but with a cool scientific appreciation which seems to say, "We have seen the like often before, but it is always worth seeing again."

It needs little imagination to transform the whole scene into a great battle-field ; the blackened ruins of the contested entrenchment standing grimly up

in front—the charred bales and broken planking strewn the ground like heaps of slain, amid which the strips of scarlet cloth show like trickling streams of blood—while the helmeted firemen who toil amid the chaos might well pass for the few survivors of the conquering army paying the last honours to their fallen brethren. And that nothing may be wanting to complete the tragedy, amid the thickest of the ruin lies a strange formless heap, oozing out a thick, white, nauseous smoke—a kind of unctuous, pitchy cinder, from which the most case-hardened veterans of the fire brigade avert their eyes in horror. There are five men missing this morning from the gang of the Tootchkoff Wharf, and this is all that is left of them !

Turning away in disgust, I suddenly come face to face with the Russian acquaintance mentioned at the opening of my story, who is surveying the dismal scene with the air of a connoisseur.

"Well," remarks he, with a quiet smile (he is a man who would make a joke upon anything), "one advantage of all this is, that after such a destruction of hemp it will be simply impossible for men of moderate means to hang themselves for some time to come !"

So goes the march of events. A catastrophe unparalleled within the memory of man, the destruction of three millions' worth of property, half a dozen men killed by the cruellest of all deaths—and all this is summed up in ten or twelve careless lines of print and the passing jest of a dilettante ! But the counter-observation of an old fireman who is working near us sends me away somewhat comforted.

"Poor fellows !" mutters the veteran, crossing himself, as he looks askance at the shapeless mass into which five living men have been melted down, "there's little enough left of them now, but God will know them when they come to Him."

THE FISHER'S WIFE.

THE fisher's wife she stood on the strand,
And watched him sail away ;
As she waved a last adieu with her hand,
He could hear her gently pray.
He heard her pray—for she would not weep
Till she saw his bark no more—
"God keep my fisher from harm, on the deep,
And send him safe to shore."

She prayed and wept, and the fisher was kept
Secure on the storm-tossed wave ;
But she—ere he came back again, she slept
In a green and new-made grave !

None weeps for him now, but at times he seems,
When rocked in his bark by the storm,
To catch in his dreams faint shadowy gleams
Of a dear familiar form.

He sees her stand on the golden sand
That is washed by a crystal sea ;
And she beckons to him with a shining hand !
Ah, yes, it is surely she !
She watches for him, but she does not weep,
And he hears her pray once more—
"God keep my fisher from harm on the deep,
And bring him to this fair shore."

F. MALCOLM DOHERTY.

important business is as soon after the meeting of Parliament as will permit of a truthful calculation of the public income to the 5th of April, at which date the official year ends. In his statement the Chancellor compares the income and expenditure of the past year, estimates the probable receipts and payments of the coming year, and announces in what manner, if any, taxation is to be amended. He concludes by proposing to the Committee the renewal of those taxes which are annual, and, as such, cease at the close of the financial year. The great branches of the revenue, such as the Customs and Excise Duties, the Stamps and Assessed Taxes, the Land Tax, etc., are granted to the Crown perpetually, but the Income Tax must be re-imposed yearly by Parliament. The duty on tea, also, though an Excise Duty, is renewed annually, simply with the view of obviating the recurrence of a collision between the Lords and Commons on a point of privilege, which arose some years ago on this tax. The proposals contained in the Budget are fully discussed by the Committee of Ways and Means, which is thus enabled to forecast the financial operations of the year, and so judge whether more taxation is being imposed than the anticipated claims of the country will render necessary. If satisfied with the arrangements of the Chancellor, the Committee assents to the renewal of the expiring taxes, or to such modifications of, or additions to, the permanent taxes, as the necessities of the State demand.

The financial routine of the country, then, may thus be summed up. The Crown, in the Royal Speech, demands money; the House of Commons alone, by votes in Committee of Supply, authorises expenditure; Parliament, in Ways and Means Acts, provides the money to meet the expenditure; the Executive Government, acting under the authority of the Ways and Means Acts, applies the surplus of the Consolidated Fund, after provision has been made for prior charges, to the services thus voted in Committee of Supply. Each one of these processes has an importance in a constitutional point of view, while the system as a whole bears evident marks of the conflicting relations of the three estates of the realm, and of the struggle between them.

Thus the introduction of the Budget in Committee of Ways and Means, and the renewal or modification of the taxes consequent thereon, is in obedience to the great principle that all taxation without Parliamentary sanction is illegal. Again, the right of every member of the House of Commons to move amendments on going into Committee of Supply—a practice which has of late years been carried to such a pitch as seriously to embarrass the progress of business—is the modern form of the ancient constitutional privilege of making the granting of supplies to the Crown depend on re-

dress of grievance. So with the Appropriation Act. As we have pointed out, the final grant of Ways and Means for the year is reserved for the Appropriation Act; so that although the House of Commons might, at an early period of the Session, have voted the whole of the supplies of the year, yet, by limiting the grants of Ways and Means to such an amount as is necessary to carry on public business, they can prevent an imperious minister from dissolving or proroguing Parliament. These are examples of the jealousy of the House of Commons in maintaining its privileges. On the other hand, proofs are not wanting of a corresponding recognition of the rights of the Crown. Thus no vote in Supply can be taken except in response to a message from the Throne, and Parliament is not at liberty to augment the grant beyond the sum that is demanded by the responsible ministers of the Sovereign.

Reverting now to the prior charges on the Consolidated Fund, we observe that the bulk of these charges, such as the interest of the debt, the Civil List, and the Pensions and Salaries, become due quarterly. Hence at the conclusion of each quarter there will be a considerable strain upon the resources of the fund. As a matter of fact, there is very frequently a deficiency at these periods. The question how to make good this deficiency adequately and economically is obviously a very important one. The plan at present pursued is this: At the close of the quarter, when the accounts of the funds are made up, the total amount due for the interest of the debt and the other charges is calculated, and the amount by which the balance in hand falls short of the charges upon it is ascertained. This deficiency is then made good by borrowing from the Bank of England, unless indeed the receipts accruing daily, as the revenue flows in, should render the loan unnecessary. Stringent precautions are laid down to regulate the relations between the Government and the Bank, so that the former should not be able by borrowing indiscriminately to escape the control and authority of the Legislature.

We come next to consider the question of a surplus of Revenue over Expenditure. Such a surplus may arise by the taxes yielding more than was expected, or by economy in expenditure; or, as has been the case of late years, by both of these causes operating together. There is some little confusion in the public mind as to the disposal of the surplus revenue in the Exchequer on the 31st of March in each year. Many people seem to think that this surplus is carried forward to the next year's account, and so enables the Chancellor of the Exchequer to reduce or abolish certain taxes. But this is not the case. Whatever surplus there is at the close of the financial year must, under Act of Parliament, be paid over to the Commissioners for the Reduction of the

National Debt, to be by them employed in the purchase of Consols or other stock, which is then cancelled.

To the extent, then, of such annual purchases the National Debt is reduced. But while the surplus revenue of the year is thus appropriated, it none the less serves to show what amount of taxes may be remitted. For if in the coming year the proposed expenditure will be no larger, and there is no reason to anticipate that the revenue will be less productive than in the year just closed, it follows that taxation may be reduced to the full extent of the surplus, and yet have enough to meet the demands on it.

And now, having seen how the Consolidated Fund is made up, how it is managed, and the measures taken to protect it, let us endeavour to see what becomes of it. What is the actual machinery by which the great total of taxation that flows into the Bank coffers day by day is distributed amongst the heterogeneous mass of claimants on John Bull's purse, whether the creditor be a holder of Consols, a Civil List pensioner, a private soldier, a dockyard employé, or a tradesman who has sold a coal-scuttle to a Government office.

The sums needed for the Interest on the debt are transferred quarterly by the Treasury from the Consolidated Fund, to the account at the Bank of England of the Public Dividends, on which account warrants or cheques are drawn by the Bank. Previously to 1845, the whole amount required for this purpose was transferred to the Bank on the first day of the quarter, thus swelling the private balance of the Bank, and to that extent impoverishing the Exchequer. This in turn necessitated loans from the Bank to make good the deficiency, with corresponding charges for interest. But in that year Mr. Gladstone altered this wasteful system, and, in spite of great opposition from the Bank, insisted

upon transferring from day to day to the Bank such amounts only as were required to meet daily demands.

For the remaining charges upon the Consolidated Fund, for the Civil List, and for the Supply Services, the Paymaster-General acts as the Government banker. The army and navy votes are managed by the War Office and Admiralty respectively; the Consolidated Fund charges, directly by the Treasury; while each civil vote is controlled by a particular public department, called in reference thereto the Accounting Department, because it has to account to the Auditor-General, and through him to Parliament, for the due and legal application of the vote. Each Accounting Department issues orders on the Paymaster-General for the payments arising out of the vote under its management.

These Department orders are either for direct payments by the Paymaster-General to the person entitled to receive, or for advances of round sums to sub-accountants, such as revenue officers, army agents, dockyard paymasters, and others whose name is legion, who thus become accountable for its distribution amongst the actual recipients. The Paymaster-General applies daily to the Treasury for issues from the Exchequer, to enable him to meet the orders drawn upon him. The Treasury transfer the specified sums from the Consolidated Fund account at the Bank to the Paymaster-General's account, out of which the cheques of the latter are paid. The Accounting Departments submit annually to Parliament accounts showing the appropriation of the votes; and any questions that may arise thereon—such, for example, as an excess of expenditure beyond the Parliamentary grant—or any criticism of the Auditors, are submitted to a standing committee of the House of Commons, which is called the Public Money Committee.

A GREAT ROBBERY IN THE OLDEN TIMES.



IT is a warm and pleasant afternoon this 17th of April, 1874, as we saunter down Whitehall on our way to Westminster Abbey. Past Downing Street, whose meagre proportions and secluded position are strangely unworthy of its historic fame; by the new Government offices, which make us wonder that King Street could have been endured so long; and we linger in the Sanctuary at the foot of Westminster Hospital. Assuredly, nowhere else in London is there such a marvellous variety of architectural beauty as may be witnessed here.

On our left, the Houses of Parliament, conspicuous for their ornate grace, contrasting not unpleasantly with the castellated outlines of Westminster Hall; on our right, the massive edifices of Victoria Street; before us, the elegant column raised by Westminster School to the memory of their comrades who fell in the Crimean War; and, towering in serene contempt above the stunted and ugly west front of St. Margaret's Church, like a monarch surrounded by ignoble courtiers, the Abbey itself, in hoary and majestic age.

The geologist, studying the features of this or that formation, will not unfrequently alight upon

some monolith, brought there by glacial action ages ago, having nothing in common with the strata around it, an isolated memento of different climates and remote shores. And, contemplating this fragment, he may perchance be reminded of deposits more prolific in interest, and more responsive to research; and so, forgetting the immediate object of his study, may find himself absorbed in the dearer associations evoked by this relic of a far-distant past.

Similar effects are produced by Westminster Abbey. Around it are all the developments of nineteenth-century civilisation—the babbling Parliament, attempting always more than it can achieve, and doing indifferently well most of what it attempts; the hospital, worthy type of a benevolence at once sagacious and tender, fitted with every modern appliance for the amelioration of human suffering; the police court, insuring, without military interference, the maintenance of order and security, without which the complicated machinery of daily existence could not go on; and, surrounding and pervading all, the hum and bustle of active, practical, commercial life. And yet, to our minds, it seems that all these features of the scene lose their charm in presence of the associations which the Abbey recalls.

We turn gladly from contemplation of the present to the past—to those days when the piety of kings reared this venerable shrine—when the space on which we stand was indeed a Sanctuary—a place of asylum to criminals and vagrants. But, above all, our mind reverts to the long array of soldiers, statesmen, patriots, and

———“bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time,”

while their ashes rest in the Abbey.

And now, quitting Broad Sanctuary, and winding round Dean's Yard, we enter the Cloisters. How vividly these black and crusted walls—in fit keeping with the chill and gloom which pervade the precinct—recall the austerities of that old monastic life! On these very stone benches, covered perchance with mats, did the novices con their lessons, under the eyes of the prior, or even of the abbot himself; on this very pavement, over which a few rushes were sprinkled, were the monks shaved and washed. Their dormitory extended over the eastern, and their refectory over the southern cloister. In this enclosure, in the centre of the quadrangle, they were buried. These windows were never glazed, and thus in a comfortless and often inclement atmosphere, the life of the ascetic brotherhood was passed. In this, the eastern cloister, we stop beneath an archway blacker and more hoary even than the surrounding walls. Through this passage, the stones of which are worn with the penances of many a penitent, we pass to

the Chapter-house. Here, in old days, sate the abbot and other high officials of the Abbey. Here the business of the Chapter was conducted. At this pillar in the centre, which branches out to form an elegant roof, were the monks assembled to make confession of their sins, and receive flagellation! Here, too, for many a long year, met the House of Commons; and these walls have often resounded with the clamour of secular, as well as of religious debate. And thus were curiously linked, in their earlier history, two streams of life so diverse in their character, and so marvellously different in their destinies: the monastic life, inflexible and torpid, looking ever on the past, clinging to tradition, and destined to decay; the constitutional life, meagre at its commencement, but ever hopeful of the future, and vanquishing slowly but surely the pretensions alike of priest and king.

And now the afternoon service is concluded, and the clergy are passing from the Abbey into the Cloisters. With all the potent associations of the Cloisters clinging to us, we enter the nave. A crowd is gathered round a newly-dug grave. And to-morrow shall they lay there one who united in himself an unselfishness as great as any that the annals of monasticism have ever recorded, together with a practical sagacity which monasticism often lacked. And when David Livingstone shall have been buried here, there will be none here nobler than he—none who have done more to “wake this greedy age to noble deeds.”

In this nave, too, his epitaph is even now written. To his right, near the west front, sleeps Zachary Macaulay; and the felicitous sentences which tell of the “intense but quiet perseverance which no success could relax, and no reverse could subdue,” with which he too followed up the great aim of his life—the freedom of the slave—form a fitting inscription for the great missionary. Very clearly, as we stand by the grave, comes up the scene of his heroic and lonely death in that far-off land, the quiet “good morning” to his attendant, and then the fearless and resigned last sleep—

‘Take one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him,
And lies down to pleasant dreams.’

But we hasten to the scene of associations of a totally different kind—to memories in no way in harmony with the sacred nature of the edifice, or with the solemn repose that pervades the Cloisters. Passing up the nave, by Poets' Corner, through St. Faith's Chapel, we find ourselves once again in the vestibule of the Chapter house. In front of us is a door of great age, bound with iron clamps.

There are two other doors, also of massive thickness, in the cloister with which the vestibule communicates; and these three doors all open into a

chamber, vaulted and dark, and supported by pillars of great solidity. This chamber, oldest probably of any of the Abbey precincts, is second to none in the wealth of the memories it evokes. Originally the private chapel of Edward the Confessor, it is now known as the Pyx Chapel, the most notable "treasure-house of mighty kings" in the realm—the old Treasury of England. Within, now-a-days, are kept the standard weights and measures.

But no stranger may lightly enter this gloomy chapel. That double door in the Cloisters, through which only admittance can be obtained, opens but to seven keys, some of them of great bulk, and all of portentous history. Hither, once a year, come the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Warden of the Standards, and other high officials, to carry out the Trial of the Pyx—in other words, the testing of the current coin of the realm by Government, as already described in a former number of this Magazine.

Here, formerly, were kept all the king's jewels, his wardrobes, and other valuables. Here, too, was deposited the royal revenue. The proceeds of aids and subsidies, of feudal rights and exactions of all sorts—the produce, in short, of the taxation of the kingdom—found their way ultimately into the Pyx Chamber. And what receptacle could be more secure than the Cloisters of the Abbey? what better plan could be devised than to entrust the monarch's revenue to the custody of men whose holy calling attested their superiority to temptation, and the permanence of whose abode insured ceaseless supervision? Moreover, the Abbey was a consecrated building, and, as such, possessed in the sacredness of its character and design, defences of quite as much value as the material bolts and bars which builder or smith might furnish. To plunder the king's money anywhere was bad enough; to plunder it from an abbey was a crime of no less gravity than sacrilege.

The Pyx Chamber, then, has played an important part in the financial history of this country. The solitude and gloom which surround it now, form a striking contrast to the bustle which pervaded its precincts when it was in daily use as the depository of the national revenue. We will, in imagination, let the centuries roll back as we stand in the Cloisters, till we reach the spring of the year 1303. Edward the First is king, and is engaged in war with Scotland.

King Edward's necessities have compelled him to resort to all sorts of modes, lawful and unlawful, to raise money. He has made his iron hand felt throughout the length and breadth of the realm. He has wrung from the clergy half their entire incomes; and when they have protested, he has outlawed them wholesale. In some parishes, bishop, priest, abbot, and monk have neither bed

to lie on nor food to eat. He has seized all the wool and hides ready for shipping at the various ports; and when merchant, and burgher, and noble have made common cause against his rapacity, he has appealed to the patriotism of the mob. Standing on a platform in front of Westminster Hall, he has addressed the people. He grieves much, he says, for the heavy taxes he has had to levy on his dear subjects, but they were essential if he was to preserve them from the ravages of Wales, and France, and Scotland. And then tears steal down the royal visage, and he points affectionately towards his son; and the Archbishop of Canterbury weeps right loyally; and the assembled multitude rend the air with shouts of devotion. True, it turned out that those who had shouted most were not taxpayers; and the king had been obliged to confirm the Charter, and promise not to tax the nation without the sanction of Parliament. But the promise proved often a dead letter. And now (1303) a tax of the ninth lamb and the ninth fleece has been imposed. Every townsman must contribute a ninth part of the value of his movables.

The tax is being collected with great sternness. Each town has to contribute a specified sum, according to a valuation of property made some fifteen years before by Edward's orders. The sheriffs and their subordinates are bringing the proceeds of their collections day by day to the Exchequer. And then, after being counted on the chequered cloth from which the Exchequer derives its name, a tally is prepared and cleft, and the money passes into the custody of the Exchequer officials; and, at length, is brought by the Chamberlain, and placed in the coffers of the Pyx Chamber.

Now if any arrangements whatever of human devising could insure complete security against fraud, it would have been those in force in the old Exchequer. A long array of officials, a perfect catalogue of oaths, a most elaborate system of check and counter check, a minute record of every transaction, a staid and decorous mode of conducting business, which despised haste and forbade error, these were the characteristics of the Exchequer routine. But in this instance they failed lamentably.

The extraordinary wealth which was now in store in the Pyx Chamber, excited the cupidity of some of the monks. During the winter of the year 1302-3, a plot was matured for breaking into this chamber and plundering its contents. The ring-leaders of the conspiracy were Richard de Pudlicote, a monk; Adam de Warefield, the sacristan; and Alexander de Pershore, the sub-prior of the Abbey.

Their plans were laid with most remarkable care and forethought. Knowing that many of the valuables contained in the Pyx Chamber were

bulky, and would not admit of removal to a great distance, they hit upon an ingenious expedient for concealing them near at hand. The enclosure inside the Cloisters, now grass-grown, was then used as a burial-ground. This enclosure they sowed with hemp, which, could in a few months attain such a height as to hide their booty. They introduced into the conspiracy one William le Feucere, porter of the King's Palace at Westminster, who was keeper of a house in the Fleet Prison, at which they met to concoct their schemes. Finally, they gained over the mason and the carpenter of the Abbey, so that they might have skilled assistance in the burglary.

Upwards of four months were spent in completing all necessary details. At length, in the first week of May, 1303, the attempt was carried into execution. In the dead of night, John the mason, and Adam the carpenter, broke through the wall of the crypt under the Chapter-house, which abuts on to the Pyx Chamber. Richard de Pudlicote and several accomplices entered, and forced the chests and other receptacles in which the jewels and money were stored. But the very magnitude of their booty perplexed the plunderers. Some of the more weighty articles were concealed in the hemp, others were secreted in the fields then surrounding the Abbey, or in a ditch which then ran round it, and on which there stood a mill (whence*the Millbank of to-day); while the smaller valuables, such as precious stones and rings, were hidden about the persons of the thieves. But although the robbery appears to have been free from interruption, still many articles of much worth, including the king's great crown and three other crowns, were left untouched.

On the whole, however, the plunder amounted in value to nearly two millions of money of the present day—a theft in those days of literally unrivalled magnitude.

The king was in Scotland when news of the robbery reached him. His indignation and chagrin knew no bounds. And indeed, in the circumstances wherein Edward was situated, the contempt for his authority which the crime indicated was only a degree less galling than the actual loss of the money. In order to raise the funds he required, he had had to humiliate himself before his subjects to an extent almost unheard of, and this robbery would render his humiliation useless. The Exchequer was simply beggared. However, no time was lost in tracing the culprits. Commissioners were forthwith appointed under Letters Patent, dated 6th June, 1303, with power to inquire into all the facts of the case, and to arrest and imprison all persons implicated.

The researches of the Commissioners rapidly produced fruit. The truth is, De Pudlicote and his fellow-conspirators, in order to dispose of the

enormous mass of plunder, had been compelled to open up negotiations with nearly every goldsmith in the City of London. Hence, when once an investigation was set on foot, evidence was forthcoming on every side. In seventeen out of the eighteen wards into which the City was divided, some of the stolen property was found.

Witnesses came forward who had watched the mysterious meetings of the monks at Le Feucere's house; others had seen the furtive removal of large baskets by night from the Abbey to the King's Bridge, now Westminster Bridge; while Geryn le Lyndraper was proved to have received a share of the spoil from the monks, and to have hidden it in Saint Pancras Fields. All the evidence criminated De Pudlicote and De Warefield, and these, with a large number of monks and their friends, were committed to the Tower or to Newgate. At one time, it seems to have been thought that personages of higher rank were concerned in the robbery, for the abbot himself and forty-eight of his brethren were included in the indictment. Ultimately, Richard de Pudlicote and one of his confederates made a full confession of guilt.

Unfortunately, we have no information of the punishment of the thieves. They had, be it remembered, been guilty of sacrilege, a crime almost always punished with death. On this point it may be that the door of the Pyx Chapel, dumb and insensate though it be, can yet afford grim and ghastly testimony. In those good old times, it was customary to make a stern example of persons who had been found guilty of sacrilege. *Pour encourager les autres*, it used to be the practice to skin the culprit, and then, having tanned the skin to nail it over the door of the building which had been the scene of his unholy plunder. Now on the door of the Pyx Chapel, which communicates with the vestibule of the Chapter-house, there are, as we have stated, broad iron clamps. We pass our finger along the edge of the iron, and it encounters projecting fragments of a horny parchment-like substance.

These fragments have been carefully examined and are found to consist of human skin—the skin, too, of a fair-haired, ruddy-complexioned man.

On other doors in the Abbey precincts, similar fragments have been discovered. They have been said to be the skins of Danes, who were thus repaid some of the tortures they themselves inflicted.

But it may be that in this instance tradition is at fault, and that these fragments constitute the mortal remains of De Pudlicote, or some of his monkish confederates, who thus paid the stern penalty for the first and greatest robbery to which the British Exchequer was ever subjected.

IN HONOUR BOUND.

BY CHARLES GIBBON,

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC. ETC.,

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-NINTH.

FOR HIS SAKE.

SHE was frightened at the mad impulse which stirred within her. Go away—where? She did not know. She might go down to the Norlan' Head, and resume the old life just as if there had been no marriage and no baby. But she could not do that, for Ailie, with her plain matter-of-fact way of viewing things, would seize her by the arm and drag her back to Drumliemount.

She was in a dazed state: thoughts quite confused, and uncontrollable: blood pulsing violently through her veins, and the sense of a big pain in her breast which would presently make her heart burst. But there was one leading thought which, like the air in a fantasia, although often apparently drowned by the loud notes of the variations, was always present, and was the theme and inspiration of all the rest. If she could only go away and hide herself somewhere, Walter would be free to think of Grace. If she were only out of the way, Dame Wishart would not hesitate to give the necessary assistance to Dalmahoy.

It was a foolish idea, but she was in a species of frenzy, in which she only saw that her presence there was the cause of infinite embarrassment to her husband, and would be the cause of ruin to his family. Love and pride combined to urge her to any sacrifice to serve them, and a childish ignorance of the world's ways made her fancy that she had only to go away, and all would be set right.

She was full of bitterness at thought of the quarrel with Walter; and her sufferings were all the more poignant because she was conscious that she had provoked it, and had taken the leading part in it. But he had not tried to save her from herself. If he had only spoken one kind word, if he had only crossed the room and kissed her, all her passion would have disappeared, and she would have been ready to lie down at his feet and die for his sake. But he had not spoken, although he must have known that it would have been the truest kindness to have done so. He could not care for her as he used to do, or he would have known that.

Kind acts are the crystals of affection, the beautiful tokens of love, which has no other visible presence. Clearly he did not care for her, or he would not have failed at this crisis to win her back to him by some kind act or word. Morbid meditations are a sort of waking nightmare; and with all the horrors of nightmare there came back to her

just now the memory of that miserable assertion of the Laird, that Walter had believed her to be the heiress of George Methven when he asked her to be his wife. At that, Passion rose again, and she was ready to misinterpret his every action, from the day on which she had listened to his confession in the Witch's Bay till the present moment. But Love cried out; and although in the storm of Passion its voice was scarcely heard at first, the sound soon swelled, until it overcame all other sounds, and left her crying, only wishing that she could do anything—sacrifice anything to make him happy.

And she could sacrifice something—herself. She could go away, and that would remove every difficulty from his path.

"Oh, if my father would only come home!" she moaned again. "Maybe I could find him. Maybe he'll touch at Lerwick or Aberdeen, and I might meet him, and bring him back in time; or we could go away and never come back, and Walter would be happy."

There came a dreamy revival of the old yearning for the unknown something beyond the horizon of her life, and she got up slowly. Her eyes were dry now, and they had that expressionless inward look of one walking in sleep.

She went up-stairs, and put on her cloak and hat. She tied the strings very tightly. A slight cry from Baby's crib, and she stood like one petrified. Then she flew to his side and bent over him, feeling that here was a chain which held her fast to husband and home. Would she ever be able to break the chain? Could she go away, leaving the bairn for strange hands to nurse? leaving him to grow up to manhood without knowing his mother's face? Could she make this sacrifice, too, for Walter's sake!

Her heart was cruelly racked by the conflict of emotions; for Walter's sake she would go, for Baby's sake she must stay. She swayed to and fro above the child, now bent upon the one course, again upon the other. If Baby had only wakened, he would have conquered; but after that first little cry he had got the feeder in his mouth, and after a vigorous attack he dozed off again, without opening his eyes upon the yearning, troubled face of the mother bending over him. The openings to the right path and the wrong are divided only by such trifling accidents as this, the sleeping or the waking of a babe.

As she raised her head the room seemed to darken suddenly. It was only the candle which

required snuffing, and the wick was spluttering in a ring of grease. But, with her nerves tense-strung, old childish superstitions possessed her; the shadows in the room assumed fateful forms; she looked at the candle with a dreamy eagerness to descry one of those tiny sparks on the burning wick, which were supposed to indicate coming messages of good or evil. She saw none.

She snuffed the candle, and in the bright flame which sprang up, her face appeared white and cold. There was a shadow on the brow, reflecting

If Grace had been selfish or unkind in any way, she could have endured everything; but the grand self-forgetful love of Grace shamed her, and made her feel that she had been mean and cruel. At moments she felt as if she hated Grace for her devotion; even the child turned to her with smiles of delight whenever she appeared. Next moment all the rage was against herself for the wickedness of her jealousy. She only thought that they would be very happy if she were away.

She moved towards the door, and then the



"SHE DROPPED ON HER KNEES."

the gloom and bitterness of her thoughts. How very bad she felt herself to be! how wickedly she had blundered, and blundered with her eyes open! If Walter had not told her about Grace, then she would have been able to feel that this misery had not been brought about by any act of her own. But he had told her everything, and she alone was to blame for it all. She ought to have known that it was selfishness which tempted her to say yes, when she should have said no. If she had only had a little pride, then she might have said no. But she loved him so very much that she could not turn away from him; and now it had come to pass that, even for his sake, she must go away.

mother's heart cried out again. She swayed a minute between the passionate yearning for her child, and the extravagant idea of self-sacrifice for Walter's sake, for the bairn's, and for Grace's sake, which was driving her to despair.

She wheeled round, dropped on her knees at the foot of the crib, her hands clutching the iron bars convulsively.

"Dear Father, which art in heaven . . . help me . . . teach me what I am to do, that they may be happy. Walter is very good and kind. . . . She is very true and noble. Dear Father, I have wronged them both very much. Help me to make them happy. I only want to make them happy, and I'll do anything that You will for their

sake. . . I'm an awfully poor creature, but I dinna want to hurt anybody. Help me, then, and guide my steps so that there may be bright sunshiny days yet in store for them. You who see all hearts, look into mine, and see that I want everything for him and for the bonnie bairn You sent to me—nothing for myself. . . . Dear Lord, help me, and guide me."

She stayed a long time on her knees there, the past life and the many sad passages in it flitting through her mind; the wild act she meditated obtaining consistency and justification from the fancied regrets of her husband, and from her desire to do anything that might give him comfort.

She quite misunderstood him—misunderstood his words, his looks, and his sorrow—and she suffered accordingly. If he had only come up-stairs then! But he did not come; and she felt, in her rapid changes of humour, spiteful towards him that he could have left her in such distress without any effort to see her and to console her.

She got up, not daring to look at Baby, and went out of the room quickly. Down-stairs she halted at the door of his study. Her fingers trembled on the handle, and she listened. There was no sound. If he would only speak, only breathe her name—one word, and she would be saved. But he was silent.

She touched the door with her lips; then a passionate sob, and she ran out of the house.

He had heard the fingers on the handle: he had heard the sob, and yet he would not move. He remained with his eyes fixed upon a book, to the words of which they were utterly blind. His heart was very hard. She had been cruel to him—cruel to Grace; and his bitterest thought was that she had shown this cruel disposition when he most needed comfort, when he most craved for loving sympathy, which gives courage and strength. He would not move.

Yet a cold feeling of desolation crept over him as he heard the wind sighing wildly round the house, mingled with the distant roar of the sea. In the brief hush which occurred at intervals he heard that low piteous sob again, and he was filled with vague unrest.

Teenie was so fierce and impulsive, so reckless of herself, that when roused to passion such as he had seen her in to-night, God only knew what wild or silly act she might do. Then she was so generous—what pain she must be suffering!

He got up hastily and crossed the floor, halted at the door, turned slowly back towards his chair; wheeled round again, altered his mind once more, flung the book from him and sat down, pressing his hands as in a vice between his knees.

He would not go to her at present; he would leave her to think out the matter for herself, leave her to sleep off the fit of passion, and in the morn-

ing he would endeavour to show her how mistaken she was. She had gone to bed, no doubt; he would not disturb her this night.

He took up the book again, and applied himself to its perusal resolutely. His eyes wandered over the words; mechanically the leaves were turned—the mind grasped nothing. Impatiently he looked

out half a sentence, then went on as before—Teenie, the quarrel, the vague fears, dancing like tiny silhouette figures before him, and not a word of the book was plain to him.

A door banged, and he started quite nervously. What a draught swept in, how cold it was, and how fiercely the wind blew! The air was full of strange voices, and the silhouettes became more frantic in their eerie dance.

His elbow on the arm of the chair, he rested his cheek on his knuckles. This was a bad preparation for the Sacrament Sabbath: to-morrow, Saturday; then the Sabbath. He had worked hard preparing the younger members of his flock for the Sacrament; he had given out the tokens, and he felt himself now to be the most unfit person to approach the tables. He made a stubborn effort to wrench his mind into a better form, and failed. It was Teenie who flitted before his eyes, disturbing him and rendering all thought, except of her, impossible.

He did not blame her much—he was full of sorrow on her account and his own. He had made her so miserable—she who had always been so happy, always like a gleam of sunshine, beautiful in herself, and a source of joy to others.

Whatever his frailties or errors might be, Walter was thoroughly honest in thought and intention, always more anxious to see the right of the other side in any argument than to justify himself. His love for her never changed. In all the troubles which had come upon them, he had never repented the marriage; his only regret was that she had to suffer with him, when he had hoped that their life would be so quiet and simple!

How terribly he had miscalculated his position, and the possibilities of happiness which it offered! Petty squabbles in connection with the kirk, disputes with the heritors and elders; the pitiful need of pence, in spite of the most niggardly economy, which was a torture to him, not because he had to exercise self-denial, but because he had to deny her so much, and because there were so many things he wished her to have. He writhed under this miserable necessity, thinking of her. How many bitter thoughts he had hidden from her; what agony he had suffered when her eyes had gazed wistfully at some woman's prize in a shop window—a bonnet, a shawl, or a jewel—which he could not give her. He knew all about covetousness and the wickedness of it, but such a very little money

would have made her so happy! Self-denial is an admirable principle; economy is beautiful—in the abstract—but when one is obliged to practise it constantly, the heart becomes hard and miserly, or it suffers torture.

Then he saw so many people rich and mean, or rich and merry, never requiring to deny anything to those they loved, and apparently not a bit the worse for their wealth and self-indulgence; he sometimes trembled at the gloomy view he was inclined to take of the distribution of the elements of happiness. But it was never of himself he thought in this way—it was always in association with his wife. All their troubles descended to the bitterly mean level of a want of money.

He scorned himself for the miserable condition of mind into which he had fallen, when all the noble aims and hopes of life disappeared, and only the craving for money seemed to possess him—only money seemed to contain the charm which would bring back joy and peace to his heart.

"God forgive me," he groaned, "but money would have saved us, and I cannot help feeling that poverty has a sharp sting. Well, I shall not try to cheat myself by hiding my head in the sand. I accept the fortune that is given to me, and in my own suffering I shall learn much that will help me to help others. Earnest work must bring peace."

A brave resolution, and his thorough sincerity in making it seemed to lighten his heart of some of the gloom which lay so heavily upon it. He would turn his face to the future, and he would refuse to look backward.

She went out and ran down to the gate, flung it open, and stopped, listening. Was that Baby crying, or was Walter coming after her? No; just the wind blustering, and the sea dashing wrathfully against the rocks. Rain was beginning to fall in big drops.

She dragged herself away from the gate, and her steps were very heavy. She suddenly started into a run, as if she were eager to escape the temptation to return. He would follow, he would overtake her and bring her back, and she would be so overwhelmed with shame. She struck into a field in order to escape him. But she halted, for there seemed to be a cry from Baby which stayed her steps, and drew her back towards the house in spite of herself.

How dark it was, and how fiercely the wind blew! Then the vague terrors which darkness always suggests to the superstitious—robbers, ghosts, and warlocks—rose before her. What might not happen to her in that weird night? Above the din of the storm there was in her heart that faint baby's cry, now low and pitiful, again sharp and shrill, dragging her steps back when she would go forward. But she was going to save

Walter and his family; Dalmahoy was to be rescued from ruin, and Grace was to be made happy. So she would be very strong, and she would suffer anything for their dear sakes.

Then she would run again, looking back at intervals, and suddenly she came into collision with something. Her head came round quickly, and she could see in the uncertain light the broad cap of a man, his coat-tails and an armless sleeve fluttering furiously in the wind. Robbery and murder were the least of the horrors which this solitary encounter suggested to her mind.

She dropped on her knees before the figure, crying excitedly—

"I have no siller but a half-crown—I'll give you that, and it will do you no good to murder me."

She fumbled for her pocket to bring out the half-crown, but the man made no answer; and she trembled, for silence is always terrible when there is much at stake.

As she held up her piece of money, a broad flash of lightning crossed the landscape, and illumined the figure—the armless sleeve, the coat-tails and rags fluttering in the wind—and she gasped with the sense of relief she felt. She was kneeling in supplication to a "tattie doolie"—a scarecrow, an old coat and cap tied on to a stick—which she had mistaken for a man of the most villanous character.

She went on again, stumbling often, and trembling, not at the storm or darkness, but at the cry within her breast which blamed her for what she was doing. Every sigh of the wind seemed to give that cry words, and they called, "Come back, come back!"

But it was for their sake, and she would be brave. She would endure the pain. She would pass beyond that distant horizon-line, and lose herself in the mysterious beyond, or she would meet her father, and bring him back in time to save Dalmahoy from the auctioneer.

The night and the storm seemed to be in league against her, they interfered so much with her movements, misled her so often, and so often tried to turn her from her purpose. God help those who were at sea on such a night as this; and God help her, for she was at sea too, without compass, almost without hope, and in greater danger even than those whose lives were entrusted to the wind and waves.

She hurried along, still halting, and then running away from the temptation to turn back. She was going towards Aberdeen, as she hoped, where there was a possibility of learning something about the *Christina*. If not there, then at Peterhead. It was an utterly vague and uncertain chase, but she hoped for something, and she did not know what. All that was clear to her was that by going away she would leave Walter free to be happy, and that her absence or loss—would it be thought a loss?—

would induce Dame Wishart to help the Laird, and so help Walter. She was ready to sacrifice anything for that end—they never could know how much she was ready to suffer so that they might be happy—quite content if they would think of her sometimes kindly.

CHAPTER THE FORTIETH.

AFTER THE STORM.

A WHITE, wet morning, and a loud sobbing wind; the sea still rolling in high long waves, but with a slower movement than during the night, as if its fury were spent, and these were only the fitful upheavings of the subsiding passion. The sun shot great shafts of fire through the mist, dividing it into white streams, which slowly lifted from sea and shore, revealing the flashing waves, and rocks and trees and grass glittering with watery diamonds.

The wind penetrated the marrow of the bones with a chill, damp feeling. So Walter found when he stepped out of the house, and he buttoned up to the neck his black coat, which he had not changed since yesterday's visits to the parishioners. His face haggard and pale, his hand clutching a staff with nervous firmness. He found it necessary to grasp something, in order to help him to endure the pain and vexation caused by the discovery he had made.

Baby crying without any attempt being made to soothe him, Walter hurried up-stairs, his heart beating fast with fears to which he dared not give shape. He found that Teenie had not been in bed that night. Her hat and cloak gone; that was a relief; she had doubtless gone down to the Norlan Head, to spend the night with Ailie. He felt pained that she had done this, which would create such a scandal in the district; and vexed that she could have left Baby without any one to mind him. (He did not think that she had expected him to seek her long before this hour.)

But it was an intense relief to know where she was. He summoned the girl, Lizzie, to attend to Baby; then he put on his hat, took staff in hand, and set out with the intention of giving Teenie a good scolding for her ridiculous conduct. He never doubted that in her fit of passion, just to annoy him, she had gone off to her father's house, and he would find her there. He had hoped to meet her in the morning in a calmer mood, and ready to listen to kindly counsel and loving words; perhaps the violence of her action might render her the more willing to listen.

He knew nothing yet of the poor girl's wild scheme, or of the devotion and love which had driven her to sacrifice everything—child, home, name—for his sake!

He had only proceeded a little way down the road when he encountered Habbie Gowk, leading Beattie instead of bestriding him, and leaning

heavily on his staff. Man and donkey looked more and more haggard and weary than the last time they had been seen.

"It's that fortune," growled Habbie, looking wistfully at his faithful companion; "even the brute-beast kens what a vexation of spirit it is, and is just dwining awa' like myself. But I'll pay that writer Currie out yet if he doesna get it for me!"

So, in pity for Beattie, he walked instead of riding. As soon as he saw Walter, he saluted him—

"Good morning, minister; I'm real glad to see you out already. I suppose you're going down to help the folk; they're in sare trouble, and I was just coming up to tell you. It's been a wild night, and a heap o' the boats were out; twa o' them have come hame keel upmaist and a' bashed. Red Sandy's was aye of them, and there's a wife with four bairns to sing wae's me for him. The salmon-stakes have been broken down, and there's nae saying what harm has been doone. There's mony folk will feel the losses of last night as long's they live."

Walter felt that he was one of them, for he had lost the peace of his home. He glanced down towards Rowanden, and as the mist lifted from the shore, he saw women and bairns, old men, and a few of the younger ones who had been by some fortunate circumstance restrained from venturing out to sea during the night, moving about excitedly on the rocks and sands.

He understood what it meant, and he did not hesitate a moment; his own business must wait; his duty was to be down there amongst the afflicted people, striving to help them by words and acts, to save all who could be saved, and to comfort those who were mourning.

"Thank you, Habbie," he said. And he went off with long rapid strides, which soon left the poet and Beattie far behind him.

The boom of the sea rolled over the people as they rushed about in wild confusion, beating their hands against the air, striving to do something that might help those whom they loved, and yet bitterly conscious of their powerlessness. The cold green waves lashed the shore, and their retiring murmur seemed to mock the cries of pain of which they were the cause.

"Oh, minister! can you no help us?" cried Buckie Willie's wife, rushing up to him with dishevelled hair; "my man's out, and there's no sign of his boat yet. He was cankered when laid up with the rheumatics, but he was a guid man for a' that; and there's our bairns and his mither to fend for. Will not the Lord help us?"

"We must hope for the best and do our best," was the grave answer; "very likely your man has been obliged to put in at some other port, and you'll have news of him during the day."

"Maybe that's it, minister, I'll no doubt your word; but it's cauld and eerie waiting for the news." And the woman shuddered as she drew her children round her, the little ones staring in wonder at their mother's anguish, the eldest rushing about the beach, gathering scraps of wreck which were cast up by the water. Maybe the boy played with a bit of his dead father's tackle.

"It's been terrible work yon, sir," said Tak'-it-easy Davie, who with his usual luck had spent the night comfortably in bed; he nodded towards the sea as he spoke. "I'se warrant it'll take two or three thousand to replace the tackle that's been lost, to say nothing o' the lives and the fish. There's a heap o' fine salmon lying up there, but a' bashed and useless. It's been a bad night for fish and folk."

Walter assented to that practical view of matters, and passed on to a group standing near the edge of the water. There were several old men, a number of women, and, behind, white-headed half-dressed bairns, striving to get a glimpse of the something the elders were all bending over.

It was Red Sandy, who had been washed ashore, much cut by the rocks, and one of the men was covering the body with an old sail.

"We've done our best, sir," said Mysie Keith, as Walter approached and way was made for him (as usual, she had been first on the scene of trouble, and was supporting the head of the man); "but it's a' by, and there's no help for him in this world. Speak to his wife."

Mysie drew the sail over the face, and bade the men carry him up to his house.

She moved quietly away, to see where help might be most needed next.

The wife was standing dull and stupified, looking on; two children clinging in terror to her skirts; two others standing a little way off, pressing their knuckles into their eyes, crying, they did not know why, and wondering why "father" was lying there so quiet with all the folk gathered about him.

Walter took the woman by the arm, and gently led her away from the place as the men prepared to lift the body.

"You have a heavy sorrow to bear," said Walter; "but God will help you."

"He would need," muttered the woman, somewhat dourly; "there are four bairns to feed."

It was one of Walter's principles never to attempt to deny the apparently unmerited hardships with which people were often afflicted. He could not use the conventional phrases of consolation. He said outright, "Yes, it is bad—it is terrible, and the cries of agony are natural and necessary. But only have faith, and resignation will soon come. You must suffer, and you must cry; that is a relief. Have faith, and by-and-by you will find happiness; the suffering only endures a little while."

So he did not tell her that she must not grieve, but that she must try to get over her grief as quickly as possible for the sake of her bairns. Since it was His will to leave her their only guardian, she must endeavour to do her duty faithfully.

There was a simple earnestness in his manner, a sympathy in his low voice, which reached the woman's heart, and she was comforted a little; she would remember his words in a few days, and find strength in them.

But he had a difficult task to perform as he moved about from one to the other where there was a voice heard, lamentation and weeping and great mourning; Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they were not."

Suddenly there was a loud shout of joy. Three boats were seen in the distance beating towards the haven.

The shout of joy recalled Walter to his own anxiety; but he resolutely put it away from him; or rather he endured the pain, and went on steadily with his work.

"That's my man!" shrieked Muckle Jean Houston, almost rushing into the water; "I ken him by the newly-barked sail. He's safe, he's safe! the Lord be praised!"

She had been married only a few weeks, and she was frantic with joy at his escape.

"And that's my Donald, yonder!" cried old Meg Carnoustie, whose thin white hair floated in the wind; "that's my bairn; I ken by the white patch in the sail; I put it in wi' my ain hands. My bairn is safe! oh, God be thanked!"

The young wife and the aged mother were in their happiness selfishly indifferent to the agonies of those around them. They rushed to the farthest point of land, followed by others, to be ready to give any assistance that might be in their power.

"And yon is Gleyed Tam wi' the smack rig," said Peg Johnstone quietly, but with sufficient interest to warrant the suspicion that she felt a great deal more pleasure than she chose to display.

The boats tacked to windward of the Wrecker: the eyes of those who watched starting in the sockets, hands reached out, straining towards the men in eagerness to help. The water rushed up to the knees of the women and men who stood in front. The interest of all was concentrated for the moment upon the three boats, and personal affliction and fears were forgotten.

A sudden silence fell upon the crowd. Muckle Jean Houston's man, Donald Carnoustie, Gleyed Tam, and their crews seemed to represent all that the folk of Rowanden had at stake, although twenty boats had gone out.

They passed the Wrecker—a long breath of relief, that was almost a groan, escaped from the crowd. They crossed the bar and ran in shore

safely. The boats were seized by eager hands and dragged up the beach before one of the crews could spring out. Then all the men were surrounded by friends; voices rose loud, joyful, and sad. The interest became again personal, and women and men shrieked out inquiries for the loved ones who had not returned. The boats had been separated by the storm; each had made for the port, which the skipper thought he had most chance of reaching; others had gone down in sight of their comrades, who were powerless to help them. All the gear and tackle of every description had been lost; but a portion of them might be recovered by the Government lugger which had put out for the fishing-ground to render what assistance might be in its power. A few boats would be picked up, and possibly one or two crews who had managed to beat about and keep their crafts afloat; others would be heard of from different stations; but the losses would be heavy in any case.

Gloved Tam, the water dripping from him and forming a pool round his feet whenever he halted, made his way to Mysie Keith.

"For God's sake, Mysie," he said hoarsely—and the ugliness of his face did not mar its expression of deep sorrow, and of humble gratitude for his own escape—"speak to Buckie Willie's wife. She's standing yonder wi' the bairns, saying never a word when a' the folk are clattering. Try and cheer her—she kens that he was next to me when we gaed out."

"And is he no to come hame?"

"No; his boat capsized no three yards from me. I could not do anything. I saw him in the water holding up his laddie, Jock, in his arms, and fechtin' wi' the waves to save the loon. He held him up when he was going down himself. He was making for our boat, and I watched to get hold o' him. He was gey near us too; but the laddie couldna swim like his father; and I just heard Buckie. 'It's God's will,' and there was a big wave, and I never saw them again. Try and cheer her, purr sowl; tell her that she'll no want as long as I ha'e a bite to share wi' her and the bairns."

Mysie bowed her head and went over to the woman, to discharge the task for which her own suffering

qualified her. She took the youngest bairn in her arms; bade the other children follow; then she seized the dumb woman by the arm and led her up to the trim cottage. The kettle was hanging over the fire—placed a link lower on the chain before she had gone out, so that it might be ready on her return from that sad quest which had no end and no comfort for herself, save that she could comfort others. She made tea for the widow; and presently, without a word spoken, the woman comprehended that she had lost her husband and her eldest born.

On the beach at Rowanden there were women who had been, during the night, deprived of husband and children, children who were now fatherless and old men whose mainstays in life had been taken from them.

And Walter worked earnestly amongst them—speaking to each those homely words of comfort and hope which seem so commonplace and dull to us when we are well and happy, but are full of sympathetic meaning and consolation when we are in sorrow. All his own troubles were forgotten, and when remembered they seemed to be insignificant in view of the despair which he encountered here amongst his parishioners. So he worked, devotedly and lovingly, and many hearts were lightened, many vicious thoughts corrected by his words and acts of simple kindness. Some who would have been ready to "curse God and die," were softened and helped to bear their burden.

Ailie came down from the Norlan' Head to see what was going on, and to do what she could for the sufferers. Walter saw her, and the storm in his home came back to him. He could not restrain himself—he ran towards her with the breathless question—

"Did Teenie send you for me?"

"Teenie—I have not seen her since yesterday forenoon!"

Not seen her?—was she not with you last night?

"Wi' me?—no; what gars you spier such a ridiculous question. She was at hame."

He stood dumbstricken, his hands clapped bewildered and stupefied.

END OF CHAPTER THE FORTIETH.

AN AUSTRALIAN FRIEND.



BETWEEN the years 1792 and 1799, two very peculiar and hitherto unknown animals were added to the lists of naturalists. In the first-mentioned year the *Echidna*, or Porcupine Ant-eater, of Australia and Van Diemen's Land, was described by Dr. Shaw, a naturalist of some repute; and in 1799 a still more curious and extraordinary form, belong-

ing to the same group as the *Echidna*, was brought under the notice of the scientific world by the same naturalist. This latter animal was at first named the *Platypus*, and from its singular conformation and strange structure, it at once received the earnest attention of zoologists both at home and abroad. A creature resembling an otter in size and in general appearance; its body covered with a short-fur of brownish hue; its tail broad and

BABETTE.



"LOOKS DOWNWARD ON THE WAVE."

ALONE : and the golden waters
 Are rippling to the west,
 And the chime from Saint Roche's belfry
 Dies on the ocean's breast ;
 And the dimpled waves are rocking
 The fishers' barques to rest.

"Babette ! Babette !" the mother calls,
 Far up above the strand,
 "Bring in your father's nets, my child,
 And lend your little hand
 To turn the wheel ; nor linger there
 So long upon the sand.

The sun is sinking to the sea
In crimson robes and gold ;
A chilly breath the ocean stirs,
And roughs her ringlet's gold.
It feels to her like a farewell kiss
From lips now dead and cold.

The yellow light is on the wall,
The sea-wall old and grey,
With weed and lichen mantled all
In sober-hued array.
The children on the pier above
Are laughing in their play.

The quaint, old, red-roofed, clustered town
Looks downward on the wave :
That sea from which her wistful eye
Some answer seems to crave :
That sea which took her love away
And gave him back a grave.

Oh, eyes that once so lightly laughed !
Oh, sad, sweet lips apart !
Once crushed with passionate kisses when

He held her on his heart,
That day she stood this wall beneath
To see her lover start ;

To say again the last " God speed,"
And wave her kerchief white,
And smile in hope—Ah ! God, who raised
Those breakers wild and white,
And bade the tempests to arise
And rage that livelong night,

And smote the little quiv'ring barque,
And tore the planks in twain—
Deal gently with the broken heart
Of her who all in vain
Poured out her soul in fervent prayer
Her love to see again.

Nay, not in vain ! The morning dawned,
The sunshine glittered fair,
And bathed in light a battered corpse,
A gleam of golden hair—
God only heard the cry of her
Who found him lying there

THEO. GIFT.

MY EARLY ADVENTURES.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, BY ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.



Every new feature of life which I detected while among these frightful robbers, I looked furtively around me to see whether or not some other European might be mixing in our society unawares. My transport, my happiness had no bounds ; and the reader will comprehend me, that one incited by so immoderate an ambition as I was, thinks least—and for his own good—of fear, death, or repentance for having dared so far.

I am bound to communicate it to you in a straight manner, that it was just the reverse in my case. My abode among the tents of the Turkomans, the success which I enjoyed playing my part among these wild, but in truth simple children of nature, heated my fancy sometimes to boiling point ; and being just now in the chapter of confessions, I will try to amuse my readers with the narration of an episode, whose carrying out then appeared to me by no means supernatural, but now would appear to most, even to myself, comical.

I stood in the zenith of my authority, of my dignity as saint, come from the distant *Rum* (the West). Young and old hurried to me, to receive my blessing, to accept my holy and sanctifying breath ; when one day a greybeard, grown old with robbing and murder, approached

me with modest steps, and in full earnest made to me the following proposition :—

"Sheikim" (My Sheick), said he, "how would it please you, if at the head of a numerous *alaman*" (predatory expedition, or raid) "we, under thy blessed leadership, could invade with a mighty force the land of the heretic Shiites ? I promise to you five thousand lances. Heroes of iron and fiery steeds can effect much, under the protection and with the help of God."

And probably my reader thinks I took the proposal with a jocular smile as it deserved. Very differently did his offer affect me. The words of the grey Turkoman wolf awakened within me some enthusiasm. I took the unparalleled anarchy of the Persian army into account, considered the cowardice of the Persian soldiery and their uncontrollable fear at the shadow even of a Turkoman horseman ; and as I knew as well, on the other hand, the mad impetuosity, the love of spoil, and the fanaticism of the Turkomans, these ideas passed like lightning through my brain : "Think, what could be the consequences of your carrying out such a romantic scheme ? Commencing from Shahrud the Persian boundary is open. Five thousand Turkomans would prove a match at any time for double that amount of Persians. And where could the Shah amass in a hurry ten thousand soldiers ? In Teheran I should meet with some adventurous Italian and French

officers, who might join my expedition. Anyway a stroke against the capital could be carried out effectually, nor is it impossible that by such good luck I might—though but for a few days—be placed on the throne of Persia.” I forgot one essential condition of success, that five thousand Turkomans are not so easily united by discipline ; or, to speak correctly, the thought flashed across my mind, but I did not listen to it.

My heated fancy roamed wild over the history of the Middle Ages, when the leaders of freebands could achieve similar projects. The dream of the Persian throne and sceptre hovered several nights over the dreams of the poor and ragged dervish.

How altered are my views this moment, by climate, circumstances, and experience ! It is well to sacrifice one's vanity for the guidance of others, who also, within the influence of unaccustomed natural circumstances, might be exposed to similar temptation next to aberration. I wish also to show how unexpected success can incite, delude, torment into spasmodic affections an over-excited imagination.

In Asia the furthest extremes meet, and the most incredible contrasts in the world may be found standing in closest juxtaposition. While some of the Asiatics in humble awe stared in my face, and admired me like a demigod, there were others amongst them—and not a few—who, led less by experience or by the study of my strange facial expression, but simply induced by the romantic fanaticism of their mind, and by love for anything mysterious, arrived at the most curious, sometimes most dangerous conceptions of my insignificant enough personal worth. They saw in me now a sorcerer, who had supernatural powers at his command ; again an ambassador of the Ottoman Emperor, who sent aid in shape of invisible treasures to the Islam ill-used by extortions on the banks of the Jaxartes ; there were some who saw in me a bewitched prince ; and all approached me fearlessly, to clear, by my answering their most bizarre questions, their respective points of surmise as to my person.

What could I do in a similar position save offer unconcerned ease and icy indifference to all ? And as this questioning was daily repeated, I soon got schooled into my logical strategy, and hid without effort, by an assumed countenance, the secret workings of my soul. When finally earnest suspicions arose as to my European descent, and as to the secret mission of my voyage, these found my nerves already sufficiently steeled, that no outer sign could betray the struggle within.

After a lapse of four weeks from the assumption of my dangerous incognito, I was not able to blush. I had occasion to assure myself of the truth of this by a psychological experiment. I could

sit still like a statue, without more than moving my lips as in quiet prayer, while people stationed opposite to me carried on the following conversation :—

“ I bet this is a Russian spy, who traces with pencil all our mountains and dales, our rivers and sources, into his secret pocketbook, to enable the Russians at some future time to enter our land without guides, and then steal our cattle and children. I hope in Khiva Government will know how to use the ready rack, and under the application of the red-hot iron it will soon be found out of what metal he be.”

It was no small matter to me, though I mastered the art, not to move a muscle of my face, not to stir my eye, that mirror of the soul, most easily betraying its emotions, on hearing of the above not over-pleasant prospects.

A celebrated sovereign of his day may have been right in saying of me, that an excellent actor was lost in my person, for I had all the talents of one. But in Persia I was aided by the practical success imparted by continued practice and experience, which indeed whenever required can do wonders.

In like manner must the absence of fear of death under constant danger of detection, that would have been followed by destruction, be judged. In the commencement the interest of novelty deadened such fear within me. But when nature's tortures—sand-storms in the desert, excruciating thirst—awakened fear of destruction and starvation, and especially during the continuance of suspicions aimed at me, and the everlasting want of confidence displayed by the Central Asiatic tyrant, then indeed the pale phantom of the fear of death could not be any longer exorcised.

When on my wanderings across the Hyrcanian Steppe, in the glowing atmosphere of noon, the *fata morgana* with tender vibrations danced in my sight, and my comrades in the fanciful atmospheric reflection perceived rich meadows, surrounded by charming castles, and bubbling sources, and again in another direction the picture of fighting Uzbeks, fettered Persian slaves, and filled jewel-boxes—there my eyes detected but grim torturing appliances, omens of my own likely fate. I saw there people hung up by their legs, flayed alive, and other brain-racking fancies of cruel treatment ; and, by way of contrast, a distant view of Constantinople mocked me, and the dim outlines of European social scenery.

The fear of death is certainly one of the most harassing beasts, which grins at us, showing us its teeth with maddening awfulness. But time, the panacean balm to all evil, and accustomedness take the dread even from this by its getting familiar to us ; the evil keeps its form of a monster, but void of flesh and blood, by experience harmless

except by self-torturing, a phantom of air, or a monster hewn in stone, it finally ceases to awake dread within us.

It was thus face to face with me for months. As may be easily imagined, death threatened me from two quarters: by the inhospitable nature of the soil and climate, and by the malice of men. That of these two the former appeared less grim, though also irreconcilable, the reader may well believe.

The sufferings during my tour as a dervish, in the shape of privation in food, dress, and cleanliness, appear to myself even at present superhuman. I had for weeks to eat black unleavened bread, baked in the burnt ashes of camel-dung—bread refused even by my camel. I drank foul bitter-salt water, whose odour alone sufficed to turn the European sick. I waded for hours beneath a burning sun in the deep sand, with dry throat and cracked lips. I ran the risk of being buried in the hot sand-rain. When near dying of thirst, in the desert of Khal-Ata, I wished death to end all my agonies. And yet the fear of death was not imminent under all these circumstances, as it was during my persevering struggle against the doubts, suspicions, treachery, and malice of men.

The terrors of nature, however fraught with danger, pass away at times, encouraging us thus, and we enjoy rest. But the malice of men never tires, it is restless, never ceases at day or night, knows no mercy or pity. That I came forth as conqueror from out such struggles, and escaped its vile snares—may the reader forgive my seeming want of modesty—I consider my own merit. The preceding theoretical studies of the Islam, my experience in literature, in the habits and customs of several different Mohammedan tribes, and finally my exercise in the different Turkish dialects, were mighty levers for the removal of great difficulties. What I did not provide against, but what deadened my nerves to the utmost, were the several single difficulties of changing circumstances of daily life, appearing small to the view, but the performance of which proved hardest to me.

I had, as a main duty, to get the mastery over every single muscle of my face, so as to hide every trace of especial attention, excitement, curiosity, astonishment, which would have betrayed me in a moment among these acute-witted, sharp-eyed, primitive sons of nature. I had to be careful during conversation, meals, or while walking, not to use gesticulations which would appear foreign to a thorough Asiatic. And when I once was told that I spoke in my sleep a foreign language, I was careful ever after not to take any supper late at night, to prevent the recurrence of a nightmare, or heavy sleep and lively dreams.

How far I had done myself violence during this process of assimilation, and how far I succeeded, all this astonishes myself. Especially, I remember often the day on which we reached the goal of our destination, the grave of Bahe-ed-dins, near Bokhara. I stood with my fellow-travellers from eight o'clock in the morning till late at night before the resting-place of this arch-saint of Turkestan. They prayed and sang, howled, sobbed, and wept bitter tears; and how I could weep for hours in company, and how I could open such fountains of tears without any inner emotion, that is a riddle to me to this very day.

During religious discussions, to cut a long pious face at every formula of sorcery and imparting of what they considered my sanctifying breath, so to assume a superlatively mysterious face, is indeed, as shown by European experience, where such parts of incognito are played in Western lands over the whole tenure of life, nothing particularly difficult. But tears provoked by mere imitation, flowing for hours, that can be effected only by the command of a powerful necessity in a struggle for endangered existence.

Of a similar nature were my emotions when placed face to face with the tyrants of Central Asia—namely, with the Khan of Khiva, the Emir of Bokhara, and their zealous, slavish, and ever-ready masters of torture. I was received, as seen in my books of travel, at all these places with the utmost suspicion and doubt. They searched and pondered, they gave themselves every trouble to detect what part I did not dare to play but masterly concealed. And the fear of the termination of all this made me nervous. My tongue, my peculiar self-mastery, could for some time ward off every inimical cut of distrust, with some skill. I thought already of being in safety, when my ethnographical betrayer, my still European physiognomy, though hidden under a very crust of dirt, renewed their doubts, and endangered the fortunate result. In the first moments of my audience, all my senses were so tightly strung, I was so occupied with the regular carrying out of my part, that I could not even think of my original individuality, and thus I took very little notice of all that went on before me. When the first moments of the life-endangering comedy were over, and I came to the persuasion that the princes in question, together with their surrounding suite, were wrapped in the thick veil of deception, then I raised myself indeed on my "Kothurnus," looked proudly around, and could not keep off the thought how dreadfully and how soon my end would follow, had but one of the ruffians surrounding me the slightest suspicion of my real character.

The above-mentioned scenes were, so to speak, but pauses of the most dangerous drama, for I had soon to apply all my levers to raise these audiences,

which were vouchsafed for my dismissal, into benevolent and gracious receptions.

These inquisitorial scenes were most severe and most frequent in Bokhara, the seat of the craftiest knavery. Though the then highest official of the Emir, in his subsequent conversation with the Russian, as was told, said to State-Counsellor Langenau how he detected instantly the dervish, and how he spared him only on account of his rich scientific proficiency, and high religious lore, I cannot help doubting it. He might have had suspicions, but he was in want of a main point for condemning me and giving me over to destruction. Had I committed but the slightest error in the explanation of one or the other law of religion, I am sure my kind readers would never have had to read this outline of my autobiography.

But it is time that I should terminate this prolix recital of my difficulties and struggles on account of my played incognito. I have to mention how even my steeled nerves got at last unstrung, and my bodily constitution, formerly full of health—yet not of stone or granite—had to give way. Possibly this relaxation allows me to look back with complacency to the gained experiences of my travel, and hence I may over-value them. I did not yet dare to continue my game at Samarkand, and gave up my original plan of following up

the line towards China to Peking, and I decided to return to Persia.

As I had to separate here from my companions, I cannot refrain from giving them my due acknowledgment in a few words. Mr. Chanikoff told me once the trick had succeeded because there had been no Bokharite among my companions. The learned man was to a certain extent right, because with the exception of a Tadshik from Khodshend, who lived for years at Bokhara, and who beset me often very hard, my other companions, for the most part natives of Khokand and Kashgar, showed me only friendship, love, and truly brotherly protection. That under such circumstances my taking leave of them must have been painful, and left for days a bleak emotion behind, is easily understood. I had, since my return, time to send some words of thanks to Hadshi Bilal, my captain.

The good man lives now at Mecca, where he intends to end his days, and has remembered me since by a few lines of friendly communication. When he was told he had lavished his kindness on me, a sham Moslem, the old man laughed, and replied, "I know Reshid Efendi too well; he is just now in Europe, where he plays his part of a sham Christian, but finally he shall yet be saved for heaven."

UP AND DOWN THE STREETS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EPISODES IN AN OBSCURE LIFE."
"PARSON," THE CROSSING-SWEEPER.



For any one wants to realise, as the phrase goes, the little army of crossing-sweepers we have in London, let him take a walk—say for a mile or two—on a muddy day, and give a penny to every one who touches hat, makes a bob, as if shutting up like a spy-glass, or trots after him, trailing broom in one hand, and tugging at tangled forelock with the other. I remember when it would have cost any one, disposed to give in this way, between a shilling and eighteenpence to walk from the Archway Tavern, Highgate Hill, to Highbury Cock and back. For any one of a squeezable temperament, therefore, it was decidedly cheaper to take the 'bus.

It is simply as a statistical experiment, just for once in a way, that I recommend this penny-giving. It would be a great misfortune if all crossing-sweepers had pennies given them indiscriminately. I would not make a clean sweep of the sweepers, but I should like to see their ranks thinned considerably—viz., by the elimination of the adults who are able, and the young who might be trained, to do something better than what, in the

most favourable instances, is little better than a make-believe of work, as a pretext for begging, either directly or by suggestion.

Still, there are people for whom crossing-sweeping seems to have been provided as an occupation by "pre-established harmony"—cripples, and old men and women, shrivelled like dry wrinkled apples, who are just strong enough to give the public that real convenience, a clean crossing, and who at the same time, tottering and shivering day after day at the same post, have a chance of attracting substantial sympathy from which they would be shut out if they burrowed all day in the holes to which they retire at night to hide. I do not happen to remember what is the dictum on such cases of our self-constituted charity conscience, the Organisation Society. It seems to me, however, that alms-giving, regular or occasional, to these poor people, can scarcely be called demoralising. They shrink from the degradation as well as the dreary confinement of the workhouse—try to fancy, at any rate, that they are working for their living. After all, the chance coppers and the little allowances they receive do not come to much. In bygone days, one or two crossing-sweepers may perhaps

have died in possession of considerable sums. I am inclined to believe, however, that even in these cases the amount has been exaggerated. Mnemosynal is very different from optical perspective. Things of the past loom larger than they were. At any rate, crossing-sweepers of the present day leave no wills. If they did, the amounts under which the personalty would have to be sworn would be comico-pathetic.

"Parson"—so called from the long, shabby, loose, once-black frock-coat he wore, so long that the tails, which mischievous street-boys were very fond of pulling on the sly, swept the ground like a lady's train—was a short squat old man, with a wooden leg. His hair was the colour of an unwashed frosted carrot—the little of it that could be seen peeping from the dustman's fantail, reaching almost to his waist, with which he nearly extinguished his monkey-like face. At least, it was monkey-like in its wrinkles and its fun, but there was not a trace of monkey-malice in it. A more civil, obliging little fellow than Parson there could not be. He would hop off on little errands for people from whom he expected, and got, no fee. The impish street-boys were the only persons who seemed able to sour greatly Parson's milk of human kindness. The police and the omnibus-men, the news-vendors and the miscellaneous loungers hanging about the inn in front of which Parson's crossing, or rather crossings, stretched, did their best to protect the old fellow, and soundly cuffed his persecutors when they chanced to run their way; but, nevertheless, he was shamefully tormented.

"Little pot, soon hot," says the proverb. That was not the case with Parson; but even he could not always keep his wrath from boiling over, and when wrought up to that pitch of exasperation, he would proceed to take the law into his own hands. Brandishing his broom like a broadsword, he made fierce dot-and-go-one charges on the foe. Sometimes the poor little fellow tripped, and when he had picked himself up out of the mud, was obliged to slink back discomfited to his crossing before a hostile chorus of derisive laughter. At other times, perhaps, he succeeded in mowing down a straggler in the rear of the retreating enemy. Generally, however, they escaped scot-free. Occasionally, when the old man saw that they were getting beyond his reach, he would hurl his broom after them like a javelin; a young varlet would snatch it up, and then poor Parson had to begin another weary dot-and-go-one chase.

On a foggy night, the old man was run over, breaking three or four of his ribs. Whilst he was laid up, I heard him relate his history.

"I'm a native o' Whitechapel," he said; "Goodman's Fields is where I was born an' bred—sich breedin' as I hever 'ad, an' that worn't much.

Peter's my name. I s'pose I must 'ave another somewheres, but that's the on'y name I hever went by, 'cept Parson, which them howdacious boys calls me. No, I can't say whether it's surname or chris'n name. Bless your 'cart, I was never chris'ned. Father an' mother couldn't spare time for thinx like that. Father's name worn't Peter. I'd a uncle lived at Barking, an' they called him Peter. In the barge line, or the fishin' line, he were—I can't recollect which on 'em it was. Mother made hout as he was a-goin' to do summut for me, on'y he didn't, 'cept give me a clout on the 'ead one day. That was the on'y time I hever see him, an' that's all I hever got from Uncle Peter. An' 'tworn't much I hever got from anybody helse. Father worked at the docks, when he could git work, an' worn't too drunk to do it, an' that worn't allus.

"It's 'ard work, ye see, for a woman to keep on lovin' a man when he can't give her a gownd to her back, an' blackens 'er heyes as ofen as he gits drunk. Father were a decentish sort o' man when he worn't on the drink, but anythink he'd do—beg, borrow, or steal—to git 'old o' drink, an' when it were hinside on 'im he were jest a brute; an' mother worn't much better. There was two younguns—an' that was two too many—me an' Poll. I was wery fond o' Poll, an' so she were o' me, though you mightn't think it to look at me. I never were a beauty; I s'pose it was becoss we used both on us to git drubbed. Many an' many's the time we haint 'ad a bit to heat all day, 'cept it was some rubbish we'd picked up in the markit. Sometimes a-Sundays, when it was cold, we went to church—Whitechapel Church—in the heavenink, jest to git a warm. Leastways, that's what I went for, but Poll was different from me. She liked to 'ear what the parson said. No, the parson never took no notice on us. P'raps he would if he'd a-seen us, but he didn't. They say he was good to poor folks.

"'Tworn't ofen we went. The people looked as if we 'adn't any right to. Pull in their clothes, they would, as if we'd give 'em typhus fever. That ain't pleasant. I ought to be pretty well used to it by this time, but I ain't. An' some o' them as gives themselves sich hairs is no sich great shakes arter all. It's them as is the wust. I've been spoke to a deal kinder by them as was real gentlefolks than by them as wasn't much better than me, excep' they'd got better clothes; an' yet they've talked as if I was the dirt beneath their feet. A swell knows he's a swell, an' don't mind who he's seen a-talkin' to, but them stuck-up people don't know what they are. They want to be summut, and can't. I s'pose they thinks, if they speaks civil to me, folks 'll think I'm their father; an' p'raps he worn't no better. But there, what's the good o' makin' a fuss about sich nonsense? What do

it matter? It'll be all the same a 'underd 'ears to come.

"Mostly we went to the Lane a-Sundays, Poll an' me. The shops was all hopen, an' there's sich a crowd o' people. It was livelier than where the shops was 'shut, an' now an' ag'in we'd git a bit o' fried fish give us, or the like o' that. The Jews 'as a name for bein' 'ard at a barg'in, but some on 'em is very good to poor folks, 'specially kids. They're oncommon fond o' their own, an' so I s'pose they don't like to see 't'others a-starvin'. No, I never stole nuffink. I should, though, if it 'adn't a-been for Poll. When yer inside's as hempty as a drum, it's 'ard work to see thinx layin' houtside the shops as you could heat, or sell to git summut to heat, an' keep yer 'ands off 'em. It's heasy for ye to git rid o' a'most anythink you like to steal—find's their word—down Whitechapel way. One day I'd cotched 'old on a bit o' bacon that was put out with a ticket on it at a shop in Whitechapel High Street, but Poll snatched it hout o' my 'ands an' put it back. There was a long feller with a apron down to his toes, watchin' an' shoutin', 'Buy, buy, buy!' houtside, but his back was turned. Jest then, though, he looked round. 'Lucky for you, you did,' says he to Poll, an' he shammed as if he was a-goin' to ketch us, an' off we went like a fire-engine. But it wasn't as she was afraid o' bein' nabbed that made 'er put it back. It's wonderful 'owever she picked it hup, for she'd never been larnt nuffink good, 'cept the little bit she'd 'eared at church; but she'd a notion as she should like to do thinx on the square, so as she might git to 'eaven; an' she wanted to keep me straight, too, for says she, 'Peter,' she says, 'I shouldn't like, if I was to git into the good place, an' they was to shut the door in yer face.'

"She's been there, if anybody is, many an' many a 'ear, pore gal. I was oncommon cut up when she died, but I'm glad now, for she was a pretty gal, an' a pretty face is a cuss to a pore gal like her. She'd ha' been sure to come to grief, though she was so good. It was becoss she 'adn't enough to heat—that's 'ow pore little Poll come to die. The parish buried 'er, in course—there worn't no velvet palls an' feathers. She was put into the coffin, an' a chap carried 'er under 'is arm jest as if she was a parcel. She worn't much to carry, for she were pretty nigh next to nuffink but skin an' bone.

"They weren't long a-buryn' of 'er, but what do it matter? She didn't git to 'eaven none the slower. I'm sometimes afraid I shan't never git there, but I'm suttin sure Poll's there, jest as safe as if she was Miss Coutts, an' she's a good lady, she is. But I didn't think about 'er bein' in 'eaven when I see 'em a-buryn' of 'er. When they shovelled in the hearth, I wished it was a-top o' me as well as 'er. I 'adn't a soul left in the world

as cared for me, an' I hain't 'ad since—not like Poll.

I dunno what become o' father an' mother Poll an' me was left to shift for ourselves. All sor o' thinx I've been. Anythink as turned up I'd d—anyways try at—'cos if I didn't, yer see, I mus ha' starved. Beggars can't be choosers. That' the wust o' bein' poor. You can't git the righ vaily o' yer work when you hain't nuffink to fal back on. Folks takes advantage on yer. 'Tak it or leave it,' they says, free an' easy, when all th time they are glad to git 'old on yer, an' ud give y yer own axin's, if yer could on'y 'old hout—but they know yer can't, ye see. I never did nuffink as was downright bad, so as I could be pulled up for 't, but some o' the thinx I've been forced to do was oncommon shady. Poll wouldn't ha' liked it if she'd seen me at 'em. It was thinkin' o' 'er kep me from wu's. Yes, an' keeps me now, p'raps. It's queer the way I can't forgit 'er—'cos I'd never no one else to care for me, I guess. I can see her as plain now as I could sixty 'ear an' more ago—it's hall that since she died. She don't never seem to ha' growed, or altered one bit.

"She was a bit proud of 'er curly 'air, an' kep it clean an' tidy, though 'twas 'ard work, for some times we'd nuffink better than cinders to go to bec on. There's a field they used to shoot rubbish in out by Bow—leastways, it ain't a field now, bu covered with 'ouses as thick as they can stand. Poll an' me used to go there with the other folk to see what we could pick up, an' sometimes we slep there. We'd scoop out a 'ole, so that the wine couldn't git at us, an' pick the softest place to pu our 'eads on, an' kiver ourselves hup w' any old rotten bit o' sacking, an' sich like, we could find an' sleep like tops we would. We looked like chimney-sweeps when we woke in the mornin', bu Poll allus went down to the ditch an' give 'erself a wash, an' combed 'er 'air hout, if she'd on'y go 'er fingers to do it with. An oncommon pretty ga she was, though 'she were 'all starved, an' dresse pretty nigh like a scarecrow. If she'd been figgec hout an' dressed proper, there ain't a gal I heve see as could 'old a candle to 'er—not a patch on 'er back they wouldn't be. I should like to see 'er jest as she used to was for once in a way, but i hever I git along w' 'er ag'in, I shouldn't like 'er to keep like that. If she was a child, she wouldn't be able to git on as we used w' an old chap like me.

"My luck seems to be gittin' runned hover—that's 'ow I lost my leg. I was a-'elplin' a drover in the Mile End Road. I'd gone out lookin' arter sumfink to do as fur as Romford, an' he picked me up at the market there, an' give me a job to 'elh drive some ship to the Cattle Markit—it was ir Smiffle then. Well, I'd run on to 'ead 'em back from the Cambridge 'Eath Road, when up come some fellers in a cart, 'alf sprung. The 'oss was

goin' as fast as hever it could, but the chap as was drivin' kep' on leatherin' it wi' the hend o' the reins—he 'adn't got no whip. So I shouted to 'em not to run hover the ship, an' flung up my harms—but they never took no 'ced. On they come, an' down I went, an' the cart went hover me, an' scrunched my leg like a snail. They carried me to the London Hospital, an' arter a bit the doctors cut off my leg—they said they couldn't mend it—an' I've been a hippety-hop hever since. I shall be glad, though, when I'm peggin' away on my timber-toe ag'in, for it's lonesome layin' on yer back wi' nuffink to do.

"Sundays is my best days. People ain't in sich a 'urry to git to church as they are to git to their business, an' then they're kinder a-Sundays. There's a sweet-lookin' lady goes hover my crossin', as true as the clock, hevery Sunday, with 'er three little gals, as like their mar as little peas is to a big 'un. They takes it in turns to give me my penny, an' they speaks so pretty to me. I reg'lar look hout for seein' of 'em. Real gentlefolks they are, I'll go bail, though they ain't dressed nigh so smart as a good many as goes by an' never gives me nuffink."

IN HONOUR BOUND.

BY CHARLES GIBBON,

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.

TEENIE'S DOUBTS.

THERE was a sharp pain in Tecnie's heart, and wild thoughts performing a confused dance in her brain, as she watched him handling those letters.

He was thinking about Grace evidently, and maybe he was lamenting the folly which had tempted him to marry one so useless and helpless as she was to him. She saw him in despair from which he might have been saved, if she had only been brave enough to refuse to be his wife. She saw him in sore need of help, and she was so poor—so weak that, with all her love, she could not say or do anything that might relieve him in the least degree.

Like a sudden and dense mist upon the mountain, the thought fell upon her—blinding her, stupifying her so that she did not know which way to move towards safety—that he must be sorry for having married her. It seemed as if there were a great load within her breast, bearing the once strong and upright form down to the floor.

Shading her eyes with one hand, she asked in a very low voice—

"Has the Laird no friend who will lend him the money?"

Without looking up, and his thoughts far away in the old days—how far back they seemed!—of gay youth, bright dreams, and impatient hopes, he answered—

"Our only hope is that Dame Wishart may advance it; but if she refuses, I am afraid the sale will take place."

He drew a long breath, and she saw that his lips were compressed as if he were in pain.

There was a curious sense of silence in the place; even the wind outside seemed to pause, and the rustle of the honeysuckle against the window was not heard.

The only hope was in Dame Wishart—Grace's mother. If he had married Grace, there would have been no difficulty about this business; it could all have been settled quite easily, and he would have been happy. So, in her morbid broodings, she began to see how cruel she had been, how wisely the Laird had spoken, and how wickedly and selfishly she had acted. Her love was bringing to him fast the ruin and misery of which Dalnahoy had warned her. She had turned away from the warning, because he had pleaded and she loved him so, and now—

He *must* be bitterly repenting the foolish passion which had tempted him to marry her in spite of reason.

That pretty fairy story, in which she had lived for a little while, had changed into a very dull and prosaic reality. She was surrounded by struggles and difficulties which she had never known at home; she shuddered with a cold fear that she had done wrong—that she had involved him in the wrong, and that both were now doomed to pay the penalty of the error for which she alone was to blame.

In a painful, dreamy way, she seemed to be conscious that he was fighting with a wild sea—that he was calling to her for help, and that, although quite near, she could not lift a hand to save him. The anguish to her was intense—it was like a nightmare which she tried to shake off and could not; yet every circumstance of their position, and everything around her, was coldly distinct and sharply defined to her senses. She saw and felt everything with the supernatural vividness with which the mind is gifted in moments of great peril.

How vexed he must feel with her now! By-and-by he would come to hate her as the cause of all his misfortunes, and poor Baby would become a trouble and an annoyance to him. If she could

have foreseen—if she could have known or suspected what suffering he was to undergo on her account—she might have prevented it all, and that was the bitterest thought of the many which afflicted her. She might have prevented it all, and she would have been so glad to do so—only to save him the least pain, and, lo, she was the cause of all his pain!

Still in her dreamy state, she wished that she could have dropped into the cobble and sailed away out upon the strange seas, no matter whither,

He placed his arm round her so tenderly, and drew her to his breast with such affectionate warmth, that but for the extravagant fancies which possessed her, she must have known how much she had wronged his thoughts. She was grateful for the touch of his hand—grateful for the loving sound of his voice; and at the same time she experienced a twinge of pain, that he should lavish all this care upon her who had brought him so much sorrow.

"There's nothing wrong with me," she said



"YOU WERE RIGHT, LAIRD!"

so that she never came back to Rowanden any more—so that she might leave him free to marry Grace, and to be happy, as he would be with her. She had a pitiful weary feeling of being all alone in the world—of being so much the enemy of those whom she loved, that they must wish her to be away; and for their sakes she desired nothing better than to be taken off at once, and hidden out of sight, no matter where.

As her brain throbb'd with these sad fancies, a big sob burst from her, and Walter started up, amazed and distressed; it was a very unusual sound to proceed from her.

"What is the matter, Teenie, my own bonnie wife—what has happened to you?"

stubbornly, and even with a degree of petulance in her fierce determination to overcome every sign of weakness. Then, sobbing in spite of herself, and wistfully, "It's an awful pity."

Her pity was for him in having married her, and so entailed upon himself all this suffering; he attributed it to the position of his father.

"It is a pity, and it will upset the old man terribly—to be turned out of his home, to be set adrift in the world, and to begin life anew when he is so near its close—oh! it vexes me, so that I do not know what to say or think."

"But you could not help it"—timidly, and half against her will, craving for some balm for the self-accusations which were torturing her.

"No, I could not help it; and yet, Teenie, I feel as if there were some blame due to me, and the feeling makes me smart keenly. I ought to have been able to relieve him in this crisis. Perhaps I should have been if I had followed his advice, and applied myself to engineering. That is a profitable business, once you get into the groove; but preaching is a poor trade at the best—there are no fortunes made at it. Still, I do not feel that my choice has been a wrong one; I have adopted a poor trade according to the ordinary measure of success, but have I not chosen the one in which the real measure of success is largest and most substantial? It is surely a vulgar thought to measure God's love by worldly prosperity; and if that were to be the rule, it would be a sore temptation to ignorant minds to try to cheat themselves and Providence. They try it often enough as it is. I am content to be poor even when I must look on such sorrow as my father's, if I may help men to realise what is true happiness."

"If I could only help you!" she muttered, to herself rather than to him.

He looked at her, puzzled and much grieved by her white face. Still, he had no conception of the vein of thought she had fallen into, and of the cruel confirmation which his words gave to the convictions that distressed her. He smiled sadly, and tried to comfort her.

"Get well, Teenie—look happy and bright as you used to do, and then I think it will be possible even to hear the tap of the auctioneer's stick at Dalmahoy without despair. But if you go on being so unlike yourself as you are just now, I don't know how I shall stand it."

"Aye!" she cried with a wild sort of bitterness of heart—shutting her eyes and thinking of the blunders they had made—"there would have been no need for all this fash if you had only married Gr——"

He placed his hand tenderly on her mouth, a quick and painful suspicion of her feelings running through his mind, and filling him with more acute sorrow than even the knowledge of his father's distress had done; for he saw how much his careless words must have pained her, and he felt that she had not the unquestioning faith in him which he had hoped she possessed. It was a double shock to him, and very bitter.

"You are my wife," he said quietly, "and you must not think that it was possible for me to marry anybody but you, as indeed it was not, and could not be, even if I were free to make choice again to-morrow with the knowledge of all these troubles staring me in the face. I would act just as I have done, unless perhaps I had hesitated in the fear that you were not willing to share poverty and sorrow with me."

"Oh, Wattie! I would be proud of your poverty,

because it brings you so much nearer to me. But when I see you suffering, and so many others suffering, because——" She hesitated, and then impetuously, "because you have married me, I feel wild!"

He was startled by this passionate outcry, and strangely disturbed.

"You are all the world to me, Teenie," he said softly; "you can never guess half the happiness you have given to me, and I can never forget it, I hope."

She was looking at the floor, her face clouded by unpleasant emotions, but it was an unspeakable relief to hear his words and to mark his tone. The doubts which afflicted her were quieted, although not dispelled. She did not speak again.

From that day there was a marked change in her manner and ways. The frank, fearless girl of old times was gone, and her place was occupied by a quiet, somewhat shy, and often sad woman, whose nature was occasionally roused by under-currents of passion, which, however, found no further expression than in the quick flash of the bright eyes—like the sea at night illumed for a minute by lightning, then dark and incomprehensible again.

Out of her very love there was a slow growth of fierce despair. She looked often across the sea, yearning towards it, thinking of her father, and speculating upon what might have happened if she had gone away with him before the marriage. Dalmaioy would have been saved, the Laird would not have despised her as he must do now, and Walter and Grace would have been so happy! Grace would have suited him so admirably; she was interested in all his work, and she would have helped him in it; he could have discussed his sermons with her; she would have taken charge of the Sunday-school, and she would have managed the soup-kitchen and the coal-fund in winter. Teenie blamed herself that she was utterly unfitted for any of these duties—at least in the way they were usually performed.

There was always in her mind the self-upbraiding cry, never a thought of blame to others. Yet at times she looked and acted as if she were angry with everybody, just because she felt so bitter towards herself. Wild, wicked feelings surged in her breast, and they were all the more fierce because she tried so hard to conceal and suppress them.

She watched her husband with a sharp aching at her heart, and wistful eyes. As she saw the shadow of trouble deepen on his face, her despair was quickened until it seemed as if all the world were against her, and that every hope of peace was gone from their home. And she was the cause—she alone was the cause! She felt that her whole nature was changing, that her brow was becoming contracted with a constant frown, and that her heart was swelling so with pain, it must surely burst very soon.

Yet she was vitally submissive to him, watching his every look, studying his every wish, and trying with all her might to make up to him, by her affectionate care, for the ruin which she fancied was the dowry she had brought to him. Now she prayed and prayed that her father might return in time to rescue Dalmahoy! She would have him give up the last farthing he possessed for that purpose; and then if she could only disappear from the place—die perhaps—she would be satisfied.

To Grace she was more gentle, more loving than she had ever been before. Everything Grace said was as gospel to Teenie; everything Grace did she praised and admired—and it requires a good heart to be pleased with the successes of one's friends. The conviction that she had stepped into the Dalmahoy family as a sort of marplot grew upon her, until it became a sort of waking nightmare. The poor girl's heart was breaking, and her only relief was found in exceeding tenderness of thought towards those whom she fancied she had wronged; whilst often she was in appearance dour to them, and quite unsympathetic. These were the moments in which she hated herself most, in which she was longing most to discover some great sacrifice to make by which she could help them, and show how much she loved them.

When alone with Baby—the little thing laughing, crowing, and kicking in the animal enjoyment of mere existence—she felt the bitterness of her position most keenly. But even when alone she rarely allowed the tears which filled her breast to find vent. She was either dour in her anguish, and would sit for hours watching the little one, and dreaming sad dreams, or she would be fierce in her affectionate hugging of the child, and, as with dry hot eyes she looked at him, would try to croon some of the old sad ballads, or to tell him pretty stories of gay lives, as if he could understand, and as if her heart were not bursting with pain.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SECOND.

FALSE STEPS.

TEENIE'S white face haunted Walter; it became a terror to him, and added cruelly to the anxieties which at the time engaged his thoughts. He feared that she was very ill, and spoke to the doctor. Lumsden, the baillie, in his rough and hearty way, assured him there was nothing the matter; it was just the natural effects of the birth of the baby, and she was not half so bad as many women were under the same circumstances. He prescribed cheerful conversation, good feeding, and as much open-air exercise as possible—driving best.

Obedient to these directions, Walter tried to be cheerful. It was a very ghastly result, for he was in sore trouble. He knew that he made a bad show of mirth, and he was much vexed by it. But he did the next best thing, as he thought—he said

never a word about the various matters which were annoying and worrying him so that he could with difficulty get up even the faint appearance of cheerfulness with which he attended her. He was very earnest in the effort, but he was very grave all the same, and in spite of himself; for his father's prospective ruin, and various irritating petty inconveniences in his own affairs, were pressing sharply upon him. Unfortunately, he was not one of those who could take life lightly; life was a very serious business to him, and its responsibilities not to be shirked or postponed on account of any personal sorrows or weaknesses.

She was not in the least deceived by his pretences at indifference to the way things were going. She questioned him, and he told her that all would be right by-and-by; that she was not to trouble herself, but just devote her whole attention to getting well, and that would make him quite happy, for his chief distress was due to the fact that she was so ill. And to a certain extent he spoke absolute truth.

But she looked upon this as another sign that she was unfit to be his wife; she regarded it as a final proof that he thought so; and at every fresh attempt he made to hide his sorrow from her, she kept murmuring to herself—

"He feels that I am the cause of all this wreck and ruin, and he will not tell me. He sees that it is my fault he is in difficulty, and he is trying to shut his own eyes to it by hiding it from me?"

So the very means which he adopted to assist her recovery retarded it. If she had only spoken out, then he would have understood, and he would have explained everything to her; or if he had only spoken out, she would have understood, she would have been spared much pain, and she would have helped him by getting well, and also by the sturdy spirit in which she took in hand those matters which were plain to her.

But each trying most earnestly to help the other, each loving the other most devoutly, and each striving hard to save the other from pain, did exactly what they wished not to do—inspired doubt and grief.

There was no foolishness on either side; each was capable of very bold and resolute action as soon as the course was visible. It was just one of those commonplace positions in which what we wish to do blinds us to what we ought to do.

He was deeply grieved that she showed no signs of improving health; she was bitterly vexed with him that he did not think her worthy of his confidence—just at the time when it would have been the greatest conceivable relief to him to have poured into her ear the whole history of his vexations, when her sympathy would have helped and strengthened him beyond measure, and when the loss of it was the greatest of all deprivations!

He tried to interest her in the events which were passing around them, but he found it difficult to get her out of the house. She had grown almost a hermit, and she could not bear to pass the garden gate. He thought that a very bad sign, and he tried all sorts of little persuasions to induce her to go down to the village, to Kingshaven, or for a drive to the hills. She yielded, but it was only because she wished to please him; she seemed to derive neither pleasure nor benefit from these excursions.

In her present humour the number of petty aggravations which she discovered increased rapidly; the beauty of home was fading, and by-and-by it would wither. Already the pitifully small beginnings of misunderstanding, of doubt, which, if unchecked at first, develop into fierce words and distrust, had entered the house; and yet each was striving honestly to be faithful, dutiful, and loving to the other.

It was at the flower-show that Teenie encountered the Laird for the first time after she had heard of the calamity which loomed before him.

The flower-show was in the school-house. There were tables with rising shelves along the walls and down the centre of the room, brilliant with flowers—chiefly the old-fashioned ones: verbenas, petunias, hollyhocks, roses, pansies, and two or three ruddy cockscombs. These, for the most part, were nurtured in cottage gardens by hard-working weavers, shoemakers, and farm labourers. The gardeners of the gentlemen in the neighbourhood contributed the rare flowers which their masters' hothouses produced.

The dominie, the doctor, the exciseman, and a goodly number of the ladies and gentlemen who lived on the outskirts of the town—spinsters and widows of limited income, half-pay officers and retired tradesmen—were also amongst the exhibitors, and as eager as any of the others in the contest for the prizes. The show was a great event of the year; it was the climax of much devoted labour and many anxious hopes. It was the cause of many heart-burnings, for the flower-growers identified themselves with their favourites, and failure to win a prize—or at least special commendation—was regarded as a deep affliction; by some accepted contentedly and wisely, with the determination to make a more strenuous effort next year, guided by the experience of this one; by others with a spiteful grudge towards those who had succeeded; and by others again with self-satisfied feelings of contempt for the ignorance or partiality of the judges—who were generally gardeners from distant gentlemen's seats, and nurserymen of the neighbouring towns.

For months previous to the event, the dominie was in a state of excitement, arranging the list of prizes, settling with the committee and the judges

for the most convenient day for the show, and writing letters about everything to everybody. The labours of a Secretary of State were small in comparison with the dominie's, and still smaller if viewed through his notion of their relative importance to the country.

Then he had his special anxiety about his own roses and pansies, for which he had obtained several prizes, and to which he was as much devoted as if they had been living things. At four o'clock in the morning he was in his garden, busy with his pets; there again after school until late in the evening, sometimes even working by lamp-light. To make the show "a grand display," to win a prize, and to be complimented for his "indefatigable exertions on behalf of horticultural science," constituted to him the glory of life.

The day came, and it was exceedingly beautiful to him: the clear sunshine, with the cooling breeze from the sea; the warm moist atmosphere of the room, gorgeous in colours—pink, red, purple, blue, green, and the innumerable shades of these—with the sweet odour of the roses. "Paradise must be a flower-show," thought the dominie, meaning anything but disrespect to Paradise.

The ladies—flowers in their way, and quite as gorgeous in attire, although not so perfect, perhaps -- and the gentlemen streamed into the room; passed slowly round, admiring, simpering, coqueting, and making comments of more or less, or no value.

"The colours are so very fine," exclaimed Mrs. Dobbieside; "they are almost equal to the artificial!"

McGilchrist, the manufacturer, observed that if he could only obtain a dye equal to the dominie's prize pansy—a deep velvety purple—he would make a fortune by it. Others were able to admire the perfection of cultivated nature without any commercial speculations; but a large proportion of the visitors came because it was a show where other people were to be seen, and passed round and round, blind to the beauty which was laid before them.

It was in this room Teenie met the Laird. For an instant she had a desire to avoid him; then with a momentary frown and a sharp mental reprimand—"Why should I?"—she walked up to him and held out her hand.

The eyes of all the people near were upon them; for there had been curious rumours going about—rumours not yet fully developed, but promising a fine crop of absurd falsehoods at no very distant date.

He was perfectly aware that they were observed; and the Laird, on the brink of ruin, was as grandly courteous as ever, and smiled as gaily as if he knew no care in the world.

He took her hand, greeting his daughter-in-law

as respectfully as if she had been the richest lady in the land.

"I am glad to see you looking so well, Christina. I have been hearing bad accounts of your health, and it is a charming surprise to see you here to-day with a colour on your cheeks that rivals the dominie's roses."

The compliment was disagreeable to her, for the colour was due to her anxiety as to how he would receive her; and she thought his tone drier than usual.

But the onlookers were satisfied that the Laird was most considerate, and that there was no breach between him and the minister's wife. The Laird was slyly conscious, and he determined to give the good folk still further satisfaction.

He drew Teenie's arm within his own—much to her astonishment—and walked slowly round the room with her, directing her attention to the choicest flowers, and making pleasant or patronising comments upon the growers of the plants he praised. He never paused, never hesitated for a word, or for a sentiment, because he had such sublime faith in himself that he never doubted what ever words came uppermost were worth uttering.

It did not matter to her what he said, for she was busy thinking how kind he was to forget or to forgive so readily her share in bringing about his present unfortunate position.

He was vastly admired by the onlookers, his condescension, his courtesy and flow of language were much praised; and several ladies vowed that he was the handsomest and youngest old gentleman they had ever seen. The Laird was sensible of the admiration he excited, and for the time he was really indifferent to his impending ruin.

When they had passed round the room and reached the door—where the dominie muttered his thanks for Dalmahoy's presence on that occasion, and the Laird replied with a neat compliment about the dominie's management in general and his flowers in particular—he did not leave her as she expected.

"Wattie is busy with some of his elders—arranging about the Sacrament, I dare say—so I'll walk down the road with you till we meet Drysdale with the gig," he said.

They walked along the high road on the edge of the cliffs, the sea glancing and surging below them. Her head was bent, her eyes fixed on the ground; he still retained her arm, discoursed upon the beauties of nature—the flower-show—or inquired about the baby; and she replied in monosyllables, her breast swelling with other thoughts.

Suddenly she lifted her head, and looked him straight in the face.

"You were right, Laird, and I was wrong," she said decisively.

Even he was slightly taken aback by this frank admission, for he was quick, and he had a fair idea of what she referred to.

"My dear child, I do not understand you, and you look as if the matter were serious."

"I mean about the marriage—I should not have taken him, as you said, especially when he was expecting a fortune which I knew he could never have. You were right, and you must hate me—although you try to be so kindly."

The Laird had a disagreeable remembrance of his fib, and he spoke all the more earnestly.

"It is a principle of mine, Christina, never to cry over spilled milk. I would have been glad if you had followed my advice when I offered it to you; but you and Wattie have thought otherwise and acted otherwise; there is no more to be said. We must make the best we can of matters as they stand."

"But I have not got the education to fit me for his wife—you know it—you knew—why didn't you hold him back?"

In his surprise at this attack, the Laird found himself trying to reconcile her to her position.

"You can still learn, my dear child. Education develops, it does not create. It seems to me clearer daily, that we are what we are by the force of nature, and not by education. Education refines, modifies, improves natural faculties, and renders us more or less useful, or more or less harmful to society. That is all. Education will never shorten the ears of a donkey."

"And it will never shorten mine."

"I did not mean that, Christina," he said hastily, shocked by the construction she had placed on his words.

"I know. What are you to do about this money you require?"

Dalmahoy was surprised to find himself put out of countenance by this child. Clearing his throat, and not quite so calmly as usual—

"Walter has told you then?"

"Everything."

"Well, we are going to my sister—there is Wattie coming for me—and I expect her to remove the difficulty."

"And she will not do it—I know, from what she said to me."

This was spoken with a dogged conviction which startled him.

"I hope you are mistaken, Christina," he said very sincerely; "if not, you will soon see the auctioneer at Dalmahoy, and me a beggar."

"And it is my fault," she muttered bitterly, as Drysdale came up with the gig.

Teenie walked home. The Laird and his son entered the gig, and drove over to Craighburn.

They were received by Grace, who looked somewhat uncomfortable: the cause—she had not been

able to learn what her mother intended to do ; but she smiled all the same, and gave her friends a hearty welcome.

Dame Wishart was in her chair, looking much brisker than usual, and evidently prepared for visitors. She had on a new cap of somewhat gaudy colours ; she wore a brocaded gown which had belonged to her mother, and which was never used except on state occasions ; it was a piece of family grandeur, and had passed through several generations. Her face was keener and her eyes brighter than they had been for a long time. She

seemed, indeed, to be nerved up to some great effort.

Both Dalmahoy and Walter expressed the pleasure they really felt in seeing her look so well ; but the former experienced an uncomfortable doubt that all these preparations indicated the fulfilment of Tecnie's prophecy.

Grace stood behind her mother's chair, ready to supply any of her wants. She looked with a curiously anxious gaze from her mother to the two men seated before her.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SECOND.

SMUGGLING-ANA.



HAVE got one or two smuggling stories to tell. New ones, do you ask ? That depends very much upon whether you have heard them before. Picturesque smuggling being pretty nearly obsolete, anecdotes connected with it can rarely be both new and true. Now these at least are true.

One fine morning, a good many years ago, a party of Revenue men were clustered on the shores of Whitsand Bay, in a state of some excitement, for the clearing off of the early morning mist had revealed a suspicious-looking lugger, lying becalmed and motionless, and they hoped that the fastest smuggler on the coast, that had shown them her heels many and many a time, whose repeated escapes had caused them to become the laughing-stocks of the country-side, and had even excited a suspicion of connivance in the breasts of the authorities, had at last fallen into their hands.

"It is her, safe enough," shouted one who had the telescope ; "that is the *Lottery*, or my name's not Bowden !"

There was no time to be lost ; the breeze might spring up at any moment, and the best vessel, and the crew most conversant with the coast, handiest in bad weather, and most reckless of consequences, remain free to renew a career of fraud and violence. So the officer in command ordered a couple of boats to be manned at once, and put off to secure the prize.

But the Lotteries made up their minds not to give up their valuable cargo and fine craft without a struggle, and made all the usual preparations against boarders.

As the attacking boats approached shots were exchanged, and they were finally beaten off ; Ambrose Bowden, who pulled the bow-oar of one of them, being killed. Indeed the officer in command would not have been justified in persevering

with the attack at the risk of his men's lives ; for the object he had in view, that of suppressing the *Lottery*, could now be attained without further sacrifice. The crew were well known, and though it had been impossible to surprise them in an overt act of smuggling, it would be a very different matter now that they had the brand of Cain upon their foreheads. So it proved ; when the affray was reported, the authorities, determined to make an example, issued orders to arrest the vessel, and

or any members of the crew, wherever they might be found.

And now commenced the punishment of the smugglers, who led the lives of hunted rats. Officers of justice, with soldiers to aid them, were perpetually on their track ; dragoons scoured the country, prowling for them. They could not visit their families without the strictest precautions, and had to move about by night. In the day time they lay concealed in barns and granaries, where they constantly heard inquiries being made about them.

Of course their only chance of escape lay in the fact that the whole country-side was in their favour and against the Revenue people ; there was not a farmer, an innkeeper, a shopman, or a labourer unwilling to do his best to aid and conceal them. Still, at every game of hide-and-seek the searcher wins in the end. To lie in concealment beyond a certain time is trying to the nerves. One of the smugglers, named Toms, grew tired and allowed himself to be arrested, when he turned king's evidence, and pointed out Tom Potter as the man who had fired the fatal shot.

You may imagine the storm of execration which arose against the traitor, especially when the dragoons managed, by a stratagem, to elude the precautions taken for the concealment of Potter, who was at length arrested in his own house, and carried to London. The only chance of saving him lay in getting the one witness for the prosecution, Roger Toms, out of the way. But this was difficult,

for Toms, knowing well that his life was in danger, had taken refuge on board a Revenue cutter, which he never left. However, certain influential and responsible persons whom she could trust sought out his wife, and prevailed upon her to use her influence to lure her husband away from the neighbourhood of his protectors the first time that he landed to see her.

Satisfied that no violence would be offered him, and anxious to save him from the disgrace of his comrade's blood, she consented, and was the means of his falling into an ambush. The word given, however, was faithfully kept; no injury or unnecessary discomfort was inflicted upon him, but he was spirited away to Guernsey, with the intention of sending him to some place where he would be out of the way and unable to give evidence at the time of the trial. But Toms was traced by the Government officers to Guernsey, and found in the hold of a ship just sailing for America.

His evidence on Potter's trial amounted to this—that he, Toms, was in the cabin of the *Lottery* during the attack, and that Potter had come down and said, "I have done for one of them."

For the defence, an old coastguardsman, one of the boat's crew of which the murdered man was a member, was called, and he swore that Bowden was killed by an accidental shot fired by one of themselves; and in confirmation of this it was shown that the shot had entered his *breast*, he rowing the bow-oar of a boat going *towards* the ship.

However, the smugglers had fired on the boats, that was evident, and some one ought to be hanged; so judge and jury were not particular to a technicality or two, and Tom Potter was condemned and executed.

The fate of Roger Toms, who informed against him, was a far worse one. The people of his native town execrated him; even his children were brought up to detest him, for his name was a byword of reproach.* He would certainly have been killed if he had gone freely about, so he remained in a menial capacity within the walls of Newgate till the day of his death.

That is such a tragic story, that we must give you something lighter to follow.

In 1832 there was a very heavy duty on all articles of bijouterie passing from Switzerland into France, and the usual effect of protective imposts upon goods which are easy to conceal and carry followed. Smuggling became an established and a lucrative business.

The largest jeweller at that time in Geneva was a man named Beauthé, who had reduced the contraband system to so simple a matter, that for an extra charge of five per cent. on the price he undertook to deliver any goods in Paris, duty-free. One day a gentleman entered his shop, and pur-

chased jewellery to the amount of several thousand francs. He then mentioned the report he had heard about the evasion of the duty, asking if it were true.

"Certainly, sir," said Beauthé; "sign this memorandum of agreement to pay me five per cent., and the goods shall be sent to your hotel in Paris without further charge."

The gentleman smiled, took up the pen, and signed—"De Saint Cricq, Director-General of Customs."

Beauthé, without being in the least taken aback, bowed and said—

"Monsieur the Director-General of Customs, the goods shall be at your hotel as soon as yourself."

Monsieur de Saint Cricq, being put on his mettle, started at once for Paris, and on passing the frontier made himself known to the custom-house officer in command, told the story, and offered a reward of fifty louis for the seizure of the jewellery. Arrived at his hotel, he embraced his wife and children, and went presently up-stairs to change his travelling dress. On his dressing-table there stood a neat little casket with a silver plate upon it bearing his name. Opening it, he found the jewels. Beauthé had managed somehow to get it placed amongst the count's own luggage during the process of packing; and the valet, finding it there, had placed it naturally upon the dressing-table.

To return to British smuggling. There is a story which illustrates yet another phase of the difficulties that beset a Government in its endeavours to suppress a fraudulent trade, the profits of which are very large. *Quis custodes ipsos custodiet?* Who is to guard the guards? Game-keepers will sell their masters' pheasants, and Revenue men have been known to employ the Government vessels with which to run casks. The Revenue cutter *Providence* was thus caught by a sister vessel in the very act of smuggling, was tried and condemned, and having passed through the form of sale by auction from the Revenue Service to the Admiralty, her name was changed to the *Grecian*, and her old crew were sent in her as a punishment to the West Indies. Here they fell in with a pirate, ran her aground, lowered their boat, and attacked the retreating crew, fighting in the surf, and killing a good number of them, while the rest they took prisoners to Jamaica, where they were hanged.

For this brilliant affair the crew of the *Grecian* were all graciously given their freedom and permitted to return home. Whether they were ever employed in the Preventive Service again, however, or whether they engaged in open and professed smuggling, I have not been able to learn.

LEWIS HOUGH.

THE FLOWER AND THE BIRD.

BY J. R. PLANCHÉ.

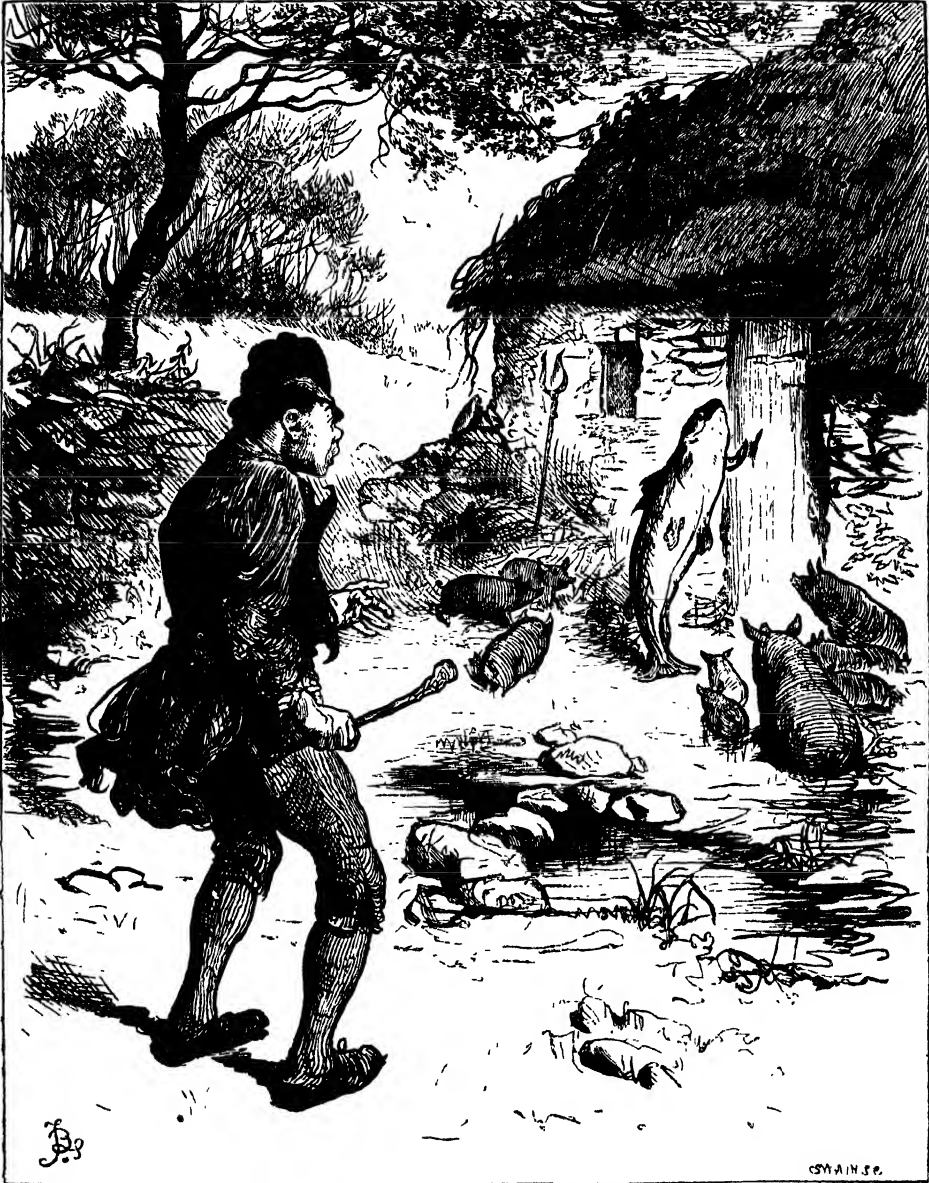


A WOODBINE, as the story goes,
 Was once enamoured of a Rose—
 A sweet, young, blushing, lovely flower
 As ever graced a maiden's bower.
 Both had sprung out of the same
 earth,
 And he had loved her from her
 birth ;
 And in the language of the flowers,
 Which is more florid far than curs,
 Expressed for her his ardent passion ;
 But though after a certain fashion
 She seemed to show an inclination
 Towards an innocent flirtation,
 Beyond a bow it never went.
 Once, as he o'er her fondly bent,
 A breeze so nearly to him brought her,
 He thought his tendrils must have caught her ;
 But, reddening, she in haste retreated,
 And begged it might not be repeated.
 One eve to his dismay he heard
 The low, sweet warble of a bird,
 Who, as the light of day was fading,
 His darling Rose was serenading.
 It was a wild young Nightingale,
 Who told of love the usual tale,
 But in so exquisite a strain,
 Unmoved she could not quite remain ;
 And the poor Woodbine saw the danger
 Of listening to this tuneless stranger,
 So took the liberty next morning
 To give the flower a friendly warning.
 "It is not for my sake, dear Rose,
 I caution you your ears to close
 Against this too seductive lover.
 My chance I know has long been over,
 'Tis but on your account I speak ;
 Your happiness alone I seek.
 Choose any of my comrades here—
 All in the garden hold you dear—
 But wed not one who, though he love you,
 Must feel that he was born above you,
 And, being wont at will to roam,
 May weary too soon grow of home."
 Indignantly her head she tossed,
 His good advice on her was lost,
 As in such cases I have known,
 Too oft it has away been thrown.
 Night after night, the warbler came ;
 Ambition fanned the flow'et's flame.
 Birds in the order of creation
 Are above flowers of any station.
 That fact her faithful friend had mentioned,
 Unwisely, though 'twas well-intentioned ;
 For what he trusted would alarm her,

Proved to have much more power to charm her.
 So true it is, though told in fiction,
 The sex delights in contradiction.
 A wish you've only to oppose,
 And, be it Woman—be it Rose,
 The more decided the objection,
 The stronger grows the predilection
 But to be brief—ere Whitsuntide,
 The lovely flower became a bride,
 And proudly for a while, poor thing,
 Saw every morn her spouse take wing,
 And thought how grand it was to fly ;
 Yet sometimes, with a fragrant sigh,
 Felt happier still had been her lot
 If he were rooted to the spot,
 Or if it had been Nature's whim
 To give her power to soar like him.
 Home every evening came her mate,
 Sometimes perhaps a little late,
 And rather weary with his round,
 And then occasionally found
 There was a pearly drop or two
 Upon her leaves—she said 'twas dew,
 And he was too well-bred to doubt it,
 Or if he did, to care about it.
 The Woodbine, from his lattice nigh,
 His darling watched with anxious eye ;
 And oft unnoticed o'er her stooping,
 With pain perceived that she was drooping.
 Later and later still the Bird
 Returning to his Rose was heard,
 And one or twice, to her affright,
 He never came home all the night !
 Of course, 'twas business or the weather—
 What could it signify a feather ?—
 And if she ventured to complain,
 My gentleman was off again,
 Darting away, swift as a swallow,
 Well knowing that she could not follow.
 In fine, ere o'er the wedded pair
 The honeymoon that shone so fair
 Had ceased to shed its silver light,
 The Nightingale had vanished quite.
 And the poor Woodbine stood aghast,
 To see the Rose was fading fast ;
 While, unaffected by her grief,
 Around her whispered every leaf,
 And twittered every busy bird,
 "The match was perfectly absurd !
 It serves the silly flower right ;
 She held that honest Woodbine light—
 Treated her equals with disdain,
 And, of a winged lover vain,
 Wedded with one who, born to fly
 Now leaves her to despair and die."

MY IRISH STORY.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.



"THERE WAS ME SALMON KNOCKIN' AT THE HALL-DURE, AS DOWLED AS BRAY."

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIRST.

I SENT a sensation fizzing through the smoking-room of the Marathon Club, by announcing my intention of passing my Christmas holidays in the wilds of the Western Highlands of Ireland.

"Don't ask me to witness your will, old boy," cried one. "I can recommend you to an insurance office which holds out special inducements to would-be suicides," exclaimed another.

"If you are not heard of before 1880, we will ask a paternal Government to organise an exploring expedition," suggested a third.

"I can lend you a grey Russian overcoat: you'll run a less chance of being potted in it than in your ordinary raiment," added a fourth.

"I'll lay a pony there's a chignon in the business," chimed in a fifth; and thus the jokes went flying round my devoted head, until I read aloud the contents of the following telegram which I had received during the day:—

"GEOFFRY GREVILLE,
"Derry Bawn Hotel,
"Carrig na Golliogue,
"Near Dhudheenoe.

"To HENRY GREVILLE, Esq.,
"Marathon Club,
"London, W.

"Come to this place as soon after receipt of this as possible. I am in a mess. It's not money."

I was fairly puzzled. That there was a daughter of Eve in the case, I entertained not the slightest particle of doubt, but the nature of the dilemma was a source of wonderment and mystery. My Cousin Geoffry had not long been gazetted to the gallant —th. He had joined his regiment at Athlone, in which classical locality, until the receipt of his telegram, I was under the delusive impression that he was still sojourning.

Geoffry was of an "amorous complexion." The best dancer and the fastest—the best man to flirt and the fastest—the best man to disconcert Materfamilias, and to avoid the stereotyped interview with Paterfamilias. Fifty men have been married for paying one-tenth less attention to a marriageable daughter than Mr. Geoffry Greville. He was always in love, but the idea of matrimony never seemed to flicker across his brain. "Pshaw! I shan't marry till I'm fifty; all the old fellows get all the young girls," was his invariable reply when remonstrated with upon the subject of his dilly-dallying.

Under ordinary circumstances I should have allowed my gay and festive kinsman to wriggle out of his mess as best he could, but the Chetwodes, with whom I invariably passed Christmas-tide, had elected to remain in Rome, and I was left on the bleak shore of London, alone. Consequently, it was rather a relief than otherwise to receive the telegram—a telegram that bespoke a most agreeable mystery. I use the word "agreeable" advisedly, on the well-known principle that there is something not utterly displeasing in the misfortunes of even our best friends. Having consulted Bradshaw, I found that the 8.25 from Euston would place me fairly *en chemin*; so ordering a nice little dinner, for which the *chef* at the Marathon is so famous, and a pint of Moët—dry—I gave myself up to pondering upon the situation, and the rôle I was destined to play in the forthcoming sensation scene.

* * * * *

On the evening of the 24th day of December, 187—, at about five o'clock, a traveller might have

been descried standing upon the steps of Daly's Hotel, in the town of Westport. The traveller was enveloped in a massive Ulster coat, and the Ulster coat which surrounded the traveller, was itself surrounded by a motley crowd, consisting of a group of mendicants in every conceivable stage of deformity, each of whom was engaged in jostling and villifying his neighbour, but all of whom were actuated by a common motive, that of delivering the fricze-coated traveller of as much current coin of the realm as the generosity of his disposition, and the exigencies of the occasion, might move him to dispossess himself of.

The traveller was Harry Greville, and "he didn't see it."

"How long will it take us to reach Carrig na Golliogue?" I asked as I lighted my cigar, preparatory to mounting the rickety-looking outside car which stood in readiness to convey me to my destination.

"The roads is very heavy, yer anner," was the evasive reply of the charioteer, who was also engaged in the process of igniting a "bit o' baccy," concealed within the depths of a very short and very black "dhudheen."

"Divil resave the sight av Eriff Bridge ye'll see, let alone Carrig na Golliogue," observed one of my constituents in a solemn and prophetic manner.

"That the snow may swally up all naygurs is me prayer," added another.

"Av I wor Micky Delany, I wudn't face that road this blessed an' holy night for less nor a goolden guinea an' a pint o' sperrits," cried a ragged little old fellow, with a view to improving the financial prospects of the drive, even at the expense of his own.

"Guinea, indeed! Troth, he'd be a poor-hearted crayture that wud put a dacent boy off wud the likes av a guinea, such a murdherin' cowl'd night as this."

It was, in good sooth, a bad night for a journey out into the mountains. The snow was descending slowly and steadily, falling noiselessly on every available object, enveloping all in a seamless shroud. The bitter blast was whistling through the gaunt and leafless trees, and the river plashed onwards with a dreary, chilling, moaning monotony. Hastily looking to the safety of my pocket-flask, as travellers in the olden time were wont to examine the condition of their fire-arms, jerking the collar of my Ulster up into my hair, and pulling my hat over my ears, I sprang upon the car, and wrapping a rug over my knees as closely as though it was sticking-plaster, I quitted Westport amid the jeers, execrations, howls, curses, and snow-balls of the baffled and disappointed mendicants.

Our progress was necessarily very slow, but it did not require much power of observation to discern that the horse was of that description known as a

"garron," and that in addition to constitutional weakness it was endowed with a considerable amount of the well-known characteristics of the mule. It also possessed a peculiar habit of stopping without any premonitory symptoms, which produced the unpleasant effect of sending me forwards with a jerk that threatened to fling me head-foremost into the snow, as though I were about to take a header into a foaming plunge-bath.

"It's *conthrairy* he is," observed Mr. Michael Delany, upon being remonstrated with; "it's *conthrairy*; divil a ha'porth else."

"Contrary! What do you mean?"

"He has quare ways, yer anner. What wud ye think av a baste that wud do the likes av this?—Wan day he swallied a half a soverin, an' all we cud get him to give up was sivin-an'-six, all through *conthrairiness*."

"Do you ever give him a drop of whiskey, Micky?"

"I did wanst, and mebbe I didn't suffer for it!" This was uttered with so much unction that my curiosity was awakened, and I asked him to enlighten me.

"Story-tellin' is dhry work, sir."

"Did you have a drink before you left Westport?"

"I *will*, sir, an' its plazin' to ye," was the prompt response.

Having mutually partaken of a modest quencher, Mr. Delany proceeded—

"Well, sir, there was wan night last winther, and a murtherin' wet night it was, when wan o' the militia sint for me, for to dhrove him beyant Leenawn, this very road, for to go to a party given be a gentleman's family. I didn't care for the job, but as all quollity was goin', there wasn't a yoke for love or money but the very car yer sittin' on. So we kem to terms aisy enough, for I never fall out wud a gentleman, an' shure enough just all as wan as yerself, sir, he had a sup in a flask, an' bestowed it wud an open an' divartin' hand. Well, yer anner, just as we got about half-ways th' axle gev, and left us roarin' murder in the middle o' the road.

"What am I to do now, ye villyan?" says he.

"Sorra know I know," says I, 'barrin' ye walk,' says I.

"I'm bet," says he, 'be raisin av my dhress boots,' says he.

"Thru for ye," says I.

"But there was luck in store for him, for up comes a shay bound for the same party, that gev him a sate. He ped me honest, and it was only whin he was a mile off that I found the flask on the sate that you're sittin' on now. I dhrank his helth, and made the baste drink it too; and somehow or another, begorra, the next thing I remimber was me dhraggin' the car, an' that baste there sittin' up in me sate as unconsigned as the Chief Baron chargin'

for murther, an' beltin' me wud the whip as hard as he cud lick."

"And what then, Micky?"

"I never giv him a taste o' sperrits from that night to this, yer anner."

"I'm greatly afraid that you were drunk, Micky."

"I wasn't drunk."

"Were you sober?"

"I wasn't sober."

"Well, if you were neither drunk nor sober, what were you?"

He pulled up the too willing steed in order to give emphasis to his reply—

"I was upon the difinsive, yer anner."

This happy condition between the Scylla of intoxication and the Charybdis of sobriety was one which struck me as being so exceedingly novel, from the fact of its being delivered with the gravity of conviction, that I burst out laughing.

"Troth, thin, I was much the same way the night I went for to ketch the salmon for Father Myles Donovan, may the heavens be his bed this blessed an' holy night"—here Micky crossed himself most devoutly—"an' if your anner has a sketch o' sperrits contagious, I'd tell ye all about it."

Having promptly complied with Mr. Delany's request, and politely asked him if he would like another sketch, he replied—

"No, I'm thanful to ye, sir; that's hapes, as Mrs. Murphy remarked whin she swallied the crab.

"Well, sir," he continued, after a ringing smack of the lips, like the crack of a whip, "when I was a likely lump av a gossoon, I lived over beyant at Leenawn, an' I was a powerful fisher. There was nothin' to bate me. I med me own flies, and invinted the choicest av bait, an' sorra a fish that ever lept could take the consait out o' me. Well, sir, th' ould ancient Martins was dhruv out o' Ballenahinch be raisin av the hard times, and a set of naygurs, called the Great Life Assurance—the curse o' Crumwell on thim!—tuk the roof from over the heads of the lawful owners. Troth, we had plinty av law, plinty av assurance, but dickens a bit av life in the counthry sence they kem in it. I was put out o' me sheelin' an' sint over to live on a bog that was half the year undher water and th' other half shtrugglin' to dry. No Christian at all at all cud live in it, barrin' he was a say-gull or a dispinsary dhochor; the very snipes was bet up wud the newralgy. Well, sir, poor Father Myles Donovan, rest his sowl, come to me wan evenin' at th' ind o' Siptember, an' says he—

"Are you there, Mick?" says he.

"I am, yer rivirence," says I.

"I want to spake to ye particular an' private," says he.

"Troth, you're welkim, yer rivirence," says I, an' out we walked up the bog.

"'Me Lord the Bishop is coming to Derrymalooney to-morrow,' says he.

"'Och, murther, but that'll be a great day for yer rivrence an' the Holy Church av Room !' says I.

"'It will,' says he, 'but he has tuk me short,' says he. 'I only got his letther tin minutes ago,' says he, 'an' to-morrow is a black fast,' says he.

"'Murther, an' shure it is,' says I ; 'what's to be done at all at all ?'

"'Father Myles looked very hard at me, an' says he, 'Mick,' says he, 'you're a good fisher.'

"'Divil a finer in Ireland,' says I, for I was proud o' me talent in that way, don't ye see.

"'Av I don't get a salmon for me Lord the Bishop for to-morrow, Micky,' says he, hooking me wud his eye, 'I'm bet up intircly.'

"'I seen what he mint while ye'd be winkin' at a leprachaun.

"'Keep up yer sperrits, Father Myles,' says I, 'for av there's a salmon in that lake now, he'll be smoking undher his lordship's nose, or I'll be contint fur to lose me stick.'

"'Yer a dutiful son av the Church,' says Father Myles, and away wud him across the bog like a young deer.

"The night was murtherin' dark, an' rainin' that powerful that I was as wet as a gauger whin I got to the edge o' the lake. I was afear'd to thry for the fish in daylight, for the Great Life, bad cess to thim, had their keepers as plinty as blackberries, and these villyans wor always lookin' out to get a dacent boy into throuble. Well, sir, I got out me tools, and havin' swallied a good tent o' poteen, I set my nit, and down I sot. It was the lonsest night I ever spint, only the water splashin' and the sheep-dogs yelpin'. I kep me hand on the sthring reddy for a haul, but dickens a sign av a fish stirrin' at all at all. 'This won't do,' says I ; 'av the Bishop doesn't get a taste o' fish, poor Father Myles will never get a parish.' Well, sir, I sot there, wud the sthring in me hand, takin' an odd scoop at the bottle, an' me heart was very frctful all for the sake of Father Myles, whin all of a suddint the sthring was pulled wud a jerk that nigh dhragg'd me into the wather, and begorra, I had an illigant salmon. 'Hurroo!' says I, 'I'm not bet yet,' and I

hauled in the nit—and now, yer anner, comes the quare part of the story, and mind ye, it's as thrue as you're sittin' foreninst me on that sate. I tuk the fish out av the nit (he was about eighteen pound) an' was goin' to give him a rap to lave him aisy, whin he stud up on the ind av his tail, threw out his fins, and med for to wrastle me. I thought I'd humour him, for there wasn't a boy in the barony cud stand foreninst me, an' I ketched him be the fins. Sorra a word aither av us sed, but we set to and—ye'd hardly credit it, but he curled his tail round my right leg, and givin' a jolt wud his body, tuk a full out o' me.

"Well, sir, it was very hurtful to me seclin's to be thrown be a fish, an' I was resolved to give him no 'quarther, whether he axed for it or not, but whin I scrambled to me feet the thief av a salmon was gone. Well, sir, I was so bet up be me disgrace, an' as daylight was comin', I picked up me tools, and I ups to Father Myles's house for to tell him av me misfortune. It was fair light be the time I got there ; 'an' jist as I was comin' up to the house, the sight left me eyes, for there was me salmon knockin' at the hall-dure, as bowld as brass. 'Ye won't escape me now, anyhow,' says I, and I med at him ; but the dure opened, an' I fell into the hall."

Here Micky Delany paused.

"Well, what became of the salmon, Micky ?"

"The Bishop et him," was the sententious reply.

"And did Father Myles get a parish ?"

"Shure enough, yer anner."

"And what did you get, Micky ?"

"Och, I got his blessin', and sorra much good it done me."

I did not proceed with the investigation, as I perceived that Delany did not wish to prolong it.

It had ceased to snow, and the moon evinced a decided anxiety to have a peep at Micky Delany and myself. She pushed away two or three troublesome clouds from before her face, and at length took a dull watery stare at us, much as if she had been suddenly awakened from her slumbers. This little feminine curiosity on her part enabled us to perceive a dark object some hundred yards in advance, lying right across our path.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE TRIAL OF THE PYX.



HE absolute accuracy of weight, and the precise composition of our money, are matters with which few of us concern ourselves. So long as our sovereigns have a tolerably respectable look about them, and are readily convertible into bread and butter, there are few of us who care much whether 9166 or 9666 represents the gold in them in every

1,000 parts ; and there are, perhaps, not many who have any very clear conception of the consequences likely to result if, to-morrow, the Mint authorities were to begin turning out sovereigns with five-and-twenty per cent. of copper in them.

Yet the matter would appear to lie in a nut-shell, too. The more valuable a thing is, the more we can get for it, and this of course applies to sovereigns as well as to everything else. If all sovereigns were

reduced in intrinsic value, the less we could get for them; or, in other words, the dearer everything would become. If so, then, in these times of high prices, the annual "Trial of the Pyx," or testing of the coin of the realm, is a proceeding which ought to have a peculiar interest for most of us.

This ceremony is a very old one, and it was at one time a great deal more important than it is now. At one time of day the Master of the Mint was simply a contractor with the Crown for the manufacture of coins, and whether he made sovereigns of gold or principally of copper was clearly a matter of considerable importance. After every coinage, the Mint Master, who had entered into a heavy bond for the due performance of his contract, was formally placed on his trial. A solemn court was held, presided over by the King or some great officer of State, and if the coins were found to be of the right weight and goodness, the contractor was released from his bond. Of late years and until recently, these trials were of comparatively rare occurrence, and were instituted at the discretion of the Privy Council, and presided over by the Lord Chancellor. On a pre-arranged day representatives of the Privy Council, the Exchequer, the Mint, and the Company of Goldsmiths assembled at the Exchequer Office, in Old Palace Yard, where a room was fitted up as a laboratory for this purpose.

The Goldsmiths formed a jury, to whom, at nine o'clock in the morning, the Lord Chancellor addressed a charge, leaving them to proceed with the examination at their leisure. The Pyx chest—the box containing sample coins from the Mint—was ordered to be opened; the Comptroller of the Exchequer produced a number of standard weights, ranging from 500 ounces down, by decimal gradations, to one-thousandth part of an ounce; and representatives of the Exchequer and of the Treasury brought out from the cloisters of Westminster Abbey the gold and silver standards of quality. The bringing forth of these plates was in itself something of a ceremony. The outer door of the chamber in which they were secured was unlocked by the Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury, who would require three keys, and then he could not get in till the Comptroller-General of the Exchequer brought three keys to bear on an inner door. The interior of the chamber being gained, the Chief-Clerk of the Exchequer would unlock an old chest, and the Comptroller-General of the Exchequer complete the process by unlocking the strong-box in which were the actual plates. Everything being in readiness, a number of coins would be taken from the Pyx chest brought from the Mint, melted into an ingot, and the whole mass compared with small pieces cut from the standard plates. If the two were found to correspond within certain limits, and the coins were found to be of the

proper weight, the Mint Master was held to have duly fulfilled his contract with his Sovereign.

Substantially the ceremony of the present day is the same, though several important modifications have been made in connection with it. The Mint Master is no longer a contractor, but a Minister of the Crown—the Chancellor of the Exchequer—and, even if he were able to do so, has no such motive as a contractor might have for departing from the standard prescribed by law.

Notwithstanding this, so important is it considered to be that the intrinsic value of our coins should be fully sustained, that the law now requires that "a trial of the Pyx shall be held at least once in every year in which coins have been issued from the Mint;" and the test applied is, moreover, far more stringent than formerly.

In one of the last trials under the old system, the gold actually compared with standard plates was an ingot formed by melting down 224 sovereigns and 39 half-sovereigns, while the block of silver contained 42 florins, 60 shillings, 30 sixpences, and 35 "Maundy" coins. From each of these ingots a small piece was cut to be analysed. Thus it was not the composition of individual coins that was required to be within certain limits of "fineness," but the average composition of a large number of them. In the same manner the weight of the coins was tested, by the pound troy.

The modern trials are of a far more stringent character.

It need hardly be said that, before it is issued from the Mint, the coin of the realm is subjected to a very rigorous examination. From the Operative department it is on three days in each week delivered to the Mint Office, or Counting-house, in what are called "journey-weights"—bags containing 15 lbs. of gold and 60 lbs. of silver—and on its delivery a formal "Mint trial," or examination of the contents of the bags, takes place in the presence of officers of the three departments of the establishment—the Counting-house, the Assay, and the Operative department. From each of the bags, as they are brought in, are taken specimens for examination by the Mint officials, one from each bag being reserved for the annual Pyx trial.

The coins for this purpose are made up in packets, each of which is secured by the seals of the Deputy-Master of the Mint, the Chief-Clerk, and the Assayer. The packets themselves are deposited in the Pyx chest, which is locked with three keys and, in due course, dispatched to Goldsmiths' Hall, just at the back of the Post Office, in St. Martin's-le-Grand, where the trial now takes place—presided over, not by the Monarch or the Lord Chancellor as formerly, but by the Queen's Remembrancer.

The jury charged with the duty of pronouncing upon the contents of the packets is composed of

"not less than six out of the competent freemen of the mystery of Goldsmiths of the City of London," who are, upon their oath, to "well and truly, after their knowledge and discretion, make the assays of these moneys of gold and silver, and truly report if the said moneys be in weight and fineness according to the standard," etc. They are, in the first place, to take out from each packet as many coins as they think necessary for the purpose of the trial, and weigh them separately, so as to ascertain whether they are within the prescribed "remedy" as to weight, this "remedy" being a margin of two-tenths of a grain of gold in each sovereign above or below the exact standard, allowed by the Coinage Act. After that the jury are to melt up the coins they have weighed into an ingot, as under the old system, and compare its fineness with the standard trial-plates, which are now consigned to the custody of the Board of Trade. They have next to weigh the residue of the coins in bulk, so as to ascertain, as in former trials, whether, on the average, they are correct in weight; and lastly, they are again to pick out a number of coins indiscriminately, and assay them one by one, stating whether they are within the "remedy" of fineness—that is to say, whether in 1,000 parts they have from 914·6 to 918·6 parts of fine gold.

Thus the test now applied to the workmanship of our great coin-factory is about as severe as it well can be, and may be considered to afford absolute security against all danger of a light or deteriorated currency, either of gold or silver.

The success of the Mint, as evidenced by the result of the trials already held under the new Act,

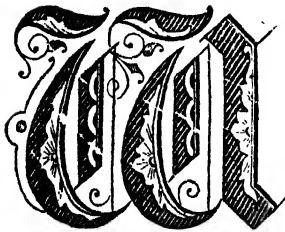
is something rather remarkable. At the one held in July, 1871, the latest of which the Deputy Mint Master has issued a report, the coins submitted to examination represented a total coinage of no less than £13,298,000 in gold, and £996,000 in silver. Of the gold pieces examined individually, five out of nine were found to be of the exact standard of fineness. The greatest variation from the standard was only six parts in ten thousand, while the mean result of the test applied to the nine coins showed that 916·7 represented the average fineness, the standard prescribed by law being 916·666, from which however, as in the weight, a departure is permitted to the extent of two parts in 1,000, above or below—a "remedy of fineness" allowed, as an eminent scientific man has stated, "not as an arbitrary stipulation," but as a necessary recognition of "errors which belong to every thought, to every chemical analysis, and to every composition of alloy."

Thus it is that, all the world over, the British sovereign is recognised as a genuine golden standard of real intrinsic value, and, unlike any other coin in existence, will at all times realise just about its weight in gold. Englishmen abroad are apt to be proud of it when in comparison with the paltry-looking token coinage of many other countries, and, it may be, are sometimes in danger of mistaking the deference with which it is wont to inspire foreigners, for respect for John Bull himself. Thus much is certain, were John Bull abroad at all times as genuine and honest as the sovereigns in his pocket, he would have at least one real and substantial title to respect. GEORGE F. MILLIN.

MY EARLY ADVENTURES.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, BY ARMINIUS VAMBEËRY.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.



WESTWARD, Westward! how full of pleasure was this word at the time when, turning my back to Bokhara and Samarkand, to the Oxus and the Steppes, the ideals of my longing youth, I now prepared to return

to Europe! The struggle I had to be ready to encounter on the road stretching from the old residence of Timur up to the holy capital of Khorassan, was by no means so void of danger as to allow me to lull my thoughts in hopeful fancies. The Central-Asiatics, to whose care I was committed at the time of my separation from my old travelling companions, could be considered rather as men placed under my protection than protectors. It was the first time, on this occasion, that they

undertook the long pilgrimage; and having been myself much richer in experience than they, our taking counsel together, on one of the very first days of our travel on the Steppes between Karshi and Kei, necessitated my election to the leadership of this caravan of mendicants.

My reader will scarcely doubt my aptitude for this dignity. Impudence, imperturbable obtrusiveness, a filthy loathsome appearance, an inexhaustible store of hymns of praise and a flood of maledictions, together with all attributes belonging to the business—all these were richly represented in the part I was doomed to play. And whenever leaning on my dervish staff, whose top was armed with a kind of small axe, embodying the weapon for the spiritual combat with the evil spirit, with jerking changes of my position, I exclaimed in a deep sonorous voice, "Sewab Lillah" (Do good for God's will), I should have liked to see before me

any hardened sinner, or obdurate miser, who would have had the courage to refuse to me or to my followers the expected small coin !

It was a great loss to art and science, that loves the truth, that there was no photographer on our way to Herat, to take a view representing me at the head of my procession. Indeed, my very dressing up deserves a narrower description.

The carefully shaved head was covered by an immense turban, formed of more than seven yards of material ; this head-gear served in the parching sun by day as umbrella, at night as pillow. In its folds tooth-picks, needles and twine, a tooth-brush made of a piece of wood whose tissue was very fibrous, and other useful things of small consequence were hidden ; while one end of the turban, hanging down during prayer half a yard over the left shoulder, offered the advantage of a towel, of a sudarium, of a pocket-handkerchief, and so on.

The neck remained down near to the shoulders uncovered. The body was first surrounded by a suit of coarse linen. Over these came one, two, or if climatical considerations required it, three loose garments of the form of jackets, and over all the "djube," the overall, or crowning piece of a dervish attire. It was sewed together out of innumerable small odds and ends of linen, of all patterns worn, multifarious in colour as in design, the stuff itself representing an exhibition of woven materials. In many places the djube, where already worn through, betrayed the wadding, the wool, and the camel's hair used below its kaleidoscopic surface as doubling, and was at its lowest extremity and at the collar so torn and jagged, that the most cunning connoisseur of the tailor's art could not have acknowledged these parts as homogeneous with the rest of the djube. The legs below the knees, and down to the foot-joint, remained bare.

The feet, enveloped in coarse rags or loosely planted into a wide pair of shoes, in both cases fastened by thongs. Over this costume was placed on the left breast the Koran, over the right shoulder hung the bread-bag and the tea-can. As leader, I was armed with a rusty sword, which hung girt on the wide, thick woollen girdle, the best and most useful part of my attire. He who dies unarmed on the road, goes unconditionally into the pit, thus teach the Islam's tenets.

Please now to imagine, for the completion of the picture, within this costume the complexion of a traveller exposed for months to the heat of the sun, and to the frost of the night blasts, withering gusts of dust, and the pervading sprinkling of thaw promiscuously ; add to all this the staring expression of his looks, and his fleshless skeleton, to get an approximate idea, even without knowing Wereshagin's masterly illustra-

tions, how a dervish looks, and what I represented in person on my return towards the West.

The nomade within his tent, the merchant beside his bales of goods, the universally feared Kadi, the most distinguished and most important official, yea, the prince ruler himself had to lend a ready ear to my "Ya hu(r), ya hack!"—had to keep his right to his beard until I finished my prayer, after which ceremony he had sharply to plunge his fingers into his pocket, to get out the present ready to be offered at the words pronounced by my lips : "Sewab Lillah !" The blind superstition, and the awe—quite independently of their own will, as if instinctive—of mendicants and mad people, made, back in the age of classical Asiatic history, the dervish the king. And the power of his position is not only to his own person remunerative, but he can defend and aid even others by his intercession. In Meymene, when two of our travelling companions were suspected of being runaway slaves, and kept in custody, I had but to show myself to the tyrant detaining them, to release both instantly. And is it to be wondered at, if the feeling of such a security, of such a power—able to effect almost all that is just or equitable—of such a privilege and liberty, charms into ecstasy, the heart of a complete dervish, as I then had the right to consider myself to be, and recompenses him for many a want and privation in his material life of troubles ?

This lustre of dervishdom shone, however, but in that part of Middle Asia which enjoyed the equivocal happiness to be illumined by the genuine light of past centuries, whose twilight no ray of Western or European enlightenment could brighten. Life in these regions reminded me indeed only of the times that might have been under the Abbassides in Western Asia. In Afghanistan I perceived with antagonistic feelings a decided decrease of the holy radiance of my mendicant crown. Loud crying, and violent thundering, and all my "hocus-pocus" were ineffectual. I got nothing ; the toll-keepers levied contribution from me, after searching me to my very skin. What bitter days had I to pass amongst these Afghans, who paraded European shakoes and cartouches—how bitterly the pinchbeck of civilisation deceived me !

In spite of the well-known episode when in the company of the young prince of Herat, the six weeks' stay in that capital will remain unforgettable by me for ever. How agreeably thrilled the idea through my body, to feel myself near to that Persia which constitutes the eastern boundary of European civilisation ! In spite of the fact that Eastern Persia cannot but remind one of Turkestan, in respect of the insecurity of its roads, and the rough manners of its population, yet it kept in me that

comforting consciousness that it formed the gate leading to the final goal of my adventurous travels, and thus to the hoped-for grateful acknowledgments of the merits of such a bold enterprise, whenever again in Europe.

The circumstance that I had to be encamped before this gate for weeks, while longing in feverish impatience for Europe, was a most painful one to my mind. To enhance the unpleasantness of my position, I had to bear here the hardest wants. Literally I famished—without even bread; I felt the want of raiment to cover my shivering limbs against the inclemency of the cold autumnal evenings, not to mention my hard struggle against the fanaticism of the ignorant Afghans, the issue of which made me sometimes truly afraid for my personal safety. To be under any circumstances safe, I chose, with a very correct psychological paradox, a bold step, by seeking the lion within his own den—that is, by selecting for my abode one of the dirtiest cells, half fallen to pieces, void of door or windows, in a caravanserai where it was well known that none but Afghans used to dwell. The greater part of them considered me a disguised Englishman; but some few bigots of the tribe of the Lohanis, who are easily satisfied by a few outer acknowledgments of religion, granted me some protection.

Most interesting proved to me the hours which I had to spend amidst the praying parties, on a terrace built in the middle of the yard. The sceptics looked at me with grim condemning eyes; rage radiated from out their orbits; yet they durst not actually do me any harm, as, according to the precepts of the Islam, it behoves men but to judge the open deed, leaving to God alone to fathom the secret intentions. In the precincts of this sacred place, similar to an asylum, not one might have been found ready to commence a quarrel with me.

While lying on my miserable straw couch, employed with reading, it happened often that some of the Afghans, who even in undress carried a small arsenal of arms about them, would find their way to my door, regaling me with nothing more hospitable than the following provoking conversation:—

A would say, "I bet the lameness of yonder leg is a work of my excellent Shikarpurean gun. I sent at Lahore some of the red-haired dogs to perdition; others escaped with broken limbs. Among the latter must he have saved his wretched life."

B said, "After all, I acknowledge myself very anxious to know how many thousand rupees that knave may get for his clever spying service. I dare say you remember yet the small shrivelled man who sold greens in Bokhara during some ten years, and now parades about on a richly caparisoned

horse as Governor of Peshawur, bejewelled and begilt."

C said, "It is his good fortune indeed that Shir Ali Khan (God forgive him his sins!) became a serf of the unbelievers, and now needs to protect all Kafirs, else I might have paid him off sooner, in the clinking coin of my blade, than the Governor Dshornel [Governor-General] could pay him his reward."

Thus it went on in all possible variations, without my being allowed to betray any attention even to what they said, far less any fear. Such fear, as I mentioned before, would not have been, however, justifiable. Notwithstanding, this position proved to my mind very depressing, and I can say that I felt over-happy as I chanced to meet a Shiitic driver of beasts of burden from Herat, who proved willing to let me hire a lightly packed mule of his caravan going to Meshed. I did not pay him, for I had no money; but he chanced the possibility of my being able to pay him after my arrival there.

This wandering from Herat to Meshed, though it lasted but twelve days, was a worthy conclusion of my already chequered career, full of unspeakable troubles and sufferings. It was as late as the commencement of November, and in the high lands which separate Iran from Central Asia all was fast frozen. How I could endure several degrees of cold, especially during the night, unsheltered in the free air, in a poor dress, without the natural aid of warming my body by wholesome victuals, this astonishes, now I think of it, even myself. I remember having found one morning, at awaking, my tattered garment frozen to the ground that I lay on.

Some one must have upset the water-can in the night, purposely to annoy me, or by carelessness. I had first to break up the ice before I could rise. The Afghans lying beside me, well enveloped in their good fur cloaks, laughed at me and at my embarrassment; and treated me again with derision when, later on, with my teeth chattering, I requested from them the loan of a superfluous horse-cover.

Need I say that the first gleam reflected from the richly gilt cupola of the mosque of Imam Riza, in Meshed, smiled at me like the riches of heavenly happiness, the signal of "no more miseries henceforth?"

Indeed, it would be just as difficult to describe my turn of temper of that time, as the emotions at the commencement of my adventurous voyage. On the tedious marches through Khorassan, whose extent the Persian can but compare to old women's twaddle, these agreeable and gladdening thoughts raised me into the serenest, most cheerful temper.

IN HONOUR BOUND.

BY CHARLES GIBBON,

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-THIRD.

WANT OF MONEY.

DAME Wishart sharply interrupted the Laird's commonplaces about her looks and the weather.

"Very well, since you will have it that way," said the Laird, feeling himself altogether at a disadvantage, and not relishing the position, more particularly when it was his sister who spoke to



"SHE PUT OUT HER HAND."

"It's siller you want, Hugh. What's the sum?"

"You are abrupt enough, sister, to make one go away without saying a word about it."

"You may, if you like."

But the Laird did not like, especially as he could not help himself otherwise.

"I wish to explain to you——"

"What's the sum?" she interrupted.

"If you would only listen one moment, you would understand the whole position."

"What's the sum?" she repeated.

"I would tell you if you would allow me to explain——"

"What's the sum, and no fraising about it?"

him; "the sum is seven thousand, with a few hundreds for interest."

"You can renew if you like."

"No."

"What for?"

"Because the bond has fallen into the hands of a dissolute rascal, who wants the money."

The Laird was sometimes very severe upon spendthrifts, and could preach beautifully on the subject.

"You can borrow elsewhere."

"Not without paying a Jew's interest, that would bring me to the same pass as the present, and worse, in a twelvemonth."

"So you came to me as your only chance?"

"Yes."

"Seven—say eight thousand. It's a heap of siller," she said meditatively.

"Yes, but the property is worth twice that," observed Dalmahoy, beginning to feel himself again; "and if I can only find minerals, as I am almost sure of doing on Brunton's farm; why, there is no saying what wealth is in store for us."

"Aye," she replied drily, "but you've been seeking the minerals a long while, and you have not found them. You want eight thousand. Very well."

There was a long pause, during which the Laird eyed his sister eagerly, and she sat staring at her lap, nervously moving her fingers, and apparently considering the proposal. She put out her hand, drawing Grace towards her; then, with a curious twinkle in her faded eyes, she thrust her daughter towards Walter.

"There," she said, with a kind of vicious pleasure, "marry them, and you shall ha'e three times what you need."

"Oh, mother!" cried Grace, bursting into tears.

Walter rose, pale and agitated, taking Grace's hand tenderly in his own.

"Hush, Grace; she forgets."

The Laird became white, then red with chagrin. He got up, and with much dignity put back his chair as if in preparation to leave.

"I am sorry your mind is so weak, sister" (he knew that he was hitting her on the most sensitive part), "that you forget Wattie is already married. However, I see that you are resolved not to help me over this ditch, and so there is no more to be said."

"You're wrong, Hugh," answered the dame, in a dry hard voice. "Stupid as I am whiles, I have not forgotten that you have broken our paction, and that Wattie has wedded a useless thing from Rowanden—a fisherman's lass! I have not forgotten that you, between you, have made my daughter miserable! Make her happy as she was, and all that I have is yours; but you have broken her heart, and you come to me for help. Fie on you, Hugh!—and fie on you, Wattie! You should have begged your bread rather than come here for the siller you would not take when it was offered to you, with the life of the best lass that ever drew breath. No, man; no, I do not forget. I mind well."

"Mother, mother, mother!" cried Grace in bitter shame, dropping on her knees and hiding her face on the dame's lap.

With a frightened look the mother bent over her child, and she seemed to become slowly conscious that in upbraiding her brother and Walter she was most cruelly wounding Grace. The furrows on her face were drawn closer, and deepened with pain; her bony hands played nervously with Grace's

hair, the while her eyes seemed to darken with fury.

"Whisht you, my lamb," she muttered in a quavering voice; "I did not mean to hurt you. Whisht you, now. I have forgotten you too often, and I did it again to-day. But I'm growing old, Gracie, and I dare say it's just as well, or better, that you are not taken from me, for I could not live long without you. I ken what you are, and that's what makes me wroth wi' these fools, that could pass you by, though it's the better for me—it's the better for me. Whisht you, now, and I'll not say another word—the stupid gomerils, that could shut their e'en to such a jewel. Ah! they have little notion of what they have lost, but I ken, I ken—the idiots they are—but whisht you, my bonnie lamb; you'll soon forget."

Alternately trying to coax her daughter into resignation, and uttering angry reproaches against her brother and Walter, the old lady seemed to forget the presence of the gentlemen.

To them the position was humiliating in the extreme. The Laird was indignant, yet conscious of having behaved ill, and assumed a coolness which he did not feel. Walter heartily sympathised with his aunt, and with her half-doited expressions of love for her daughter, notwithstanding the harshness with which she judged his conduct.

"Will you let me speak to your mother alone, Grace?" he said, stooping down and placing his arm round her to assist her to rise.

How the touch thrilled her! She got up immediately, and except that her eyes were red, and the face pale, there was no sign of the recent outburst of grief. She was calm and thoughtful as usual, and quietly set about arranging the cushion at her mother's back.

"You can say what you wish to say before me, Walter," she said softly, "and my mother will understand you the more readily when I am beside her."

Walter hesitated, for he was going to speak about Teenie; but he had such faith in whatever Grace advised that he obeyed.

The Laird stood swinging his glasses, looking as if he had no greater interest than that of simple curiosity in the proceedings.

Dame Wishart's face had become dull; her thoughts were wandering away to other days, and to hopes indirectly associated with the present circumstances; but she seemed already to have forgotten the scene which had just taken place.

She sat staring at the place where her daughter had knelt, and muttering to herself words which were unintelligible to the listeners.

Walter laid his hand gently on hers.

"I wish to speak to you, aunt. Will you listen?"

"What is it about—not the siller?"

"No, we do not wish to ask you for that now. What I have to say is about Grace and myself."

Her face cleared again, and her wandering faculties seemed to be concentrated upon her nephew's words.

"Say away."

"I want you, aunt, to understand that my father is in no way to blame for the breach of the engagement you and he made for Grace and myself. The fault is entirely mine——"

"And mine, mother," interrupted Grace. "I refused to have him when I knew that he thought better of Teenie Thorston."

"But I might have held my tongue, Grace," he said sadly.

"And I would have found out the truth when it was too late to mend matters," she replied firmly. "No, Walter, it is best as it is, if my poor mother could only see it as we do."

"Choot!" cried the dame angrily, "I see it better than you do. You don't think I'm blind or doited, do you? I tell you, Wattie, you ought to have spoken to me as well as to Grace. But now that you've had your fling, see if you can pay the piper. I will not."

It would have been useless to have attempted to explain to her that she was, or seemed to be, incapable of understanding anything at the time when Walter spoke to Grace.

"I only wish you to relieve my father of any blame," said Walter earnestly. "Blame me for it all, and try to think kindly of my wife."

"I'll not think of her at all. I dare say she's good enough for you—but you shall not have the siller."

She reiterated that resolution as if she found a pleasure in the mere sound.

"At least you will understand, aunt, that in what I have done I was trying to do what I believed to be right, and therefore best."

"I understand nothing but that you have broken the bargain made between your father and me, and that you have made her unhappy—though she's a fool for her pains."

Grace, now quite calm, touched her mother's arm hastily and, with something like a flush of pride—

"I tell you, mother, Walter acted as I wished him, and you vex me and pain him when you say that he has made me unhappy."

Dame Wishart turned sharply upon her daughter.

"Do you think you can cheat me? Have I not seen how poorly you were, though you would not say it? Have I not seen you in the weary nights when you thought I was sleeping?—but I'm not aye sleeping when my eyes are shut. Have I not seen you greeting to yourself, glowering at nothing, and

trying to make believe that you were reading the paper or a book? I've seen it all; I know how wae and weary is your heart; and it's his fault.—Look at her, Wattie, look at the bonnie white face, and the colour that's on it now because I'm telling truth. Look at her—has your wife such a face as that?—she cannot have such a heart. You have cast all that away; but look at her and you'll ken why I am bitter against you, and bitter against your father, and why you shall not have the siller."

"Will nothing make you spare me, mother, if you will not spare them?" cried Grace again, confused, pained, and vexed.

"Choots! you're but a bairn."

To Walter, his aunt's words afforded a bitter revelation. He seemed to awaken as from a pleasant sleep to the full knowledge that he was guilty of a terrible crime. It was only at this moment that he really understood the sacrifice Grace had made for him. Blinded by his own selfish love for Teenie, and with a stupidity partly due to his want of that vanity which induces some men to fancy every woman who speaks kindly is in love with them, he had accepted literally her declaration that she would be content in seeing him married to the woman he loved. Still blind and stupid, he had regarded her friendship for Teenie, the frank and devoted services she rendered her, as guarantees that she was satisfied, and that whatever disappointment she might have felt at first had been completely forgotten. Now he learned that she was still suffering, and he could partly imagine what she must have suffered on his account.

All his senses were quickened by the pain of this discovery; he remembered so many things he had done and said which must have been torture to her—he looked back upon so many trifles which must have wounded her acutely—that he marvelled at her submission and at her generous concealment of it all, whilst, for himself, he could not have felt more humble or more afflicted had he been found guilty of murder. And it was a kind of murder that he had perpetrated—he had murdered her youth and doomed her to long years of sorrow.

If he had only awakened sooner! But the wrong was done and could never be requited.

He could not speak; he only gazed at her with such sad, regretful eyes, that Grace could not bear to meet them. She would have given worlds if she could have foreseen what her mother had intended to say at this meeting, so that she might have prevented Walter from being present.

The awkward pause was broken by the Laird, who, without the least evidence of vexation or disappointment in his manner, advanced to his sister.

"Good-bye—come over to Dalmahoy if you can some time between this and the next three or four months, for about the end of that period the sale

will probably take place, and I shall no longer be able to offer you hospitality there. May I make a suggestion? I would advise you to tell your man of business to buy the property for you; it is worth all that is likely to be offered for it, and in that way you might still keep it in the family, as it were."

"And let you sit rent-free," said the dame drily.

The Laird made a deprecatory movement with his glasses.

"Upon my word you are too suspicious; I give you a useful hint, and you instantly charge me with doing so for my own profit. Well, perhaps it is natural for you who have money to suspect one who has none—especially when that one is your brother. Will you allow me to come and dine with you occasionally, when I can find no other table than yours? I shall keep out of the way of your friends, if possible; and I shall try not to borrow half-crowns. You will find me the most discreet of poor relations—indeed I would go into the poor's house at once, but that my being there might be somewhat discreditable to you."

"You know whose fault it is," she muttered, gazing at him vaguely as if her mind were wandering in search of his meaning.

"Undoubtedly, no one has a better right to know than I have," he went on; but he was not so successful this time in concealing the bitterness he felt, under his assumed air of jaunty sarcasm. "Some men in my position would endeavour to excuse themselves—I don't. Some men would blame their luck—I don't. Some men would be disposed to blame you, sister, for refusing me this temporary assistance which would save the property—but I don't. You are quite right, there is no excuse for poverty—unless it may be the ability to endure it with fortitude. I shall endeavour to display that commendable talent."

"It'll be the first talent you ever displayed, Hugh."

The Laird put on his glasses and looked at her.

"You are remarkably well to-day, Sarah. I congratulate you; may your present health continue long. Good-bye."

As he pressed her hand, there was a painful twitching of the dame's features, as if some relenting thoughts were passing through her mind which she could not or would not utter.

The Laird paid no heed: he took his leave in the same friendly manner as if the interview had not determined the ruin of Dalmahoy.

Walter, bending over her and pressing her hand, whispered—

"Try to forgive me, aunt; I did not know the harm I was doing."

Full of pain, and full of regret for the trouble he had brought upon Grace, upon the dame, and his father, he was loyal in every thought to his wife. The position was extremely awkward. To have

saved his father's property he would not have married Grace, for in his eyes that would have been the blackest injustice; but to have spared her pain he would have fulfilled the engagement from which she had released him, and he would have tried to forget Teenie. As matters stood now he could only regret his blindness, and hope that Grace felt less than her mother imagined.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

IN THE GLOAMING.

GRACE followed the Laird down-stairs. She saw how the placid face became rapidly scored with wrinkles; how the jaws fell, the head and shoulders stooped as if under a heavy burthen.

"Uncle, you must have some wine before you go," she said, drawing him into the parlour.

"Dear me! you're there, Grace," he exclaimed, instantly straightening his back and trying to assume the customary expression of calm self-complacency. But he saw her pitying look, he knew that she had observed him, and head and shoulders drooped again as he said faintly, "Yes, child, I'll take some wine—I require something to stimulate me just now, for I feel ridiculously weak."

He took a glass of sherry and drank it hastily, which was quite unusual with the Laird, who liked to sip and relish every drop of his wine. He filled the glass again, and was more patient with it; but his nerves were evidently much shaken.

"You'll not think too hardly of my mother, uncle," she pleaded softly; "she is in a strange mood to-day; but she will do what you want by-and-by."

The Laird shook his head and tried to smile, but failed.

"I shall not think hardly of her, my child, because she is doing just what I would have done myself, and I think she is quite right. Wattie is a fool, and I am no better to have yielded to him; but——"

He took some more wine instead of finishing the sentence; he was thinking of the blunder those confounded lawyers had caused him to make about the Methven estate.

"She will give you the money before you require it," repeated Grace.

"There is not the least likelihood of that; she is in one of the stubborn moods for which our family is famous, and once 'No' is said, 'No' it remains, however much we may become convinced that it ought to be 'Yes.' But I would not care for myself, or for the boys—they can manage—but what is to become of the girls, Heaven knows. They are helpless creatures, and can neither toil nor spin—maybe on that account, like the lilies of the field, they will have the fine raiment which is their chief

concern ; but the lilies have a certain beauty which recommends them to the eyes of men, and I can't say as much for my daughters."

With that wicked joke he finished his wine and walked out to the hall. There Walter was waiting, and there Pate instantly joined his mistress, rubbing his nose against her dress and seeking the recognition which was at present denied him.

The servant was holding the door open, the groom was holding the horse, and so Walter had no opportunity to speak to Grace, of which she was very glad.

"Will you drive down to the gate, sir, and I will join you there," said Walter, as his father stepped into the gig.

Dalmahoy drove slowly down the avenue. Walter took Grace's shrinking hand ; without a word spoken she knew what he meant, and, although her heart trembled at the idea of speaking to him alone just after the trial up-stairs, she felt afraid of doing anything that might appear strange in the eyes of the servant Mary, who was still holding the door open. She could not explain to him there : his pale face and sad eyes pleaded, and because Mary was looking on, she yielded.

But she yielded hurriedly, as if she were anxious to get breath, and without hat or shawl she walked out with him. Mary was a dull lass ; but she knew something of the relation in which the cousins had formerly stood to each other, and she could not help observing the flurried manner of her mistress.

There was a footpath leading down to the gate through the narrow belt of wood on one side of the avenue, from which it was entirely screened by a high trim hedge : a soft moss-grown path, in which there was a perpetual twilight, cool even when the sun was hottest. Now in the gloaming, when the trees were tipped with the golden radiance of the western sky, and the windows of the house were aflame, the path lay in deep shadow, crossed at intervals by bars of silver light.

They proceeded down this path. Grace had withdrawn her hand ; but she walked close beside him, her eyes searching the ground as if seeking there some explanation of the nervous, uneasy feeling which possessed her. She attributed it to the exposure her mother had made of the secret which she had guarded so well, as she thought, and most anxiously from him.

His face wore the blank expression of one who has heard some terrible news and has not yet had time to realise it. They walked on silently and slowly, she now and then glancing sideways at him, wondering what he wanted to say, half divining and wholly wishing that she could have escaped from him without adding to the pain which her mother had caused.

The Laird walked the horse through the gateway, and drew up. His head was bowed again, and he

sat for several minutes, unconscious that there was somebody standing by the step of the gig, softly calling to him. A touch on the knee roused him.

"Bless my soul, Christina ! how did you come here ? You startled me from profound cogitations," he exclaimed, head and shoulders erect instantly. Why didn't you come with us ?"

"I did not mean to come," she answered in short awkward sentences. "I was going home ; but I was anxious—about the money. What does she say ?"

Without replying, he looked at her searchingly.

"What's the matter with you ?—you're like a ghost."

And in the grey gloaming, in her light dress, and with the bonnie face so white and anxious, the Laird was quite justified in the comparison he made.

"What does she say ?" repeated Teenie stubbornly.

"Oh, just an old woman's say—a little spiteful, and a little wrong-headed ; nothing more. Are you going up to the house ? or will you jump in, and Walter can either walk back or get up behind."

He was not disposed to answer her question just then ; indeed, he was anxious to cheat himself into the belief that Dame Wishart would change her mind. Teenie understood him.

"Where is Walter ?" was all she said.

"You'll meet him coming down the avenue."

She passed in at the gate. The Laird gazed after her, then drew breath, relieved. He was glad to be alone.

She strained her eyes through the shadows of the trees to catch the first glimpse of her husband. It never occurred to her to question why he had remained behind. There was a bend in the road ; she would see him as soon as she reached that. She went on, now hurriedly, and again with heavy steps and hesitating. She did not wish to go up to the house ; and yet she was half inclined to go, for she wished to see Grace. Dalmahoy was not inclined to tell her the result of the interview ; she knew what it would be, but she wanted confirmation, and to know why the boon was refused. Walter might refuse to tell all in his desire to spare her, and she could not insist if she saw that it vexed him. She could cross-examine Grace, who was he spirit of truth, and would confess everything. But Teenie had a shrinking dislike to go to the house, remembering how bitterly the dame had spoken on her last visit.

She reached the bend—still no sign of him. Presently she heard voices, low and earnest : Grace and Walter : they were on the other side of the hedge.

Teenie called, but was not heard. She looked for some gap, through which to reach them. There was none ; the hedge, close, thick, and high, pre-

sented an impregnable barrier, right and left, as far as the eye could reach in that dim, melancholy light.

The voices were farther down towards the gate. She followed, and called again—still unheard. Then words—fragments of sentences—struck her ears, and chilled her. She could not hear all—only scraps now and then, and she was left to fill up the blanks for herself.

She walked on side by side with the speakers, hands clutching at her cloak, lips tightly closed, and making no further effort to let them know she was there.

The cooing of the stock-dove, the loud song of many birds, the chatter of rooks, the distant sound of voices—"Gee-up," "Wo-ben;" a shepherd's whistle or shout to his dog, and a faint rumble of wheels; these were the sounds which filled the air.

Walter turned to his companion with that sad earnest face which he had shown often of late; but he was trying to smile at present.

"Now that we are here, Grace, and alone, I scarcely know how to speak to you; for it seems like impertinence on my part to accept literally all that your mother said; and yet there was something in it which made me fear—no; it made me *feel* that I had done a great wrong to one I love. Yes—love is the word, for I do love you, Grace; and in saying it, I am neither in word nor heart disloyal to Teenie. She knows it, and she loves you too. But I wish—aye, very fervently wish—that I could believe your mother might have been deceived as to your thoughts about me."

How the poor girl's heart shook, and her limbs threatened to fail her! But she understood her ground now, and she took his arm with the frank confidence of a sister.

"Thank you, Walter; I should be sorry if you doubted that my regard for you was less than yours for me. I am unchanged; but you must remember what an invalid my dear mother is. She had one fixed idea—the union of Craighburn and Dalmahoy. It has clung to her through all her wandering fancies, and she cannot understand how it should be possible that—that—"

She stammered; and he, with much bitter self-reproach, filled up the pause.

"That I should be so cruel to you, and so base—so miserably selfish as to accept from you the sacrifice of an arrangement which was dear to you on her account, if not on your own."

("I am unchanged," Teenie heard, and understood better than her husband; then from him, "So cruel to you . . . so base." These words bewildered and then angered her.)

Grace pressed his arm, and looked up at him with a forced gaiety.

"Come, sir, you must not be too vain; you must recollect that you are a minister, and married."

"It is because I recollect both that I feel so wretched."

(Teenie heard that, and misconstrued it.)

Grace trembled again with vague terrors; she thought of Teenie, and felt that there was something very guilty in this interchange of sentiment, although both were perfectly honest in thought and word. She determined it should be the last interview of the kind they should have. But the old intense passion for this man held her firmly, and she could not run away from him, as she felt ought to be her immediate action.

"You frighten me when you speak that way.—Let us part now. Good-bye."

She looked at his face; it was cold and hard, with the expression of a man who, conscious of guilt, is resolved to meet the inevitable consequences.

"Not yet," he said hurriedly; "you are not to go yet." I want to try to understand our position; I want you to forgive me."

"For what?"—as if she did not understand!

He turned his eyes full upon her, and she shrank under their gaze. The position was to him so serious, that even the most kindly attempt to gloss it over, or escape it, was disagreeable.

"I wish to see the worst, Grace," he said quietly, and as if she had not spoken; "will you help me?"

She turned away her head. How could she help him to see what she had striven so hard to conceal?

"If I can," she said with quivering lips.

"Tell me then"—he was trying to speak calmly—"if we had it all to do over again, with the knowledge we now possess, would you have me act in the same way as I have done?"

"Yes." She found the word difficult to utter, but she did utter it, steadfastly.

"You do not blame me, then?"

"No."

She could say that firmly, and without difficulty; she loved him too much to blame him.

"God bless you, Grace, for that assurance; although I know it is your brave, good heart that speaks, and not your reason. I blame myself so much, that it is a relief to feel that you wish to believe me innocent. I did try to do what was best; I felt bound to go to you when I understood my own feelings, and to tell you; I was ready and willing at the least word from you to try to forget Teenie. You would not speak that word. I was selfish, and forgot that you were too generous to speak it—forgot that, in a lower nature than yours, mere pride would have prevented it being spoken. I was blind; I see now, and know that I should have been silent to spare you pain."

"And then Teenie would have suffered. You did right to speak; your silence would have been the cruellest wrong to me. Trust me, Walter, I shall be quite happy when I see you so."

He pressed her hand gratefully as he answered—"Good, generous, brave as ever! But my happiness now, Grace, depends on yours."

(Teenie's hand sprung up to her breast, as if she felt a sudden pang there. She wished they were at the gate; hurried forward a few steps, then paused, and again kept pace with the others.)

She could look at him steadily now; she could even smile frankly at his morbid sensitiveness, so loving was she.

"You must not praise me too much, Walter, or I shall think you are making fun of me. Now let us look at the position practically. An arrangement was made for us—neither you nor I had a say in it, although we were willing to implement it, as the lawyers say. Well, you discovered that one desirable element of the bargain was wanting, and you sensibly told me—you were bound to tell me—and that made it better for both of us. We broke up the agreement. Suppose a man sold me a horse

as sound in wind and limb; upon going to the stable he found the horse had been down meanwhile, and spoiled its knees. Would you call him an honest man if he did not tell me of the misfortune? and wouldn't you think I was quite justified in saying I didn't want a horse with broken knees? It's the same case exactly, I won't have a husband with broken knees any more than a horse."

"If you are satisfied, that is all I care to know," he answered, smiling.

"Very well, then; we'll make another bargain, this time for ourselves: we shall never return to this subject, and we shall say nothing about our gossip to Teenie—it would only annoy her to no purpose."

"I will do whatever you wish, Grace."

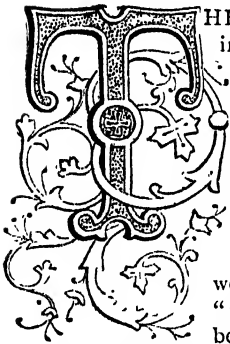
He unlatched the little gate which opened to the avenue; she passed through, he followed, and both were somewhat startled to find themselves face to face with Teenie.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

LEAVES AND FLOWERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HALF-HOURS IN THE GREEN LANES."

LEAVES.



THE true naturalist stands much in the position of the prince in the story, who knew the meaning of the notes of birds, and could sympathise and hold communion with them. His knowledge is rarely of a commercial kind, but it obtains for him an enjoyment which the possession of wealth cannot command. The "Great Book" always lies open before him, so that though he runs, he can read. The outward shapes of natural objects, and otherwise dry facts, from beneath their hard Latin names, speak to him in a language eloquent with the truth.

Let us see if some of the best-known and most easily procured natural objects cannot teach us lessons we did not know before. The flash of a new truth across the mind is always a pleasant incident to the student, and not unfrequently marks a mental epoch in his life. What more common things could we ask Nature to give us than flowers and leaves? At this season of the year, particularly, these objects come to us with rich associations. Æsthetically there can be little doubt as to their charms, although scientifically the student often finds himself hard put to it to strictly define what is a leaf and what a flower. How nearly the poetic mind, in its true "seership," approaches the scientific, is seen in the case of Goethe. That poet it was, and not a botanist, who

first saw that flowers were only metamorphosed leaves. It matters not that he failed to couch his theory in botanical terms; the truth was there. Indeed, it remains yet to be seen whether we have not imported into the popular idea of what is a plant, and what an animal, a good many arbitrary and foregone conclusions. Nature knows no such hard and fast distinctions between the two kingdoms as the hastily generalising mind can perceive. The common ground which Haeckel, the German naturalist, proposes to set apart as an intermediate and neutral province between the animals and vegetables, is occupied by scores of thousands of species about whose true natures science is not yet in a position to speak.

From this "no man's ground" of the "infinitely little" the animal and vegetable kingdoms strike off, and become farther asunder as we trace the radiating lines towards their highest ascents. And not alone in the shapes, internal structures, and mutual relations, are the lowest organisms (whether animal or vegetable) connected, but also in their chemical compositions.

We have spoken of the animal and vegetable kingdoms as becoming farther unlike each other the more we trace them from their common ground of departure. But it ought to be noticed that from the lowest stages the animal kingdom has been grouped and separated into a greater number of types than was either necessary or possible in the vegetable. In plants there needs no special organs, such as hearts, to pump the nutritive fluids to every part, as is required in animals. The

delicate fibrils of the roots, in lowly plants as in forest trees, absorb the dissolved mineral matter about them. Capillary attraction carries this fluid higher up the plant, in antagonism to the law of gravitation, and the constant evaporation of moisture from the leaves induces as constant a flow of sap upwards to replace it. Meantime the wind is adding its help to the other inorganic forces by means of which the circulation of fluids in vegetables is carried on without special organs. The swaying to and fro of leaves, twigs, and branches, assists to press the juices to the farthest leaf or flower-bud.

Still the conditions under which plants of all kinds live, exercise a greater influence upon them than similar circumstances do on animals. Hence we have every condition of physical geography corresponded to by a similar adaptation of vegetable forms. Whilst animals have the power of more or less moving about in search of food, the fixed condition of plants makes them thoroughly dependent on external surroundings for their nutrition. Not the least suggestive difference between animals and plants lies in the relative abundance and scarcity of a certain chemical element in the higher forms. Plants of the higher kinds have much less *nitrogen* in their tissues than animals possess. There is a sufficient reason for this distinction. Nitrogen is the force-giver in all living structures; and those forms expend most force, or are most active, which contain the largest quantity of this element. Owing to their dependency on mechanical and chemical laws, plants are not called on to exert anything like the force required by animals.

Small though the quantity be which enters into the composition of plants, it is the great reservoir whence animals obtain their never-failing supply. And, singularly in keeping with the fact that the proportion of nitrogen is always related to the expenditure of force, we must note that in the early stages of the young plant, when a certain degree of activity is shown, the tissues actually contain more of this force-giver than at any other period. The chief stimulant to plants, in the absence of the nervous system which operates in animals, is that part of light which resides in the yellow of the solar spectrum. Whenever this is operating on leaves, the latter accumulate the carbon of the small percentage which is always present in the atmosphere as carbonic acid, add it to the structure of the plant or tree as woody matter, and liberate the oxygen which is so essentially necessary to animal life. In the absence of light, no oxygen is given off by the leaves, but on the contrary, a very small percentage of carbonic acid, which represents the waste that has taken place during the day in the vegetable tissues. All the fungi behave as animals, in giving off carbonic acid, and requiring oxygen.

Let us turn from the physiological structure of plants to their shapes. It is a fact well known to every botanist, that plants can be more or less accurately separated into stems and leaves. Leaves are in reality only a continuation and expansion of the bark—the roots but a continuation of the stem. That plants change if the conditions surrounding them are altered, there can be no doubt. The “monstrosities” in our garden-flowers show this fact plainly. Indeed, these further help us to understand more of the actual nature of floral organs. Thus we find the commonest monstrosity (from a botanical point of view, although not from a horticultural) to be *double* flowers. Here we have stamens converted into petals, and in our roses, not unfrequently the petals assume both the shapes and the colours of leaves, thus showing how easy is the gradation under certain conditions. One great reason—perhaps the greatest—for this common modification of plants when cultivated in gardens, is that they are then surrounded with richer nourishment, and are, moreover, withdrawn from that keen “struggle for existence” they have to fight out in a natural state with other plants that seek to crowd them out altogether. In a garden, weeding protects them against this liability, so that they have nothing to do, so to speak, but flourish.

If we take ferns as an example of the changes which are produced by richer and poorer, drier and moister conditions, we are perhaps better able to verify the above principle than with flowering plants. There is not a species of British fern that has not several well-marked varieties. When they are furnished with additional stimulants to growth, they become “proliferous.” When they do not find enough nourishment, there is a tendency for the fronds to become pinnated, or cleft, as in the hart’s-tongue fern; or if the fronds are already pinnated, for them to become pinnatifid. How the shapes of leaves are determined by the greater or less abundance of nourishment supplied, is well shown in the bramble. Not only the largest and most luxuriant, but the most complex of the compound leaves of this plant are at the bottom, and the smallest and simplest towards the summit, where the supply is much lowered. Every gardener knows that many cultivated plants, when placed in rich soils, produce leaves instead of flowers. The strawberry is a case in point, few plants being worth anything after three years, on account of the leaves increasing in size and number, and thus absorbing the nutriment. The leaves of the lime, horse-chestnut, and of other trees where they are so arranged that they lie over each other, and thus partially shade them from the light, are seen to be unequal-sided, the larger side of the mid-rib being that most exposed to the stimulating action of the sunlight.

MY IRISH STORY.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.



"HE IS BOUND TO FIGHT HER GRANDFATHER."

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE SECOND.

IT'S a car from the Royal," exclaimed Micky in great excitement. "Och, begorra, it's the wan that tuk the fightin' doctor from Westport, an,' blur an' agers, they're bet be the snow!"

Fighting doctor! Who's the fighting doctor?" I asked.

"Ould Finnerty, no less, av the militia. Begorra, he'd have ye out for sneezin' crucked, so ye'd

betther mind. I'll go bail he has the pistols wud him. He never thravels wudout thim. He down'd sivin min wud thim deadly tools."

By this time we had reached the scene of accident. One of the wheels of the car had noiselessly and unostentatiously scattered its spokes, which lay strewn along the road like so many valiant soldiery who had fallen in defence of some isolated fortress. The fighting doctor had proceeded in advance, in the hope of obtaining assistance at a wayside sheeling, and the driver was, bitterly lamenting the ill turn that his luck had played him.

"What betther cud I hope for, comin' wud that ould bloodthirsty villyan? He's goin' to fight a jewel beyant at Phoul a Dhonninel, the haythen. Goin' to kill a man on Christmas Day, the ould varmint, av he can. Och, wirra, such a Christmas Eve! It's in the chapel I ought to be, on me bades, let alone bein' out wud a murtherin' ould Turk on a lonely common, wud nothin' betune me an' heaven but the snow, and a blast that wud cut the back teeth out av an ostrich."

"Hould yer whist!" cried Micky Delany, leading him rather roughly aside, "hould yer whist, an' mebbe we cud set it all right atther all."

Here my charioteer dropped his voice into a confidential whisper, and after some very impressive pantomime, in which he would appear to be endeavouring to induce the other to come round to his views, he ended by exclaiming in a loud tone—

"Av ye don't take me offer ye'll be here till the new year, an' the divil mind ye for an ungrateful bosthune."

Micky Delany's proposition was simply to impress the services of the second horse, to drive tandem, and give a lift to the driver and passenger of the useless car, leaving the luckless vehicle to its fate.

I offered no objection, and in a few minutes the fighting doctor's carpet bag was transferred—a rough sort of tandem established, and the injured car placed safely inside a ditch.

Dr. Finnerty, whom we picked up at a distance of about a mile, seemed exceedingly well pleased with the change in his rate of travelling.

"Their conveyances here, sir, are of the most infayrior description. Their horses, sir, are only fit for the knacker. The owner ought to be hanged. The driver ought to be shot."

The doctor jerked out his sentences broadside at me, and threw forward his wify little frame at every final word.

Having offered him a "nip" from my flask, which he tossed off with a flourish as if it were a pint bumper, and having accepted in return a pinch of snuff strong enough to blow the lid off a plate-chest, we warmed up considerably.

"It's a strange night for a drive. I'm on a strange errand, sir," observed the doctor.

"A case of surgery?" I remarked inquiringly.

"Oho! oho!" and his laugh flew across the snow, and I thought of Gabriel Grubb and the goblins. "Oho! there may be surgical assistance required. A leg may have to be amputated. A body may have to be cut open. Do you see this box, sir?" producing as he spoke a dark oblong box, the brass rims of which shone up like the plates upon a coffin-lid. "There's a brace of surgical instruments in this box that have made holes in men's bodies before now. Oho!"

"I imagine from the shape of the box that it contains pistols, doctor."

"I don't say what they are. I say that they can bark and bite. They will bark before long. They will bite before long, if I get the chance."

A thought flashed across me like lightning. This bloodthirsty doctor—this drive in the snow—this case of pistols—led directly to the "mess" referred to in my cousin Geoffry's telegram. A duel was to be fought, and Geoffry was to be one of the targets.

I was turning rapidly in my mind how I should pump the doctor, when he asked—

"Are you going as far as Leenawn?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Then I can take the car on to Carrig na Gollogue?"

"I am going to Carrig na Gollogue."

He gave a short whistle, and taking a very close look at me—

"You're not going to Shulawn Castle, eh?"

"I really don't know where I am going to. I received a telegram from a cousin of mine, asking me to come to an inn and——"

"I know all about it. You're Mr. Greville. I introduce myself—Denis Phelim Finnerty, surgeon to the Phoul a Phouca Militia. We have the same business in hand. Let us settle the preliminaries," and Doctor Finnerty rubbed his hands briskly together, as if he was endeavouring to flatten a bullet between his palms.

"You must really enlighten me," I said.

"You are new to the business. Are you prepared to act, sir, without seeing your principal. I am."

"Before I reply to your question, I should wish to hear *your* version of the story."

This was to ascertain the exact state of things from his point of view.

"You are welcome to it, sir. Your man has been sent a message. No gentleman wearing the Queen's scarlet can refuse to meet another, when that other is his equal."

"Granted. And may I ask who has sent him this message?"

"The lady's father, sir, her natural and lawful protector."

"Father! Can it be possible that my cousin is going to fight an old man?"

"He is bound to fight her grandfather if necessary. He'll be horsewhipped in his barrack-square if he shows the white feather. Here's Leenawn, sir," and the doctor alighted from the car on to the steps of the hotel, with the agility that laughed in the teeth of gout or rheumatism.

Here was a pretty situation of affairs. My cousin Geoffry involved in a duel with some elderly gentleman, in whose ashes glowed their wonted fires. But why or wherefore? Geoffry, with all his careless ways, was incapable of doing a dishonourable act. Of this I felt thoroughly assured; yet that there must have been grave, painfully grave offence given to provoke this *ultimatum* there could be no possibility of doubt. Doctor Finnerty had evidently assumed that I was proceeding to Carrig na Gollioguc for the purpose of acting as second to my cousin; and it was now painfully apparent to me that my kinsman required my services in this very unenviable capacity, and hence his telegram. *

When the belligerent physician rejoined me, a strong aroma of whiskey punch emanating from his person, he instantly repeated his inquiry as to my power to act in the absence of my principal. I informed him that as yet I had not been informed by my cousin of the nature of the *contretemps*, and that I would be glad to be more fully posted up in the matter.

"Your cousin will post you up, sir, I'll go bail. Talk of the weather. There will be snow before morning," and rolling the collar of his cloak over his ears, he spoke no other word until we jerked up opposite a long straggling building, situated on the side of the road, which proved to be the hostelry to which I had been so mysteriously and unexpectedly summoned.

I was ushered into a dingy apartment, redolent of the perfume of damp turf. Upon inquiring for Mr. Greville, I was informed by a young lady in bare feet that he was "convaynient." This young lady commiserated my condition by such exclamations as "Och wirra! but ye must be kilt wud the cowl. What brought ye out, ye crayture, sich a cruel night? A sup o' sperrits 'ill save your life. Rowl off your coat, an' get foreninst the fire."

My gay and festive cousin greeted me with considerable warmth, and upon my gravely questioning him as to the dilemma into which he had plunged himself, to my irritation and astonishment he burst out laughing.

"This is no laughing matter, Geoffry," I exclaimed angrily.

"'Pon my life I know it isn't, and yet it is so exquisitely absurd that I can only see it from the apex of its absurdity," and he burst out again.

"Will you be good enough to inform me why you brought me here, and if I have come upon a fool's errand?" I burst out angrily.

"Don't fizz up that way, old man," cried my cousin. "Have a liquor, and you shall hear it all."

I adopted his suggestion.

"The fact is that at a ball at Athlone last month I met one of the most piquante, exquisite, fascinating, bewildering little Irish girls that ever planted a dainty foot upon a four-leaved shamrock. She was stopping for a few days with some friends who resided near the town, and in these few days I saw as much of her as I possibly could, and in these few days I discovered that she possessed but one fault—namely, a heap of romance laid on at the highest possible pressure. In fact she is a Lydia Languish, Anno Domini 187—. *Eh bien, mon brave*, I followed her to her mountain home, and put up at this sumptuous and palatial hostelry; I asked permission to make myself known to her father, a splendid Irish Sir Anthony Absolute, but she would not have me meet him for worlds. Our interviews were all mysteriously secret, and stolen, as if our respective lives were to pay the forfeit of discovery. One day we met under the shadow of a clump of turf—this is a very open country; another day behind the solitary tree in the barony—always accompanied though by an abigail—till one unlucky afternoon, last Thursday, by Jove! Sir Anthony, who was returning from shooting, dropped upon us just as I had asked her to be my wife, and was sealing the delicious "Yes" in the stereotyped and orthodox manner, and then, *mon cher*, there was a shme. He wanted to shoot me then and there, but kindly postponed it until you arrived. He sent me a hostile message through a wiry little doctor, who seems anxious to have blood at any price, true to the instincts of his profession. This little gallipot warrior has departed for Westport, for his 'barking irons,' and this is the state of the poll for you, and isn't it an exquisite piece of fooling?"

"Is this gentleman a lunatic?" I asked.

"Not quite."

"Is he a person of position?"

"As good as any in the County Galway, or any other county."

"Did you offer any explanation?"

"As long as the road from this to Westport. I could have sold it by the mile. Of course I couldn't say that it was his daughter's fault."

"And he won't listen to reason?"

"He'll listen to nobody but his medical adviser, and that gentleman, as I have already told you, will have nothing short of blood."

"And what is this hot-headed, foolish, unchristian-like old man's name?" I asked in thorough disgust.

"In the first place," responded my kinsman, "he is not old, mark that! and in the second place, he is not unchristian-like, as he is the most charitable man in this or any other district."

"But his name—what is his name?"

"His name is Myles Maurice Carew."

"What!" I exclaimed, bounding to my feet; "is it Myles Carew formerly of the Blue Dragoons?"

"The same man; but what is the meaning of this? Do you know him?"

"Do I know him! why, he was my father's most intimate friend, although much his junior."

"By Jove! I often heard *my* father speak of him, now that you mention it. Hip! hooray!"

* * * * *

Of course I interviewed Myles Carew in his stronghold at Carrig na Golliogue.

Of course I arranged the preliminaries, not of a duel, but of a meeting between his romantic daughter and my kinsman.

Of course we enjoyed ourselves to our hearts' content. I believe that I found the Irish whiskey too much for me, but this is irrelevant. Doctor Finnerty came out like a hero, and narrated his duelling experiences with all the gusto of a man who had stood his ground in the fifteen acres; but inside of this line of fire, his heart was big, and in the right place.

I did not leave Carrig na Golliogue for a fortnight—I wish that I was there now.

* * * * *

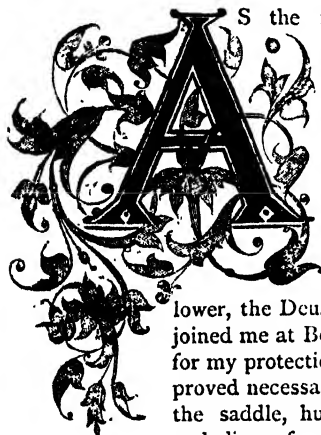
I have just received a note from Mr. Geoffry Greville, from Gibraltar. It refers to the sponsorship of a little lady in whose career I am supposed to take a special interest.

Heigh ho! I envy Geoffry, but I will take another summer out of myself for all that.

MY EARLY ADVENTURES

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, BY ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.



As the reader of my books of travel may have learned, the Lieutenant-Governor of Khorassan transformed me from a mendicant dervish into a well-to-do Oriental traveller. I got good horses for myself and my follower, the Deuzbeg of Kungrat, who joined me at Bokhara. I had arms for my protection, though they never proved necessary; and when once in the saddle, humming my favourite melodies of operas, could hasten with an easy movement of my horse westward, ever due westward. Then indeed all sad remembrance of danger and toil vanished with wonderful swiftness from my mind. And is it not truly peculiar, that every step from the very land towards which but a few months ago an ardent longing winged my wishes, every step homeward should weaken also the gladness about the success of the undertaking, so hazardous and yet so fortunate?

Man is in this respect but a child, and remains so all his days long. He chases after the fulfilment of his wishes with never-tiring zeal, yet scarcely finds himself at the goal, and victorious, than he turns from it with cold indifference to seek a new hobby, a new object for his passion, a new game to hunt. In Bokhara my success gained me yet some comfort; but at Teheran, and at Tebris,

society received me with admiration and praises, so as to strike me as very peculiar, seeing myself nothing so extraordinary in my adventurous travel.

I had to acknowledge it, that it must have been my friends living in Turkey and Persia who caused this ovation, and became the chief cause of my not staying on my return in Pesth, but commencing with still bright reminiscences and full vigour to put to paper the results of my studies in languages abroad at the same time of my going direct to England, to communicate my travels to the central geographical world established in London; and of my having launched from the banks of the Thames, and not from the Danube at Pesth, into the literary activity of the universe.

As, on my return, I was again received as guest at the Turkish Embassy, and friendly treated by all English gentlemen residing at Teheran, these circumstances, so naturally explained by my former connections in Constantinople, caused the Russian residents at the capital of Persia to suspect me as if I belonged to some secret mission on the part of Great Britain. Of course, such an explanation was most fatuous, I having stood in no connection whatever, before my departure to the East, with any European authorities, as political aims would have but endangered the plan of my scientific travel.

Notwithstanding the above self-explaining facts, people commenced already in Persia, subsequent to Russian insinuations, to speak of me and my journey disparagingly; so that, without having given the slightest cause for it, I was pointed out at Teheran, and later at Petersburg, as inimical to

Russia. The root of these aspersions, seeking cause for suspicion everywhere, was but the obvious rivalry, though kept in secret, of England and Russia in Central Asia; and I had to thank Mr. Alison, the then Ambassador of the Queen, for all my official letters of introduction to be used on my journey to London.

Why I did not prefer to be sent to Petersburg by Mr. Giers, the representative of the Czar, can be accounted for only by the circumstance that I soon perceived that an introduction by my works, dated from the banks of the Neva, would cast a shadow of suspicion upon my otherwise popular views. This, and no political considerations, advised my hastening to London at once.

After having passed three months in the capital of Persia (Teheran) for the better arrangement of my notes, jotted down under difficulties and dangers during my wanderings, I started on my return journey to the English—I might as well say the capital of the entire civilised world, in March, 1864.

I continued on my way without interruption, notwithstanding the very condescending and amiable reception given me by the small European colonies in Teheran and Constantinople, where they would have liked to detain me for a few days longer than I thought expedient.

Only a cold reception was deemed necessary in Pesth on my venturesome return. It is true, the epoch was very unfavourable for it, after the times of severe depression from 1850—64. My country entered then that feverish spasmodic episode, which is the precursor of every political epochal change. In Hungary, politics formed always the main leverage of public and private enterprise. It was only after my laurels had been lavishly bestowed on me in England, France, and Germany, and after my book of travel, in different translations, had roused sympathy for me, that people in my native country also commenced to speak about me.

Nemo propheta in patria is a true Latin proverb, and to its truth came another circumstance very unfavourable to my hopes of rousing patriotic acknowledgment. While England feels itself over the whole surface of the earth at home, and the sun never sets on its territories, of course, every fresh fact about lands lying between British possessions is received with thanks, in a practical spirit. Germany's learning is cosmopolitan, but among my Magyar countrymen geography and ethnology in those days had a lesser hold on public attention and interest. As they knew nothing of Central Asia, they cared little about it. We love what we know. It is not to be wondered at, nor to be denied as to my own person, that I felt this, the utter ignoring of my services, keenly; but for all this, I received, before arriving in Pesth, ample

reward beyond my most sanguine expectations in London.

Lord Strangford, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Mr. Layard, and Sir Roderick Murchison (then president of the Royal Geographical Society), introduced me in a short time, with the zeal of men of science, and the urbanity of gentlemen of standing, into almost every society of the British capital, and made the romantic description of my travels the subject of frequent conversations privately, and public letters in the daily press.

There is in every dangerous adventure some latent humour, which keeps danger itself in check; the British public, accustomed to such ventures, knew how to enjoy it in mine, and it doubtless enhanced their interest in my expedition and myself, the more so as the political view made the Steppes of the Turkoman tribes, Bokhara, and Samarkand nationally interesting also, which in those days were wrapped yet in the weird mist of distance.

Again, no little was added to the popularity of my travel by my having gained the honour of explaining it from the pulpit of the saloon of Burlington House, where I communicated my adventures to a patient and encouraging public during one hour and a half, in no wise perfect English, either as to construction or accent. My readiness in expressing myself was still thought very creditable to a Hungarian, just returned from his Asiatic researches in greatly differing tongues, and one who, before his travels, never had the benefit of learning European languages without the boundaries of his native land.

My readiness of speech amused me heartily in one instance. At the time of presenting myself to two of my protectors, who, having travelled themselves in Asia, considered me especially worthy of their aid, they were much struck, during my conversing with them in Persian, with the originality of my phrases, gained by long sojourn among all classes of Persia, as also by an imitation of the national pronunciation. This was so faithful that, not able to comprehend how during so brief a time any one could learn the pronunciation, sing-song, grammar, idiomatic expressions of a foreign language, and all this so perfectly, they for a short time discredited my truthfulness, and did me the passing injustice to take me for one of those adventurous Asiatics who, induced by curiosity to see the wonders of civilisation of the West, use as their travelling capital the part they are wont to play, representing themselves as strangers of their native home, to gain credit for linguistic genius; or they took me for a son of the East who, having lived some time in the East Indies and Europe, now came to rich England with a concocted description of a voyage he never made, to try his fortune. Considering that, at the time I presented myself,

my face still showed excoriations and vestiges of sun-blisters, and looked, in spite of my desire to appear with wonted European expression of learning and cultivation, yet quite the wild, inured dervish physiognomy, as during months it had to assume for its own safety, this may somewhat excuse the suspiciousness of those gentlemen. However, the mistake had a rather serious look for the safety of my honour and my person; envy and frivolous malice, spreading this judgment against me freely and carelessly, might have changed altogether the spirit of my reception, and that of my book of travel, in the European market, had not my countryman, General Kmety, the hero of Kars, turned up in time in my favour; the general, living then in London, came forward and testified to my identity and character, having known me in Constantinople, and he soon dispelled every suspicion as to my origin.

A sensitive ear for the acquisition of foreign languages—and how could a strange tongue, with its peculiar intonation, be learned but by the ear—and an adaptable gullet, plastic tongue, and sensitive lips—in one word, the physical perfection of the elocutional organs, as it would appear from the above, though in the abstract a blessing, may also become under certain circumstances dangerous to those so gifted. How whimsical my fate! It happened that I was mistaken for a European and a Christian in the wilds of Asia, and yet this did not prevent my being mistaken for an Asiatic and Mohammedan in the over-civilised centre of Europe.

How gladly would I avow at once that they were wrong after all, both on this side and beyond the Ural boundary! But hush! I see but the first grey light of the blessed rising day on the horizon, in which a free acknowledgment of our inner faith will be practicable, without disgrace, and without a shadow of doubt as to our veracity. By the time of its noon, I shall have fallen into the powers of Nirwana. I shall endeavour, though, that my written word meanwhile may fight for the good cause, and so to secure above that justice which is not granted to-day to my tongue or pen.

Enough of this. My reception in England turned out as glorious as one could dream of. Glorious is the word, for, indeed, its material advantages were none. My book, which after its appearance in English got translated into several other European languages, became a favourite work in Europe and America, and may have enriched the publishers and vendors, but it had no such effect on myself.

As dervish did I commence my tours, and as dervish did I end them. The true advantage gained from a long, patient, and persevering struggle with life, proved indeed a treasure of my innermost soul, a treasure of immense value. It

consists of a sober conception of life as it is, not as it appears to youth, and to the dreamer; it is a correct view of the world we move in, and the consequent satisfaction with every fate it appoints to us.

Of all that I dreamed of in my earliest youth, in the shape of usefulness to the world by literary work, however small and humble, this has come true.

My post at the University of Pesth, where I teach the Asiatic languages and literature, ever stands before me as my highest dignity, and the pen as the mightiest power destined for my use. The Oriental studies—hitherto exclusively theoretical only (our learned connoisseurs of the Orient having seldom, if ever, been in the East)—have taken lately, on account of the ease wherewith East and West approach by means of cheapened communication, a more practical aim.

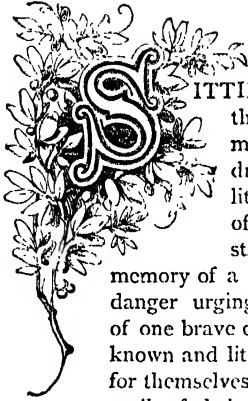
Only the combined study of ancient literature with that of modern morals and customs of the Asiatic Mohammedan races, only our immediate experience in the fields of social and political relations respecting those once mighty and flourishing peoples, who hasten, as it would appear in the present, with giant strides towards total decay and extinction, can safely entrust Europe in contact with its original parental East, with the task of civilisation, taken in hand so as to insure success, and to deserve the plaudits of the humanist.

I have but to answer a question so frequently put to me, whether the reminiscences belonging to my adventurous travel do not draw me back sometimes to the scenes of my former activity, and whether I feel now quite content in Europe. The latter I have just answered. As to the first inquiry, it will appear to all natural if I assert how seldom we can become altogether cold and faithless to the objects of our first youthful attachment. Our first love, admiration, enthusiasm, drains the strongest energies of our youth; it draws us with a magnetic power never absolutely exhaustible. Even now is the interest felt for the countries and races of Asia, I know, unabated; but this interest is no more of the youthful incandescent character. Like love unreciprocated, it has settled into the milder, more lasting feeling of genuine friendship. No doubt, reaching maturer age, my feeling towards Asia will become paternal, protectional—find not fault with the expression; it is meant diminutively.

It pains my heart deeply to see the oldest world, then an entire world, and the total of mankind, now battling in agony with its death. And what my means, my energy, and talents, be they however small and insufficient, are able to effect, shall be ever ready for the rejuvenescence and happy reconstruction of Asia, if it possesses yet sufficient vitality for it. This be the task of my whole life hence.

MEN WHO FACE DEATH.

THE FISHERMAN.



SITTING here with the sound of the breaking waves ringing in my ears, while the spray is driven violently against the little window before the fury of a stiff north-easter, is it strange that I should feel the memory of a hundred scenes of death and danger urging me to tell what I know of one brave class of our countrymen, little known and little cared for, who seek bread for themselves and their young ones at the peril of their lives? Happy indeed, and rare, the fisherman who cannot tell of some near and dear one going down, in the pride of his manhood it may be, battling fiercely with the wave.

Good folks, comfortable in their inland home, while the storm-king rages without in ever-rising thunder-tone, cluster round the cheery fire, and mutter with bated breath, "God help all poor folks at sea." They can draw vivid mental pictures of gallant ships, with bending spars and tattered sails, rolling heavily in the deep trough of the sea, while the crew toil at the pumps with the energy of despair; but they fail to paint the crowd of fishing boats struggling bravely to round the frowning headland which hides the harbour of refuge. They can pity the sailor's wife, from whose eyes the storm has driven all thought of sleep, but they little dream of the anxious crowd seeking shelter under the high sea-wall of the harbour yonder.

The boats, which yester-morning left with a fair wind and a smiling sky, have been caught in the storm, and now many an eager eye seeks to pierce the dark void where nought is seen save the gleam of the white-crested wave, as it dashes itself into spray against the pier, or on the long sandy beach stretching away to the north. By-and-by a light is seen far away in the depth of the blackness, and as it rapidly nears, the experienced eye makes out the figure of a boat with its reefed lug-sail. How eagerly the eyes are strained to ascertain if it is "oor ain boat!" Scarce a word can be heard amid the strife of the elements, but the little lamp, which throws its dim uncertain light on the strange scene, shows that the pale lips of the fearing wives and mothers are moving in right earnest prayer to the Lord who rideth on the storm. Nearer and nearer comes the boat, till, when close on the pier, the last little bit of sail is hauled down. The skipper sits with the tiller locked in his firmest grasp, with eyes for nought save the bow of his boat and the narrow entrance ahead. How patiently the crew stand, each in his place, their share of the toil over for one night—perhaps for ever,

should the boat be carried against the pier by yon fast-following wave. But ere it can reach them the boat has shot between the piers, the bowman has thrown the expected rope to the crowd, who with a hearty cheer pull the boat round into the snug little harbour. Worn out, wet, and hungry, the crew totter home, and get between the blankets as soon as they can; little need have they of rocking this night. The very wind, which but an hour ago seemed likely to wail their coronach, does now but hush them like the gentlest of lullabies.

Let us look into the now deserted boat, and learn for what great prize so much has been encountered. What do you see? A score or two of haddocks, which, when divided among a crew of eight men, can do little even towards supplying the loss of lines and fishing gear; for when the brave good-wife appears at our doors on the morrow, seeking, with piteous tale of last night's storm, what we consider an extortionate price for a paltry haddock, who of all her customers ever thinks of granting her first demand?

But what of the women who have waited with aching hearts till the breaking dawn, cheered by no sight of the husband's boat? Ere the postal telegraph clerk has rubbed the sleep out of the corners of his eyes, a little knot of women, careless of rain and storm, has gathered round the office door, knowing that as soon as the boats make a harbour far to north or south, the crew will immediately telegraph news of their safety; surely not the least valuable use of the wires.

Telegram after telegram arrives, telling of the safety of this and the other boat, and the little crowd gets smaller by degrees, and truly beautifully less, till all are gone save the wives of the single unreported crew. Every click of the instrument has brought joy to some home, but still no tidings of the one doomed boat. The day moves carelessly on, and as the sun rushes down red and angry, in the short winter day, the despairing wives know too well that now they are widows, and their children fatherless.

Let one old man whom I knew long years ago tell his tale. When I first saw him he was a stern weatherbeaten veteran of fifty winters, his bronzed brow furrowed with many a wrinkle, his hair white as the driven snow, and in his eyes the strange far-away look one sometimes sees in men who have suffered much, and whose hearts are buried away in some loved one's grave. He mingled with none, even spoke with few; and yet he was the bravest, or, more correctly, the most reckless on all the coast. Did a ship show signals of distress, who but David Wood first jumped into

the life-boat and cried for men? His was the last boat to run the coming storm. Let a boat go as far into the ocean after the herring as it might, a boat-sail away on the verge of the horizon told that David Wood was still ahead. He was at once loved and feared by his crew, who trusted to him implicitly, imagining he had a luck-charm.

One day as we lay on the green seabraes, the old man told me his story. I give it in his own words, occasionally clothing his Scottish tongue in English garments, though I venture to think the dear auld Scottish dialect is eminently qualified to express the joys and sorrows of the Northern heart.

"Five years ago, my son Davy was a stripling o' twenty. He was the bauldest and bravest on a' the coast. A'boddy liked Davy weel, but he was a' the warl' tae me. Neither kith nor kin had I i' the warl' but Davy, for his mither had gane tae the better country lang syne. Mony a stiff storm did Davy and I weather thegither, an' mony a nicht ha'e we lain in the boat in the bonnie munclicht, when a' the crew war' asleep; Davy crooning o'er some auld Scotch song; the bit boatie, as if it was trying tae keep time to the music, moving as gently on the water as the saft pulse o' a deeing man; the vera mune lookin' doon wi' a kindly smile, an' gaun slowly through the heavens as tho' loath tae go.

"But there wad be nae en' to a' my maundering. Ae nicht we war oot at the herring fishing; a big shoal had been seen loupin' aboot, an' the goos [seabirds] were fleeing thick. We had gotten a gran' catch, and had just hoisted the mast an' the sail tae catch ony chance puff o' win'; for it was sae calm an' quiet in the bonnie summer mornin', ye wad ha'e thocht a' natur' had fa'en asleep. But wae's me, it was o'er quiet. Up comes the sun big an' lowering; awa' o'er the sea ye could hear a low soochin', and then ye could see the win' come rushing along like a big black wa'. The flapping sail bellied oot, an' awa' we ran like racers. Stiffer an' fiercer the win' cam' doon, till it blew the biggest gale I ever saw. I sat at the helm an' keepit the boat as weel afore the sea as I could.

"The rope haudin' the canvas slipped, an' awa' flew the sail wildly o'er the boat, but no' afore it had hurled my Davy oot owre among the raging waters. I duared no' leave the helm, for the sake o' the puir men wha lippeden their safety tae me, but I held it in ae han' wi' the grip o' a hunner' men, an' wi' the ither I got hold o' Davy's hand as the boat was rushin' past.

"That ae minute seemed then, an' seems noo, like an eternity tae me. I sometimes think it's no bye yet, an' I fin' the death-grip o' my laddie's han', an' see his white face lookin' up in mine. We had baith oor mittens [worsted gloves] on, an', God help me, they slipped, an' afore the crew could lift a helpin' han', Davy fell awa' an' the boat sweepit by like a living thing wi' nae hert. They got the

sail richtet, I ken na hoo; they wad fain ha'e ta'en the helm frae me, but my white face frichtened them, for they a' lay down in the bottom o' the boat, an' spak' never a word.

"When we cam' into the bay, the folks signalled till's no' to try in, for the sea was washing o'er the pier in mountain waves. But fat was danger tae me? my warl' lay far doon whaur nae storm reaches, and had it no' been for the crew's puir wives and weans, I wad ha'e gladly ran the boat amang the rocks yonder. They tell me that when we cam' in on the top o' a big wave, and war thrown high an' dry on the san' inside the harbour, ye micht ha'e heard the crowd—for the hail toon had turned oot tae see us drooned—tak' a lang breath like a sob, an' syne burst oot wi' three cheers. I ken na, I min' o' naething for mony a week after that, till ae morning I waukened an' fun' mysel' as weak as water, wi' my lang black hair as white as ye see. They say it was the maddest, pluckiest run ever made on a' the coast. Aweel, it's mony a lang an' weary day sin' that ane, an' noo they call me 'lucky Davy,' an' 'plucky Davy,' an' I aye get the best crew, an' the best fish, an' the longest price; and a'boddy likes, an' maybe fears, the lone aul' man; but they little ken that a' the luck an' a' the pluck lie in the trowth that I carena hoo soon I'm alangside my laddie; for I ken weel that, come soon or come late, ae day the boat *will* come hame without David Wood."

The storm of September, 18—, is as well remembered on the Scottish coast as was the field of Flodden in the dark days. Many a gallant ship went down with many a gallant crew. Many a fisherman found a watery grave, some meeting death almost within hail of their homes, the very wave that swamped the boat hurling the corpses of its crew almost to the very feet of their wives.

Walking along the sands one evening when the wind had gone down, and nought but the long heavy swell remained to remind one of the death-breathing storm that had passed, I found a little crowd standing silent and sad around the newly cast-up wreck of a boat. One glance, and I needed nothing more to tell me that the source of so much woe had at least brought rest to one troubled heart. David Wood had gone to join his boy in the land where there shall be no more tears.

This is no isolated case, though happily there are few of whom grief takes such a hold. The business of life is far too serious to admit of such enduring morbid sorrow. We must needs bury our dead in the deepest shrine of our heart, and only open the floodgates of memory when at eventide there cometh a lull in the fierce world-strife we daily wage; and even then, mayhap with quivering lip and tearful eye, yet with hopeful looking forward to *that* day, we ought to softly whisper, "Thy will be done."

IN HONOUR BOUND.

BY CHARLES GIBBON,

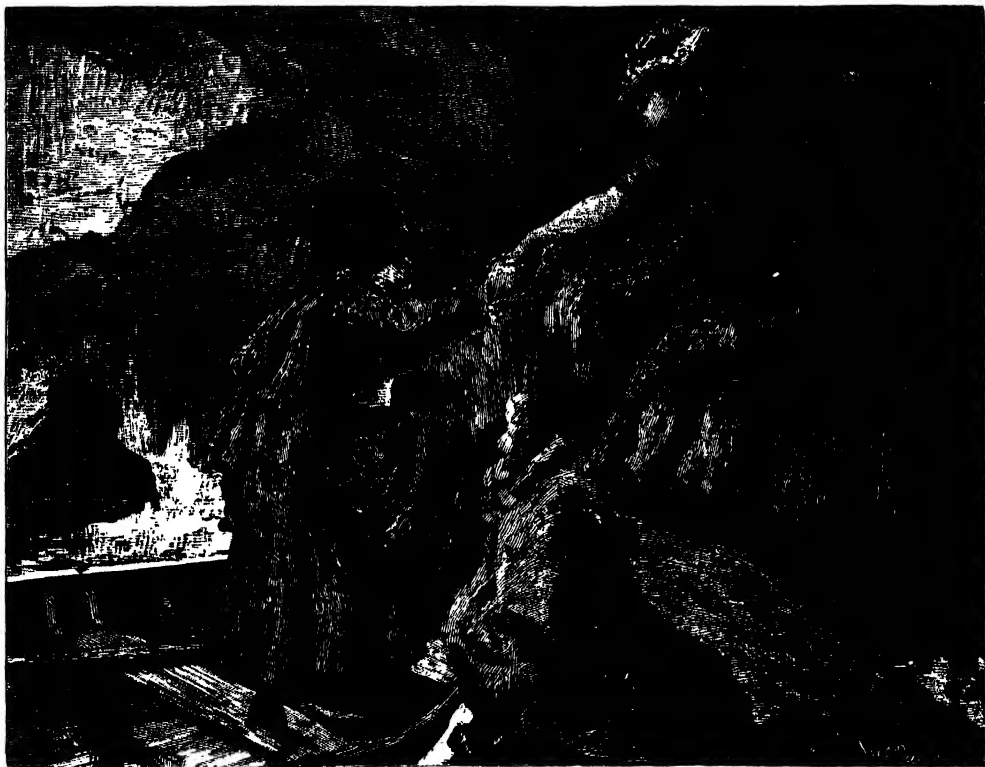
AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIFTH.
CONQUERED.

THERE was a nervous timidity in Teenie's manner, as if she would have liked to escape them. But

With the impetuosity of the child seeking to defend herself she spoke.

"I could not wait till Walter came home—the Laird told me I would meet him in the avenue—I



"STEPPED ON TO THE LEDGE."

that passed immediately, and although there was a slight degree of reserve in her expression, it was attributable to the confusion and pain which she was trying to hide.

The three figures stood in the deepening gloaming, the trees casting mysterious shadows on their faces. Walter, with one hand resting on the gate, his eyes fixed on Teenie; Grace, holding up her skirt with one hand, the fingers of the other twirling a sprig of hawthorn; Teenie, looking downward, fingers playing with the buttons of her cloak, like a child who had been detected stealing jam.

The pause was only for an instant, but the three were conscious of it, and felt that somehow it made a difference amongst them.

heard you speaking—I called, but you did not hear me— and so I just followed the sound till we came here."

"We were both deaf, Teenie, for we were trying to bury some old vexations, and to get the better of some new ones," said Grace, smiling frankly.

"And you have walked all the way—Teenie, Teenie, you will be laying yourself up again," exclaimed Walter, earnest, fond, unconscious of any doubt which might have been inspired by what she had heard—the best proof of his sincerity—and placing his arm round her as if to support her.

"Come away up to the house and rest a little," said Grace; "you must not go back without having

tea, and we can have a nice chat. Then I'll drive you home."

"No, thank you, Grace; the Laird is there—I would rather go back with him. Will you come over to-morrow? I want to speak to you."

It was a very sweet pleading face that she raised, so unlike the bright brave visage of the girl that Grace was rendered uneasy by it.

"Certainly, Teenie, as soon as I can get away I shall be with you."

"Good-bye then; don't forget—I can't speak just now."

Teenie kissed her, which was such an unusual action on her part that Grace was more and more amazed, and began to experience vague feelings of alarm. There was such pleading tenderness in Teenie's manner, so much like that of an affectionate nature suddenly roused to a sense of guilt, and eager to make reparation for the offence, that Grace wondered and was silent.

Teenie hurried out to the gig, hiding her face. The Laird was roused from a reverie, straightened himself, descended and offered his assistance to his daughter-in-law. But she sprang into her place before he was well on the ground.

"Upon my honour, Teenie, I think you could dance on the tight-rope," exclaimed the Laird, following her with much less agility than he generally displayed.

Walter, after seeing that the apron was hooked, and that his wife was properly wrapped up, took his place behind. Grace was standing at the gate. Good-bye, and they were off, she watching them till they crossed the burn, and then, in much perplexity of mind, walking slowly back to the house.

Teenie, with head bowed, as if to shield her face from the wind—which was keen, in spite of the heat of the day—sat in a dull, weary mood. Her eyes felt hot and aching, as if she had been sitting up all night, or as if she had been crying for several hours. They were dry and parched. She could not concentrate her mind upon anything; her thoughts were quite disconnected, jumping from the free childish times to the day on which Ailie had brought home the book of fate, and Walter had told her his story—she wished he had not told her the story: she would have been happier—then away to the far northern seas, to the whales, and her father; back again to the Laird, and the now inevitable ruin of Dalmahoy. She could not see anything before or around her, and the uncertain shades of the gloaming were already black as night to her eyes. Walter spoke to her several times, but she did not hear.

The Laird made one or two courteous attempts to entertain her, but finding that she was quite indifferent, he, for once in his life, cheerfully subsided into silence.

They formed a dull party; the horse, a fine

high-stepping chestnut, was the only one that displayed life and action, and at a good trot he carried his sad companions rapidly over the ground.

A junction of two roads, the one leading to Dalmahoy, the other towards Rowanden and Drumliemount.

"You'll come up and have dinner with us," said the Laird, and drove on without waiting for an answer.

Teenie was anxious to get home for Baby's sake, but she did not like to oppose the Laird in his least wish at present, and so she yielded without a word.

Drysdale's face was longer than ever as he received his master and guests at the door. Dinner had been kept waiting more than an hour, and that was enough to disturb the best-intentioned butler.

"Everything will be fusionless as a burnt haddock without sauce," he grumbled, as if it were an entirely personal affliction.

"In a quarter of an hour," said Dalmahoy, and passed up-stairs.

"It's just like him," muttered Drysdale, still more afflicted, "he has nae consideration for the soup or the fish either."

The Laird was thinking of a time, near at hand, when he would have neither soup nor fish.

"How is your new tenant of the fishing?" said Walter, hanging up his hat.

"Oh, he's well enough—but is he as rich as they say, Master Walter?"

"I believe so—hundreds of thousands a year from some business in London."

"Poor fellow, and wi' a' his wealth he canna land a salmon-trout! I saw him with a fine one yesterday, and he ruggit at it as though he wanted to get the hook out of its mouth, instead of landing the fish. And he did that, he got the hook out, and the fish gaed awa', flippin' its tail, and just laughing at him. Poor fellow, wi' a' his wealth!"

Feeling intense pity for the unfortunate merchant—and some contempt too—Drysdale went off to see about the dinner.

When he appeared in the drawing-room the Laird was quite spruce, and as gay as the most youthful gallant. He took Teenie down to dinner; Walter, his eldest sister; Alice going alone, but making believe that she was leaning on the arm of the most entertaining cavalier, conversing in confidential tones with herself, playfully covering her mouth with a pretty lace handkerchief, as if she were concealing her laughter at wonderful witticisms, and occasionally glancing back at her sister, as who should say, "Don't you envy me?"

Dalmahoy had never been so brilliant as on this evening. He told his old stories with new relish, until even Drysdale grinned behind a dish-cover, although he was well seasoned to all his master's jokes, and had the least natural inclination to

laughter of any man. He discoursed upon life in general, and the greatest happiness of the greatest number in particular, as if he had nothing to think about but the furtherance of that principle. He was perfectly in earnest, for when a man plays much with a sentiment there always comes to be an element of truth in it to him—the result of habit, if not of conviction.

Miss Burnett and Alice were astounded by the sprightliness of their father, although they were still ignorant of the impending calamity; Walter, who knew how affairs stood, was puzzled; and Teenie wondered how he could be so merry with such sorrow sitting on his hearth.

The ladies retired; the Laird forestalled his son, and bowed them out with an old-fashioned courtesy, and a pretty compliment for each as she passed.

He returned to his place, thrust aside the stiff-backed chair upon which he had been sitting, and drew an easy one up to the table, like a man who makes up his mind for thorough self-indulgence.

"Push about the jorum, Wattie; that's the claret—fine stuff; we have a few dozen left; pity I can't make you a present of it; but mind you scrape every farthing together, and buy it at the sale. I'll never forgive you if you let it pass; and when you've got it, I'll help you to drink it."

The wine stuck in Walter's throat; he could drink no more.

"The more fool you," exclaimed Dalmahoy, sipping from his glass with exquisite relish; "you'll not have the same chance often. 'Pon my soul, the prospect of the sale adds fifty per cent. to my enjoyment of the wine. Here's luck to the buyers."

"Have you really made up your mind to part with everything?"

The Laird crossed his hands, twirled his thumbs, and with an air of resignation—

"I am spared that trouble; you and your aunt have arranged it between you. So there is no more to be said, and there is nothing left but to take the utmost enjoyment out of everything while I can still, in a manner, call it mine."

Walter moved uncomfortably on his chair.

"Be quiet; drink and enjoy yourself, or ring for coffee, and go up-stairs. I insist upon not being disturbed; and I shall take my nap here this evening."

Walter did ring for coffee, drank his with nervous haste, and went up-stairs.

The Laird left his cup standing beside him until it grew cold, and continued to sip his claret. But when his son had left him, the expression of indifference slowly passed from his face, and was replaced by one of dull despondency. He gazed at the comforts which surrounded him; he was to leave all these. He was to walk out of the home of his fathers, which was dearer to him than he had ever fancied until now. The sentiment of association or re-

verence for the past was strong upon him, and he felt that it would be a hard thing to part from all these old friends—even the chairs and tables were old friends in his present mood. He felt very old—very much broken down, and inclined to bitter thoughts about his sister and his son.

He forgot his wine, although his fingers encircled the glass; he forgot his nap, and the announcement he had made that he was to take it there (it was his custom to have his nap in the drawing-room whilst one of his daughters read the *Times* to him, then to waken up and read for himself when they had gone to bed); he forgot that Drysdale would be fretting about not being permitted to clear the table, and his head dropped forward, his eyes fixed stolidly on the claret jug.

A hand touched him on the shoulder, and he looked up heavily; but instantly he made an effort to resume his jaunty air, and to rise, when he saw it was Teenie who had roused him. But her hand was like that of a strong man—or he was very weak—and she would not allow him to rise.

"I stole away from them up-stairs, and came down to you," she said in a half-stifled voice; "I knew you would be thinking and—oh, Laird, my heart is breaking, for it's all my fault!"

She swung round, dropping on her knees before him, her bonnie face covered with her hands.

"My dear child, you talk—you talk nonsense," he stammered, patting her head, and smoothing the rich yellow hair, which made him think of the gold he could not obtain.

She looked up, her eyes bright with tears, and the pallor of her face reproaching him for his feeble attempt to deceive her.

"You will have to let the place be sold?"

"I am afraid so."

There was something disagreeable sticking in his throat, which rendered his voice husky.

"You will have to go away from this—your home—your father's home. Where will you go to? What will you do?"

His flimsy disguise, although pretty well maintained up to this point, fell from him, and he broke down.

"God knows," he sobbed, hiding his face, ashamed of his misery. "The girls have no wit, and their hands have never been trained to anything; I am an old man, even more helpless than they are."

She was maddened by the sight of his grief; her arms were round his neck, her head resting on his shoulder, and she too was sobbing.

"Will you ever be able to forgive me?"

He embraced her affectionately.

"I do now, my child, heartily," he said with a sincerity which could not be misunderstood; "I was inclined to blame you, Teenie, for if you had not been in the way—well, there, we'll say no more

about that. But you have taught me to love you just when I might have disliked you most. God bless you, my child; it has done me good to get this out, and we'll manage to make all right somehow, so don't you fret. You are a comfort and a blessing to me."

She was very grateful for these tender words; she had never felt affection for the Laird until now—misfortune had drawn them so close together.

Her eyes sparkled through tears with a brilliant idea, and she almost gasped in her haste to utter it.

"My father has money in the bank; can I not go and get that? Then it would be easier for you to make up the difference, and I would be so proud to think that we had been able to help you—it would make me very happy."

He patted her head kindly, and was really sorry to disappoint her generous ambition.

"That cannot be, Teenie"—it was the first time he had addressed her by that pet name, and, except in company, he never afterwards used the formal Christina—"it cannot be unless you have a cheque signed by your father."

He did not say, as he thought, that it would be difficult for him to accept the rescue of Dalmahoy at the hands of Skipper Dan. A curious contradiction, for he would have accepted anything, and would have even expected a great deal, if Teenie had been Methven's heiress.

"But I can go to the bank and tell them that it is my father's money, and that he would do it if he was here. Mr. Shaw will believe me."

"No doubt he would; but he dare not give you the money without your father's signature."

"Is there nothing we can do?"

"Nothing that I can see at present."

"Will not General Forbes help you?"

"No."

"Aunt Jane?"

"She cannot, and wouldn't if she could. There is no help to be looked for from our relations—as usual. They have all got some absurd notion that I have interfered with their chance of sharing that confounded Methven estate amongst them."

Teenie smarted under the reference to the Methven property, for it recalled a disagreeable idea which the Laird himself had planted in her mind.

"Oh, if my father would only come back in time!"

"Perhaps he will," said Dalmahoy, to comfort her, rather than with any hope that the skipper would be able to relieve him if he did come back before the sale. "But there, now, don't let us speak any more about it. You are spoiling my digestion; let me attend to it whilst I have something to digest."

She wondered how he could speak so lightly under the circumstances.

Another bright idea occurred to her. Grace was

coming to Drumliemount to-morrow; something might be arranged between them. She said nothing of that, however, and she felt that it was a very bitter extremity indeed which could compel her to make an appeal to Grace for help of this kind. It was a forlorn hope, and she clung to it desperately.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

ON THE SEA.

THEY walked together down the winding road—Grace and Teenie, going for a row. Firs, bracken, and the bonnie bright red rowans glancing by them on the road-side; behind, the soft headline of the hills, drawing near them over the cold, bleak moorland; before them, the sea and rugged coast, high cliffs, on the edge of which the road had been cut, jagged lumps of rock forming a wall along one side to protect travellers from tumbling into the abyss beneath—and these jagged, irregular boulders seemed to the eye of fancy like men and children holding hands to guard the wayfarer from harm.

On the sharp brown promontory of the Witch's Bay, a group of white sea-gulls, whose eerie cry suggested storm and disaster. One flapped his wings, and set off seaward on a voyage of discovery; and presently the others followed in a body, swooping above the rocks for a minute, and then dropping into the water, all keeping near shore in obedience to the mysterious instinct which warned them of an approaching tempest.

Teenie reached the boat, and looked back for Grace, who was making her way down the steep path, preceded by her collie, Pate. The latter gambolled merrily on the yellow sand, and brought an offering of seaweed to his mistress, which he laid at her feet with a grin of triumph on his good-natured, ugly face. But he showed a decided dislike to approach too near the water; and when he saw his mistress advance quietly to where Teenie stood, the water rushing up and laving her feet, he came to a dead halt, and stared with a comical, puzzled look, as if the proceedings were altogether beyond his comprehension.

"Will you get in?" said Teenie. "If you sit at the stern, I can easily push the boat off."

"Are you not to wait for Walter?"

"No, we can come in for him when we see him. Two of the elders have got hold of him, and there's no saying when they may let him go. I'll help you."

She held out her hand as if she had been a man offering assistance to a lady. Grace hesitated, and looked at Pate, who remained at some yards distance, his paws planted before him as if to save himself from tumbling over a precipice.

"Are you afraid? You forget that I can manage a boat, although I cannot direct a Sunday school," said Teenie, laughing, but with just a shade of bitterness in her tone.

Grace got in, and seated herself at the stern as she had been told. The dog did not follow.

"Come, Pate, come—for shame, sir, to desert me!—but you can go home if you like."

The dog shook himself, glanced backwards as if he were much more disposed to take his tail between his legs and make for home, than to go on. But he advanced shyly, and at the next sound of his mistress's voice, leapt into the boat and crouched at her feet, looking up into her face as if wondering what this strange vagary could mean. He had never been accustomed to the water, and he did not like it.

Teenie pushed the boat off, and sprang in, nimbly enough, but the effort this cost reminded her unpleasantly of how much strength she had lost.

She paddled slowly out of the bay, and the moment they passed beyond the sheltering arms of the rocks, the little craft began to pitch and toss in a manner most uncomfortable to Grace. Several splashes of spray threatened to spoil the ladies' hats, and warned them that they were likely to get well wet. Teenie was indifferent for her own part, but she saw Grace clutch the side of the boat and look anxiously around; then she looked also.

The waves came sweeping inward, white-crested and murmuring—they were like long arms reaching out to grasp a victim. Overhead, great stretches of blue-black clouds scored with pale amber; a red glow on the western horizon, from which radiated long smoky wreaths reaching the borders of a light golden lake, and that again was studded with black ragged islets. Eastward, a pale mist rising, like a veil, and spreading slowly over the sea, bringing night as it seemed with all its mysteries. The sea, dark green flecked with white heads; and the long-sweeping waves sang plaintive duets with the wind, now loud and furious, again soft and gentle as the voice of syrens tempting men to destruction.

"I'm doubting there is to be a storm," said Teenie after looking round; "we'll keep inshore."

"I am sure there is to be a storm," rejoined Grace, calmly, but making no attempt to conceal the uneasiness she felt. "Did you not see the birds?—they knew it. Do you not see, Pate, how he is shivering?—he knows it. I wish you would go in, Teenie, these waves are so strong and terrible."

"They are very beautiful." She shook back from her shoulders the long hair, dripping with spray, and gazed at the threatening sea with as much fondness as a mermaid who loved it even in its angriest mood.

"Do make for the shore, Teenie," said Grace, shuddering as she looked at the waves.

Teenie ceased rowing, but continued to steady the boat with the oars.

"I will in a minute—but I have been selfish again, Grace. I want to say something to you,

and I thought I would feel stronger to say it if we were out on the sea. I want you to do something very great for me, and I never could have told you except here."

"What is it?"

Words came abruptly just then, for Grace disliked the position altogether. The boat lurched to one side; Grace gave a little scream, and that concealed the half-stifled sob with which Teenie began to speak.

"It is about that money—about your mother" (setting her teeth hard, then); "I want you to get it in time to save Dalmahoy, and you shall have it all back as soon as my father comes home. Your mother has refused, but if you speak to her she will do it for your sake. Oh, Grace! I feel that I shall never be able to lift up my head again if the Laird is turned out of his home, if his daughters are made beggars all through me—through me. Will you do this?—beg, pray, promise anything that may tempt her, only to save them, and she shall have it all back in a very wee while."

Teenie's eyes and voice were full of tears, and Grace in her sympathy almost forgot the perils of their position.

"I will try, Teenie; I intended to do my best even without your speaking; but my mother is very stubborn in this matter—she is a little queer and does not quite understand the position; but if she can be persuaded to help us, I will persuade her, for Walter's sake and yours."

"But there must be no 'ifs'—you must *make* her do it whether she will or no.—Lord help me! I'm feared that my head is going wrong, for I feel that I could rob—aye, murder to get that miserable siller. You may guess that, when I beg of you, when you see me ready to go down on my knees to you, craving that you would only save them. Oh, I think I will hate you if you fail!—and yet no, no, Grace, I cannot do that; I will aye like you—love you, whether you save them or no."

She dropped at the feet of Grace, sobbing, and the dog whined as if in sympathy or terror. The positions were so entirely reversed—the one who had been so bold and fearless was now so weak and humbled, the other who had been so weak was now so calm and brave—that Grace herself was most astonished at herself and at Teenie. The latter's passionate appeal made Grace's heart beat fast with affectionate pity, although she could not realise the bitterness of humiliation which Teenie experienced in making this petition to her, who she felt ought to have been the most uncompromising of foes.

The boat gave another lurch, and one of the oars went overboard; Grace almost capsized the craft in the wild effort she made to clutch it as it swept by on the crest of a wave.

'For God's sake, Teenie, save us!' cried Grace in alarm.

Teenie rose in a dazed way, and almost fell with the heaving of the boat; but she steadied herself and caught the remaining oar just as it too was about to slip through the rowlocks.

The white mist was rapidly approaching them; in a little while it would be over them, and would shut out the land from their sight, so that they might be for hours tossed about upon the waves without any chance of landing—if they were not swamped long before the mist cleared away. Teenie was conscious of all their danger in an instant; she sought for the missing oar, and when she understood what had happened her face darkened, for the peril was even greater than she had anticipated at the first glance of their position. She looked at Grace, and for an instant a wicked thought possessed her—why should she not leave the boat to its fate, and die there with her? The kindly sea was offering her peace, oblivion, and an end to all sorrow; why should she struggle against it? Why struggle to live when living was a constant agony and shame?

White-faced and trembling, she turned away from the wicked thought; what a coward love had made her!—she almost feared the sea; she did fear the temptation which was presented to her.

There was a distant murmur as of muffled thunder, and she knew that one of the fierce and vicious squalls which beset the coast was approaching. How many had perished in its fatal swoop! how little hope there was for them in that frail craft at such a moment! But Grace was to be saved—Lord forgive her!—she thought that for herself she would have made no effort. Then over the dismal gloom of the waters there came the cry of a babe in the manse high up yonder on Drumlicmount, and she felt very guilty. There was something to do for Grace's sake, and for the babe's sake.

They had drifted towards Kingshaven Bar—a most dangerous part of the coast in a storm; the ugly shape of the ominous rock called the Wrecker loomed before them. If they could only pass it they would be safe; or if they could only reach the creek which they were nearing they would escape all serious danger.

Grace was silent and pale, watching Teenie anxiously, but without making a movement or uttering a word to disturb her. Pate whined occasionally, and nestled more closely to the feet of his mistress.

Teenie was guiding the boat by the help of the single oar; suddenly she wheeled it round, pointing the head towards the creek.

"Sit still," she said between her teeth; "hold the tiller straight; our only chance is to go in with the tide. Yonder is a wave coming that will either carry us in or to the bottom."

She changed her seat to a place beside Grace, holding the oar with one hand, whilst with the other she grasped the tiller.

"When I say 'Steady,' hold firm for your life."

There was a strange pause—a momentary silence of sea and wind.

"Do you think," said Teenie timorously, "if—we should sink—do you think you could go up yonder with no ill thought in your heart towards me?"

The only reply of Grace was to clasp fervently the hand which rested on the tiller.

Teenie gave the boat one last jerk towards the sheltering creek, drew in the oar, and clasped both hands on those of Grace; they held the tiller between them, whilst affection and forgiveness of all sins were expressed in that loving clasp which meant to them life or death.

"Steady!" cried Teenie, "here is our safety or our death."

The mist was following fast, it was already near them, it would soon be overhead—then it would reach the rocky shore, and escape would be almost impossible. The great sea rolled shoreward, swinging the boat up and down. Then came the huge wave upon which Teenie counted to carry them into the creek; but if it should break before they touched the land, or if it should draw them back with it even when they were nearest to safety!—that was a terrible thought.

Everything depended on being able to keep the prow steadily towards the creek. The wave struck the boat with mighty force—hoisted it high in the air, so that the breath left Teenie and Grace; they felt as if suspended above the water, and that presently they must drop into an abyss. But their hands clenched the more tightly upon the tiller; they pressed their bodies close against it and, lips compressed, faces white, and hearts still, they watched the dark inlet upon which they were driving—it seemed almost flying. The time was brief, but an age of memories flashed through the minds of the two women as they sat, hands clasped, awaiting the fortune of life or death.

They were driven into the creek; the boat dropped, the keel grated upon sharp stones, then it reeled and staggered as one wave seemed to draw it backward, and another, overleaping the receding one, helped it forward.

Teenie caught up the rope which was fastened to a ring at the prow, and sprang into the water. She scrambled across sharp boulders on to a ledge of rock, and exerting all her strength, she drew the boat close up to the side, where only the spent waves and dashes of spray reached it.

Grace made her way forward, climbing over the seats awkwardly, and grasping Teenie's helping hand, stepped on to the ledge.

"Safe, thank God!" she said quietly; "thank you, Teenie."

"Little thanks to me, who brought you into the danger. And see, you're drenched to the skin—you'll get your death of cold."

Grace smiled—feebly, for she felt very weak.

"You are no better off yourself."

"It does not matter for me," was the indifferent answer, but so low that amidst the roar of waters Grace did not hear the words distinctly.

Pate scrambled up beside them, looking very much cowed; but he gave himself a shake of satisfaction when he found that he was safe on land.

Teenie unfastened the rope from the boat.

"Walter has told me about folk climbing the Alps, how they are all tied together with a rope, so that if one slips, the others save him from tumbling down. So we'll tie ourselves with this, and if you should miss your foot, I'll keep you from falling."

Grace would have objected, but when she looked up at the rugged face of the rocks they had to climb, she yielded to Teenie's plans.

"I've often gone up these rocks for fun, and I can do it the easier now that it's a necessity. It's not so hard as it looks, and Pate will follow us."

She knew every step of the way, and with her sure foot and steady eye there was not much danger in the ascent, but to Grace it was full of peril. At times she thought the sea was rolling up the crags, intent upon claiming the victims who had

so narrowly escaped its wrath. Then the white mist enveloped them, so that she could barely see where to plant her feet, where to catch with her hands. She felt giddy, and would have certainly fallen, but for the wise precaution which Teenie had adopted. She made even a greater effort to keep steady than she might have been capable of had she been alone, knowing that any stumble endangered Teenie's life as well as her own.

They attained the summit at last, and stepped out upon the road. The dog capered about wildly for joy; the two women sat down to rest. Grace was warm with grateful thoughts; Teenie was pallid, cold, and shivering now that the danger was past—she who had been so firm and skilful whilst these qualities were most needed.

"Walter will be so vexed with me," she said slowly, as she unfastened the rope from her waist.

"He will be too glad and too thankful to see you safe, Teenie, to be vexed with you. Oh, what a strong, brave woman you are!"

She kissed her affectionately, and then uttered a little cry of amazement and alarm, for not the weak woman, but the strong one, gave way, and Grace found Teenie fainting in her arms. The strain had been too much for her, and she lay there by the roadside, quite helpless.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

LEAVES AND FLOWERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HALF-HOURS IN THE GREEN LANES."

FLOWERS.



WE may recognise two leading shapes in all leaves—the circular and the linear. Mineralogists tell us that the numerous forms of crystals, in which all sorts of solid substances are found, can be reduced to six elementary types. This is the more astonishing when we remember that some varieties—as, for instance, carbonate of lime—are known to assume hundreds of distinct forms. Similarly all the manifold shapes of the leaves of flowers and trees, that produce such a magnificent variety and richness, can be assigned to a very few elementary patterns. The little pennywort of our marshes and bogs has leaves almost round. Those of the water-lily, nipplewort, winter aconite, lady's mantle, and nasturtium are also circular. Some of these have indentations along the margin; and in the lady's mantle, oxalis, clover, and lupin we see these carried down to the mid-rib, so that the leaves are cleft into three or four or more parts.

In the ribwort, plantain, hart's-tongue fern, and grasses generally, we have a linear-shaped leaf, scalloped in the dandelion, and pinnated in the common polypody.

In a state of nature the terminal parts of plants are those which usually yield flowers. We have seen that the latter are only modified leaves, and further, that the extremities of plants cannot enjoy the abundant nutriment which the lower parts enjoy. The structure of the floral parts of plants is much simpler than that of the leaves, which are sometimes very peculiarly modified, or "specialised," as botanists would say. Hence many of our best philosophers have arrived at the conclusion that flowers have been formed through lack and not excess of nourishment. Just as we have leaves of every degree of shape, simple and compound, so have we flowers, in a natural condition, of every degree of perfection, from a floral point of view. In some, as in the grasses, nettles, and euphorbias, we have only stamens and pistils—male and female organs—without either sepals or petals. In others, as in the muscatel, we have sepals, but no petals; and in the fuchsia, crocus, tulip, and others, we

have other parts of the plant than the petals so highly coloured that they take their places, and are popularly believed to be the flowers. It is now an established fact that plants which are self-fertilised are neither so healthy nor so large as those which have been crossed. This crossing is partly effected by the wind, and partly by insects; and the flowers fertilised in the former manner, as those of the poplar, pine, hazel, willow, etc., never possess bright-coloured petals, if indeed they have any corolla at all; whilst the flowers which are cross-fertilised by insect agency are always gaily coloured, and not unfrequently highly perfumed as well. Wind-fertilised plants always produce infinitely more pollen than is required, as may be seen in the early summer in any fir plantation, so that some of it is sure to be blown about. Many of the plants, such as the yucca, brought from other countries and acclimatised, will not seed, not because the climate or artificial conditions are unfavourable, but owing to the absence of those species of insects in this country, to whose visits the plants are subjected in their native habitats. The marvellous adaptation of plants to insects, and of insects to plants, is now forming one of the most charming and wonderful investigations in natural history.

The act of flowering is so important to plants, in perpetuating their kind, that many of our earliest plants, such as the colt's-foot, butterbur, etc., flower before they leaf. This is the case also with fruit-trees, whose buds, however, were formed in the previous autumn, when nutrition was failing. In some plants we have an auxiliary mode of propagation, as in the "runners" of the strawberry, which will creep along the ground and produce new plants without the trouble of flowering and seeding. This method of propagation is most fatally possessed by the American weed (*Anacharis*), which was introduced into this country with Canadian timber some years ago, and has spread now into every canal and river so as to be a complete pest. And yet no instance is on record of this plant having flowered and seeded in England! If the autumn be unusually antagonistic to vegetation, the buds then forming will be converted into flower-buds instead of leaf-buds. Every horticulturist knows that the process of "crippling" plants will transform leaf-buds into flower-buds, and this practice is often resorted to that more or larger fruit may be obtained. The glorious tints of autumn leaves, seen with much effect in this country when the season is dry, but still more gorgeously in the "Indian summer" of North America, are due to failing nutrition, not to excess of it. The same cause may be assigned to the colours of flowers, or at least to a very considerable degree. As a rule flowers are terminal, or situated where least nutriment is to be obtained. But it must be understood that we are referring to the possible origin of flowers in the

geological past, rather than to the present. The existing specialisations, of form, colour, perfume, etc., although, as we have seen, they are connected together by an almost imperceptible series of links, have been specialised by the agency of natural selection. In such plants as the early flowering purple nettle, the upper leaves are almost of as delicate a purple colour as the flowers themselves. In the zonal geraniums and the coleus, as well as in some of the begonias, we have the leaves coloured even more brightly than the petals of many other flowers.

Even the general forms of flowers, as well as those of the plant, are due to the prolongation or suppression of certain parts. Just as the bat is enabled to fly through the extra prolongation of the finger-bones, over which the wing membrane is stretched, and just as the stilt assumes its extra long wading legs through the unusual development of the ankle-bones, so do many plants differ from others in a similar manner. The spaces along the stems of a plant, separating the whorls of leaves from each other, are called "internodes." These spaces may be longer or shorter, or may be suppressed altogether; and if the reader will remember this when next he compares the general shapes of plants, he will be supplied with one reason, at least, why they differ from each other. Thus, take a daisy of China aster; you think each to be a flower, but after you have pulled away all the surrounding white petals of the former, you come to the yellow disk, and are then surprised to find it crowded with hundreds, if not thousands, of diminutive but quite perfect flowers, each provided with separate floral organs. The internodes, which ought to have separated these flowers, have been suppressed, and thus they grow squatly and compositely. There is reason to believe that plants like these, which have undergone the most specialisation and alteration, are among the most ancient, geologically speaking, of all the flower-bearing species.

Even the monstrosities of our gardens verify the simplicity of structure which underlies the entire floral world. *Teratology*, as it is now called, is the science which accounts for all "monstrosities," and shows how they are due chiefly to two causes—excess of nutrition, and defect of nutrition. Nearly all the monstrosities of our gardens and greenhouses belong to the former class, those in nature (which are of much rarer occurrence) being chiefly included in the latter. The commonest monstrosity, however, is that which converts stamens and pistils into petals, or petals into leaves. But enough has been said to show how, under the grandly diversified features of the floral world, there are a few leading principles which, properly understood, give us a key that will unlock the otherwise intricate and perplexed facts which are crowded into it.

J. E. TAYLOR.

OUR COXSWAIN.



"COUSIN LARRIE."

WE are intensely nautical, my boys and I, taking the deepest interest in everything that pertains to river and sea, whether it be regattas or rowing matches, or helping the girls to find new treasures for their aquarium, or with rod and line lounging on the bank of some pleasant stream, to reap as much enjoyment in watching the birds and insects flitting about us, or in wading into some pool for water-blossoms, as in carrying home a good basket of fish. It

is, therefore, a great fault in our eyes that the pretty scenery surrounding our house is not diversified by a navigable stream. The adjacent town is built on a small though rapid river, but flour, flock, and oil mills stand too closely together to admit of boating, while the briny ocean is so far away as only to be attainable for a few weeks in autumn. The consequence is that when the ruling passion becomes overpowering we are obliged to content ourselves with a day on the Basingstoke Canal, a bend of which is not more than five miles from our own door; and though Tom exclaims, "After the Isis, or the Thames below Cliefden!" with a very disparaging shrug, and Will calls it horribly slow work, we have always contrived to thoroughly enjoy the day.

There were enough of us this year to fill two roomy boats, for Tom had brought with him from Oxford a college friend—a pleasant, quiet man, some few years his senior, whom he called "Old Roydon," and treated with an affectionate familiarity that we all learned in a degree to imitate. Old Roydon was always gentlemanly, never intrusive, and though very studious, rarely going anywhere without a tiny volume in his pocket, only let a demand for help be made—no matter by whom, or how trivial the occasion—and the student woke up, the book was laid aside, and the aid kindly and efficiently given.

Mamma liked him because he was so indulgent to the troublesome youngsters, who now swarmed into one of the boats, dragging paterfamilias in their wake, and loudly entreated that Mr. Roydon should join them. He glanced round, and Belle, who had already secured herself a seat in the other boat, smiled, and made room for him; but then Belle is an incorrigible coquette, and her accepted lover was jealously on the watch; so Mr. Roydon left the field clear for him, and made his way towards the juveniles, who hailed his coming with noisy delight.

"Much more comfortable here than squeezed in along with a lot of girls," said Clive, between mouthfuls of seed-cake—it is astonishing how hungry lads always are on such occasions—"Fanny is sure to skreek if we bump against anything; and once, when Tom was changing places with somebody else, and rocked the boat, she threatened to get out. What a game if she had!"

At last we are all in our places and ready to start—but who is to be coxswain for the youngsters? Tom, who had taken one of the oars, with Mr. Roydon at the other, positively declined to be steered by Clive, the only candidate for the office; for that young gentleman had a propensity to forget what he was about, and take a course that Will described as "from bank to bank they worry me."

Would neither of the girls volunteer? Apparently

not, for they chose to turn a deaf ear to a proposal that would, as Belle plaintively murmured, quite spoil their own party.

"We'll have Cousin Carrie! she's always good-natured, she'll come;" and Cousin Carrie—a pale brunette, with a willowy figure, and a face so intelligent and loveable that one forgot to ask whether it were beautiful or not—raising no objection, she was handed to the vacant post.

I don't think she liked it, for Carrie—always quiet and unobtrusive—loved to lean over the side of the boat, and dream, and see strange pictures in the gliding waters; but somehow her dependent condition—she was the orphan child of relations who had died abroad—and her naturally yielding temper, made the boys tyrannise over her. Not unkindly, of course—mamma was too tender of the orphan to permit that—but claiming from her all those services which their sisters were less willing to render, and being all the more troublesome because Carrie bore the inflictions with such sweet patience.

And now we are off! past Aldershot, with its huge barracks, dirty unfinished town, and unendurable dust, yet looking gay and pretty in the morning sun, as a squadron of cavalry file up one of the rugged hills in the distance, and group after group of white tents come into view. Here a company of newly-arrived militia are being drilled, their scarlet tunics gleaming through the larch firs that partially intercept the view; and there a regiment of Highlanders, "under canvas," are cleaning and donning their accoutrements in the open air, looking comical enough as they stroll about in their kilts, sans jacket and plaid, dirk and sporran, or the curious feathered head-dress that is supposed to give them such a warlike aspect.

And now we have passed the busy camp, a bend in the canal hides it, and the hush of Nature in one of her wildest moods is around us. On either side, the ground—whether it rises into hills or sinks into a monotonous flat—is unbroken moorland, and yet in our sight it is very lovely. The golden furze and bonny broom star it everywhere; the heather is coming into blossom; the pale pink flowers of the whortle-bushes are giving place to the berries, that have upon them the soft bloom of the plum; in all the moist places the sundew throws out its hairy leaves and brightly pink petals; and mosses, green, brown, and grey, flourish abundantly. Just as the sun is getting high in the unclouded heavens, we reach coppices of birch, the silver birch, the poets' "lady of the forest," intermingling with the feathery larch, fair coverts for the wild birds that watch us with their bright eyes, as if wondering at such unusual visitors; for we have the canal to ourselves.

A solitary officer paddling himself in a canoe has shot past us, and at some part of our journey we

shall probably encounter a nondescript affair for dredging up the mud, or a floating ark, used apparently as much for the accommodation of a family of grimy children as for the conveyance of goods. Since the railways have spun their iron webs all over the country, this watery route has fallen into disuse, and we are told that the longest tunnel upon it has become impassable.

There is a pause, for we have reached a swing-bridge of very primitive construction, and two of the party must land, to pull and push at the levers until the sides part and we can pass through. The operation has been watched by a party of rustic, very rustic, urchins, who appear to take affront at our invasion of their domain; for, acting on the Black Country principle: "A stranger—leave 'art a brick at him," they send a volley of stones in our wake. No one is hurt, though every one is angry, and sundry disquisitions are entered upon respecting the lower classes, district visiting, board schools, etc., broken off by a low cry of admiration from Cousin Carrie. The sloping banks on either side are now beautiful with ferns, from the common bracken to the regal *osmunda*; and beneath their tender green fronds, coquetting with the water, are myriads of tiny forget-me-nots, varying in hue from the azure, the best known, to paly pink, and even white. It is here, too, that the pure flowers of the water-ranunculus float on the surface, though the lily-buds are only swelling, and will open their waxen cups too late for us to wonder at their beauty.

It was beneath these ferny banks that great pike, lying lazily among the weeds, scarcely bestirred themselves to get out of our way, and deceived the lads into the belief that they might be easily caught. It was here, too, that we rested on our oars to watch the perch darting to and fro, till all the party grew excited, and began regretting that they had come out unprovided with fishing tackle.

Our canal is not one unbroken course, never varying in width. In some places it has overflowed the original banks, and expanded into pools—or, as they are called in the locality, "flashes"—of considerable size, narrowing afterwards so much that there is merely width enough to row with comfort: nor does it take one straight wearisome line, but pleasantly winds and bends, and continually presents us with fresh views. Another bridge passed, and a water-side tavern, and a few cottages—quaint and ugly but for the roses that overhang their porches, and make their gardens glorious—and then the merry voices take softer tones, and Cousin Carrie gazes so rapturously that she forgets her duties and has to be called to order.

We are entering a sylvan vista; the towering oaks and elms of Dogmersfield Park are met high overhead by the branches of the trees sur-

mounting the steep bank opposite, and we linger in the cool shadows till Mr. Roydon sighs, and Tom, fancying we are all growing melancholy, reminds us that it is noon, and we are not to lunch until we have reached Winchfield, a mile or two further on.

Pic-nic dinners had been voted a bore, entailing as they do an infinity of trouble, and too many risks of being rendered uncatable by some accident or omission. So mamma had prudently eschewed anything of the kind. There were sandwiches for the elders; cake and biscuits for the lads; these were discussed beneath some willows on the grassy bank, and then we were refreshed and ready for the homeward row, and the more substantial meal that awaited us at its close.

It was during this rest on shore, and a stroll across some inviting-looking fields, that Cousin Carrie unwittingly came into notice. Without intending to be unkind, we had let her sink into something very like a drudge to the whole family. "Carrie will do this or the other"—"Carrie doesn't mind"—or, "Carrie always gets on best with the boys," were speeches that we uttered too often. Accustomed to see her give place to others, and be silent while Belle fluted and Fanny chattered, we had forgotten that she was equally fair and young, and deserving attention. It was Mr. Roydon who contrived to awaken us to our selfishness; his politeness made us ashamed of our own neglect. It was he who came to the rescue when the exactions of the youngsters made her look pale and tired; it was he who good-humouredly, but decidedly, checked Tom when he evinced a disposition to tease his little cousin, and who snubbed Will when he rudely broke in upon something she was saying.

Stirred by so good an example, Fanny now made a faint offer to take Carrie's place, saying that it wasn't fair that she should be shut out of the pleasanter party; but the offer was declined, and we rowed home in much about the same order as we came.

The lads had taken turns at the oars, landing occasionally to make excursions after nests, and get up snake and squirrel hunts, till their wild spirits and their legs failed them; and Clive, lying in the bottom of the boat with his head on Carrie's knees, bade her sing him to sleep. When Tom seconded the request she acceded, and gay voices in the other boat caught up the strain, Mr. Roydon adding a mellow bass. Then we all grew very still, till a chance allusion to foreign scenery aroused Clive once more.

"Tell us something about New Zealand, Carrie.—She was born there, Mr. Roydon, did you know it?—Begin at once, there's a dear. I can always listen best when I'm sleepy. Tell us about the row with the Maories."

Carrie was not disposed to volunteer any infor-

mation about herself, but a well-timed question or two drew from her a tale, which the rowers, Tom and Mr. Roydon, rested on their oars to hear.

Some few years before the death of her parents, she, a girl of ten or twelve, had gone on a visit to the farm of an old friend—a lovely, bonny spot in one of the wildest regions of the island. While luxuriating in its fruits and flowers, the uneasy looks of the farmer and his wife passed unnoticed, and they would not terrify their child-visitor by repeating in her presence the alarming reports that were hourly reaching them. A tribe of the Maories had revolted, and stolen on some of the settlers in the dead of night, killing and destroying with fiendish barbarity. No one knew but what his own home might be the next attacked, and at present the military force within call had proved inadequate.

A treacherous calm, and then, one never-to-be-forgotten night, the storm burst over the secluded farm. Carrie was roused from her first sleep, assisted to don her clothes by the white-faced matron, and led hastily through the lower room, where the farmer and one labourer—the others had fled—were making feeble and useless preparations for defence. Opening an outer door the farmer's wife bade her fly and save herself; and when, bewildered at the injunction, the poor child clung to her, the woman pointed to the forest and forcibly thrust her away. It was well that Carrie obeyed, for her feet had scarcely crossed the orchard when the house was surrounded, and her flying steps were quickened by the hideous yells of the savages.

All that night the lonely child wandered on, to find herself at dawn close to another homestead, as ruined and desolate as the one from which she had fled. A little spring bubbled out of a rock near a broken gate, and she hurried to it to cool her parched lips; but some one was there before her, a lad who had been struck down by a blow on the head, supplemented by a frightful gash in his arm.

This he was trying to bind up as well as his still wandering senses permitted; and Carrie, her first alarm overcome, bathed the gaping wound and tied her own scarf around it.

While thus employed a shadow fell between her and the rising sun. A Maori, frightful in his war-paint, had stolen back in search of more plunder, and his club was upraised to finish the work of death.

"Go on, Carrie," said Clive imperatively, when her voice faltered, and her eyes closed as if to shut out the scene she had been depicting.

"Please go on," echoed Mr. Roydon, with strange urgency.

"There is not much more to tell, for I was too frightened to know precisely what I did or said.

I remember only that I knelt between the savage and the poor dying Englishman and begged his life; it would have been so dreadful, you know, to see him killed; and while the Maori was hesitating, for he did not seem as if he wished to kill me too, we heard voices approaching. The Maori ran away, and I was taken care of by the gentlemen who rode up, and finally restored to my parents."

"And the young man," asked Tom, "what became of him?"

"I cannot say; he was a stranger in the neighbourhood, but I heard by chance that he recovered. I hope he did. I have often thought of him," she added simply, "and fancied I should like to see him again."

Mr. Roydon, his features working with agitation, leaned forward in the boat, and stripping back the sleeve of his jersey, held his arm towards Carrie—there was a long blue scar upon it.

She dropped the rudder-lines to clasp her hands in delighted surprise, and the next moment they were in his, and raised to his lips.

We did not do much talking after that. Even the irrepressible Clive comprehended that the dewy moisture in Carrie's eyes, the quivering of her rosy lips, and the eloquent look that sat on Mr. Roydon's face, meant more than speech could convey.

* * * * *

"News for you, mamma!" I said to her, a few days afterwards: "Tom's friend has asked me for our little coxswain."

Tom, as elder son, considered himself quite privileged to draw nearer and make one of the conclave.

Mamma sighed.

"If she likes him—and I am afraid she does—I suppose we must consent; but she is a dear girl, and ought to make a better match."

Tom roared out—

"A better match—ha, ha! Why, old Roydon owns one of the finest estates in Sussex, besides a whole lot of property in New Zealand, that he had gone over to inherit when he first met our little Carrie."

After that of course there was a gay wedding, at which Tom was best man, and Fanny and Belle the blushing, half-envious bridesmaids; and this is how our day on the Basingstoke Canal ended.

Who will be our coxswain next year? Carrie, mingling tears with her smiles, has left us for a new home, and steers on fairer waters. Belle has promised to eschew flirting and make her betrothed happy; and Clive and Tom are getting ready to go over the sea, and begin life on their own account at one of Mr. Roydon's farms.

But it is not wise to look forward, especially to more partings, and so I have done. L. C.

WOMEN WHO WORK.

THE DAILY GOVERNESS.



UT of place? Ah! dear me, yes, and for the last three months. If I don't get better I may never get into place again; and then God only knows what will become of me. Shopkeepers don't like giving work to ladies; and ladies don't like the work-house. There are homes for decayed gentlewomen? Oh! yes, but every one knows how difficult they are to get into; and I don't blame the people who have the direction of them. When the demand so far exceeds the supply, I don't see how it could be otherwise.

What is the matter with me? Asthma and chronic rheumatism, brought on by exposure to the weather; and you know one can't teach when one's voice is gone, and one's nerves all a-quiver with pain. It would be folly in any one to take me in my present state; only you see I couldn't help getting into it; I wasn't used to roughing it at the beginning, that's all.

Yes, I had been trained to be a governess. My father was a clergyman, with no private property: a man who had married a penniless girl, and who entertained somewhat peculiar views, which cut him off from those who might have been his friends; so I was early sent to a good school and given the best masters, that I might be able to help myself when the need came. We lived in Devonshire, and when he died, leaving my mother and me without a penny, she wrote to an uncle of hers, a rich merchant in Bristol, not exactly asking him for aid, but telling him of our great need. In a little more than ten days we got his answer. In a little more than ten words he told my mother that twenty pounds annually would be paid to her in half-yearly instalments, by a solicitor in the City. For the rest, I had been sent to a much more expensive school than his daughters, and therefore ought to be sufficiently accomplished to support both my mother and myself.

Well, he was right. I think I was, if I had been older, or could have taken a situation of eighty or one hundred pounds a year, and everything found, as finishing governess; but they don't give those sort of things to girls of three-and-twenty; and besides, my mother could not have spared me altogether. She was a great invalid, and my father's death had so broken her down, that I made up my mind from the first to try for a place as daily governess only.

Why did we come to London? Well, partly because lodgings and food were very dear in our old home, a fashionable watering-place; partly because I fancied I could get a readier and greater choice of situations in the metropolis than elsewhere; and with part of the little money left from the sale of our furniture, etc., we took a couple of decent rooms in Kilburn. Yes, an out-of-the-way place enough, but cheaper than more comfortable neighbourhoods; and economy was the first law.

I soon got an engagement. Our doctor had given me an introduction to a lady living in Kensington; and she engaged me at once to teach her three little children from nine a.m. to one p.m., for forty pounds a year.

"I shall expect you to be very punctual about coming, Miss A——," she said, "and as we dine at one, you are quite sure not to be delayed; so if you get an afternoon engagement on the same terms, I should think you would do very well, and have the whole of Sunday, as well as all your mornings and evenings, to yourself."

I thought so too, and I used to make as much of those mornings and evenings as I could; getting up before six so as to dress my mother, prepare her breakfast, and see her on the sofa for the day, before starting at eight precisely to catch the omnibus. I had five minutes' brisk walk to do that, and it took me down to the Marble Arch for threepence. There I got out, and walked across the park and gardens to the Kensington Road, and thence on to Mrs. B——'s, which I generally managed to reach within a minute or two of nine. It was a long walk; but though I could have made it lighter by taking an omnibus on the other side of the park, I did not dare to go beyond the sixpence a day for coach hire, when I had only forty pounds a year for everything. Besides, it was spring time then.

Oh! yes, I began to look out for another engagement at once. I dined at the children's dinner, and then went to see after situations. Sometimes, in fact, I spent the whole afternoon walking about from agency to agency, and from house to house; reaching home at last almost too worn out to care for the tea and bread-and-butter awaiting me.

No, not very nourishing food; but think of the price of meat, and drink, and rent, and dress, and washing, and all the thousand and one necessities of life!

A young charwoman might perhaps have done the same or even less physical labour for the same price, and fared well; but she would have slept and

eaten in one room, for which she might have paid half-a-crown a week; her clothes might have been tied up in a pocket handkerchief, and her washing represented by o. A governess is obliged to dress like a lady. Ladies will positively offer you ten pounds a year more if you go in a new pair of well-fitting kid gloves; twenty pounds if you happen to possess a sealskin jacket; and there is no injustice in the fact. It is a maxim accepted and carried out by all classes and in all professions. If a poverty-stricken, miserable-looking drab comes to offer herself as a servant, don't we immediately offer her the half of what we would have given to a trim, well-attired domestic?

I had forgotten that, and one of the first luxuries I sold when we went into our Kilburn lodgings was my sealskin jacket. "A cloth one will do very well," I thought, "when the winter comes."

Other governesses have made a like mistake.

About the middle of the season I got an afternoon engagement to give twin sisters, of fifteen, lessons in French, German, and history, from half-past two to half-past four. They lived in Russell Square, so I was under the necessity of hurrying through my dinner as quickly as possible, in order to be with them at the proper time. Sometimes I could not catch an omnibus at the right place; and sometimes it would be full. I never did it under three-quarters of an hour at the soonest, for swift walking was not as easy in the afternoon as in the morning. Three children in robust health and wild spirits take a good deal out of a woman's energy; and when you only get one substantial meal in the day, and that eaten in a hurry between seeing that Harry doesn't put his knife in his mouth, or Kitty crumble her bread on the floor, it is folly to expect to do as much as a person who has three good meals in the day, and time to enjoy them. Even thus early I began to suffer from indigestion, headache, and a constant feeling of weariness, almost greater at getting up in the morning than at lying down at night.

No, I could not rest of an evening. There were clothes to be made and mended then, letters to be written, sometimes studies to be worked up till a late hour at night, in order to fit me for the following afternoon's teaching. Also there was my dear mother to be amused with a game of chess and a little cheerful conversation after her long, lonely day.

Don't think I complain of that! Many a weary governess would give anything in the world to have a kindred face to welcome her on her return home; and no one ever had a better parent, more patient, uncomplaining, and gentle; but sometimes I was so tired I could hardly find energy for talk at all. Business men coming home in the evening, fagged in mind and body, will know the feeling I mean.

And at that time friends were writing to congratulate me on my good fortune:—"Two nice, superior engagements, bringing in eighty pounds a year, and all your evenings to yourself for going out and amusement. How lucky you are!"

Well, I dare say I was lucky. I am not grumbling, mind you. It might have been much worse had I not got either situation; or been thrown among coarse, unkind people. There were many worse off than I.

At the beginning of July, Mrs. B—— came to me and said—

"Oh! I forgot to tell you yesterday that we are going out of town on the first of next month: first to my brother's in Kent for two or three weeks, and then to some seaside place. I expect we shall be about two months absent. The children want a change, and I'm sure you'll be glad to get rid of them. You have a dreadfully tired expression. Take my advice and go away somewhere into the country yourself. Lodgings are just as cheap there, and London is now getting too hot for endurance."

"I am afraid I can't do that," I said. I think I had grown very pale. "There are my afternoon pupils, you know."

"Oh! tell them you want a holiday. I should say, come to the same watering-place as we do, and then the chicks could go on with their lessons; but Mr. B—— only likes Brighton or Torquay, and really they are so expensive, we can't afford a governess, as well in the holiday time. Be sure you don't make any engagement, however, which will prevent your coming to me on your return—we are too fond of you to lose you—and do as I advise you. Take your mother into the country and have a thorough rest."

She went away as she said that, and I got through my morning's teachings as well as I could with my heart crying out, "Two months' salary gone out of the year!" all the time. I shall never forget my mother's face that evening when I told her.

Did Mrs. B—— never think, while she was enjoying her summer holiday with her children, that part at least of that enjoyment was purchased at her governess's expense? No, I don't think so. Indeed I am sure that the idea never occurred to her, kind woman as she was. A holiday is good for every one, she thought—good for me too—and that was all. That you can enjoy an enforced rest at the price of your daily living, or that a governess would be almost willing to go on teaching during the holidays for nothing but the bare food, without which she must go hungry, were questions that never entered her head. It is a case that occurs in fifty households every summer. Why should one be an exception?

No, my afternoon pupils did not go out of town

at all. One was very clever, and delicate ; the other one-third an idiot, healthy and obstinate. It sometimes took more than half my time trying by coaxing, argument, and severity, to induce her to learn a few easy tasks which a child of eight could have mastered in half an hour, and then the other girl got irritated and complained of not receiving equal attention. It was hard for her, but I think it was equally hard for me.

Those two hours with two girls were harder work than the four with Mrs. B——'s three children. Besides, the latter came to it fresh ; these had music and other lessons in the morning, and were often languid and tired.

Yes, I did get some temporary employment during the holidays ; I gave French lessons to a milliner's show-woman. She lived in Westbourne Grove, and I used to walk there and back three evenings in the week, for two shillings a lesson. The mornings I had for myself, and for nursing my mother, who was ailing very much. The heat affected her, and unfortunately we found it hard enough work to pay for the doctor's visits. To carry out prescriptions which involved fresh air, nourishing food, wine, etc., was impossible.

About this time I got the offer of a very good morning engagement, but it was to be for at least two years ; and, considering myself bound to Mrs. B——, I was obliged to decline it. This gave offence to the friends who had procured it for me ; and from often coming to see us, and sending my mother fruit and jelly, they dropped our acquaintance altogether.

No, don't blame them, please. It is very annoying to have taken trouble for a person and find it thrown away. I dare say they thought me too independent, and did not understand my scruples. Fortunately Mrs. B—— came back at the appointed time, and I resumed my old work until Christmas, when I was taken very ill, and obliged to give up teaching altogether for the time, and go into a hospital for nearly three weeks. When I came out I went to see after my twin pupils first, and was received by their mother, who told me very courteously that the dull one had been sent to school ; and that as "I had not got on well" with the other, they had agreed that she should have masters and study by herself.

This was in the depth of winter. I was deeply in debt, incurred during my illness. I had never been able to afford the "cloth jacket," and was trembling with cold and weakness. I wonder what any one thought who saw me that afternoon, crying bitterly as I trudged along through blinding snow, and a wind which nearly cut me in two !

I have never been strong since.

Well, I got another situation in time, nearer home, though with less salary, and began another year much the same as the last, except that both

families went away in the summer. I was prepared for it this time, and had succeeded in getting a temporary engagement which would occupy at least half of each day. It was an odd one—teaching a married lady the rudiments of French, reading, writing, and arithmetic. They were poor, and could only pay me half-a-guinea a week (I think the husband was a clerk in the city), so the debts went on increasing ; and even when my regular pupils came back, I found it impossible to pay them off altogether.

For, remember, I could, and can, do no more now than I did at first. I then walked from five to six miles a day in addition to my educational work. I cannot walk four now. Brain-work is more fatiguing than manual ; and no brain-work is so fatiguing as teaching, because it is not only a strain on one's own intellect, patience, and temper, but depends for its success on the intellect, patience, and temper of those you have to teach. Now when the body is fatigued, the mind is seldom fresh, for the one acts on the other in equal degree ; and if by overwork and insufficient food you let the body get into a feeble, languid, or unhealthy condition, the mind is pretty sure to follow suit.

But all daily governesses are not as badly off as I am ? Certainly not. I have a friend, for instance, whose brother is a young barrister, and in order to be able to live with him she takes an engagement in town ; gets the same salary that I do but only pays him two-thirds for her board and lodging, and keeps the rest for her private needs. Of course, she has to work hard, to put up with many disagreeables, and go out in all weathers to keep her engagements ; but on the whole she preserves her health, and leads a happy and not too anxious life.

Yes, many people are fond of extolling the life of a daily governess, in contrast to that of a resident as being so much more independent ; and also that instead of being tied to the same set of children morning, noon, and night, there are certain hours of the morning and evening in which you are absolutely free from them and their parents altogether.

This is true—in a sense ; but then a resident governess has no rent to pay, no food to secure, no household cares to harass her in addition to those of her profession ; and none of the fatigue and exposure of hurrying from place to place, perhaps at wide distances, to keep her engagements. Also it is more certain ; people are fond of hiring a daily governess till the children are just old enough to go to school ; or because they are not settled in a place ; or while they are looking out for perfection in a resident instructress ; and though the latter receives a quarter's notice when she is required to leave, it is only thought necessary to give the former a month. Also, though morning en

gagements are easy to get, afternoon ones are exceedingly difficult, few parents caring to let their children learn at that time; and it is not always that one can get a situation which occupies the entire day.

Lastly, there is not the same concentration or reciprocity of sympathy on either side. When you live under the same roof with the same people from month to month, you get to know and understand their little ways and feelings, even if they be disagreeable ones; and they in return get to know you, and look on you as in some sort one of, or belonging to, them; but a daily governess merely comes into the house to teach, and goes out of it when the lesson is done; and at the end of her engagement may know as little of, and be known as little by, her employers as at the beginning. The house she goes to in the morning may have one set of rules and customs, and that of the afternoon a diametrically different set. She has hardly trained herself to deal with the peculiarities of the Misses' dispositions, before she has to fashion her

mind in another shape for the convenience of the Misses F——. In one house all is cordiality and freedom, and if I do not act as one of them, and join in the conversation at table, I am regarded as offended or out of sorts. In the next it would be considered an unpardonable liberty if I opened my lips out of the schoolroom, or even there, except on educational subjects.

Yes, a hard life, harder than people even think, and telling both on mind and body; yet one which is surely honourable and respectable, and which in some cases, such as where a lady has a home, and only requires to earn sufficient for her own personal expenses, may be as comfortable and independent a profession as in my case it is harassing and precarious.

No, don't go away pitying me overmuch. I may get stronger after a while, and mother has taken a turn for the better of late, and earns something at point-lace making. Besides, since I have had this illness, her cousin has increased her allowance. We shall get along somehow, God helping.

IN HONOUR BOUND.

BY CHARLES GIBBON,

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SEVENTH. THROUGH THE MIST.

GRACE in the first moment of alarm looked hurriedly up and down the road, in the hope of seeing some one who might assist her. But the mist enveloped them so closely that she could not see clearly beyond a few yards distance. There was no sound but the wild sough of the wind, and the angry voice of the sea breaking against the rocks below. She shuddered at the recollection of their narrow escape—an escape entirely due to Teenie's skill and courage.

She hastily unfastened her friend's dress at the neck, wiped the pale face with her wet cloak, and then vigorously chafed the cold hands. The dog, meanwhile, was moving round the two women as if with a human sense of their distress and eager to relieve it.

"Walter, Walter!" said Grace tremulously.

That was a name with which Pate was familiar, and next to his mistress, no one had been so kind to him as the young minister. He stood a minute as if trying to understand what was expected from him. Then with a yelp he sprang forward and disappeared in the mist.

The sky seemed to darken, and the mist changed from white to black; the sea roared louder and angrier at every moment; the wind swept over them

with a keener blast and more dismal cry than before. Grace, shivering in her wet clothes, continued her efforts to restore animation to Teenie's cold limbs, and was at length gratified by signs of recovery.

Teenie drew a long breath, and began to open her eyes, staring bewilderedly about her. Just then a man's voice was heard in the darkness which surrounded them.

"Good heavens, Grace! what have you been doing?"

"We have been nearly drowned, and Teenie has fainted."

"How thoughtless she is!" he exclaimed, and stooping he took her very tenderly in his arms, murmuring, "My poor, brave lass."

She made a slight movement as if to repulse him, and then she clung to his protecting arms. Without observing the first movement, he raised her up, passed his hand over her brow, and addressed to her warm and loving words. Then, as if remembering Grace, suddenly he said—

"I have been seeking you everywhere—I could not believe that Teenie would have taken you out in the boat with the signs of a storm so clear before her, and she knows them so well. When I saw Pate I thought you had taken a walk instead of a sail."

"I don't think Teenie noticed how stormy the sea looked when we went out," said Grace.

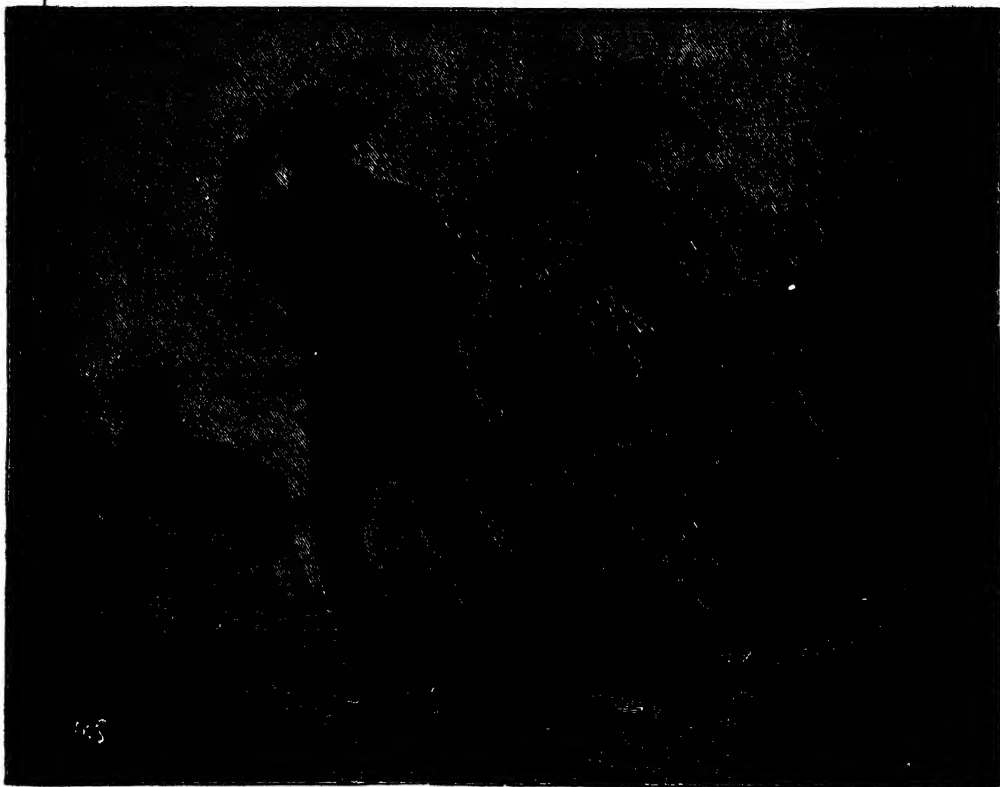
"Oh, but I did," cried Teenie, starting up, with a curious laugh; "and, as Wattie might think, I wanted to drown you. But I was not thinking of that, Grace; it's just as he says, I am so thoughtless. There never was danger on the sea to me, and I forgot that you were different. Oh, I have been so thoughtless that I have spoiled all our lives!"

There was an undercurrent of passionate bitter-

"Take my arm," said the husband, "and let us get up to the house."

"No, give Grace your arm, and she will take mine on the other side. I'm all right again, but we must walk quickly to keep the cold out. Come along."

She shivered with cold as she spoke, her wet garments clinging closely about her. They stepped forward in the order she had arranged, and she really seemed to have all the strength she professed to have. She talked and laughed as if there had



"THROUGH THE MIST"

ness in her voice that startled both listeners; and the surprise was increased by the suddenness with which she rose to her feet; if she had been only shamming instead of having been in a faint, she could not have regained consciousness and strength more rapidly.

Her words were cruel to Walter, because they indicated so much doubt of his love for her; and they seemed cruel to Grace, because they harped upon a subject which she had been implored not to mention again. But Teenie had not the least idea of the unpleasant interpretations which were placed on her words; she felt a pang and she uttered it. She had no thought of giving pain to any one.

been no danger, and as if there were no discomfort in their present condition.

"We're a bonnie pair of ducks, Grace, with our draglet tails. The mist has just come on to save us from being laughed at by the folk.—You should have been with us, Wattie; it was grand to see the big waves come tumbling in upon us, and to see Grace sitting as quiet as though she had been on the water all her life, when if she had budged, or fainted like me, we'd have gone to the bottom as sure as death."

The latter expression added much solemnity to any declaration of the country folk.

"You have given me a fright, Teenie, although you don't seem to be much frightened yourself,"

answered Walter, trying to smile, yet feeling uneasy at her strange humour.

"It will do you good, and keep you from thinking of other matters which will be all right in a few days."

She was quite cheery as she pressed the arm of Grace, whilst making this allusion to the bargain they had made. But all the time there was running through her head a bitter recollection of those old letters, and of the unrequited love she had discovered in them. How she admired Grace, and how she envied her the brave generous calmness with which she had sacrificed to him her dearest hopes! And how she wished that she had never known how very dear those hopes had been!

Grace could talk well enough when alone with Teenie or Walter, but always felt as if she had nothing to say when with them both; she was even sensible of some awkwardness. She was annoyed with herself for this, because she had nothing to speak about to the one that she would not have told to the other. The awkward feeling was there, however, and despite herself she could not overcome it—just because a third person always has the influence of a non-conductor upon all sympathetic conversation. She felt this more keenly than usual on the present occasion, when she wished most to speak so as to bring these two closer together than they seemed to be.

She had an instinctive sense that she was standing on a volcano, which would presently break forth, carrying destruction to all things near it. But she knew so little—the inner doubts of Walter and Teenie had been so carefully hidden from her, that whatever she might suspect she dared not speak.

Walter was so quiet and reserved; Teenie was so boisterous and strange: presenting two opposing elements which would not unite: and Grace was frightened—more frightened than she had been when in peril of her life a little while ago—although she could not say why.

She tried to explain to him the adventure of the afternoon, and how bravely Teenie had acted; but Teenie always interrupted, laughed at the danger, and made light of her own exertions, attributing the whole success of their rescue to the calmness of Grace.

They reached Drumliemount at last, and notwithstanding their wet clothes, they were heated by the exercise of the walk.

"The very best thing for us," said Teenie, and she insisted upon seeing to the comfort of her guest before she would do anything for herself.

When everything had been provided for Grace, Teenie went to her own room and changed her clothes. She was fastening her gown when Walter entered and, placing his hands on her shoulders, looked inquiringly and fondly into her eyes.

"What is the matter, Teenie—have I done anything to annoy you?"

"Me!—no; why should you think that?"

"You have been so excited!"

"Because I am blither than I have been for a long while—Dalmahoy will not be sold, Wattie, and that is one misfortune the less of the many I have brought to you."

She gave him a short quick kiss, and resumed her toilet.

"You dear, stupid lassie!" he said, placing his arm around her, "you have brought me no misfortune; and you have taught me many things without the knowledge of which I never could have hoped to accomplish anything. Why will you persist in regretting our marriage? I shall begin to think that you liked somebody else better than me."

She wheeled round, one side of her hair in her mouth, the other held out at its full length whilst the brush was applied to the roots—and stopped there.

"Are you quite sure," she said, speaking through the hair, "that you do not like somebody else better than me?"

"Quite sure," was the frank and immediate response, "if you would only be reasonable."

She proceeded with the arrangement of her hair.

"Just that—but I'm not reasonable, and so you can't be sure."

"What is the matter with you?" exclaimed Walter, utterly puzzled, a little vexed, but anxious to avoid anything like a misunderstanding.

"Nothing, except that Dalmahoy is to be saved and I am awfully proud and happy."

"How?"

"I'll tell you in a week or so. Now go and send down to the inn for a gig, so that you may drive Grace home. She will never be able to walk."

She had not been in such gay spirits since the birth of Baby. Walter was not satisfied; there was something unnatural in this sudden gaiety which puzzled as well as astonished him. However, he carried out her wishes regarding the gig. When they met at the tea-table, Teenie was almost if not quite as bright as in the old days, before she had learned any sense of fear. To Grace she was devoted with that eager and hearty hospitality, which receives its best reward in being cordially accepted. Grace, although quiet, gave that most desirable reward to Teenie's exertions, and could not help laughing at the absurd way in which the young wife represented their plight in the boat, although she still regarded the position as almost too serious to be joked about.

After tea, the gig was at the gate, and Walter was ready to drive his cousin home. Grace hesitated, and asked if there was not a man from the inn; but Teenie scouted the idea of any one but Walter taking her home. She was very particular

in wrapping up her guest warmly, to protect her from the mist and night air; she fastened the shawls with her own hands, and tucked in the rug under Grace's feet. The last word whispered to her was "Remember."

"You may be sure of that," answered Grace, pressing her hand affectionately.

And so they drove off.

Teenie proceeded to attend to various household affairs, to see that Baby was comfortably settled for the night, and to tell Lizzie, the sleepy domestic, that she might go to bed. When all was done, she went into her husband's room, sat down, got up, and fidgeted about in a restless way. The lamp displeased her; now it was burning too high, again too low, and she suddenly turned it out altogether; then she had to hunt for matches to relight it. She sat down again, an elbow on the table, her head resting on the hand, whilst the fingers of the other hand traced imaginary hieroglyphics on the table-cover.

She was in a very contradictory mood—hope, passion, love, and spleen—or jealousy?—born of the love, and of the torturing conviction that her love had wrought pain where it ought to have brought happiness. But she had resolved to be merry—resolved to go back to the old blithe days when she had neither fear nor doubt of the future. Dalmahoy was to be saved, and then her father would come back like the grand prince in the ballad, would put everything right, and she would be so proud of him! Then what had she to trouble herself about?

In answer, there came a vision of the gig driving through the mist across the moorland, Grace sitting couthily by Walter's side, and not anxious to be home; he with his grave face eagerly watchful of the road, lest in the darkness they should meet with an accident. Both silent—or perhaps Grace was talking, and her sweet low voice would remind him of all that he had lost for one who had brought him neither wit nor wealth—one who had brought him nothing but ill-fortune since their troth had been first plighted.

Would he think of that? And if he did, would he not regret what he had done? He must do so; he must think of the Methven estate, the expectation of which had reconciled him to marrying her; and he must feel the chagrin of one who discovers that he has been induced to make a bargain under false pretences. She winced cruelly at that; and for an instant she had a vague idea that these thoughts were degrading to Walter, therefore degrading to herself; that she was forgetting all his tokens of love, and that she was overlooking the brave, self-forgetful loyalty of Grace.

Baby cried, and she flew to him; he was teething and he was fractious. She tried all motherly arts to soothe him to sleep; she talked to him in the

sweet nonsensical prattle which is the recognised language of babyhood; she sang to him in a tender undertone, but it was that sad ballad of "The Lass of Lochryan" which rose to her lips, and almost unconsciously she repeated one of the saddest of its verses:—

"Fair Annie turned her round about—

'Weel, since that it be sae,

May never a woman that has borne a son

Ha'e a heart sae fou' o' wae."

Baby fell asleep to that eerie wail, and she stole softly down-stairs. She went to the door to listen for the sound of the returning wheels. The lamp in the window above the doorway cast a few rays of light into the darkness, only to render the blackness beyond the more dense. The light fell upon the gravel at her feet, and she herself stood like a black streak against the light from the room behind her. She heard nothing save the wild uproar of the wind, occasionally broken by the distant and melancholy roll of the sea.

"God help my father this night," she murmured, and thinking of him, the hardness which had been growing round her heart whilst she brooded about Walter and Grace, was softened; so she added, penitently and tenderly, "and God help Wattie, too, for he has much to bear."

She remained a long time at the door; and fancy raised strange phantasmagoria in the darkness. She saw mysterious forms slowly shaping out of the gloom, rising up and towering above her as if they would fall and crush her, then suddenly breaking against the few rays of light—but only to be followed by others; trees and bushes seemed to walk towards her through the shadow, assuming fearful shapes, and all threatening her.

"It's an awful night," she muttered, going in and closing the door after her, whilst she shivered with cold and terror at the phantoms she had seen.

Walter was driving cautiously across the moor, feeling the penetrating mist and wind despite his wraps, and he was muttering to himself—

"Why is it we cannot understand each other? Is it that she cannot or will not try?"

He took the gig down to the inn, and walked home. He did not see the light until close to the gate. When he opened the door, she sprang out to meet him.

"You are safe!" she cried with passionate delight; and all the hardness which had been growing upon him, too, disappeared.

"Quite safe," he said, embracing her fondly.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

NIGHT.

WITH the morning Teenie's hopes increased, and her gaiety of spirits ran up to the height of the thermometer. She would explain nothing to Walter but she was merry—very gentle and attentive to

him. She thought of many things to add to his comfort which she had hitherto neglected. She seemed to be happy, and trying to make him so.

Gloomy as was the position in which he found himself, and discontented as he felt inclined to be at times with her apparently unreasonable gaiety, it was an unspeakable joy to him to see her glad, and the shadows of all her threatening ailments cast a long way behind her. What an inscrutable creature was! now bright as the morning, and again dark and sad as the night.

He had often puzzled himself about her; often, when annoyed by her thoughtless ways, even when he had been speaking to her sternly—cruelly, she would have said—he was questioning himself about her, asking if he did not misunderstand her altogether, and if some other conduct on his part might not draw her down to the level of ordinary mortals, or up to it.

But the fitful humours which he could not control remained and baffled him. She irritated him, drove him to the brink of fierce passion, and then a few winning childish words, and he took her to his breast, ready to brave any calamity, for her sake, and so that she might not suffer.

He took himself severely to task. He had introduced this child into a new life, a new world. Had he guided her steps with sufficient care? He had tried to do so—God knew how earnestly he had tried—but had he succeeded? He had miscalculated his own fortunes; the unexpected distress of Dalmahoy added to his embarrassment—since the blame of it could be charged to him—and amidst all this confusion of troubles, could he say that he had fulfilled his duty to her? No. The sense of failure in himself was so keen that he was ready to accept any blame. But that did not make their life any the more satisfactory.

There had been growing up between them a mysterious something, palpable to both, inexplicable to both—a something which they strove with all their might to repress. Yet it grew, and they were conscious that this monster was separating them, slowly but surely, in spite of all their efforts to extinguish it. They were like two people cast from a wreck upon the sea; they strove to keep together, they prayed that they might be permitted to keep side by side; but the waves rolled up and they were drifted apart, each straining the eyes to keep the other in sight. They wished otherwise, but the waves were stronger than their wishes.

As the days passed, and no message came from Grace, Teenie's humour underwent many changes—gay, sad, defiant, hysterical. To Walter it was torture. He coaxed, he scolded, he implored without effect. It was an April mood, and neither his rage nor his love could change its course.

At length Grace came herself, and Teenie read at once in the sad eyes that she had failed;

Dame Wishart was inexorable in her resolution to give no help.

"Did you try?" said Teenie fiercely.

"If it had been for myself I could not have done more," was the answer.

"You promised that you would arrange it."

"I can do nothing without my mother's sanction."

"Why does she refuse when she knows that we have no other help at hand—when she knows that her money will be repaid in a few months, with whatever interest she wants?"

Grace turned her head away. She could not answer that question, and she could not meet the angry gaze of the young wife.

"My mother is not well, and she has strange fancies. She is unusually stubborn on this subject."

"Because of me," exclaimed Teenie bitterly; then passionately, "and—oh, Lord!—it is possible to see folk drowning, and keep back the hand that could save them! But it's me—it's me that is to blame for it all."

"There is time yet, Teenie."

"Time! Will she change her mind?"

"I hope so," faltered Grace. She could not say more, for indeed she had no hope.

Teenie understood, and she was ungraciously exasperated by the attempt to console her. She had built so much upon the success of Grace in persuading her mother to advance the money, that the disappointment was to her generous, passionate nature, unbearable. The one clear idea that she had was, that her marriage to Walter was the only cause of Dame Wishart's obstinacy in this matter—which was the fact—and that, therefore, the whole misfortune of the Dalmahoy family rested on her shoulders.

The thought stung her almost to frenzy. She found difficulty in speaking to Grace with anything like calmness; she could not find the least comfort in reassuring hopes which were whispered to her; and she was much relieved when left alone. All the bright visions of the last few days were dissipated; ruin was at hand, and she was the cause. That was all she understood.

"Oh, if my father would only come back!" she moaned, leaning her head against the wall for support.

Was there nothing she could do? A piteous wail seemed to rise up from her heart, echoing the terrible word, "nothing." If she had been out of the way, if she had refused him when he asked her to be his wife, there would have been none of this trouble. That thought made her fierce, then spiteful against herself, Walter, Grace, and everybody; and presently she was furious with herself for feeling so vicious.

He came home late in the evening, very tired. The coming Sabbath was fixed for the administra-

tion of the Sacrament, and during the day he had been obliged to visit many of his parishioners, whose houses lay far apart. It had been an anxious day mentally; physically his limbs had been severely taxed, and indeed, but for an occasional lift in a farmer's gig, he could not have accomplished all that he had done.

He was served with a steak burnt to a cinder. The knife chipped off splinters, but could not cut it. He made a feeble joke about meat being transformed into sawdust, and to his amazement he encountered a sharp retort to the effect that he was always complaining, and that if he wanted fine cookery he ought to engage a cook. He was innocent of the least thought of complaining.

Is it not wonderful that a tiny spark will blow up a huge powder magazine, which till that moment remained so quiet and harmless-looking? Is it not wonderful that a little touch of electricity, travelling miles in mystery, will discharge a torpedo, which blows a big ship into the air with all its freight of life, hopes, and fears?

They never knew how it came about. The pitiful trifles which involve great crises always pass unnoticed. But presently the magazine exploded; she was passionately upbraiding him; he was coldly answering. She was suddenly fired by the accumulation of jealous thoughts which she had hitherto held in check; he for the first time remembered that he had sacrificed some position and much comfort in marrying her. At the same moment he checked the thought, and felt that there was something mean in his nature which allowed it to rise at all.

At length she said, desperately, unthinkingly—

"You would be glad if you had never married me. It would have been a good thing for me if you hadn't."

She was in consternation at her own words the moment they were uttered. She felt that they had been spoken by her evil genius—not by herself. She was bitterly sorry; yet the evil genius held her under its sway, and she could not instantly recall the words; she could not, as she wished to do, throw herself upon his neck and implore his pardon.

But she glanced timorously at him from under her eyebrows.

He stood quite dazed, glaring at her; then his brow darkened—he was reviewing himself, even then, and taking blame to himself.

He spoke in cold deliberate tones, every word falling on her heart like a blow.

"Yes, it would have been—better for you—had we never been married."

He did not say that it would have been better for him if they had never been married, but she did not observe the difference. Even then he remembered the sweet thoughts and brave aspirations which she had inspired, and he was grateful to her, all his nature throbbing with affection for her, and yet he remained apparently cold and stern.

But she only felt that something had snapped; the last cord which held them together seemed to be rent; and with a low cry of pain she sank on a chair.

He walked quickly from the room—quickly, or he would have seen her with head bowed almost to her knees, hands spread over her face, sobbing; and the sight would have brought him to her side again, full of remorse, and taking all the blame to himself. He did not see that; the torture in which they had been living was to end; better it should end now, he thought; and so he hurried away, and shut himself up in his study.

She heard the door close, and it seemed to her as if he had shut her out from his heart for ever. She felt like one who, still living, hears the knell for her own funeral.

What had she done? She had driven him away from her. She had forced upon him the conviction of her unsuitability to be his wife. She had compelled him to regret that he had married her!

She did not even yet see the difference his words had expressed, between regretting the marriage on her account, and on his own. Perhaps he was glad—he would think of Grace, and would wish that he had never seen Teenie.

A hard, wicked feeling crept over her, and she was tempted to a desperate step. She would go away, and leave him free to think of Grace; that would at any rate be a kindness to him. And maybe, when she was away, he would divine something of the pain which she had endured because she loved him.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

BY THE WAVES

THE twilight skies are flushed with violet;
The silver waves plash on the yellow strand
With measured music; the grey stones gleam wet,
Like fair soft pearls set in the golden sand.

Yon line of rocks, beyond low-water mark,
Show, half submerged, their sea-weed-tufted
crests;

And all secure, at the approach of dark,
The sea-gull motionless on ocean rests.

A tender balm falls on our wearied sense
As list we to the waves, that never cease
Their low, clear ripple—the sweet influence
Of twilight silence, and of calm, deep peace!
ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

"SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE."



CONSIDERING the enormous quantity of goods and personal luggage conveyed by any one of our great lines of railway in the course of a year, it would be strange indeed if some of it were not occasionally to go astray, and equally strange if the collection of all such waifs and strays under one roof were not to present a somewhat amusing aggregation of odds and ends.

A sale of portmanteaus and trunks, handboxes and bundles, and all that is in them—the personal baggage of bewildered old ladies and absent-minded gentlemen—is indeed rather suggestive of a treat for people of the Paul Pry type of humanity.

It need hardly be said, however, that curiosity of this kind is invariably disappointed. Anything in the nature of letters would either afford a clue to the ownership of property, or would be destroyed by the company. Moreover, "personal luggage" forms only a comparatively small number of items in the catalogues, by far the greater part usually consisting of "goods," which from various causes have remained on the companies' hands during the year.

By most of the lines these sales are held annually, and they are usually conducted under circumstances which add materially to the oddity and interest of the scene. Under some railway arch, or right in the midst of a maze of lines, choked up by trucks and wagons and wheezing steam-engines, that look as though they have wedged themselves in beyond all possibility of extrication, one finds, perhaps, a smart, dapper-looking auctioneer perched aloft at a rickety little table, mounted on the top of some tubs, and hemmed in by an assemblage of people every whit as miscellaneous as the goods heaped up around them.

Tailors and tinkers, Whitechapel "costers," Dudley Street "translators," marine-store dealers, Houndsditch Jews, ecclesiastical furniture warehouse-men, speculative daffies with an eye to little lots of crockery, and dandies come to bid for opera-glasses—all are mixed up in a higgledy-piggledy mob, well worthy the attention of some modern Hogarth.

The singularly heterogeneous character that may often be observed in these groups, is accounted for by the piles of goods displayed around them. Very odd indeed must be the vocation of the indi-

vidual who does not find something in the catalogue more or less worthy his attention, and for those who have no particular vocation in life there are tempting little lots of knick-knacks, dished up with that delightful spice of incongruity which only an auctioneer's clerk knows how to infuse. One lot comprises thirteen pairs of stays, sixteen boxes of night-lights, eighteen bottles of port, and a black velvet pall. In another we find half a dozen dolls, forty-three pounds of tea, a knife-grinder's machine, and a guitar; and in another a box of bricks, a speaking trumpet, a gallon of Irish whiskey, and a jar of pickles. Wooden hoops and butterfly-catchers, camp-stools and tin saucepans, puff-boxes and zinc pails, knives and nutmeg-graters, pipes and purses, mottled soap and velocipedes, fans and feather beds, muffin-dishes and mattresses, bird-cages and black-lead, Nornandy pippins and nine-pins, are often thrown together in a manner which betrays a keen eye for the picturesque, or the indulgence of a grim humour. Who, for instance, but a wag who had personally tested the eighteen bottles of port, and found it poisonous stuff, would have thought of requiring the purchaser to take a black velvet pall along with it?

Of course they are not all jumbled together in this fashion. For the most part, the goods are divided into lots apparently with a view to the convenience of dealers in various lines of business, who usually constitute the majority of these gatherings, and between whom there are sometimes spirited little contests of a rather entertaining character.

Half a dozen uncleanly natives of the Seven Dials over a hamper of odd boots and shoes, for instance, are likely to be very interesting. To the uninitiated one hundred and sixty-three boots and shoes, odd or in pairs, as the fates may determine, are a particularly uninviting lot to look at. A Dudley Street "translator," however, can afford to give £3 5s. for such a lot—such, at least, was the case at a sale held some time ago, and even then he had to submit to a good deal of fist-shaking, and some rather "haggrawating" remarks by rival cobblers, who appeared to envy him his prize. A very severe contest was also fought over a similar lot of four hundred and three socks and stockings, which ultimately fetched £1 3s.

Hats and caps are usually to be found in the catalogues of these sales in great numbers, some of them new goods, but a great many of them may probably be regarded as representing so many spasms of dismay experienced by incautious wights who have, some time during the preceding twelve-month, thrust their heads out of railway carriage windows, only to see their headgear frolicking along

the line in the remote distance behind. At the sale recently held on the premises of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway there were great numbers of hats, as well as other articles of dress of almost every imaginable description, from collars and "dickeys" to an "equestrienne's velvet jacket and bodice, trimmed with gold lace." There were Paisley shawls and opera cloaks, soldiers' uniforms and bathing costumes, blouses and bonnets, cricketer pads and sealskin muffs, feathers and artificial flowers—altogether an accumulation of wearing apparel which appeared fairly to exhaust even an auctioneer's nomenclature, and reduced him to the necessity of describing some lots as "various."

In all sales of this kind the most numerous articles are invariably umbrellas, walking-sticks, and sunshades. In the catalogue of the sale just

referred to, there were close upon fifteen hundred articles of this kind.

The property thus disposed of every year, though enormous in the aggregate, is really insignificant when compared with the amount of goods dispatched by rail; and the instances in which valuables are really lost by the owners would appear surprisingly small, if from all that is sold as lost property we were to set apart goods which have been more or less damaged in transit, and for which the companies have paid compensation, as well as those thrown upon their hands by consignees who decline to pay their legitimate charge for warehousing. Deduct these two classes of luggage, and losses resulting from the sheer carelessness of passengers and consignors, and we shall be bound to admit that on the whole our great carrying systems are exceedingly well managed.

JOHN BULL'S MONEY MATTERS.—THE BUDGET, AND ALL ABOUT IT.

BY ALFRED S. HARVEY, E.A.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART THE FIRST.



N former papers we have endeavoured to explain two very important matters in connection with John Bull's pecuniary affairs—viz., how it comes to pass that he has so much to pay for interest of his debts, and how the Sovereign's income is arranged. In the present paper we wish to elucidate some other points connected with our national finance, which,

though not perhaps of such peculiar interest as the National Debt and the Civil List, are yet worth investigation.

Every year, just before Parliament meets, and when the newspapers are actively discussing proposed political or legislative changes, there are certain questions which are sure to be asked, and certain expressions sure to be very much in men's mouths. Will there be a Surplus of Revenue over and above the Expenditure, so that taxes may be remitted; or will the Revenue be deficient, so that additional taxes must be imposed? Will the Budget, when opened, indicate a frugal and stinted expenditure; or will the purse-strings of the nation be relaxed? If the latter, in what direction will the increased outlay be observed, and will it consist of a general extension of existing charges, or will the Consolidated Fund have to bear some new and special weight? These and other questions John Bull asks in a rather plaintive and

deprecatory tone, for all these arrangements touch his pocket.

Not without excellent reason has John been called the modern Issachar—a strong ass couching down between two burdens, one Direct, the other Indirect Taxation. And it is a matter of no small moment for him to know whether his loads are to be lightened or rendered more weighty still.

We want then, in this paper, to explain very briefly the course which the public money takes, from the time when it leaves the tax-payer's pocket till it reaches the public creditor of whatever kind. Our explanation will, we hope, elucidate most of the questions just referred to. At the outset, we encounter one term which must be clearly comprehended. We mean the expression Consolidated Fund.

In our paper on the National Debt, we pointed out that originally the moneys arising from each particular tax were kept separate in the Exchequer, to be applied to a specific branch of expenditure, and to be diverted to no other. In process of time many of the separate funds thus formed proved inadequate to meet the demands on them. Then the produce of several taxes was consolidated into one general fund, so that a surplus on one might compensate for the deficiency on another. This plan, once adopted, was soon developed. But, though this process of consolidation was commenced as early as the Revolution, and was extended by successive finance ministers, it was not until 1785 that the idea of one fund was reached. In that

year, the Commissioners of Public Accounts suggested the formation of one fund into which should flow every stream of the public revenue, and from whence should issue the supply of every service.

This recommendation has been gradually carried out, and now the entire Income of the country is carried to, and forms, what is called the Consolidated Fund.

The Consolidated Fund then is, in reality, the great account into which flows the public income of the nation, whether arising from imperial taxation, from the sale of old stores, or the repayment of moneys lent by Government. The wine merchant who pays duty on the wine or spirit he has withdrawn from the bonding warehouse; the wealthy dame who pays Income Tax on her quarterly dividends; the tattered charwoman who gleans scanty comfort from her few ounces of taxed tea; the landed peer who succeeds to the broad acres of his ancestors, through the succession duty; the wealthy parvenu, delighting in hair-powder for his footmen, and heraldic crests on his plate; the legacy-hunter, whose legacy duty reminds him of his success; the old maid renewing the licence for her favourite poodle; the humblest purchaser of a postage stamp—all these are contributors to the Consolidated Fund. Up to 1834, the money paid in as taxes was kept in strong-boxes at the Exchequer Office at Westminster. Since that time the custody of the public money has been transferred to the Bank of England, so that now the Consolidated Fund represents the account of the Chancellor of the Exchequer with the Bank.

Again, as all public revenue of whatever kind passes into, and forms, the Consolidated Fund, so the entire public expenditure is defrayed thereout. But all the claims on the fund have not the same rank and precedence. Some services are regarded as having a more urgent claim upon the State than others, and so form prior charges upon its income. And while all charges on the fund have Parliamentary sanction, some have been authorised once and for all by special Acts of Parliament, while others cannot be paid without an annual vote of the House of Commons.

The services which are made prior charges on the Consolidated Fund are—the interest of the National Debt, which ranks first of all; then the expenses of the Civil List—*i.e.*, the amount set apart by the country for the maintenance of the Crown; next come the various pensions and annuities which have from time to time been granted to members of the Royal Family, or to illustrious soldiers, statesmen, and jurists; the salaries of the judges and other high officials, together with a formidable array of compensations; and, lastly, the interest of certain loans for which the country

is responsible. These services, when once the sanction of the Legislature has been formally obtained to their regular payment, are, so to speak, withdrawn from the subsequent notice of Parliament.

Full particulars concerning these matters are published in the yearly Finance Accounts, but they are no longer exposed to annual debate in the House of Commons. So far as the dividends of the National Debt, the Civil List, and some other charges are concerned, it is obviously a wise arrangement that they should not be the subject of annual votes of Parliament. But of late years the House of Commons has considerably tightened its hold on the financial operations of the Executive Government, and many salaries formerly prior charges upon the Consolidated Fund are now included in the yearly votes of the House.

When full provision has been made for these prior charges, the surplus of the Consolidated Fund is available to meet the Supply Services, or the services that are annually voted in the House of Commons.

These Supply Services include all the great branches of public expenditure, the cost of the army and navy, and civil administration, and expenses incident to the collection of the revenue. The mode in which the surplus of the Consolidated Fund is made available for these purposes we now proceed to explain.

On the opening of Parliament, the Crown, in the Speech from the Throne, demands that annual provision may be made for the public services, and announces that estimates of the sums required will be presented to the House. These estimates exhibit the cost of the army and navy and of each Government department, the expenditure being detailed under a large number of separate votes, so as to admit of ready and minute criticism and comparison.

When they have been circulated, the House of Commons resolves itself into what is called Committee of Supply to consider them. Each vote is brought forward separately, and is explained and, if need be, defended, by the minister responsible for its administration. After full discussion, if the vote remains unaltered, a resolution is passed by the Committee appropriating the sum required for the particular vote in question for the period of one year.

These grants in Committee are subsequently reported formally to the House of Commons. Thus, when all the grants in Supply have passed the House, the entire expenditure of the Government, with the exception of that which forms the prior charges on the Consolidated Fund, has been carefully revised and approved by the British Parliament.

FROM AUSTRALIA.



"TWO SISTER FORMS."



H, the grassy meads of Twickenham !
 I sit and close my eyes,
 And see their summer greenness
 Beneath dear England's skies !

All bathed in English sunshine,
 Basking in June they lie,
 Green-shadowing with their rushes
 Thames' waters dreaming by.

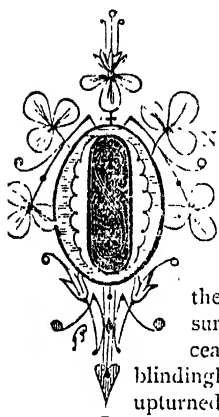
Oh, for far England's freshness,
 For England's full cool streams,
 For Thames's tide full flowing
 In coolness through my dreams !
 White glares our river channel
 With scarce a glistening pool,
 And hot and dry's the parching air
 No dews or rains may cool.

The bush is scorched to stillness,
 And in the hush, in thought,
 My old dear days in England
 Back to my eyes are brought.
 The dripping oar suspending,
 I let the boat drift on,
 Dazed in the more than sunshine
 Of eyes that on me shone.

Oh, eyes away in England !
 Are your dear dreams like mine ?
 Do those old noons I'm seeing
 To-day on you, too, shine ?
 I see along warm grasses
 Two sister forms soft thrown,
 As when one waited for me
 Here exiled and alone.

Oh, come, thou golden future !
 Come quick, thou happy day,
 That northward steams me homeward,
 With gold won far away—
 With gold that lets me whisper,
 Where Twickenham's meadows shine—
 "I've worked and won you, darling,
 And now you will be mine !"

W. C. BENNETT.



'DENIS DHUV.'

AN IRISH LEGEND.

ON the side of an Irish mountain—the Reek of Croagh Patrick, away in the wilds of West Connaught—a man lay, apparently lifeless, his fair curls bedraggled and drenched by the pitiless pelting of the sudden summer shower. Presently the rain ceased, and the June sun shone out blindingly, cruelly scorching the man's upturned face, and drying the blood which seemed to flow from a wound at the back of his head. The raindrops which quivered upon the scanty mountain vegetation were quickly dried up, and the glaring, searching sun showed the shadow of every slender bent blade and tuft of heather. The pretty *Erica Mediterranea*, which grows in abundance at the base of Croagh Patrick, becomes rarer as the summit of the mountain is gained ; consequently, there being but slight obstruction, the faint breeze which arose was sufficient to send the man's hat rolling down the slope. On and on it went, as heedless as any other unthinking thing—animate or inanimate—in its downward course ; and never stopped until it rested amongst the nettles which grow in luxuriant profusion around the mouldering ruins of Murrisk Abbey, that lies at the foot of the mountain.

"Glory !"

The ejaculation proceeded from a tall gipsy-looking girl, who was gathering nettles in the old churchyard. She had the true Irish eye—

—"the greenest of things blue,
 The bluest of things grey,"

and masses of dark curling hair loosely gathered

into one knot at the back of her bare head. She wore coarse country-made brogues, a short scarlet petticoat, and a small shawl crossed over her bosom. Stepping briskly through the nettles, she took up the hat, and her changeful eyes dilated as she exclaimed in an awe-stricken voice—

"Saints above us ! it's full av wet blud !" Then, with the quick-wittedness of her race, she continued, "It's some poor craythur up an the Reek."

Putting her bag of nettles in a place of safety, Honor Costigan ascended the slope of Croagh Patrick, with a foot as sure and as fleet as one of her own mountain goats.

Long and diligently she searched, yet the red sun was sinking to its rest in "the underworld" beyond the western main, ere she had had time to summon her father and brother, and help them in carrying the insensible man to their cabin.

"We're in luck's way !" said Honor, whose sharp ears had caught the sound of the click of a horse's hoofs coming along the road. "I'll go bail that's Denis Dhuv. I'll find him aff for Docthor Sharpe."

She ran to the cabin door, just as a young man dismounted from a shaggy mountain pony. Denis Kinselagh, or Denis Dhuv (*i.e.*, Black Denis)—as he was commonly called, from his dark complexion and lowering brow—looked what he really was, a well-to-do small farmer. He was about the middle height, muscular, and with handsome features : a thin, clearly-cut mouth and nostrils, which quivered with every emotion ; but there was a lurking, demon in his black eyes, which made little children

run from before him, and mothers instinctively clasp their babes closer and cross themselves, whenever Denis Dhuv drew near. No neighbour ever asked him for the loan of a plough or a cart; he never was seen at wedding, christening, or wake; the priest never dropped in to see him in a friendly way; the few tenants upon his land would beg or borrow their rent rather than ask him for a respite upon gale-day; he was feared, and he knew it, and laughed at it.

Yet this was the man whom bright, beautiful, impulsive Honor Costigan loved with all the fervour of her loving nature. A pretty picture she looked, as she stood in the doorway, her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkling with excitement. With a man's vanity, he ascribed it solely to her joy at seeing him, and said, as he tied his pony's bridle to a post—

"I didn't think I'd be so late at Slieve fair. I suppose ye wor lookin' out for me?"

"Well, t' tell the truth, I wasn't," she replied: "for me father, an' Pat, an' me was carryin' a gentleman down that we found lyin' an the mountain. Denis, jewil, will yeh go for Docthor Sharpe? We're afeared the poor gentleman's dead!"

"Dead dhrunk most likely," said he cynically; "let me see him."

He entered the cabin, and proceeded unceremoniously to the inner room, where lay the body on "the bed."

Pat Costigan was trying to force some whiskey between the white lips. His efforts were crowned with success, for as Denis and Honor entered, the man feebly moaned, and turned his head.

"Thank God he's not dead!" fervently ejaculated the girl. "Denis, darlint," she whispered, "will yeh ride aff for Docthor Sharpe at wanst?" And she followed him as he abruptly left the room.

"Yer in a wondherful state about this *gentleman* wid his white hands and his goold chain!" said he with an ugly sneer on his face. "D'ye know he's only a man from London that dhraws pictures, and that's lodgin' beyant on the coast? Phew! he isn't worth savin'!"

Honor's grey eyes flashed.

"I'll go meself," said she indignantly, taking down her blue cloak from the nail on which it hung. "Me father is too ould t' go quick enough, an' Pat can't lave the gentleman! Throth, I'm ashamed av yeh, Dinis!"

"It's you that does look purty when yer vexed," he remarked quietly; "put up yer cloak, alannah; I'll go for Docthor Sharpe."

Notwithstanding the care of Doctor Sharpe, and the unremitting attention of the brave, warm-hearted girl who had found him on the mountain,

many weeks elapsed before the stranger was able to be up and about again.

Harold Singleton was, as Denis Dhuv had said, a painter; moreover, he was a kind-hearted, genial, chivalrous gentleman. He soon saw how matters stood between Honor and Denis, and often good-humouredly bantered the girl about her black-looking lover.

After some time, he sent to his lodgings for his drawing materials, and said to Honor one day—

"Honor, how would you like to have a picture of yourself to give to Denis?"

"I'd like it well, sur," she replied; "but could yeh put the likes av me into a picture?"

"I'll do my best," said he, laughing at her simplicity; "but first you must let me settle your hair in my own way; take it all down."

Honor removed the horn comb, and her hair fell in heavy masses over her shoulders. Harold Singleton was looping it up artistically, when a shadow darkened the doorway, and Denis Dhuv said—

"Honor, I want you."

"Don't tell him about the picture," whispered Harold, bending over her; "it would spoil all."

She gave him a quick glance of intelligence, and hastily twisting up her hair, followed Denis Dhuv out of the house. To her amazement, he said nothing; but taking her roughly by the arm, led her down by the side of the breen, until they were out of sight of the cottage. There was an ominous look on his dark face, as he asked in a voice of suppressed rage—

"How dare yeh let that fellow touch yer han! D'ye mane to marry me, or t' go aff wid him?"

"Arrah, Dinis agra!" said she coaxingly, "don't be so crass! Av coorse I'm goin' t' marry yeh as soon as we can get the money together, t' get Father Mahony to say the few words for us. Don't mind the gentleman; he didn't mane no harm. It was my fault, Dinis; he axed me t' let him settle me hair his own way."

"Mhonia-mon-dioul!" he exclaimed; "he axed t' settle yer hair, an' yeh let him, an' yeh as good as marrid t' me! I'll tell yeh what it is, Honor; after that, yeh'll niver call me husband. G'off wid yer grand gentleman lover, and let him settle yer hair for yeh!"

The girl became deadly pale. Wildly flinging her arms around her lover, she cried—

"Dinis! Dinis! for the love av Heaven, don't talk that-a-way! Misthur Singleton didn't mane no harm; come back t' him an' ax him, av yeh don't b'lieve me!"

But the demons of suspicion and jealousy had been working in his breast for some time past, and

at last had burst their bonds. He loved Honor as much as it was in his nature to love any human creature, but being by nature distrustful, he could not give her credit for feelings in which he was himself wanting.

"I seen enough," he replied, "I don't want t' go back. An' ivry time I come up in the evenin' I see him laughin' and talkin' t' yeh. Go aff to him now, yer grand gentleman lover, wid his white hands an' his smooth tongue, an' may my heavy curse light upon yeh both!"

He turned, and would have left her, but she only clasped him the more tightly, exclaiming—

"Dinis! me own darlint Dinis, that I love betther nor me own heart's blud! I tell yeh there was no harm in what the gentleman did; he was only settin' me hair t' put me in a picthur for you. That's God's thruth, Dinis, but he towld me not t' tell yeh!"

"That's the ind av it!" said he, roughly disengaging her clinging hands; "yer only tellin' more an yerself. Yer a bad, oudacent girl, t' have a saycret wid one man, an' going to be married t' another. I've done wid yeh!" and waving his hand, he went rapidly down the road, and was soon out of sight.

The miserable girl was too much stunned to follow him. There she stood gazing at the turn of the road where she last beheld him. With the strange perversity of her impulsive woman's nature, she seemed to love him all the more, the more he acted differently from other men. Honor had had lovers in plenty, and any one of them she could have done pretty much as she had liked with; but Denis Dhuv had always cowed her, mastered her, and seemed to exert a strange fascination over her. She saw his faults and, woman-like, she loved them because they were his. Harold Singleton she thoroughly liked—no one could but do so—yet no thought towards him which would have been disloyal to her lover had ever crossed her pure mind.

The painter knew that; he had lived long enough amongst men and women, and had studied them too keenly, not to be able to see through Honor's transparent and innocent nature; and he respected the ignorant untutored girl as he had respected no woman since that awful day two years before, when he had laid his fair young wife, with her baby at her breast, in her last home in Highgate Cemetery.

Honor sat down on a bank behind a ditch, her head resting upon her knees. She was accustomed to Denis' evil tempers, and tried to persuade herself that this ebullition would pass off, and that she would meet him at chapel as usual the next Sunday morning; she took no heed of the passing time, and did not note that the evening shadows grew longer and longer, and that the daylight paled and

paled, and then faded away from the face of heaven. She was too much occupied by her conflicting thoughts, and started violently when a voice beside her said—

"Why, Honor! is this you?—all alone? Where is Denis?"

The speaker was Harold Singleton.

"Dinis wint away, sur," she replied with a sort of sob in her voice, which was not lost upon her hearer. He sat down beside her, and gradually drew from her the whole story. He was one of those sympathetic men that women instinctively feel are good, and in whom they unhesitatingly confide. Soon the poor girl's feelings found relief in tears. He strove to soothe her, and said, as he stood up—

"Come—come now, Honor! I shall be leaving this in a day or so, but trust to me to try and set matters straight for you before I go."

Denis Dhuv, behind the hedge, had come up just in time to hear that last speech, and nothing of what had preceded it.

The early morning of a bright August day. The sun has as yet hardly warmed the earth, so there is the freshness of the dew pervading the atmosphere. The bleat of the mountain goats, and the busy hum of golden-ringed bees amongst the heather, alone break the morning stillness. The flag of the truce of the peace of God seems to be unfurled over the land, so calm and still does everything appear. Presently the door of Pat Costigan's cottage is opened noiselessly, and Honor appears, and is proceeding to release a number of fowls from a shed at the side of the cottage, when, to her unfeigned astonishment, Denis Dhuv advances from behind the hedge, and says—

"Honor, will you forgive me for those hasty words last night?"

How her loving heart bounds with joy! He has come back to her!—her love!—the one she has singled from the world!

"Och, Dinis! shure an' I knowen yeh worn't in airnest! Mither Singleton himself was goin' to talk t' yeh to-day."

She is in his arms as he speaks, and he holds her more tightly as she concludes. Timidly she raises her glowing, beautiful face to his dark one, and kisses him. He does not respond to the caress, but says—

"To show yeh I bear no ill-will, I want to take him over to Achill Island to-day. He said he wanted t' see the cliffs there. An' you must come too, Honor."

At breakfast time the proposal was made to Harold Singleton. He did not care to go that day, but the good-natured fellow, thinking it might be a means of consummating the reconciliation

between the lovers, consented to it with apparent alacrity.

A simple luncheon, supplemented by a bottle of poteen, was stowed away in the boat along with the sketching materials, and they soon landed upon bleak, sea-girt Achill. They passed through the curious little village of Dugort, with its cabins built and roofed with round uncemented stones, and after a long and brisk walk, arrived at the famous cliffs of Minnean, which rise sheer from the Atlantic to a height of nearly one thousand feet. Here they paused and sat down, the painter enjoying the view of the Maam Thomas mountains on the northern coast of Clew Bay, and Clare Island, ten miles away, whilst his companions busied themselves in setting forth the luncheon.

"How high are these cliffs?" inquired Harold, standing up.

"Betchune nine hundhred and tin hundhred feet," said Denis, approaching the edge of the precipice; "listen t' the wather roarin' among the rocks below."

Harold approached the edge of the cliff and leaned over, giving his hand to Denis for safety in order to keep him steady. Honour was looking on at the whole scene: her heart stood still, for instinctively she seemed to know what was about to happen. She could not give a warning cry, for her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth; but when she saw Denis Dhuv hurl Harold Singleton over the brink to inevitable destruction, she knew that it was for that purpose he had brought him to the cliffs of Minnean.

"He'll never stan' in me way agin'," said he hoarsely, as he approached where she stood, white and motionless as a statue.

"You black-hearted villian!" she exclaimed, recoiling from him, all her love turned to hate. "I'll go back to Connaught, an' from the Killeries down to Kilkee I'll tell what ye done; an' af yeh don't swing for it, me name isn't Honor Costigan!"

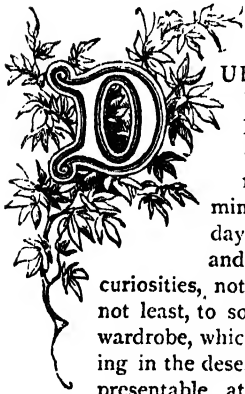
"Say that agin!" he yelled, "and ye'll go afther him. I swore to meself last night that I'd have me revenge on him! Take back yer words, or I'll throw yeh over afther him!"

He drew her near the edge of the cliff as he spoke. She shrieked and struggled to get free; but, save the answering echoes, there was no sound beyond the dull booming of the angry waves which lashed the cliffs, and washed into their rocky bed the dead body of Harold Singleton. Honor almost succeeded in freeing herself from the grasp of Denis Dhuv; in his efforts to keep her from escaping, he grasped her long blue cloak - the clasp with which such garments are usually fastened gave way with the rebound she fell upon her face on the grass, whilst Denis Dhuv sprang backwards over the cliff, over the brink of which a few minutes before he had hurled his victim. The hungry waters seethed and surged, and soon washed into the rocky creek the mangled corpse of the murderer!

In an obscure village in the west of Ireland there lives a poor, mad old woman, who goes by the name of "Foolish Honor." People say she lost her reason from having witnessed the accidental death of her lover and a gentleman who had accompanied them to Achill; for, since that awful day, Honor Costigan never spoke a rational word.

E. OWENS BLACKBURN.

A CROCODILE HUNT.



DURING our return journey from Berenice, we arrived at the little Nubian village of Abou Gooree, near the second cataracts of the Nile, and determined to make a stay of a few days in order to have some rest and arrange our little collection of curiosities, notes, and hunting spoils; but, not least, to somewhat repair or renew our wardrobe, which, after seven months' roughing in the desert, was not in our idea quite presentable at Assuan, where we should most probably meet many European travellers, as it was now the season when most of the "dhahabieh," or travelling Nile boats, would have arrived at, or be near, that town, in the neighbourhood of which are many places of great interest.

About Gooree is rather a good specimen of a

Nubian village; and to us, who for months had seen nothing but the wretched tents and caves of the Ababde Arabs, this village seemed near the perfection of civilisation, with its rough stone and mud-built huts, its whitewashed minaret over the little mosque, and its clusters of date and doom palms, and a few fine sycamore trees. Beyond the village, and stretching about half a mile down to the Nile, were narrow strips of cultivated land, on which grew the "dhoura" (Indian corn), now some inches in height, and the bright fresh green of which was strange but most refreshing to our eyes.

The village is almost surrounded by high and rugged cliffs of granite; on the south running down to and ending abruptly at the edge of the glorious old river, which, although now not at full height, was of great breadth, rushing down in a strong current, sparkling and foaming, among the numerous rocky islands and mud-banks, many of

which, as well as the shores of the river, were covered with immense reeds twenty feet high, and so strong that they require a good sword-cut to sever them.

Among these reeds grow quantities of the papyrus, formerly so valuable for writing purposes, but now neglected or only used by the natives for fuel, or for strengthening the sides of the water-courses leading from the river.

On the opposite or western side of the , the desert and granite rocks commence directly at the water's edge, and stretch without the smallest patch of green far away to a purple range of mountains.

We congratulated ourselves on having fallen upon such a pleasant haven of rest as this village, the inhabitants of which made us most welcome, all turning out to meet us; the young women and girls bringing milk, dates, radishes of enormous size, and bread, although tolerably coarse and dark, far superior to any we had tasted for some months. Most of these females wore the usual costume of their sex in these regions when single—viz., an apron of leather fringe ornamented with a few beads, and about twelve inches in depth; their frizzly locks nicely plaited or curled, and their graceful forms shining with grease. The men were not much more encumbered with clothing than the women, although a few of the elder wore a long, wide, loose-sleeved, white gown, and here and there was seen a turban. Most of them carried from one to six long slender lances, while all wore a small dagger fastened on the left arm above the elbow.

A small round-built house was given us, and after we had had it well swept, and half a dozen scorpions routed out, we found it far preferable to our old and dilapidated tents, which had become so tender by constant exposure to the desert sun, that our men could scarcely erect them without putting their heads, hands, or feet through them.

On the evening of our arrival we invited the heads of the village to sup with us, and of course they were attended by nearly all the rest of the men. We were soon informed that the whole community were in great trouble, for they had lately lost several young girls, who, while filling their water-jars, had been dragged into the stream by the crocodiles, which literally swarmed on the river and banks near the village.

They also showed us the bodies of three of these reptiles, which the men had succeeded in killing with their spears within a few yards of the village. They finally begged we would assist them with our rifles, and kill as many as we could; but especially to look after one monster, which was well known to frequent a swampy island covered with reeds a little above the village, and which had in the course of years carried off many females, and a short time

before our arrival had dragged down a man who was cutting reeds on the river-bank. Of course we made no objection, and promised after a day's rest we would do our best to relieve the village of these dangerous neighbours.

Next day we got our arms in good order, cleaning them carefully ourselves, and casting a good supply of conical bullets for our two heaviest double rifles, as we knew they would be most effective against the armour-plated brutes. Then we examined the only boat owned by the village, a dilapidated and rotten "canjia" from Lower Egypt, and so old that it required no great stretch of imagination to fancy it *might* have accompanied Anthony and Cleopatra in some of their Nile trips. With the help of some pieces of wood, palm-leaves, old rope, and the canvas of one of the most useless of our tents, we managed to patch up the old craft; and then, by giving her a good lining of mud, which soon hardened in the sun, we felt quite proud on launching her in the evening to find she was perfectly water-tight, and carried eight men with comfort.

On the day appointed for the hunt, we found every man and boy belonging to the village prepared in some way to take part in the sport. Spears, swords, and shields glittered and rattled in every direction; and the happy possessors of two old flint-lock muskets—the only fire-arms owned in the village—swaggered about, and, as the time approached for the attack, loaded them so often without discharging them, and each time with a handful of powder, that we decided to give them and their guns a very wide berth.

We would rather have had a few of the best men, instead of such a crowd of nearly two hundred—many of them mere boys—as there would not only be the likelihood of frightening the game, but if it came to a mêlée, there was great probability of loss of life. However, it was no use our objecting; they all thought it their duty to assist, and perhaps they were right, for they had been the only sufferers by the crocodiles.

Soon after noon, in a blazing sun, we started for the river, as at this time the brutes like basking or sleeping on the banks and islands. We arranged that we would carry as many men as we could in the boat to the swamp which the particular enemy made his lair; and that the others must do their best, under our four Arabs, who were armed with rifles, and the two redoubtable musketeers—whom we had carefully excluded from our company—to cut off any stragglers on shore or among the shallows.

To our great surprise, the whole mob divided into small parties, and moved off in almost perfect silence, so different to what we had ever observed in the East before, where nothing can be done by the smallest party without immense noise.

As we entered our boat, we observed the mud-banks in the river literally swarmed with the filthy reptiles, which lay asleep, or with their huge gaping jaws wide open, while numbers of small birds were pecking on their backs or near them.

Notwithstanding her heavy complement of men—for, besides ourselves, twelve natives had crowded into the boat—she was slowly but successfully propelled up the stream by means of two clumsy oars and four long poles; and as we passed close under the banks, an occasional splash showed us some of the more wakeful of the crocodiles had become alarmed, and slid quietly into the stream.

We did not wish to fire till we could reach the swamp, on which, and the banks near, we could see scores lying still undisturbed; but just as we turned the head of the boat towards it, and pushed rapidly across the fifty yards of water separating us, a tremendous uproar arose among the reeds along the shore behind us; shouts, yells, screaming of women—who had followed their friends—and the reports of fire-arms told us they were among the enemy, and through the crashing and bending reeds we saw numbers of the shiny reptiles struggling into the river.

The men in our boat now became so excited that she was nearly overturned in their endeavours to throw their spears. Just as we reached the swampy bank, and all leaped into the mud, there was a general commotion among the crocodiles, which were now fully awakened. Many rushed past us straight for the water; two were felled instantly by our heavy bullets, and several were cleverly speared by the villagers, who boldly rushed towards them, and thrust their lances at their throats and sides; but one of the men, not being able to avoid a rush made by three or four of the monsters, received a blow from one of their powerful tails, which threw him down with both legs broken; and he was immediately afterwards trampled into the mud and smothered as they passed over him, before his companions could help.

Many of the other reptiles turned and retreated to the higher part of the swamp, making for the reeds, and evidently intending to reach the water on the other side; but a large party of Nubians had pluckily swum across from the shore to the upper part of the swamp, and were now making their way towards us, as we could hear by their yelling and shouting.

We all now advanced up with some difficulty, as the tenacious mud reached our knees and almost prevented locomotion. Our rifles told upon two more of the brutes before they could make their escape, as they were now struggling among the strong reeds, scrambling over each other's backs, and occasionally making attempts to rush past us. Our men speared and stabbed several which had been pressed into the mud by their stronger

brethren passing over them; but just as we were reloading, a crashing and bending of the reeds immediately before us showed a terrific monster, that halted in his rush only five yards away.

"Timsah Sheitan!" (Devil Crocodile) shouted the natives, and all made off towards the boat as fast as the mud would allow them; one of the braves knocking my rifle from my hands, as I endeavoured to force down the bullet, and sending the weapon deep into the mud. Another, while hurrying on with his face turned backwards to the dreaded brute, sent his lance clean through the coat of my companion, who was not only nearly knocked down, but narrowly escaped being speared through the body.

We shall never forget the appearance of the huge Saurian, which, luckily for us, had not advanced further, but regarded us with his wicked little eyes, snapping his horrid jaws, which opened at least two feet each time. My rifle was gone, and I had nothing but my revolver and hunting knife, and fully expected him to rush at me, when my companion, who had reloaded one barrel, fired past me, and hit him near the left eye, causing him to spring back, and lash right and left with his immense tail.

Discretion was certainly the better part of valour in this instance, for with his formidable jaws, or a sweep of his tail, he could easily have sent us out of his way, and prevented us taking part in any more hunting exploits; so discharging three shots of the revolver directly at his mouth, although they had no more effect than to cause an increased rapidity of snapping, we made for the boat, and got over the intervening space in half the time it had taken us to advance—only to find the whole of the men had crowded into it, and that it was immovably fixed in the mud.

With difficulty we stopped their shouting and flourishing of weapons, and as some got out, and were trying, though unsuccessfully, to get her off, we saw the monster and about twenty others making straight towards us, pursued by the Nubians, who had landed on the other side and made their way through the reeds. In jumped the greater part of the men, leaving only myself and four others struggling to move the craft, while my companion rapidly capped both barrels of his piece.

Next moment the crocodiles were close upon us—the big one leading, and as he turned slightly, dealing the old boat a blow with his powerful serrated tail, that made her fly to pieces as easily as a child would destroy a house of toy blocks, sending the men head over heels, some into the water, others among us, laying me flat on my back in the mud—a position, though ignoble, which saved me from another sweep of the tail, for I felt it pass over me, covering me with filth and slime, and killing one poor fellow immediately beside me; but the next

instant my friend's two barrels were discharged into the monster, laying him dead beside us. The other brutes succeeded in plunging into the river, and all escaped.

The hunt was now over ; not a crocodile but the dead was to be seen ; and as we freed ourselves from the mud and rubbish with which we were covered, we were joined by the other villagers, who were in high glee, for they had killed twelve of their enemies, and we had killed eight ; but their great delight was to find that "Timsah Sheitan" was at length effectually disposed of. This brute measured twenty-three feet in length, and from his worn teeth and generally antique appearance, must have been of great age. The natives insisted that he had haunted the White Nile above Kartoum five hundred years before ; but, having ourselves had pretty good experience of Eastern habits of ages, we prefer to leave the decision to better judges of the Saurian than ourselves.

We recovered my rifle ; and the boat being per-

fectedly useless, and the stream apparently clear of crocodiles, we had no hesitation in following the example of our black companions, and swam across to the village, where we were all received by the women and elders with great applause, and shouting, and drumming ; they had also brought abundance of refreshments, of which we were now greatly in need. The whole night was passed in festivity and rejoicing, only damped by the shrill cries of mourning among the relations of the three men who had been killed, and whose bodies were brought over and buried next day.

We stayed a week longer at the village, and on our departure for Egypt had more presents of bread, vegetables, fruit, well-dressed monkey and leopard skins, and ostrich eggs than we could conveniently carry ; but during our stay not a single crocodile was seen near the village, or that part of the river, so complete had been their scare. We left these simple people with the knowledge that for the present, at least, we had given them some relief by our crocodile hunt.

ABOU DAHKNE.

IN HONOUR BOUND.

BY CHARLES GIBBON,

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIRST.

GONE AWAY.

ALL the vague fears which had disturbed him during the night were suddenly reflected upon his mind. He heard the sob of the wind, he looked with dazed eyes on the confused movements of the fisher-folk ; he turned to the heaving sea, and a thought which terrified him—which he tried to beat out of his brain, took possession of him. Was he to take his place amongst these mourners, not as their guide and comforter, but as their fellow-sufferer ? Had the cruel sea robbed him also of his treasure ?

Impossible—she could not be so mad, so wicked as to venture upon the sea last night. Then he remembered her craving to know what lay beyond the horizon-line of her life, her passionate nature, and her indifference to the perils of the sea. If she could only have witnessed such a spectacle as he had seen that morning !

He did not know how her nature had changed since the birth of Baby ; he still thought her capable of any wild act which might present itself to her fancy. He remembered, however, that there was no boat in the Witch's Bay now since the adventure of Teenie and Grace, and so he had one fear the less. She might have obtained a boat elsewhere, but that was not at all likely.

Then he was confronted by the enigma: What had she done ? Whither had she gone ? To Dalmahoy ? To Craighburn ?

No, she would not go to either of these places in the humour she was in last night ; and there was no other place to which there was the least probability of her going.

He thought, with bitter remorse, of the many trifling acts of neglect of which he had been guilty towards her ; he magnified them into cruelties of the first importance. He thought of how often he might have given her pleasure when he had turned from her, complaining that she took no interest in his labours, and how important it was that all his thought and time should be concentrated upon the duties he had undertaken. He wished the old time back, that he might be more loving and less exacting. Ah, how kind he would be ! how merciful to all her sins ! how proud of all her pretty ways, and how blind to all her faults !

He thought of these things when it was too late ; he condemned himself utterly and without pity.

"God help us, Ailie ; I fear we too have had a wreck last night."

"What's wrang—and what gar'd you ask about Teenie, when you maun have been wi' her a' night ?"

"No—we quarrelled—I stayed in my room. She did not go to bed. I thought she was with you."

"God be here!" exclaimed Ailie, in terror; "no wi' you, and no wi' me!—then she's drowned!"

He felt sick as he listened to this echo of his own first thought. Both had remembered her mermaid-like ways, and leapt to the conclusion that the worst had happened. The idea never occurred to them that she could have adopted the common-

jocund morning were ready to make amends for the dismal shadows of the night.

Ailie was an active, bustling old wife, indeed she was apt to bustle too much, and to make everybody uncomfortable by her restless endeavours to keep everybody right. So she quickly recovered from her astonishment.

"It canna be, minister, that she's no in the house. She's just been making fun of you, as she used to do with me. Often she would go away for a whole



OBLIGED TO TURN HOMELWARD."

place method of travelling—on her feet. As usual in matters of mystery, the wildest possible explanations obtained the first attention, whilst the real explanation was quite simple.

His head bowed, brows knit, cheeks white, and his hands clutching the staff which he held across his body—as if holding himself in, trying by physical means to restrain himself from any violent outburst of passion or grief—he stood gazing at the sand; deaf now to all the din of wind and waves, of voices in sorrow or joy, and blind to the grandeur of the scene around him. The sun had at last overcome the mist and burst in a broad golden glare upon sea and rocks, which sparkled and gleamed with many brilliant colours, as if the

day without saying a word, and for no other end than to have a laugh at me. She'll be hode somewhere about the house. I'll go see."

"Very well; I'll follow you presently."

There was something unpleasantly quiet in the way he said this; at the same time he raised his head, and the face was cold and stonelike.

Ailie was hurrying off, and he made a quick movement as if to stay her; but he let her go. His thought had been to bid her keep silent about the fears they entertained regarding Teenie; but then if she had really disappeared, the wider the fact was known the sooner she would be discovered. But his heart writhed under the sense of shame, and the prospect of the scandal, which all this involved.

There was a bitter feeling growing up within him, which made his blood cold, and gave an unnatural clearness to his thoughts.

He turned to the fisher-folk—they did not suspect how entirely he shared in their sorrows; they were grateful for his kindness, but they did not feel his sympathy so warm at this moment as they had felt it a little while ago.

"Go up to the station, Davie," he said to Tak'-it-easy, "and telegraph to Aberdeen, Peterhead, Bervie, and to any of the stations they can communicate with, for early news of the missing boats. I hope we may have good news in a few hours."

Davie pledged himself to perform the task with dispatch, and to wait for the answers. He set off with what was for him a singularly swift step; but on emergency he could exert himself like other folk.

Walter next gave directions about Red Sandy and the funeral; ordered various comforts for the wife and bairns; told those who were waiting in suspense to be patient—if they could; that amendment came with bitterness out of his own suffering. But he was perfectly clear and considerate in all his instructions. He did not forget anything or anybody. The people who were not absorbed in their own afflictions or alarms, observed that he was "gey weary-like," but they supposed it was due to the exertions and anxieties of the morning. None suspected the anguish he was enduring on his own account.

When he had made all necessary arrangements for what had happened, and for what might happen, he started homeward; his hat was pulled low over his brow, his staff struck the ground heavily as if he needed support.

Passing through the village, he heard the shouts and laughter of children—a strange contrast to the lamentations on the beach below.

Habbie Gowk was marching down the street, strumming as loudly as he could "The Campbells are Coming," on a Jew's harp, or "trump," as it is called; Beattie followed him, and on the back of the donkey were two touzy-headed bairns (girls), of four or five years, whilst a boy of about nine held them securely in their places. A troop of children gambolled about this droll procession, shouting, and making fun of the poet and his companions. The twang of the trump was only heard at intervals above the din of the urchins. As soon as he saw Walter, Habbie took the instrument from his mouth, and saluted him.

"Bad work down yonder, minister," he said, nodding towards the beach; "I did not go after you, for I thought it would be ower muckle for my nerves, and I could do nothing. But it made me feel angry, the thought of it; and what do you think I did?"

"Went home to your breakfast, perhaps, and

tried to forget that there was sorrow in the world."

"No, sir; I could not do that, seeing what I've been tholing mysel' for guid kens how long. I just gaced up to that lawyer body, Currie, and roused him out of his bed—that would be good for him—I dinna believe he has seen this side of eight o'clock for years. He was for refusing to see me, but he was mistaken on that score. I banged intil his bed-chamber, and got him in his night-gown.

"What do you want at this untimely hour of the night?" says he.

"Night!" says I; 'it's broad day, and I'm ashamed of a man come to your years to speak that way of the Lord's blessed light. I want to ken when I'm to get that fortune, and I'll have no more putting off's about it.'

"How can I tell you?" says he; 'it depends upon the court: it may be next week, and it may not be for years. I've told you that often enough, and you're a fool, Habbie, to annoy me in this way.'

"A fool," says I, looking at him as though it was at the far end of a fiddle, 'a fool in troth for listening to you. You've just worried the sowl out of me with your fortune; but you can take it to the deevil if you like now, for I'll have no more ado with it.'

"And with that I tramped out. It was a sore temptation to give him a wallop, for he had naething but his night-sark on; but I thought of the bailies, and I resisted temptation. Outside, the bairns were cuddling Beattie, and wanting a ride; so I put them on, and felt happier nor I've done since the day I first heard of the fortune. I would not take it now if they were to pay me for it. The thought of it has been naething but a misery to me, and now I'm beginning to feel like my old self. So we're going for a daunder."

Walter listened to all this as patiently as if he had no care of his own; never attempting to interrupt, never displaying the least irritation. When he had done—

"I have no doubt you will be a happier man, Habbie, forgetting the fortune than you could be waiting for it. If it is yours, it will perhaps come to you in time; but, at any rate, you can do without it; that is a great consolation. There are many to whom it would bring happiness: as it is, there are many to whom it has brought nothing but vexation."

"It's a' vanity, minister, and there's nae telling what a vexation of spirit it has been to me. But I'm for no more of it; I'll sell my ballants, sing my sangs, and let the deevil flee awa' with the fortune."

"Where are you going now?"

"Wherever the Lord wills and ballants may be

sold ; to the fairs and markets, and to see our auld friends throughout the country. The Lord be thanked we have no fortune to taigle or fash us now."

"Will you go by Dalmahoy, and say that I would like to see the Laird at once?"

"I'll go to John o' Groat's if you like—hereabout or far awa', it's a' ane to Dandy."

"Dalmahoy will be far enough to oblige me at present. And yet—yes ; I would like you to go on to Craighburn, and tell Miss Wishart—"

He stopped : Habbie filled up the pause.

"I was going there at any rate. I want to tell Miss Grace what I've done. She's been a good friend to me."

"She has been a good friend to every one. I'll give you a note for her."

He took out his pocket-book, and wrote—

"In trouble. Come to Drumliemount if you

He tore the leaf out, folded, addressed it, and handed it to Habbie.

"All right, sir ; Beattie and me will be there in nae time. Am I to wait for an answer?"

"Don't trouble about that. Good-bye, Habbie, and success be with you wherever you go."

"Thank you, sir ; it's rare kind of you to say the word—there are few folk ken what a lift a kind word is at whiles to a pair sowl. There's many a bonnie flower that would die for want of rain, but that the drap of dew comes and saves it."

"You are a philosopher, Habbie, as well as a poet."

"God kens what I am, for I dinna. Whiles I feel myself such a good-for-nothing creature, that I think it would be best to make a hole in the water, and have done ; but then what would come of Beattie? that holds me back ; and syne I hear a lad or a lass liting one of my ballants, or see them loupin' wi' joy to the tune of my fiddle, or maybe to the twang of this bit trump, and I say to myself, 'Cheer up, man ; if you can make folk blithe for an hour or twa at a time, you're no such a worthless wratch as you thought yourself.' So I go on as before, taking my drum, and seeking sunshine on the hills and in the valleys, roosting in outhie farm-houses, or singing my ballants in a bothy. I never was downright miserable till I heard tell of that confounded fortune ; and I'm blithe again now that I have been and cast it overboard."

"You are fortunate in being able to cast your care overboard ; some people cannot."

"So muckle the waur for them. Good-bye, sir.—Now, bairns, you must get down, and you shall have another ride and another tune when I come back."

He helped the children to the ground with much gentleness ; gave one a pinch and the other a

"kittle" under the arms, till they screamed with laughter ; then he mounted Beattie, and rode off to Dalmahoy.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SECOND.

A PROBLEM.

WALTER encountered Ailie at the gate. She had been looking for him.

"I'm in great tribulation, sir," she said ; "she's no in the house anywhere, and the lass kens naething about her. Oh, what have you been doing or saying, that the poor bairn should have been driven out of her ain house in such a night as it was?"

He was not surprised by the information that Teenie could not be found ; but he winced at what he knew would be the general exclamation—what had he been doing or saying to drive her away?

The blame and the indignation of the folk would fall upon him ; nobody would take the trouble to investigate the real state of the case ; and everybody would at once condemn him. Although he was ready enough to condemn himself, he disliked the idea of other people doing it, and regarding him as a monster. The disgrace of his position would soon tell upon him ; right and left he would hear murmurs of reproach at his conduct ; and he must be silent. He could not defend himself without accusing Teenie, and that he could not and would not do. He must be silent, and wait with what patience he could command for the conclusion of the adventure.

She was gone : that was clear ; and he must set himself to discover in what direction she had turned.

She did not go by the sea, because there was no boat ; and if she had gone by land, it would be an easy thing to overtake her ; but how was it possible to discover the route she had taken? There were no relations to whom she would go ; and she had left not the least trace of her course.

It was a bewildering position, but once satisfied that she had not wilfully given her life to the sea—he argued himself into that belief with a dogged persistency, which indicated the trembling fears lurking behind it—he was disposed to regard her disappearance as a mere outburst of petulance, and he felt sure that she would return by-and-by.

Before Ailie he displayed no emotion except what might be seen in the white face and quivering lips. But in his heart the struggle was terrible between his passion as a mere man and his sense of duty, reverence, and submission as a minister. He was trying hard to find the true path in this darkness which had fallen upon him. His wife had done wrong, and he was angry with her ; but at the same time he felt that he, too, had failed.

He was eager to discover in what, so that he might make all the atonement in his power. Still his heart felt cold and hard.

He had to write to a neighbouring clergyman, to ask him to officiate in his stead on the following day, for he thought himself quite unfitted to administer the Sacrament in his present mood. Opening his desk to take out paper, he saw the rough sketch he had made of Grace and Teenie in the garden at Craighburn, on the occasion of the first visit there with his betrothed. Then the old feeling of tender love came back to him and helped him.

Teenie's face seemed to be full of yearning and doubt; Grace's calm, and pathetically beautiful. He remembered the happiness he had experienced when he saw that those two were friends; and his thoughts travelled on to the day on which they had come up to inspect Drumliemount. He recalled the sweet promises they had exchanged, the bright hopes and dauntless faith which had inspired him. And now!—those bubbles were very beautiful, and their existence very brief.

"Ah, my poor lass!" he said, his eyes fixed dreamily on the sketch; "you cannot know how much I loved you, or you would not have left me. You cannot guess how much my life was bound up in yours, or you would have forgiven me my sins against you, and tried to help me to accomplish some little part of my ambitious dream. So you would have made me a better man, and made me love you more. But the dreams were only dreams, and the reality is this!"

He glanced round the room, in which furniture and books lying in confusion assumed to his fancy an air of desolation. He put the sketch away tenderly, and yet as if he could not bear the sight of it. He felt that it would do him good if his eyes would run with tears. But they were quite dry.

He looked back and saw what a little height he had gained in the great work which he had set before himself to accomplish. He looked forward and saw the hills rise, height over height, until the goal was lost in the silver clouds of summer; so utterly beyond his reach, that it seemed as if there were nothing for him to do but look upward yearning, and die.

But this was the wicked prompting of despair—it was weak and contemptible. There was something better to do than yield to this weakness; he was bound to accept humbly and bravely the fate which was given to him, and strive earnestly to do what was right and best under the circumstances, no matter what pain it cost him. He would try to do that.

He examined the bed-room: she had not taken any extra clothes with her. He looked into a drawer where they kept small sums of money: she

had not apparently taken any with her. Then she had not gone far, and she must travel on foot, or borrow a vehicle from some one who knew them.

In that case they would soon trace her.

He tried to fancy in what position she had been standing in the room; then how she had descended to the ground floor. He followed the steps, and suddenly he remembered that low sob at his door. His pulse quickened to pain in the bitterness of chagrin that he had not sprung up and saved her. What fiend of evil humour had kept him in his seat at that moment? The sob echoed in his brain; he saw her with hands stretched towards him, pleading for pity and forgiveness; he had been silent, and she faded away into the mist.

"That is the true irony of fate—when it is busiest we are blindest," he muttered; "God knows what mad act she may have been tempted to perpetrate, thinking my heart was changed towards her."

The cold sense of undefined fear again extinguished all angry thoughts regarding her.

At the door he encountered the Laird, who had been for the last five minutes listening to Allie's description of the calamity which had befallen them.

The Laird was neat and spruce as usual, but the crows'-feet were more distinctly marked than they had been a few months ago, and any one seeing him now would have been able to make a near guess at his actual age.

"So," he said, his hands clasped behind him on the knob of his riding-whip, which he swung between his legs as he spoke, "So, the honey is all eaten, and there's only the bitter wax left in the hive. This is an admirable comment upon your grand contempt for my worldly and selfish counsels—as you called them."

"You counselled wisely, father, according to your view of things; I tried to act honestly, according to mine. I have not repented—Teenie was a good wife."

"Who the devil said she wasn't? I think she was a splendid lass, and she would have made any man's home bright and pleasant, if he only gave her a fair chance. You cannot have done that."

"I tried."

"But trying is not enough—we must do. I am vexed about this squabble; I like Teenie—why, her pretty ways almost persuaded me that it was worth while losing an old family home in order to learn what real affection was; and she showed it to me, whom she had no reason to value much. What have you been doing to drive her away?"

"I cannot tell—I do not even know how the quarrel began; but there were bitter words—the fault is mine."

The Laird looked at him curiously, and observed

the restraint he placed upon himself, and the anguish he was suffering.

Then holding out his hand—

"Wattie, my lad, you're down: I won't strike. I'm glad you are so ready to take the blame to yourself. That's right; and now we'll find the runaway, and give her a sound rating for frightening us all."

Walter grasped the offered hand warmly. The two men had never thoroughly sympathised with each other until that moment. They were drawn closer together than ever before, and they seemed to understand each other better.

The circumstances of the disappearance were explained.

"It is a puzzle to know where to look for her," said Dalmahoy, "but you take the horse, and make a circuit northward; I'll take the gig, and go southward. We are sure to find somebody on the road who has seen her. What was the colour of her cloak?"

"Dark grey."

"That's not very distinguishing. Do you know what she had on her head?"

"A Leghorn hat, I believe, with a blue ribbon."

"That's better. Now off you go—we'll soon find her. She must take the road somewhere, and there are only about a dozen roads for her to choose from. I'll get a gig at the inn, instead of going back to Dalmahoy; and, I say, you'd better tell the women-folk here to hold their tongues, for the fewer who know of this business, the more comfortable it will be for Teenie when she comes back."

Walter saw the force of that suggestion; indeed, one of the many disturbing thoughts roused by this escapade of Teenie, was that of the scandal which would spread throughout the county. "The minister's wife run awa'!—aye, sirs, but it's a queer world."

He dreaded hearing that exclamation, although at first, in his anxiety to find her, he had been disposed to brave it. But now, for her sake, he saw that it was best to keep the adventure as quiet as possible.

He arranged with Ailie to take the letter to the clergyman whose friendly help he had asked for the following day; and he left a note for Grace, in the event of her calling during his absence.

Then he set out upon his sad journey. He took the old coach-road first, and the fleet foot of the horse was very slow to his eager spirit. He reached over the neck of the animal, as if that would bring him the sooner to his object.

He drew up beside a stonebreaker, who was busy at work in a hollow by the roadside.

"Were you out early this morning, my man?"

The man dropped his long-shafted hammer, and took off his goggles to have a good look at his

questioner, whom he recognised, for it was only about ten miles from Rowanden.

"Aye, I was out at six."

"Many folk passed this way?"

"Oo, aye, plenty folk; there was Brunton's cattleman; and there was a drove o' sheep, with the shepherd and twa dogs; and now there's yoursell'."

"You did not see any—womenfolk?"

"Never a petticoat, and there's no ane like to pass without me seeing it. But there was twa strapping queans passed yesterday wi' their kists in a cart, flitting from Broomicknowe."

"Thank you."

"Oo, you're welcome."

He passed on, up to farmer Brunton's, where his inquiries met with the same result. Then he cut across country, pursued his search in a number of surrounding villages, visited strange farmhouses, and inquired at the cots of the labourers. Occasionally he found a woman at home in the cottages, who, after the first shyness and doubt as to the object of the inquirer, became loquacious enough about everything that had happened during the past fortnight—how the "clocking" hen had brought forth thirteen ducks, and was "rale proud o' the clecking;" how the sow's litter was likely to do weel; and how the cow had calved in the middle of the night, and nearly died. But generally he found in the cots only the bairns, whose parents were out at work, whilst the household was left under the charge of a chubby matron of eight or ten years.

The result was the same in every instance: he obtained not the least hint about Teenie.

The day passed into gloaming, gloaming into night, and still he was apparently as far as ever from the object of his quest.

There was a curious stillness in the atmosphere, as if portending another storm. The occasional chirp of birds, the call of a man to his horses as he led them home, or a brief snatch of a milkmaid's song, mellowed and endowed with peculiar charm by place and time, were the only sounds which broke upon the quietude of the evening. There was a melancholy feeling inspired in him by this awful stillness of nature. As the shadows darkened upon them, the mighty mountains impressed him with a sense of eerie solitude and grandeur. The white mist creeping slowly over all, enshrouding hills, trees, and houses, filled him with sad thoughts. But it was the strange stillness which affected him most; it formed such a bitter contrast to the storm raging within his breast.

He had worn out the horse, and he was obliged to turn homeward, sick at heart, fagged out, and trembling at the rapid growth of his fears for Teenie's safety.

AN OLD TALE OF TERROR.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIRST.



IN the year 1756, war broke out with France, and poor Admiral Byng, acting feebly and irresolutely against the Marquis de la Cassilanière, at Minorca, to appease the natives, and save an unsuccessful and tottering ministry, was shot the year after on his own quarter-deck. The same autumn our intrepid ally, Frederick of Prussia, seized Saxony by the throat, poured his trampling infantry into the Bohemian gorges, and pounded the Austrians and Croats soundly at Losnitz.

Brave, pig-headed Braddock's defeat the year before from the Indians at Fort du Quesne had been followed by other repulses in America. In India, too, our star seemed on the wane, in spite of Clive's genius and the recent victories in the Carnatic. Our rise in India had been the growth of the oak and the aloe, not of the gourd or of the fungus. Twenty years before the Restoration, our hardy adventurous merchants had obtained leave of the Mogul of Delhi to build an unfortified factory on the bank of the Hooghly, having before that had a settlement at Surat as early as the time of James the First. Thirty sickly soldiers were all that were allowed to fire salutes and escort the English agents to the Mogul capital. But we grew, and threw our branches, that took root like those of the spreading banyan-tree. The year William came from Holland, and brought us liberty in his ungenial Dutch way, the English settled another factory at Loota-mutty, and the great Aurungzebe granted them various well-paid for privileges. At this time the Ganges was all but abandoned by our traders, and Madras seemed now the magnet for our ships. This diversion was fortunate for us, for it gave us a fresh point of radiating growth. The Indian's weakness was our opportunity. In 1696 (towards the close of William's reign), the Nabob, beset by rebel Rajahs, permitted the foreign merchants to fortify themselves—Dutch, French, and English. In 1693 the English purchased the land of Calcutta (a mere village walled by jungle) of the native Zemindar, and the town began to grow, and the magazines to fill with sugar, opium, indigo, cotton, and silk, in spite of the Soubahdar's suspicious jealousy. In 1717 the company (chartered in 1600) obtained from the Great Mogul exemption from customs, an exemption which no other nation, and not even the native merchants, could obtain.

So we went on growing as Samson grew, unobserved, till he arose in his strength and smote the

Philistines. No matter to our thrifty traders, blue with indigo and dusty-white with cotton fluff, whether Nadir Shah and the Persians sacked Delhi, and carried off a thousand sullen camels and patient elephants, nine millions of coin, the glistening Peacock throne, and hundreds of bullock-wagons full of plate. The Bengal silks that morning were just as glossy under their nimble fingers; the red lines in their ledgers ruled with the usual accuracy. More sorrow to them if a bag of rupees had miscarried on its way from Kaneegunge, or even a wrong invoice come by the last vessel that passed Sangir Island. There must be a bound to human sympathies—the bounds to the sympathies of Clive's fellow-writers were the walls of their counting-houses. They did their duty there; let the Mogul or the Persian sit on the Peacock throne.

These details, dull as they are, are necessary as a prelude to the story of the cruelties of the Black Hole. In 1756 the Soubahdar or Satrap of Delhi, Aliverdi, who had ruled with ability over the provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, died, as even satraps do, and his grandson Souraj-ad-Dowlah reigned in his stead. The venom "sweltering got;" the poison of jealousy, fear, and hatred long concentrating against the English intruders, whose energy and honesty were a standing reproach to Eastern voluptuaries and scoundrels, and whose honest pride would brook no affront, now broke forth, cast abroad as a simoom of a tyrant's rage. This Souraj-ad-Dowlah was a true Hindoo—cowardly and passionate, mean and cruel, suspicious, ambitious, and revengeful. No longer to be bound in by petty doubts and fears, he determined to sweep these English, these Feringhees, into the Ganges. The old tree was jealous of the vigorous young sapling that was to replace it: the wolf always finds it easy to pick a quarrel with the lamb. The taking of Gheriah, near Bombay, the victory of Clive in the Carnatic, and the luxuriant growth of Calcutta were the real reasons for his rage. His diplomatic pretexts were—the abuse of the "Dastuck," or exemption of duty privilege, by smuggling Indian and other goods under English seals and brands; the refusal to deliver up a rich refugee and his treasure; and, lastly, a less unreasonable complaint against Governor Drake, who had unjustly imprisoned a wealthy Gentoo merchant named Onychund.

The English were stubborn (they sometimes are). They never think they can be beaten; worst of all, as a celebrated French general once observed, they actually don't know when they are. Our merchants

obtained their privileges from Delhi, and paid for them there. Souraj-ad-Dowlah, swift as Orientals are when they once rouse themselves from their couches, rapidly assembled an army of fifty thousand of his dusky subjects, and leaped like a hungry tiger upon Calcutta. The tyrant, in his palanquin, led on a fierce crowd of spearmen, and matchlock-men, and half-wild horsemen, whose calabash drums and clashing cymbals were heard sounding one June morning across the rice-fields and among the palm-groves of Cossipoor.

The city of palaces was but a poor place at this time—a mere cluster of brick stores, white merchants' houses, and bamboo huts; one or two pagodas where Chowringhee now is; no esplanade—no stately Government House—no cathedral. On the river, no forests of masts, but a few Arab, Bengalee, and Chittagong vessels; from the walls of the fort, a view across the plain, of nothing but rice-fields and plantations of cocoa-palms. The houses, deserted as the English soldiers fell back by various avenues through the brick bazaars and verandah shops of the Durumtollah and Cosstollah, were just such houses as are to be seen in Calcutta now—the white-washed rooms, airy and lofty, fanned by winnowing punkahs; the walls white, the floors matted, the furniture scanty; the beds veiled with mosquito-curtains; oil lamps at the sides of the rooms.

The hurry and confusion in the factory can well be imagined; the mace-bearers, and palanquin-bearers, and water-coolies, and torch-carriers one by one deserting; soldiers snatching up hasty bargains of rice and pulse from the native shops; others driving cattle into the fort; artillerymen piling shot in heaps, or dragging cannon to command the different approaches. Staid, precise men, clerks and writers of the factory, punctilious and old-fashioned as Dominic Sampson himself, have muskets forced into their hands, and are placed as sentries on the ramparts. Imagine them, in their cocked hats and square-cut coats, wishing themselves safe back in Mincing Lane, on the Broomielaw, or in the quiet Birmingham counting-house. Chests of treasure are being removed to the ships in the Hooghly—that road to England is at least still open; for the English empire in India seems now melting like snow. The soldiers (stolid men, in the cumbrous, awkward dress of the Guards whom Hogarth sketched as they marched to Finchley—rough fellows, with conical brass-plated hats and enormous splatterdashes) began to lose heart when they saw that the governor first wavered and then despaired. Mr. Holwell, as every one knew, was the only hope left. He was grave, firm, and stable as ever, and the mere look of him was more comfort to the men than two Fort Williams.

The bulk of the men were losing heart, and

a vague fear was making them ready for a mad, selfish, cruel stampede in any direction, so it were away from the enemy.

Meanwhile the ravening Souraj had pushed on with such speed, that many of his men had fallen dead from heat and fatigue; and now his swordsmen shook their banners and clashed their shields within the city, and closed in upon the fort, where all the English had now taken refuge. The governor had no heart to brave fifty thousand matchlocks with three or four hundred bayonets and half a dozen cannon. The spirit of Leonidas was not in him, and he kept his timid eye fixed on the river and the English ships. He did not pretend to be a hero, and Souraj-ad-Dowlah had been heard to threaten to draw his sabre across his throat when the fort gates once gave way. Those are just the sort of promises tyrants generally do keep.

At two in the morning Governor Drake called a hurried council of war, to which all the private soldiers and Sepoys were admitted. There was much confused discussion as to whether they should retreat that night to the ships in the river, or should struggle on for another day. No determination was come to, and the more resolute considered the retreat as deferred till after another day's fighting. There would be still a few more shots plunged among the turbans, and that consoled the stauncher men who wanted to have a blow for it yet.

Fresh fury in the enemy's fire, more barbaric clamour below the walls, indicated an approaching storm. But the bulk of the company's servants and the many members of the council had no thought but of flight before it was too late. They preferred fighting another day—a day of their own choosing. By twos and threes the men stole away to the ships. It was suddenly remembered with alarm that a company of militia sent to guard the women to the ships had never returned. The fact seemed to realise the danger as seen from the outside. The governor slunk away without a word to a boat that lay at the wharf. It was an example that it was a duty to follow. The military commandant and his friends joined him at the river's side.

The garrison was enraged at this cowardly desertion. All was clamour and tumult, till at last Mr. Pearkes, the oldest member of the council in the fort, resigned his right of seniority to Mr. Holwell, and that grave, steadfast man now took the chief command. His force consisted of about two hundred militia-men and soldiers. There was no room for more desertion, so Holwell instantly ordered the gate leading to the river to be locked, to prevent more men creeping away to the boats, which were returning one by one to the wharf.

A retreat was, after all, the course that should

have been pursued, but it should have been a brave, orderly, systematic retreat, with covering parties, order, precision, and proper leaders. 'Souraj-ad-Dowlah, hearing of Mr. Holwell's determination to resist, made sure that the desire to preserve some vast hidden treasure had led him to this desperate resolution.

The Eastern tyrant little knew how strong is an Englishman's sense of duty.

The turbaned men pressed wall and bastion with untiring ferocity. The hopeless garrison now signalled to the boats. One vessel, however, having struck on a sand-bank, no other ships again ventured near the wharf. As a last resource, on June the 20th, Mr. Holwell, still firm and calm, threw a letter from the ramparts, offering to capitulate; many men having been killed by the balls of the Indian matchlocks, and the residue having lost all heart when their companions deserted them. Encouraged by this sign of a weak defence, the Sourajah's men made a fierce but ineffectual attack with all their force, and then hoisted a flag of truce.

This was answered readily from the fort. A parley ensued, but before the terms of surrender could be agreed upon, the enemy treacherously forced open a gate, and took possession of the place a little before six o'clock in the evening.

Leech, the smith and parish clerk of the company, fled as the enemy entered. The one hundred and forty-four men remaining were taken prisoners. The Sourajah and his chief officers entered the fort in triumph, and seated themselves in contemptuous state in the principal apartment of the factory, having first given orders to search for the supposed treasure. Before seven o'clock, Mr. Holwell was thrice sent for and examined by the Viceroy.

The tyrant expressed violent resentment at the great presumption of the English in resisting him, and evidenced chagrin at the emptiness of the treasury; and, somewhat softened at the third conference, the conqueror dismissed the English chief (as he called him), assuring him on the word of a soldier that he should suffer no harm, neither he nor his people. Mr. Holwell, on his return to his terrified companions, found them in custody of a strong guard of Moorish and Hindoo soldiers, under command of jemetdars (or sergeants).

They were thrust into the Black Hole, or common dungeon of the fort—a detached building at the southernmost end of the barrack. It was a dark room, about eighteen feet square, closely hemmed in by high buildings on the north, east, and south sides, and opening only on the west, and there on to a passage into which its two strongly-barred windows looked. The prisoners were at first ordered under the Piazza, and here Mr. Holwell, overwhelmed with heat, took off his coat and waist-

coat, the latter of which was instantly stolen by one of the Moorish guard. Flames now broke out in the factory on both sides of them, and the frightened men, beginning to augur evil, concluded they were placed there purposely to be suffocated; but Mr. Holwell, going to the guard, discovered they were searching for a safe prison in which the accursed infidels could be shut for the night. At this crisis, Leech, the clerk, returned, and offered to help Holwell, who had done him service, to escape by away he had discovered. Mr. Holwell, a true man, urged Leech to fly, and refused to desert his friends.

Leech then sat down with them, and said that he should live and die with Mr. Holwell. Soon after this heroic resolution, the guard appeared with torches, and ordered the prisoners into the barracks, into which they went cheerfully, hoping for a quiet sleep. But once within, the Moors presented their guns, and forced them into the Black Hole. Only the soldiers knew the nature of the place, or they would at once have gone frantic with despair, and, rushing on the guards, have been cut to death by their scimitars. The hundred and forty-six men entered this abode of death, and with them one unhappy woman, the wife of a naval officer named Carey, who had refused to leave her husband and fly to the boats. In this herd of prisoners, driven forward by clubs and swords, there were English, Dutch, Moors, and Portuguese, all worn out by watching and fighting, and some mortally wounded. Mr. Holwell, one of the first to enter, thoughtful as usual, took possession of the window nearest the door, and placed beside him Mr. Coles and Mr. Scott, two wounded ensigns. Mr. Baillie, of the council, and several gentlemen of the factory, were behind him, eager for air. The rest rushed wildly into the further part of the room.

It was now about eight o'clock, and the evening unusually close and sultry. No breeze came through the windows, and the air within neither circulated nor was changed. As soon as the door was barred, the horror began. Death was moving among them, and Thurst his executioner. The weaker in mind and body and the wounded gave way to paroxysms of despair, rage, and terror.

They rushed at the door like madmen, and tried to tear it down; but it opened inwards, and after working till their hands bled, they lost all hope of loosening its hold. Mr. Holwell at the window, suffering less than the others, and upheld by a sense of duty, exhorted his fellow-sufferers to greater fortitude and composure, and to keep their minds and bodies as quiet as possible, if they hoped to survive till the morning, when they would be certainly released.

MIZPAH.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIRST.



"A BASKET OF FERNS ON HER KNEE."

EVENING in the island of Jersey, and the sun already set. A wash of pure carmine in the western sky; a film of whitish haze in the grassy bottom of a long valley scooped out between steep wooded hills. Rising out of the haze, a sort of natural embankment like a bridge, dividing the valley in two, and separating Maître le Gaye's half from Maître somebody else's. Barely indicated in

sepian shadows, a rough, strong path, dug out of the hills, bowered in trees, and leading down to the embankment. This embankment in shadow too, beneath the fringe on either side of lofty elms, green, leafy, beautiful in summer glory, and tipped with cadmium gold on every topmost twig. Hanging somewhat perilously over one edge of the bank, a fallen trunk; and resting upon it, a woman, young, beamed-eyed and beautiful; her feet buried in a tuft of Guernsey daisies, gleaming like white stars in the foreground; the tall stem of a fox-glove, heavy with pendant bells of dusky shaded pink, pricking in her loose waving hair; a basket of ferns on her knee; her white, round hands clasped over the fragrant burden, and partly hidden in dainty emerald fronds; her eyes half hidden too beneath the cream-white lids, and long curved lashes, which rest on a cheek as rosy and purely soft as an infant's. In the background, a string of mild-eyed cows, patched with brown and white, and driven by a girl in white Brittany cap and short skirt, down among the ferns and blackberry-bushes of the hill-side path. A bird chirruping in the elm-tree. Now and then the bark of a dog from some distant farm. Over both, the voice of the cattle-girl singing in the summer twilight—

“*Que veut dire cet amour?*
Dit Jeanot à Jeanneton.”

So scraps of the refrain float up on the soft summer air, while Mizpah le Feuille sits waiting on the old tree-trunk. Below, the brook babbles over the stones, and frogs gurgle among the long grass and water-lilies. A grey wood-beetle comes out on the log, and trots leisurely along, making a great piece of work over every little hillock of crusty yellow lichen, or red-tipped moss. Two dissipated linnets flutter twittering among the branches overhead, instead of going home to roost. Then a small brown lizard puts out his head from a hole in the bank, and begins to leisurely ascend the log. It has a slow, sanctified air, this lizard, as if it were thinking of nothing more sublunary than a prayer meeting; but happening to meet the gadding wood-beetle, it stops short, and devoutly him in a solemn self-abnegatory way, much like some human Pharisee.

Mizpah sits still and waits.

By-and-by there is a sound of footsteps tramping over the stones down the hill-path. Out of the shadows comes the figure of a man: a man before whom Mizpah rises, letting basket and ferns fall unheeded to her feet: a man who catches her hands in his, and holds her with a passionate force—a smothered, quivering cry, as of one who has waited long for this meeting, and hungered for it mightily.

It is some seconds before he hears what Mizpah is saying, some seconds before any words are intelligible between the girl's heavy, panting breathing, that sounds like sobs.

“Let me go, let me go,” she says twice; and at last he understands, though more from the hands striving almost desperately to free herself than from the parted, “perfect lips,” from which all colour has fled. Loosing her a little, he puts one hand under the little chin, turning it towards him, and says half-reproachfully—a very loving reproach—

“Let you go! Why, my darling, I have only just got you! Is that your greeting, Mizpah, after three years' waiting for this one moment?” He is going to kiss her as he speaks. His brave blue eyes, and handsome face, bearded and browned under suns more burning than these, are very near her own; and she is only as a little bird in his hold. In the desperation of the moment she thrusts his hand away with all the strength of both hers, and gasps out—

“Gerald! don't—for Heaven's sake don't!—I am married.”

Then he lets her go—drops her as though shot to the heart by some unseen bullet; and all the glad blood dies out of his face, leaving it ghastly in the twilight— even more ghastly than that white daisy face which a moment before was hidden against his heart.

There is no word spoken for a moment. Only the brook babbles among the rushes, and far away the cattle-girl's song rings above the shadows—

“*Foi, mi mie, c'est toi que j'aime,*
Dit Jeanot à Jeanneton.”

With a sound like a long gasping sob, with the voice hollow and broken of a dying man, he asks at last—

“Mizpah, what are you saying?”

“The truth,” she answers, forcing her voice to steadiness, forcing back the tears burning in her eyes, the agony striving for utterance in her heart. “I am married—*married*—do you hear, Gerald?—six months ago. I dared not write it to you; but it is true.”

Her voice sounds harsh, almost cruel. Looking at her, the pain brings a tinge of dull red to his face.

“*Married!*” he says slowly. “It—it cannot be true. And your promise to me?”

“Broken,” she answers almost fiercely, but her limbs are shaking like an aspen-leaf. “Gerald, I have told you. For Heaven's sake, go away now and forget me. I am not worth remembering—not worth grieving for, or sighing over.”

He does not believe it. Looking into that fair young face, and blue innocent eyes, it would be difficult. Almost piteously he tells her so, begging some excuse, some explanation. She has never bid him meet her here to tell him, after three years' waiting, that she is utterly false and worthless—nothing more!

“What is the good of more?” she asks, her voice dead now with a sort of weary despair. “To

have been false is enough. Would excuses make it better? I would not have met you at all if I had been braver—more unselfish. I ought to have written; and I tried, but—I could not.”

“I do not wonder at it,” he breaks in harshly. “You were not cold-blooded enough for that, it seems.”

“It would have been better,” she answers, flinching under his tone; “it would have spared you pain; and since I could not receive you in my husband’s house, I doubt if I should have met you here.”

“And why?”

“He might be angry.”

“Angry! Who has the better right to be angry, he or I? Mizpah, do you love this man, or are you afraid of him? By Heaven I believe you are, and that you were forced into this treachery!”

He would have caught her hands, but she draws back, whiter than ever.

“No one forced me, and I am not afraid of him. He is most kind and loveable—Oh, Gerald!” (as he interrupts by an oath wrung from him in sheer desperation) “for Heaven’s sake—for pity’s sake go! What talking can undo the wrong that has been done you? I only ask you to forget me,

nothing more; not even forgiveness unless—unless, when you are happy with some one more worthy of you, you may care—”

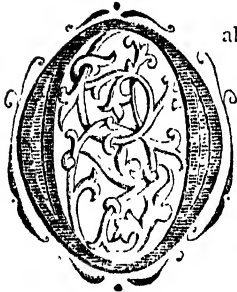
“*Never!*” he breaks in, crushing her faltering voice with the blaze of scorn in his honest eyes, “not if I were dying would I forgive you: you who have deceived me for so long, and brought me back across the wide Atlantic to find you married to another—false to me. Forgive *you!* No, but I forgive your husband.”

The crimson has faded out of the sky. The gold is dead upon the tree-tops. Long grey shadow float up from the valley. A faint, whitish mist is building an impalpable wall between those two, once so near, now so wide apart. Even the birds are gone to roost, and the gay refrain of “Jeanot and Jeanneton” has ceased to echo among the hills.

Then Gerald Dacres goes too. Without another word, without a last glance at the girl who has wronged him, he turns from her, and strides away among the trees. Only one little star peeping through the dusky blue above sees Mizpah’s agony of weeping as, with face hidden in her hands she returns to her husband’s house—alone.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIRST.

A CURIOUS COFFEE-HOUSE.



all the queer ways by which men have immortalised their names, there are not many queerer than that by which a certain Mr. Lloyd appears to have done it, and to have done it most effectually.

Little or nothing is known of this worthy, except that some time during the last century he kept a coffee-

house in or near Abchurch Lane; and as he had the good fortune to be largely patronised by ship-owners and captains, “Lloyd’s Coffee-house,” or the abbreviated “Lloyd’s,” came in course of time to be the recognised rendezvous for all who were in any way interested in shipping matters. Mr. Lloyd died nobody knows exactly when, and his coffee-house has long since disappeared; but his name still shines out in letters of brass at the eastern end of the Royal Exchange, and is familiarly known in the uttermost ends of the earth. The association which originated beneath his roof has developed into an organisation having its agents and representatives in every seaport of any pretensions throughout the world, and has acquired such importance that the advantages to be derived from an official connection with it are found to be

a sufficient inducement to undertake its agency, without any other remuneration whatever. So curiously has the name of the lucky coffee-house keeper come to be identified with shipping interests, that it has in many instances been adopted by various Continental associations; while it is said that there are still people who believe that he is the great potentate in shipping matters, and who occasionally write to “M. Lloyd, Londres.”

There are at the present time two distinct associations known as Lloyd’s, both of them having their head-quarters in London, and within a few yards of each other.

The one with which the general public are, perhaps, most familiar, is that to which reference is made when a vessel is said to be *At Lloyd’s*. This association, named Lloyd’s Register of Shipping, and the offices of which are in White Lion Court, Cornhill, was founded in 1834, simply and solely “for the purpose of obtaining a faithful and accurate classification of the mercantile shipping of the United Kingdom, and of the foreign vessels trading thereto.” The original constitution of it has remained without material alteration till the present time. There is a committee for the general management of affairs; there is a sub-committee, appointed by them, for the actual work of classifying ships; and there is a large staff of

surveyors, whose duty it is to inspect vessels, and to furnish the committee with such reports as will enable them to assign each a character.

The details of this classification would probably have but little interest for the general reader. It will be sufficient to state that the letters A, Æ, E, etc., which are appended to the names of ships, indicate the soundness and seaworthiness of the ships themselves, while the figures which follow the letters indicate the completeness and sufficiency of their equipment—their rigging, boats, anchors, etc. Thus a vessel which is classed A 1 on Lloyd's Register is not only a good sound craft, but is thoroughly well equipped. She stands in this class for a term of years depending on the materials of which she is built, and the quality of the workmanship bestowed on her; and from it she falls, in the usual course of things, into class "A red," for a period of half or two-thirds of the time she stood in the highest rank. From this she goes into Æ; thence into E, and finally into Class I. When she is too old and cranky to be retained in this grade, Lloyd's will have nothing further to do with her; she is an "unclassified" ship, and good for nothing but to be broken up. These registers are printed annually, and a copy sent to every person who shall have become a member of the society by paying in an annual subscription of three guineas.

The original idea, in the institution of this system of classification, was to supply those who insured vessels with reliable information respecting their seaworthiness. It soon appeared, however, that to be classed high at Lloyd's added materially to the value of a ship; and not only were owners found glad to avail themselves of these testimonials to character for vessels already built, but they soon began to seek the supervision of their surveyors during the progress of building. A ship whose soundness has been thus guaranteed has a cross attached to its name on the register, and will fetch more money, and can likewise be insured at a lower rate, than a similar vessel without this distinction.

The society was set on foot not with the view of making profit; indeed, there is no proprietary body to appropriate it. But it was established merely for the sake of the information which it would be the means of affording; and fees for surveying, and members' subscriptions, were fixed at rates which it was expected would but safely cover all expenses.

The importance of the work undertaken, however, proved to be far greater than had been anticipated. Some idea of the magnitude of the business accomplished by the association may be gained from the fact that in 1872 they had upon the books upwards of ten thousand vessels. The fee for a survey originally was ten guineas, but this was

found to be far higher than necessary, and after a liberal increase in the salaries of their officers, this charge was reduced to five guineas. Subsequently, rates were still further modified.

The other "Lloyd's" may be found on the first floor of the Royal Exchange. Going in by the eastern entrance of this building, the visitor will at once see the illustrious name shining down upon him over a doorway on the right. All day long busy throngs are hurrying in and out; and a stranger is quite at liberty to pass in with the multitude, and mount the broad stone staircase that leads up into the central hall of the institution, which is shut in from the outer world only by a low wooden barrier with swinging doors.

Near the head of the stairs are a couple of fine statues; and a tablet in the wall records the bold and disinterested action of the *Times* newspaper in exposing a gigantic conspiracy of rogues in the year 1841. The most conspicuous object, however, is a very imposing-looking individual in a gorgeous scarlet robe, who guards the entrance, and with the lungs of a Stentor shouts out, above the din and confusion within, the name of any one of the throng who may happen to be wanted.

Only the initiated may pass this barrier; but one may stand without, and see pretty nearly all that is to be seen of this, the oldest of the two institutions known the wide world over as "Lloyd's"—an institution which has been described as "a spider stationed in the middle of a web covering the seas, and of which the shipwrecked vessels are the dead flies."

Standing without the barrier, one may see into a handsome saloon, with a richly decorated ceiling, supported on a double row of pillars, and with walls adorned by the arms of the association—a golden anchor on a blue ground. The room contains two enormous ledgers, a self-registering barometer, and an anemometer, which marks with a pencil, upon a sheet of paper, the force and direction of the wind at all hours of the day and night. There are still unmistakeable traces of the coffee-house period in the history of this institution. The floor, for instance, is occupied by four rows of tables, shut in from each other by little mahogany partitions, in the usual coffee-house fashion; while, until a few years ago, the attendants in the room still answered to the name of "waiter."

It is a scene of great bustle and confusion, the room being usually filled with a throng of people who buzz about apparently with the smallest possible reference to anything like business. It has been said, indeed, that those who come here appear to catch something of the turmoil and restlessness of the element with which their speculations have to do. Whatever this fancy may be worth, it certainly is not the place in which one might expect to find men engaged in transactions that more

than almost any others would seem to demand careful and deliberate consideration. Yet it is in this room that by far the greater part of British shipping insurances are effected, and the men sitting at these little enclosed tables are amongst the comparatively small number of those who, so far as property is concerned, have any reason to lie awake at nights and quake when winds are rough and seas stormy. On the whole, however, they do not look like men much given to quaking, and although many of them are individually responsible for valuables at sea which, in amount, would probably far eclipse the treasures, the loss of which placed Antonio at the mercy of Shylock, the roughest of equinoctial gales does not seriously disturb the outward composure of the hard-headed "under-writers" of Lloyd's.

The insurance of a ship, unlike that of a house or a life, is usually undertaken by a considerable number of men or firms individually. There are companies engaged in this line of business, but by far the greater part of it is effected with individual assurers or "under-writers," as they are termed. There appears to be no reason for this beyond the force of custom, which originated at a time when companies for this purpose were by law limited to two, the Royal Assurance and the London Assurance. The monopoly was abolished in 1824, but the practice which had sprung up in consequence of it survived; and at the present time, the greater part of marine insurances in London are effected with the men who are to be found seated at the tables in this large room at Lloyd's.

A transaction in shipping assurance is usually carried on through a broker, by whom the premium to be offered is arranged with the owner or freighter of the vessel. This being determined on, he sets forth on a slip of paper the particulars of the risk—the name, class, and tonnage of the ship; the port she sails from, and that to which she is going; the probable length of the voyage, the sum to be assured, the premium offered, etc. The slip is then sent into this large room at Lloyd's, and submitted to various "under-writers." Probably no one of them will assume the whole risk. To do so with any approach to safety, it would be necessary to engage in business on a most gigantic scale. It is sometimes done. The late Richard Thornton, it is said, would often have large numbers of vessels at sea at his sole risk; but then he was not only a very wealthy man, but a notoriously daring speculator. It is said he has been known by a single scrawl of his name to insure a vessel for two hundred thousand pounds. That, however, was a venture which very few men would care to make, even if they had his wealth. Usually the responsibility of every ship insured is divided among a considerable number of men. If the premium the broker offers is considered sufficient, one will append

his initials to the sum of one hundred pounds on his slip of paper, another fifty pounds, and another perhaps five hundred pounds, and so on, until the sum required is made up. The broker now draws up a formal policy of insurance, under which those who have engaged to do so write their names. Hence the assurers are called "under-writers."

Thus, although, as a single day's business, these rather stolid-looking Britons will often take upon their broad shoulders the responsibility for many thousand pounds' worth of property tossing about on the sea in all parts of the world, the risks they incur are spread over so large a number of ships, that even after the stormiest of weather they are able to go and turn over the leaves of the great ledger in which casualties are recorded, at least with outward composure, whatever shocks the bald abrupt announcements of the fatal book may secretly afford.

The second great ledger in the room records the safe arrival of ships; and the contents of the two, together with all other intelligence respecting shipping matters, are published daily in a little sheet entitled Lloyd's List.

Under-writing, and the collection and dissemination of shipping news, may be considered to constitute the whole business of the establishment, though there are subsidiary matters to which the managing committee devote some attention. Under certain circumstances, for instance, they afford charitable relief to those whom disasters at sea have placed in need of it.

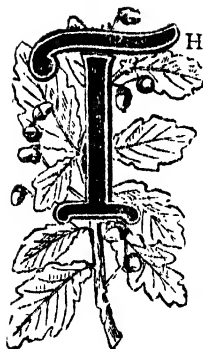
In rooms attached to the large saloon are maps and charts, and publications of every kind containing anything of interest to the members of the society; and there is also a large reading-room devoted to the use of captains and merchants, in which engagements are usually entered into, and ships sold by auction.

Taking the two societies, "Lloyd's" and "Lloyd's Register," as they are popularly supposed to be, as one great concern interested in all that pertains to maritime affairs, they constitute an agency such as the world has never before seen, and without which British commerce never could have attained its present proportions. At home there is no vessel of importance that escapes their vigilance, and abroad there is no spot to which the telegraph extends with which they are not in frequent communication. There is no port which ships are accustomed to visit where they have not a pair of experienced eyes on the watch, and a representative ready to transmit intelligence, and to act on their instructions; and there are comparatively few British ships wrecked in any part of the world, where the members of this association do not step in between the owners and ruinous loss.

GEORGE F. MILLIN.

AN OLD TALE OF TERROR.

IN TWO CHAPTERS—CHAPTER THE SECOND.



THE last words produced a short silence broken only by the groans of the dying. In the meantime, Mr. Holwell seeing an old jemetdar outside, who seemed to pity them, he called and offered him a thousand rupees (two hundred and fifty pounds) if he would get the prisoners divided and put into separate rooms. The man went and tried to procure an order, but returned with a sorrowful face, and said it was impossible. Mr.

Holwell, thinking he wanted a higher bribe, offered him a larger sum. He returned again sadder than before. "There's a soul of goodness in things evil," he said, like a true slave and fatalist, as he saw the people at the window screaming for water. "Unhappy, people! Submit to necessity. The Soubahdar is asleep, and what slave of us dare disturb his repose?"

What a terrible picture of despotism, and the wickedness and folly of yielding to the rule of one man!

At the end of ten minutes, all the one hundred and forty-six men had broken out into the most copious perspiration, and this perspiration was followed by an intolerable and maddening thirst, so extreme, that the man next Mr. Holwell was supporting life by squeezing out and drinking the moisture from his coat-sleeves.

The floor of the place in which they were confined, being eighteen feet by eighteen, contained three hundred and twenty-four square feet, and this, divided by one hundred and forty-six, the number of persons, gives a little more than a space of twenty-six inches and a half by twelve for each person, which, reduced to a square, will be about eighteen inches by eighteen. This space, though just sufficient to prevent them from pressing on each other, yet obliged them to stand so closely together as greatly to increase their heat. To give them more room, some one proposed that they should all take off their clothes. This was directly done by them all, except Mr. Holwell, and three others who were with him at the window. This gave them temporary relief, and, in hopes of circulating the air, and introducing fresh air from without, every one commenced to fan with his hat. This soon tired them, and their uneasiness increasing, Mr. Baillie proposed that every man should sit down on the floor; and to prevent confusion, they were to seat themselves and rise again at a given signal. After they had sat till they could no longer do so, the word was given to rise.

But from the manner in which they were wedged together, they could not without great efforts rise to their feet; and as they could not all do so at the same moment, the strong rose first, and the weak, from the great pressure, were now unable to rise at all, and were unavoidably crushed to death. This expedient was tried several times, and each time their number was diminished by those who were trampled to death. This was the state of affairs before they had been confined an hour. By nine o'clock their thirst had become intense. Many of them in the back part of the room suffered agonies from the difficulty of respiration; and numbers, becoming delirious, raved and groaned, and the place was filled with incoherent ravings, and cries for "Water! water!" The jemetdar who has previously been mentioned, pitying them, immediately ordered skins of water to be brought. Mr. Holwell tried in vain to prevent this, foreseeing the dreadful scene that would ensue, and fearing also that from his position in the window he himself and those with him would be crushed to death. The water came, and the sight of it made their thirst ten times worse and their ravings more violent than before. Mr. Holwell, who until then had not suffered much from thirst, now felt it excessively. The only way of getting the water was in their hats, which Mr. Holwell and his two companions, Scott and Coles, continually passed and repassed between the bars of the window; but the struggling was so violent, that before the hat touched the lips of any one, there would scarcely be a small tea-cupful left. The little water those near the window could get only increased their sufferings, and those at the back who could get none became furious, pressing upon the window, so that many were crushed to death. The two wounded gentlemen, Scott and Coles, who, notwithstanding their condition, had worked so hard in passing the water, were pressed to death; and Mr. Holwell's friends—Messrs. Baillie, Jenks, Reveley, Law, Buchanan, Simson, etc.—lay dead at his feet.

The dreadful sufferings and insane efforts of the poor prisoners served only to amuse the inhuman guards, who kept them supplied from time to time with water, that they might see the sufferings the sight of it caused the prisoners. They had for a long time preserved their respect and regard for Mr. Holwell, as their chief and friend; but now they pressed on him so as to nearly kill him, and some even climbed upon him to seize the bars of the window. As the last sign of their regard, he therefore entreated them to remove the pressure, that he might retire out of the window into the room, and die in quiet. He and another and stronger

man were able with difficulty to force their way into the back part of the room, now comparatively empty from the people crushing to the window, and the many dead ; but the air was so putrid, and the volatile effluvia so great, that his respiration became immediately difficult and painful. Under the east wall, opposite the windows, there was a platform, a continuation of that in the barracks, from which it was divided by the north wall of the dungeon. It extended the whole length of the east side, was raised three feet and a half from the ground, and was three feet wide. To this platform, over the dead with which the floor was now nearly covered, Mr. Holwell walked, and resolving to give up all efforts and die, he laid himself down against the dead bodies. But in about ten minutes extreme palpitation urged him again, by superhuman efforts, to force his way to the third rank from the window for air, when he cried, "Water, for God's sake!" Some, who had thought him dead, cried out, "Give him water! give him water!" and they heroically would not touch any themselves till he had drunk. Finding water only increase his thirst, Holwell refused any more, and in preference sucked the perspiration from his sleeves. He shared this means of support reluctantly with a young man named Lushington, whose life it saved.

Before twelve o'clock the survivors were delirious. They refused water, but screamed incessantly for "Air! air!" They tried by insults and mockery to induce the Hindoo and Moorish guard to fire in upon them, or to open the door and chop them to pieces. Many, now utterly exhausted, lay down and expired quietly on the dead; but some who were strongest tried to supplant Mr. Holwell and others at the window. One man, a Dutch sergeant, having hold of a bar, supported himself almost entirely on Mr. Holwell's head, who also had a man on each shoulder. Of course he made many efforts to dislodge them, and sometimes succeeded. Having borne this till two in the morning, his spirits gave way, and he took a clasp-knife from his pocket, intending to open his arteries and end life. But reason gained the mastery, and he gave up this intention. He and Carey made their way to the back, and lay down together to die, which Carey did in a few minutes; but Mr. Holwell, thinking that if he died there he would be trampled on, as he had trampled on others,

managed to reach the platform, and after unfastening a sash which he fancied caused a pain about the waist, he became immediately insensible.

As day began to dawn, the twenty-three survivors wanting Holwell to intercede with the guard, they found him under a heap of dead bodies, and brought him to the window, for the smell of the dead was so intolerable that no one at first would surrender a place near the grating. A brave man was found, however, at last, a Mr. Mills, afterwards captain of the company's yacht, who surrendered his place at the risk of his own life.

At this time, about six, the Viceroy sent to release Mr. Holwell and the rest. It was twenty minutes before the survivors could muster strength to remove the dead bodies and draw open the door. Mrs. Carey was still alive, but that generous man Leech was dead. The soldiers, dragging out the dead bodies, threw them into the ditch of an unfinished ravelin. Mrs. Carey, being young and beautiful, was made a slave. All the rest were set free; but the brave Holwell and three others, though suffering from putrid fever, were sent to Macadarad, where the Viceroy's grandmother begged for their release. Some of the courtiers urged that Holwell could still afford to pay a ransom; but the Viceroy, with at least some little of the leonine nature, replied generously—

"It may be so: if he has anything left, let him keep it. His sufferings have been great; he shall have his liberty."

They were then released, and at the Dutch settlement of Corcomabad took ship for England.

*The next year (1757) the retribution for these cruelties fell on the Sourajah. That great military genius, Clive, with only three thousand men (two thousand of them Sepoys), smote the tyrant at Plassy, where the Sourajah's sixty-eight thousand men fled like sheep before our avenging bayonets.

In an old paper of August, 1817, we found the other day the following interesting obituary:—

"At Camden Town, aged thirty-eight, John Mills, Esquire, who is said to have been the only survivor of the persons who were immured in the Black Hole at Calcutta, and who humbly relinquished his station next the window, in that fatal dungeon, to Mr. Holwell, though with the probable danger of a premature death."

Brave man! his memory shall never perish. The monumentum *vero* *perennius* is his, and shall be his for ever.

A LEAF FROM A LIFE.

I AM growing old—age has crept on so rapidly during the last few years—and I am poor, miserably poor. I am cold and hungry. Yet people say there is plenty for every one in this great city. True, there is, and the English, more than any nation, are a charitable people—charity in some

form meets you at every turn in this great hive—but there seems to be no charity for the poor, worn-out, penniless governess. Fine I have gone without for days, and now I am trying to see how long this tired body can endure without food. Strange that during the last few days I have lived over again

my girlhood's life ! I am again in the old Somerset rectory, once more I hear through the open church windows the flow of the Avon, I hear the hum of the bee, and smell the sweet-scented hay ; and amidst all this dreamy delicious Sabbath silence, my father's voice is preaching the law of charity to his simple listeners. " Faith, hope, and charity ; but the greatest of all these is charity ; " so far I have listened, and I am off again, eyes and thoughts following the gaily-winged butterfly which has just come in at the open window—it is an emperor butterfly ; it flutters about a short time, and I lose sight of it ; and then comes the gentle plashing of water ; I know that a boat is going down the stream by the soft dripping of the oars. " And now to God the Father," wakes me up from the dreamy following of the light bark.

It is Sunday no longer, but an autumn day—an autumn day in the midst of the Indian summer—a day steeped in the golden glory of a ripening year—a day apparelled in Nature's richest clothing. We are slowly dropping down the stream, where the gold and brown of the leaves mirror themselves in the clear water. From amidst the tall reeds we startle the moor-hen, and the water-rat's bead-eyes peer at us from his hole in the bank. A kingfisher flashes his lovely plumage for a moment before our eyes. I dip my hand in the silvery Avon and sprinkle a few drops into my brother's face. My father enjoys our childish glee, and my brother's merry laugh wakes the echo in the bend by the copse where we land.

Alas ! where are they ? The slanting rays of the evening sun shine on the chancel wall, where a few words record the " old rector's " birth and death ; and the Black Sea rolls its billows above my brother's sunny curls, where he lies with hundreds of England's dead who, full of hope and life, buckled on their swords when the Scandinavian war-cry rang through Western Europe.

We penetrate into the very heart of the dense copse, and somehow or other silence keeps our tongues. The ripened nuts fall softly upon the dried leaves, and the nimble little squirrel overhead is eyeing us askance. Suddenly my brother leaps to his feet to gather some flowers growing near. I am by his side ; he has extended his hand, but it is rapidly withdrawn—a viper's head had darted up from among the moss.

We pause, and then the momentary fear is gone, and we laugh and fill our bags with the nuts until the shadows deepen, and we go once more home—home from one of life's little, yet one of its sweetest pleasures. Oh, they are the sweetest memories we cherish—the memories of little things that have come across our pathway, and brought with them a fadeless pleasure ; in the heat and burden of the day, in the dull routine of duties hard to perform, and often unappreciated, they live.

The remembrance of the days when we lingered by the river's brink, or filled our hands with Nature's gifts fresh gathered from the copse that threw its carpet of primroses to the water's edge, is a picture, and a pleasure—the picture never grows dim, the pleasure never cloys.

Hunger tortures me, and the water I drink is icy cold ; but I am in sunny France—sunny Southern France, and our convent grounds slope to the swift Rhone. We, a knot of happy girls, are talking of our future. I do not look so far as they ; my eye is following the laden grape-carts as they wind slowly down the opposite hill, and some grape-gatherers are singing in their soft patois, so musical and sweet when draped in poetry. I hum to myself Lamartine's " L'Automne "—

" Salut, bois couronnés d'un reste de verdure !
Feuillages jaunissants sur les gazons épars ;
Salut, derniers beaux jours ! le deuil de la nature
Convient à la douleur et plaît à mes regards."

" Aufstehen würde Englands ganze Jugend
Sahe der Bitte seine Königin."

Schiller's " Maria Stuart " rings in my ears, mixed with the murmur of the Rhine, and I stay my pen to listen to its waters as they leap over Schaffhausen's Falls ; the murmur grows louder, the waters are dashing along like a mighty flood ; they deafen me—they are coming nearer and nearer !—But " Wie die Arbeit, so der Lohn " repeats itself again and again : " As the labour, so the reward." I have laboured, and my reward is hunger, cold, a pauper's grave. I will try a little longer. " Appeal to your relatives," I am told each time I ask for help. I did appeal. One sent me five shillings, another sent me two, and told me to make use of my education—that would find me bread. I dropped the seven shillings into the poor-box last Sunday when I dragged myself to church. I could not buy bread with anything so grudgingly given.

The four walls of my desolate room close around me, the roar of the cataract of the Rhine comes nearer, but a voice from its din of waters says, " The greatest of these is charity." Have I lived in vain ? Shall I die in vain ?

Do not laugh again, my brother. Listen, listen, just a moment ; can you not hear the nuts dropping ? Is not that the rustling of leaves where a rabbit has trodden ? That is the Avon's ripple, and the plash of oars."

* * * * *

On Thursday her landlord opened the bare room, whence all the furniture had been taken bit by bit for food. There was no fuel, no food in the room ; only a skeleton that a few days before had laid down her pen, nevermore to take it up again—laid it down in that moment when her childhood's home had risen before her, just as the waters of Life rolled into Eternity's deep sea !

IN HONOUR BOUND.

BY CHARLES GIBBON,

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-THIRD.

SEEKING.

It was midnight when he reached Drumliemount. The Laird was waiting for him. Each read in the

hiding in some cottage in the neighbourhood, and laughing at us all this time" (the Laird did not believe that—he, too, began to have fears—but he thought there was no harm in saying it).



"HE BEGAN IN A TREMBLING VOICE."

other's face the answer to the question which remained unspoken on their lips—no success.

"I doubt we'll have to let it be known," said the Laird, with some irritation, in spite of his habitually philosophic (or selfish?) temperament; it was hard just at that moment to have an addition to the family troubles; and he could have delivered an excellent oration just then upon the value of submission to the experience of parents, but he refrained. "One advantage of making it known is that we shall be able to get information from all quarters, and also to make a thorough search of the district."

"It does not matter now who knows it."

"From what Ailie says, it is possible that she is

"Or she may be drowned," added Walter, in a low dreamy voice.

"Hoot toot! no fear of that; we'll find her in the morning. You are tired; take a rest, and you will have more spirit for the work. By the way, have you arranged about the church to-morrow?"

Walter took up a letter which was on the table. After reading it—

"No; Hutcheson cannot come until the afternoon, and there is no time to seek any one else. I must officiate myself."

"That's awkward; but the more need for you to rest. Come, Wattie" (pressing his arm with a half-shy tenderness), "let me guide you in this

Take your rest, and whilst you are doing work to-morrow, I shall be busy looking for her."

"You are very kind, father, and you punish me most in that way for the vexations I have caused you."

"Good night," said the Laird hastily; "do as I have advised you."

He went away, feeling anxious to help his son, and feeling very much pleased with himself. He did not remember the fib he had perpetrated to Teenie; and even if he had, he could not have understood what an important part it had played in suggesting the mad course she had adopted.

Walter was utterly distracted by the combination of anxieties which surrounded him. The most solemn duties he had to perform in the morning were so utterly at variance with the disturbed and irritated state of his mind. He felt as if it would be an unpardonable crime for him to dispense the Sacrament, whilst his heart was torn by such worldly distresses as those which now afflicted him.

He had a very high ideal of the life he ought to lead, of the work he ought to do, and at present everything seemed to oppose the aims which this ideal directed. He was conscious of two personalities—the common one, which submitted to the buffets of the world, and winced under them; the ideal, which indicated how he should endure and rise above all the ills of life. But everything came back to the thought of Teenie.

She had done wrong. Well, his duty was to pity, to forgive, and to win her back by love. But she could not love him, or she would not have acted as she had done. She had shown herself indifferent to his severe trials—perhaps they were even the cause of her flight; but he shrank from the meanness of that thought.

She had shown herself indifferent to the scandal which her conduct would create, and to the shame of it which must fall upon him. She had shown an almost unnatural carelessness about her child. Could he pardon this woman?

The struggle was a fierce one, the hot passion of the man waging a great war with the high ideal of life and duty, by the light of which he had been striving to guide his steps. The passion was strong; the ideal light was pale. Passion led up its mighty battalions of wounded vanity; the sense of the ridicule to which he would be exposed; pride; rage at her trifling with the sacred ties of home—all combining in a grand charge of indignation at the doubt and slight of his love implied by her act.

No, he could not pardon her!

But the ideal and better self appeared, like a shadow in the mist, and reminded him of the sweet thoughts she had inspired, of the happiness of which she had been the source, of the tenderness she had shown him; of the soft touch of her hand,

the dear yearning light of her eyes; and his own eyes became dim, his heart swelled and throbbed.

The battle was over. He rose up strong and brave, answering the problem he had to solve.

"Yes, thank God, I can pity—I can forgive her. I *will* believe that she has reasons for this conduct unknown to me. I will trust her, no matter how bad she may seem to be. . . . My poor wife, I will seek you and try to help you, not because it is my duty, but because I love you."

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FOURTH.

THE DAY OF REST.

A PALE blue cloudless sky, the sea bright green, restless as usual, but not noisy or fierce; a little cold, although flashing under brilliant sunlight; yet wearing a mild and winning look to those who were perspiring in the heat of the day.

A soft warm wind, which only at long intervals rustled the leaves of the trees; the warm drowsy hum of bees; the atmosphere quite clear, and presenting sharp outlines of distant objects. The roads like yellow ribbons fluttering in the wind, waving downward and upward from far-away points, and concentrating at the foot of the hill on which stood the kirk. The hills, purple, brown, and black in the distance, striped with streams that glistened and moved like quicksilver in the sunlight.

A slumberous sense of peace and rest pervading all, as if Nature shared man's reverence for the Sabbath.

The people, in twos, and threes, and fours, traversed the roads leading to the kirk with leisurely and contented steps, chatting quietly over the affairs of the household and the State, including the recent storm, and the damage it had done to the fishing gear and the crops. The farmers who lived at a distance drove in gigs at an easy trot; but some who were late came across the moor at a helter-skelter gallop.

At a quarter to eleven the kirk-bell began to ring, and the bells of Kingshaven joined heartily, if somewhat discordantly, in the chime. The Rowanden bell gave out a slow sharp twang, which would have been hideous but for the mellowing influence of the atmosphere—Bing bang, bing bang, bing bang!

That was the signal for the fisher-folk to ascend the hill. Being close at hand, they could afford to wait until the bell began to ring; but at the first stroke they stepped out of their cottages in grave haste, and marched up the hill in a straggling line—those who had suffered and lost by the late storm, dark and sad; those who had not been directly losers by "the visitation of Providence," blithe enough: it is so easy to bear a neighbour's sorrow. Those whose husbands, fathers, or brothers had returned safely and unexpectedly from the distant ports in which they had found shelter,

were smiling with sweet content, although conscious that there were widows and orphans near them.

There was neither disrespect nor callousness in this—only the natural law which permits personal joy to predominate over sympathy for another's loss, and so prevents life from falling under an eternal shadow.

Most of the people entered the church at once, and took their places in the pews which had belonged to the same families for generations. But a few of the older folk lingered in the churchyard, inspecting the graves of departed loved ones, or gathered in groups to exchange family and agricultural gossip, until within a couple of minutes of the time when the bell should cease tolling.

The latter saw the minister step out from the gate of his cottage and cross the road, his black gown gently ruffled by the breeze, his hat pulled low over his brow, and his head bowed, as if he were in deep thought.

The kindly recognitions given to him were observed only at intervals, with a nervous start, and a hasty "Good day." For the most part, he passed on, seeing nothing, and entered the church.

The bell stopped, the doors were closed; there was a rustling of dresses, a preliminary coughing, and the people settled down into their places.

The dark-yellow-stained wood of the pews, relieved here and there by a green or crimson cushion, contrasted admirably with the sombre grey stone walls. Mottled beams of sunlight streaming in through the windows shot over the heads of the congregation, and imparted a deal of drowsy light and warmth to what would have been otherwise a cold and gloomy building.

A profound sense of the solemnity of the occasion was felt by the congregation; but that did not prevent several members from observing these facts: first, that the minister was pale and haggard-looking, and that his voice quavered strangely as he read the psalm; second, that the minister's wife was not in her pew at the foot of the pulpit-staircase; and that Dahnahoy's big pew in the loft was occupied only by his two daughters, Miss Burnett and Alice.

"Is the minister's wife no well?" was the question which men and women were asking themselves, as the leaves of their Bibles rustled in turning to the place indicated for the reading. A perfume of peppermint lozenges and "apple-ringy" (Southron wood) pervaded the mottled sunbeams. Outside there was a hum of bees. Occasionally a bee or a butterfly fastened upon one of the windows, and afforded much interest to the boys; in the distance there was a cock crowing with the most reprehensible forgetfulness that it was the Sabbath day.

It was in the prayer that the singularity of Walter's manner struck the people most. He began in a trembling voice that was scarcely

audible. He seemed to wander, as if uncertain of what he intended to say; but gradually the voice became louder, the enunciation clear, and the tone so full of tender sympathy that it thrilled the hearts of the listeners. Fervid passion combined with simple earnestness to give power and eloquence to his words. He cried for help to bear the ills of life with resignation; he cried for faith to strengthen those who faltered, to teach them that God was always near, however dark the night—however fierce the storm. He implored mercy for those whose affliction might render them temporarily rebellious, that they might be taught to see in their affliction their own errors, and to trust that whatever suffering He sends, He is ready to relieve. Faith, faith, faith! was his cry—the first condition of happiness, the first principle of true religion. He prayed that they might learn never to doubt His love, however bitter and apparently unmerited might be the misfortunes of this world.

There was a pathetic sincerity in the white face turned upward in the sunlight. It was the man's own sorrow that he was uttering—his own faltering heart that he was helping. But each listener associated the words with his or her affliction in the late storm, and found comfort in them, and strength.

He made a deep and lasting impression upon his congregation; he had never risen to the full height of the duties of his office till sorrow gave him power.

But throughout the day he found himself again and again faltering, thinking about Tecnie; in spite of the exaltation created by the sacred work he had in hand, the mere man's nature continually asserted itself at the most unexpected moments. He was frightened by this weakness, and shuddered at the thought of his own unworthiness to discharge the solemn duties of the day. He was glad when it was over; still more relieved when Mr. Hutcheson came up to undertake the afternoon service.

He crossed the road hastily, and entered the house without speaking to any one. Weariedly he threw aside his gown, feeling that he ought never to wear it again. He sat down, trying to think out quietly and methodically what he was to do next, and in which direction he was to seek her. The remembrance of the day filled him with pain; he had gone through the most important service of the Church in a bad and unholy spirit, his mind occupied all the time with worldly anxieties. He could only pray to be pardoned whatever sin he had committed in striving to fulfil his task. He found it very difficult to walk straight.

Meanwhile there were friendly inquiries at the door, all loud in praise of the minister's eloquence (at the moment when he esteemed himself most incapable!) and anxious to learn what was the matter with Mrs. Burnett.

Poor Ailie, bewildered between her distress about Tecnie and her desire to keep her dis-

appearance quiet, betrayed everything ; but in such a confused manner that the inquirers went away, puzzled and in consternation, to spread the most exaggerated rumours of the calamity which had occurred in the minister's household.

The news soon went round : "the minister's wife had run away, nobody knew where to," and that was why he was looking so poorly in the church. Assuredly, had she been within a circle of five miles of Rowanden, Teenie would have been speedily discovered. It was the one subject of conversation uppermost that day, and even prevailed over the events of the storm.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIFTH.

"IT WAS MY FAULT."

GRACE came at last. He knew who it was the moment she touched the door. He sprang up to meet her, but she was beside him before he could make a couple of steps ; the delicate hand was resting on his arm, the sweet sad face turned up to his, the clear earnest eyes eloquent with sympathy and inspiring hope.

"Thank you, Grace," he said, taking her hand quietly ; "it does me good to see you, just as much now as in the old days when you were my protector in every danger. You are very brave and generous—but brave people are always generous. I thought of you first as soon as I discovered what had happened here. I wished much to see you yesterday."

"I was here twice, but you had not returned," she answered in her low, quiet voice ; "you did not learn anything about her?"

"Nothing. I am haunted by the fear that she may have ventured upon the sea. I say to myself it is nonsense—that she had no boat, and that even if there had been one, she would not have used it on such a night. But the fear comes back to me, and tortures me."

"Why did she go away?"

"I cannot even guess her motive. I said very little to her ; she was angry about something, and I left her, expecting that she would sleep and forget. I must have done something or said something that she could neither forget nor forgive."

He walked across the room agitatedly, feeling that movement of some kind was necessary.

Grace stood looking at the window, eyes open, and apparently trying to catch some slippery idea that was eluding her efforts as the bright-winged butterfly eludes a boy, and is farthest from him just when he thinks it is safe under his cap.

"I must have done something," Walter went on, "to pain her terribly. It is always those we love who pain us most." (Aye, Grace knew that.) "And she did give me all her heart. I have been too gloomy for her bright nature—I have been dreaming too much, and have accomplished too

little. I chose a profession in which it seemed possible to reconcile quiet thought with the full discharge of duty. Wrong in that—men must act rather than think, to do any practical good in the world. Wrong in that, wrong in everything ; it is a little bitter, is it not, to have to acknowledge that one's whole life is a failure?"

"Walter!"

That little cry of affectionate surprise pulled him up more sharply than a volume of argument would have done.

"Forgive me ; I never could speak of these things to any one but you, and it is an intense relief to be able to let out the gathering of painful thoughts into the ear of one of whose sympathy we feel sure. I have tried very hard, Grace, to do what seemed to be right, and the result appears to be failure in every direction."

"Time is on your side, and a brave heart will overcome everything."

"That is one of the platitudes with which I have been trying to console myself ; but it has much more meaning when you repeat it than when I say it to myself."

Grace caught the butterfly, and she took Walter's arm.

"We'll go out to the garden."

They went out, and arm-in-arm, pacing up and down the path between the gooseberry bushes and the strawberry beds, she spoke—

"I have a suspicion of what put Teenie out of humour, and why she has gone away."

"What?"

"It was my fault."

"Yours?"

"Yes ;" and at this point Grace stopped, feeling awkward and unhappy, because she had to speak of her mother.

"Well, how was it your fault?" he asked, after waiting for her to speak.

She faced the position with a calm, brave voice.

"I told her that my mother had again refused to save Dalmahoy. Teenie has gone away in the hope that her absence would make mother change her mind."

That was a revelation to him ; he saw and understood all—the scene with Dame Wishart, Teenie's passionate, sensitive nature, her anguish in the belief that she had been the cause of the loss of Dalmahoy, and her brave attempt to save it by sacrificing herself. His grief was the more poignant, although he did not know that other element which influenced her action—the belief, or half-belief (for it was only when angry that she really believed), that he had expected to obtain a large portion of the Methven fortune when he married her.

"Heaven sent you to be a comforter of the, sorrowing, Grace," he said warmly ; "you have

made me glad, for you have relieved me of a heavy burden of doubt. I thought she went away because she did not care for me ; you have shown me how true her love is—God bless you, Grace."

She needed a blessing as much as she deserved it ; it was because her own love was so pure and great, that she was able to divine Tecnie's motive. The same motive would have instigated her to the same action under similar circumstances, although her calmer judgment would have shown her the foolishness of attempting to set matters right in that way.

Keenly as she felt the bitterness of her own fate at times, she was rarely unjust to Tecnie, and always liked her. As for Walter, even his apparent

blindness to the acuteness of her suffering did not make her angry with him. She only wished that she could learn to like him less, and that the touch of his hand, the least tender look or word from him, would not thrill her with such painful joy.

"You will be happier than ever when this is over, and she will be more contented."

"I shall try to believe that ; but the first thing is to find her. I am waiting for a message from my father ; as soon as it arrives, I start again to seek her."

"You will let me know ?"

"I shall go round by Craighburn before coming home, if alone ; if she is with me, I shall send to you."

END OF CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIFTH.

ALONG THE BECK.

BY THE REV. M. G. WATKINS.



THE art of taking an enjoyable walk in the country, it may be said with confidence, was unknown before White of Selborne, and the author of that delightful story, "Eyes and No Eyes," discovered it. In the last century's prose, what Johnson said of the country and its sameness is known to all. If we turn to its poetry, the same artificial mode of viewing the beauties of "Arcadian scenes," and the same ignorance of the commonest facts, is everywhere apparent. Thus Somerville wrote in old age a long poem on "The Chase." He might be expected to know something of so common an animal as the otter, and yet this is his description of it :—

"The subtle spoiler of the beaver kind,
Far off, perhaps, where ancient alders shade
The deep still pool, within some hollow trunk
Contrives his wicker couch, whence he surveys
His long purlieu, lord of the stream, and all
The finny shoals his own."

The otter has nothing to do with the "beaver kind," and does not form "a wicker couch." His nest or lair is simply a pile of dead aquatic weeds and sticks confusedly heaped together.

Let us turn at random to another poet of the last century, Savage, the hapless friend of Johnson, and could morning be more ridiculously described? Poor Savage was familiar with sunrise in Drury Lane, but not with the country :—

"Mild rides the Morn in Orient beauty drest,
An azure mantle and a purple vest,
Which, blown by gales, her gemmy feet display,
Her amber tresses negligently gay.
Collected now her rosy hand they fill,
And, gently wrung, the pearly dews distil.
The songful Zephyrs and the laughing Hours
Breathe sweet, and strow her opening way with flowers."

Similarly the Spectator, when he retired into the country to find new subjects for his pen, never thought of looking at anything but the manners and customs of its inhabitants. He would have betaken himself back to Will's Coffee House at once, had it not been for Will Wimble, Moll White, and the Squire's Chaplain.

Yet how much of pure pleasure and delightful recreation lies in observing the natural history and scenery of the country! Every one whose lot is to abide there ought to interest himself in some branch of natural history, and then the most ordinary walk will furnish him with much to engage his thoughts.

Living on the confines of a marshy district, few strolls are more pleasant to us than down the "beck," which is a north country name for brook, and of itself shows the Scandinavian influences which once prevailed in the district, even if the names of the majority of the villages did not end in "by" (dwelling). Let us ramble down the beck this fine summer evening, and see what it offers for our amusement. But a mere aimless walk is a mistake. What sylvan implement shall we take—a butterfly net, a botanical vasculum, or what?

The wind is westerly, and the hand naturally takes down a fishing rod. With this, and a cast of flies wrapped round our hat, we sally through meadows, much burnt up by the persistent drought, to a plantation by the brook. The wood-pigeons coo at our approach, and scarcely deign to fly off their nests. "It is only an angler," they seem to say, "don't be afraid." A brood of young crows flaps out. They are scarcely fledged enough, or else have not yet learnt the fear of man, to care to fly far, and there they sit balancing on an ash. Milton makes Satan assume the form of a cormorant, but

a crow would have been quite as much to the purpose, besides answering better to Patristic tradition. Every one must have noticed how suddenly crows become tame in the country on Sundays, when they seem to know that no one will molest them, and how they behave with a fitting decorum. Yet Hawthorne will not give them the benefit of this relief to their otherwise sable character. "A crow has no real pretensions," he says, "to religion, in spite of his gravity of mien and black attire. Crows are certainly thieves, and probably infidels." Their habits are, however, so black already, as all country-folk know, that they cannot be any further blackened; besides, on this peaceful evening we would not say a word even against them.

Alas! fishing is out of the question at the present time. Looking down the valley, the pools in the beck shine in the sun's slanting rays like pearls strung on the very slenderest of white threads. Water only just percolates from one pool to another. Millers and drainage together, say old anglers, have been the ruin of the fishing in this district.

We fear it is so; yet there is something so poetic about a mill, the miller himself is generally so cheery, and the very atmosphere around it so suggestive of peace and comfort, that it is impossible to quarrel with mills. From Chaucer, who writes—

"At Trompington, not fer fro Cintelbrugge,
Thei goth a brook, and over that a briggge,
Upon the whiche brook ther stont a melle" (mill),

to Tennyson, who sings—

"I loved the humming wave that swam
Thro' quiet meadows round the mill,
The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it never still,"

mills have always been dear to our poets. And the one which we now reach is specially dear to us. Its lichen-stained roof is pitched at all angles; everywhere are projecting porches, cornices, and dormer windows; nothing about it is regularly built: while a flashing stream pours continually over the hatches by the lazily-moving water-wheel, which makes the most delicious music on the stillest night. It has given us many a dream, and spite of sundry ugly stories about the miller's nets and eel-spears, we would not wish his house away for many a trout.

Skirting the mill we reach a bushy corner, where willows and a few young firs cause a gloom thus early in the evening. Sitting on the gate perfectly still, a rustling within the dry grass comes nearer and nearer, and out of the fence into the ditch crawls a fine hedgehog. How his eyes glitter! He has not the least suspicion that we are so close, and trots briskly up within three yards. All at once he stops—his fine sense of smell has alarmed him; turning up his eyes, he takes in the position at once. After a moment's irresolution, he turns,

and keeping one eye fixed on our motions, sidles off sideways in the most absurd manner under the fence. We remain perfectly motionless, and he fondly withdraws himself into the gloom, and thinks no one has seen him. A more perfect piece of acting than thus beating a retreat under the belief that his enemy has not seen him could not be found in English wild life.

Lying on the bank in the sunlight, the faintest click, that no ear but an angler's would notice, is heard two or three times. That means a trout is silently feeding. There is a splash! He has leapt out of the water after a fly, and betrayed his position. Silently crawling, flat on our face, up the bank, so that his quick eye may notice neither substance nor shadow, we find a pool six yards by three, like a polished mirror. It seems vain to throw an artificial fly there, but it is just worth the trial.

As lightly as the natural fly, our "Hoffland's Fancy" drops near the edge beneath us, and its red silk body is too fatal a lure. A rush, and we have the trout fast, and he tears round the pool and lashes it into mud with his tail. In vain! The landing-net is under him, and he is safe in the basket—a fish getting on for three-quarters of a pound in weight—before he well knows what has happened.

A little further, a big water-rat scuttles along at the edge, and finally runs under a projecting shelf, leaving his long tail visible against the red clay bank, but as firmly convinced as ever was ostrich with his head in a bush that no one can possibly see him, as he sees no one. A stone judiciously dropped into the water just below it effectually disabuses him, and he swims out and away, too terrified even to dive. He need not be alarmed. We would not harm him for the world. He does no damage to fish or flesh of any kind; in fact, he is not a rat at all, and lives on the aquatic weeds, and especially the arrow-head, which he finds in the brook.

The miller, it is true, has a standing grievance against him, because he undermines the banks of his dam; and poachers do not find it pleasant, when fancying they are tickling a trout, to discover that they have tried to tickle a water-vole (his correct designation). Owners of osier plantations also grumble at him for destroying the bark of their saplings. But he laughs at persecution, owing to the secure nature of his subterranean retreats. Much of the damage laid to his charge is really caused by the brown rat, which often takes to life by the water-side, and is omnivorous in his appetite. No angler would ever injure the harmless water-vole, which so often amuses him in his rambles.

Passing through a hay-field, it is curious to notice the head of every scabious covered with the

red-spotted burnet moth. Each tuft thus becomes a flash of colour to an artistic eye, the burnished black wings with their intensely crimson spots glittering on the lilac-blue flowers of the scabious, like one of Nature's brightest harmonies. Opposite us is another of her arrangements, equally beautiful in its way. A board is set up by the side of a glassy reach, with the inscription, "NO FISHING ALLOWED;" and at the foot of the post, and, oddly enough, nowhere else near it, is a large cluster of the lovely turquoise flowers of the "water myosotis." They are reflected in the water below, and most emphatically repeat to the trespasser the notice above—Forget me not.

Here we come upon three boys of ten or twelve, sauntering to meet us. They have sticks in their hands, and try to look so unconscious of being out of their place that we are at once rendered suspicious. They have come from a village a mile below, and it is absurd to suppose that they are taking a duty-walk, or even admiring the beauties of Nature as we are doing. Clearly they are on mischief bent, either to get partridge-eggs, or (more likely) to harry the trout now the beck is so low.

"Have you seen any fish, lads?" we ask carelessly.

"There is three or four, sir, agin them willers," they reply with a studious air of indifference; but, like our friend the hedgehog, the acting is too good, and we feel bound to give them a warning not to meddle with the fish. Of course there are no fish to be seen near the willows, and the lads have either pelted them into their holes or got one or two in their jacket-pockets. In our mind's eye we see those same boys, before many more years have passed over them, skulking along a hedge-bottom in a grey autumnal morning, with two or three hares which they have snared, and in a week or two more they will be pulling their forelocks to the "beaks" on the bench. So dangerous is it to be born with a sporting taste.

Whirr! up leap a pair of those beautiful birds, the green sandpipers, from one's very feet! A pair or two of them are to be found down here every summer. A field lower down, a heron flies off with heavy flapping wings. There is not a breath of wind, and he can hardly get away, he is so gorged with sticklebacks and eels. Two or three herons are always features in the beck scenery, though there is no heronry in the vicinity. If fortunate, the angler, as he glides along the beck, may hear the snipe drumming over his head, and occasionally one—as it has done with us—will light within two yards, if he remain quite motionless. Fishing is a famous employment, not merely for its own ends, but also that it offers so fine a chance of observing our native birds and beasts. We make friends with them all. Even the fish which inhabit the different pools are, in a manner, acquaintances. We often

drop them a line on passing down, and more than one have been caught and, after having a piece snipped out of their tails for future recognition, been replaced to grow larger. Of course they may be taken by other anglers, but they are generally in possession of haunts where they can only be captured by one tolerably familiar with the locality.

Here is the fairest expanse of water we have yet seen, and the fly is sent careering across it. At the second throw it is taken by something weighty, but there is no leap into the air, and swift dart down the stream, which marks the tactics of a trout when hooked. There is still light enough to admit of a corpulent fish being seen, which, like the Father William of "Alice in Wonderland," seems insanely endeavouring to spin round on his head. Winding him in, while still engaged in this fatuous proceeding without making any attempt to dart off, it turns out to be a fat roach, with splendid silvery scales and crimson fins, more than half a pound in weight, and that the first we have ever taken with an artificial fly.

Never was the difference between a sporting fish like the trout, and a clumsy common fish, better exemplified. The former always dies hard, after a severe struggle for liberty; this roach reminded us rather of a pithoric alderman after a City feast, turning round and round in an idiotic manner to escape a pickpocket who was trying to drag his watch out from his fob, instead of hitting him hard between the eyes at once and making a fight for his property.

The mill above has now let off the water, and a turbid stream rushes along like a mimic cagre, bearing on its front sticks and nettles and willow-branches. We must seize the opportunity, for it will bring the trout from their lurking-places, each longing to capture the flies which are swiftly borne down.

But what is that? Under a thicket on the opposite side is a large round lump of black feathers, contracting and expanding on the top of a long green peg, as it seems. We gently stir a bush near, and soon down comes a tail from the ball of feathers, then another green peg, which turns out to be a leg, immediately afterwards emerges a red sealing-wax-like bill from under the wing, and with a curiously puzzled expression, as if still half asleep, a water-hen hops through the thicket and disappears.

The sun is now setting, and the pipistrelle bats come forth in the grateful dusk, to prey on the multitudes of night-flying moths which are also abroad. As the swallows retire, the bats, by a wise provision of Nature, take up their office of keeping down flies. How pleasant is the heavy smell of the elder-flower! and here is a meadow with its clover cut down, and as fragrant as the most deliciously

scented tea. There is very little of it, however, this dry season; and in this next field, which should be green with young turnip-plants, spite of its having been twice sown this year not a leaf is visible. No wonder farmers are longing for rain. Wet weather most effectually destroys that pest to turnips, the turnip-fly.

Its activity always begins in the dusk, but the colony which has devastated this field is fled, or has died out, so it is vain to search for one. As we lately heard of two people, who had lived in the country all their lives, endeavouring to persuade a farmer, the one that the fly turned into a butterfly, the second that it became a daddy long-legs, it is worth while sketching its history. From April to September the eggs are deposited on the under side of a rough leaf. Hatched in two days, the larvæ attains perfection in sixteen days, during which, if fine and warm weather prevails, it eats away the surface of the turnip's young leaves with voracity. The chrysalis retires for a fortnight into the earth, and then emerges as a small brassy-black beetle,

an eighth of an inch long, with a pale yellow band on each wing-case, and able to skip with much agility, whence it attains the name of *Haltica* or leaper. It at once attacks the small leaves of the turnip and speedily ruins the crop. It can scent the turnip crop from a great distance, and flies to it even against the wind. There are thus five or six broods in a summer, but they do not feed much after the end of September.

With a fish or two in our basket we reach home, after a delightful ramble of a kind that a lover of Nature may enjoy any night in the country. "Good night, sir," says a belated labourer; "stra—ange weather this; 'tis all along of this 'ere comet." And then another, with the rustic's usual fondness for meteorological speculation, adds, "The moon changes to-night; now we shall have some wet."

When will country folk unlearn this superstition? But the evening primrose is fully expanded and warns us to end, for rustic superstitions are endless.

THE THREE INDIANS.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF M. LENAN.)

BY JOHN OXENFORD.



NEAV'N in its wrath the tempest wildly
scatters,
Old forest-oaks with reckless might
it shatters,
Niagara's roar is in the tumult
drowned;
A rod of rapid fire the lightning
flashes,
And in its course the foaming torrents lashes,
Till down they tumble with an angry sound.

Three Indians stand upon the noisy shore—
They listen to the raging billows' roar,
And to the forest's groan, so deep, so long.
An aged man is one, though he appears,
Spite his grey hair, too upright for his years;
The others are his sons, well-built and strong.

Upon those sons the old man gazes now,
And a dark cloud is gathering on his brow,
Like those above that blacken all the sky.
As thus he speaks from his o'erflowing heart,
Flashes more bright than those which o'er him dart
Gleam from the depths of his foreboding eye:

"Curse on the whites, and curse upon the waves
Which brought them to our coast, the fawning
slaves,

Who soon the beggar's attitude forgot;
A hundred curses on those hateful gales
That, to impel them hither, filled their sails,
And curse upon the reefs that wrecked them not!

"Daily their ships across our waters haste,
With some device our ancient home to waste;
Like poisoned arrows, bearing death they fly.
Us has the robber-horde of all bereft—
No, not quite all, our hatred still is left.
Come with me, children, come, and let us die!"

Thus spoke the grey old man, and from a tree
They cut their boat; exulting now, and free,
Athwart the watery plain their oars they fling,
Float towards the rapids' midst—son, father,
brother,
With hearts that beat with love, embrace each
other,
And joyously the song of death they sing.

A ceaseless thunder is above them crashing,
Around the boat are forked lightnings flashing;
Sea-gulls exult—the storm's loud voice they
know.

The men, with souls unshaken, reach the fall;
Son, father, brother, bravely singing all,
Down the abyss, where death invites, they go!

MIZPAH.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE SECOND.



"SHRINKING AWAY FROM HIM."

NIGHT in a sick-room: a room where the red fire-light leaps up in weird flashing forms against the pictured wall; where the heavy damask curtains are drawn closely across the windows, as if to shut out all sound even of the rain beating wildly against the panes without.

"Mizpah, are you there?"

"Yes, dear."

"It is very near the end now."

"Do you feel weaker, John?"

"No, but I feel—dying. Come closer to me, my wife. I want to talk to you."

She is seated between the bed and the fire, a woman still young, and strangely beautiful, but with the patient gravity of middle age settled like a waxen mask over her fair pale face. Her movements, too, are softer and quieter than usual at her age, as she rises, and going to the bed, stoops down above the face, wrinkled and worn, deeply lined and fringed with thin grey hairs, which lies there upon the pillow.

"You have been crying," he says, his keen anxious eyes peering curiously into her face, his nervous withered hand tightening on hers.

"Yes," she says simply. "It is so hard to see you suffer."

"My dear, the bodily suffering is nothing to that which has tortured me for the last six years. Torture! I wonder I have lived so long under it."

She makes no answer. He often utters these ambiguous allusions; but Mizpah is not an inquisitive woman. Perhaps she has had secrets of her own.

"Mizpah," he says suddenly, "do you remember why you married me?"

"Why talk of that now, John?" she asks, flushing timidly.

"Because now is the only time I have. You were only nineteen, Mizpah, and you married because your parents' death had thrown you on my care; because the world said ill-natured things of your living with a guardian of forty-eight; because you wanted to keep a delicate little sister with you, and could not afford to do it unmarried; because—chiefest reason of all—the man you were engaged to, the man you loved and who was away in Canada, had proved false to you; because you saw his marriage in an American paper, after for six months your letters had received no answer. Because of these reasons you married me."

"And because you were the best and truest friend I had in the whole world," she broke in with quivering lips; "because Minnie loved you, and I—liked and honoured you with all my heart. John, I told you all this then. Have I disappointed you, that you go back upon it now?"

"You have been an angel of light to me," he answers hoarsely. "Oh, child! if you only knew what you are to me! If you only guessed how madly, passionately, I, old enough to be your father, have loved you from the first moment I saw you till now! Mizpah, try to think of it. Try to bear it in mind when you would turn from my memory with hatred and loathing."

"John! could that be possible?"

"I wish to Heaven it were possible to avoid it. I had meant to leave it till after I was gone, to

keep the kind look on your sweet face till after I was dead; but I cannot; I——"

"John, don't say any more," she interrupts, trembling very much. "If there is anything wrong which you have done, do not tell me. Even though it have hurt me, let me remain in ignorance. I will forgive it, whatever it be. If it be written in your papers, I will burn them unread. Trust me."

He smiles faintly—a sad, hopeless smile.

"No, child, this you could not forgive; nor shall you promise to do so. Listen to me while I have strength, and answer first. Did you not meet Gerald Dacres the day before you were taken with that long illness, nearly six years ago?"

"Yes, John," she says quietly; but how fast her heart is beating!

"And he told you that he had never married—that he had written to you constantly, and got no answer?"

"He spoke of his letters in the one that reached me—the one that told me he was coming here—but not of his marriage. Since it was not true, the report may not have reached his ears."

"And you! Did not you speak of it?"

"No, John."

"No? What explanation, then, did you give of your marriage with me?"

"I gave him none." Her voice is faint with remembered anguish; but the answers are ever straight and true.

"I don't understand you," he says. "What *did* you say to him?"

"I told him I was married, and bade him go away and forget me."

"What! no more than that? And was he satisfied? Did he ask no explanations—nothing?"

"No, John; he was not satisfied. Do not talk about it—please do not." The pain even now is greater than she can bear. He presses her hand more tightly.

"I will only ask you one thing more, Mizpah. I know that you will answer it with perfect truth. Why did you do this? Nay" (as she hesitates), "I wish to know."

"Because I was a married woman, and my husband trusted me. Because—oh, John! forgive me—I loved Gerald so dearly, he loved me so long, so well and fondly, that I dared not tell him any excuse for my apparent falsehood. I knew his perfect honour, I knew my own innocence; and yet I could not—John, I dared not trust to either while we loved each other. Please do not think ill of me. I knew that I loved Gerald more than my own life; and because I loved him, I sent him away."

She is on her knees now, weeping bitterly, with her face hidden on the wrinkled hand in which hers is clasped. The fire-light flickers on the wall—on the bent golden head. Only the shadows of

the curtains fall upon the tortured face of the dying man. Very slowly he speaks.

"I thank God that the sin which dooms me has purified one saint more for heaven. You have made your confession, Mizpah; listen to mine. It was I who kept back your lover's letters; I who stopped yours; I who had that advertisement inserted in the New Brunswick paper; I who invented all the uncharitable gossip which so worked upon your sensitive delicacy. And I did this because I loved you—because I thought that time, and patient idolatry, and every luxury that riches could supply, would win your love away from the remembrance of a young fellow who probably did not love you half so well, and could only have led you into poverty. God only knows how I have been punished; not only now, but in every hour and moment of these seven years which have seen you mine, and not mine. For a few months—not a year—I hoped. Then you and he met; in your fever you told me that; and hope died for ever. Every day since then—every moment that has witnessed your patient obedience—your silent, uncomplaining gentleness—your sad little face sobered into age so early—so early—has been but one long punishment."

"Hush!" she interrupts—she has sprung to her feet long before, shrinking back and away from him, with hands clenched upon her bosom, and face white and horror-stricken—"Hush, for pity's sake! I begged you not to tell me. Oh! why, why did you do it now, when it is all over, all ended past any recall?"

"Mizpah!" he begins feebly.

"Not now, John, not now," she cries, breaking into bitter tears. "I will be good in a moment; but don't say any more just this minute. I—I can't think."

He makes no answer. The shadow is darker on his face; and she has turned to the door, when something, some tender womanly impulse, makes her come back to the side of the bed.

"Don't think me unforgiving," she says; "I do forgive you—I shall soon, when I have thought of all your love and kindness. I—John, do you hear me? John!"

But there is no answer still. The fire-light has died down in the grate. The rain beats and wails against the window. Outside the wind raves, and the branches creak, like the cries of a tortured spirit; but within all is silent, all still; for earthly love is gone—called out to meet its God—and love unselfish, love presanctified is left alone.

* * * * *

"Mrs. Le Feuille, may I introduce my husband's cousin, Mr. Dacres. He is quite a lion with us; only just returned from two years' travels in distant lands."

Mizpah looks up. She is sitting slight and

graceful in her widow's dress, one of a fashionable crowd in a fashionable London drawing-room. Two little red spots rush into her cheeks, and her eyes leap up with a sudden light, as she puts out her hand, saying—

"Mr. Dacres and I are old friends."

He does not ~~act~~ like an old friend. He does not even seem to see her hand, but bows with grave formality; and after a word or two of commonplace civility, words which the beating of her heart will hardly let her answer, he moves quietly away, and leaves the room.

So they meet again, and so they part. The locket which bears her name—that name with its quaint sacred meaning, "The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another"—still hangs at his watch-chain; but he has not forgiven her yet. He never will.

Has the Lord watched in vain?

* * * * *

Twilight again. The sky a pale apple-green fading into blue in the east. One long bar of liquid gold low down on the western horizon. Above it a bank of greyish violet cloud tinged with fire. Far away, behind that dark clump of trees, a jingle of bells ringing for evening service. Indoors a wood fire sparkling merrily, an open window draped in lace curtains, which rustle softly in the sweet flower-laden breeze; and beside the window Mizpah seated in a low chair, the broad tulle streamers of her white cap floating like a veil round her slight rounded figure; her golden head resting against a stand of azaleas, white and pink, in full bloom; an open letter in her lap, and a flush bright as a moss-rose bud in either cheek.

There are steps in the passage, and the flush grows deeper. The bells keep ringing, but Mizpah's heart beats too loudly to hear them. The door opens and she is on her feet, her beautiful eyes shining through dazzled tears, her clasped quivering hands outstretched, her whole womanly form heaving and panting with silent, passionate gladness. Against the gold-green background of the sunset sky, Gerald sees her standing like some mediæval saint. The next moment she is in his arms, folded down upon his heart as though he could never let her go again, and kissed lips, hands, and brow—as if the arrears of ten long summers of waiting had to be paid in that one moment.

It is not for a long time that any sensible word is spoken. The bells have rung their joy-peals all unheeded, and up above the purple hills the moon hangs like a lamp of gold on high.

"My darling," Gerald says, "do you know, I could hardly believe it when I got your letter this morning. I never deserved such an answer, Mizpah indeed I scarcely dared hope for one at all."

"Love does not go by desert," Mizpah answers,

"and you see I could not help loving you, Gerald. It grew in me. Besides, I felt it would come right some day. But, oh! I am glad it was not delayed much longer."

"Thank Heaven for my meeting your sister Minnie last week," says Gerald, stroking the bright head fondly.

"And for your confiding to her your hatred."

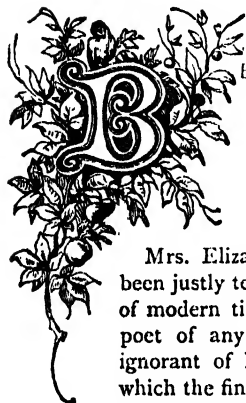
"Hatred! I tried to hate you, love, but I never could."

"And I tried to forget you, but I never could. Ah, Gerald!"—nestling closer to him, and laying one hand on his locket—"you kept the name, but I kept the verse. Verily the Lord has 'watched between me and thee when we were absent one from another.'"

THEO. GIFT.

THE POETS OF THE SOFTER SEX.

SECOND ARTICLE.



BEFORE the writers we have already noticed were lost to us,* a woman appeared who was destined to surpass in splendour of poetic genius and loftiness of aim all the previous efforts of her sex.

Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning has been justly termed "one of the chief poets of modern times, and the greatest female poet of any age or country." Few are ignorant of her classical attainments, of which the fine translation of "Prometheus Bound" is a striking proof, or of the trying circumstances under which she persevered unremittently in study and composition. Among her early writings the longer poems are not equal to her less ambitious pieces. The most important of the former, "The Drama of Exile," is beautifully conceived, but imperfect in the execution. "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" is a romantic narrative holding an intermediate place between these and her smaller poems. It is remarkable for descriptive power and nobility of sentiment, as well as for the melodious flow of the versification. Many of Mrs. Browning's fugitive and lyrical pieces are among the most beautiful in the language. The exquisite elegy on "Cowper's Grave" is well known. So are the graphic and sympathetic verses in which she celebrates her dog "Flush." In a still more beautiful poem, "My Doves," the poetess draws a touching lesson of submission from their gentle cooing "within the city prison"—

'Twas hard to sing by Babel's stream,
More hard in Babel's street;
But if the soulless creatures deem
Their music not unmeet
For sunless walls—let us begin,
Who wear immortal wings within.

"To me fair memories belong
Of scenes that used to bless,
For no regret, but present song
And lasting thankfulness,
And very soon to break away.
Like type, in purer things than they.

* See page 130.

"I will have hopes that cannot fade,
For flowers the valley yields;
I will have humble thoughts instead
Of silent, dewy fields:
My spirit and my God shall be
My seaward hill, my boundless sea."

Woman-like, Mrs. Browning took the little ones under her especial care. We need only allude to that wonderful poem, "The Cry of the Children." Her "Song for the Ragged Schools" is worthy of a place beside it. Few can read unmoved her pleadings for these—

"Little outcasts from life's fold,"

or fail to heed the exhortation—

"If no better can be done,
Let us do but this—endeavour
Th' the sun behind the sun
Shine upon them while they shiver,

"On the dismal London flags,
Thro' the cruel social juggle,
Put a thought beneath their rags
To ennoble the heart's struggle."

Many of the sonnets—both those entitled "From the Portuguese," but in reality original, and those published under Mrs. Browning's own name—are equal, in their way, to anything in the language.

Mrs. Browning may be considered as supplying the link between the poetry of Wordsworth and Tennyson, and that of her illustrious husband. Abounding in exquisite descriptions of nature, and possessing a capacity for great sweetness of versification, she hesitates not to sacrifice these graces in order to bring her convictions home to her readers' minds in the most direct and emphatic form. To her intense earnestness, growing more intense as years passed on, rather than to any conscious influence of Mr. Browning's genius, we may ascribe the occasional ruggedness of "Casa Guidi Windows," and "Aurora Leigh." The former is a spirited plea for Italian liberty. It embodies a narrative of the events which passed under her windows at Florence, and contains much noble and vigorous writing.

It would take a volume to consider the thoughts that are suggested by Mrs. Browning's great work,

"Aurora Leigh," a book full of the loftiest poetry and the deepest wisdom. A late writer, while doing full justice to the genius with which it overflows, blames this poem for raising problems it does not solve. The same criticism has often been passed on Mr. Carlyle's works, and even if it were just we would regard it as of little value. Such writers rouse you to action, and if they do not solve the problem, they direct your feet into the paths wherein you may find the solution for yourself. But "Aurora Leigh" does much more than this. It teaches us, by Romney's failure in his philanthropic plans, that to confer any lasting benefit on men we must work from the inward to the outward. While sin and ignorance prevail, misery will also prevail. What a lesson is conveyed in the lines—

—"Men who work can only work for men,
And not to work in vain, must comprehend
Humanity, and so work humanly,
And raise men's bodies still by raising souls,
As God did first."

The mission of the poet is therefore a very noble one—

—"Art's a service—mark:
A silver key is given to thy clasp,
And thou shalt stand unwearied, night and day,
And fix it in the hard, slow turning wards,
To open, so, that intermediate door
Betwixt the different planes of sensuous form
And form insensuous, that inferior men
May learn to feel on still from these to those,
And bless thy ministrations."

Poets, with Mrs. Browning, are—

"The only truth-tellers now left to God,
The only speakers of essential truth,
Opposed to relays
And temporal truths"

And it is theirs to read for us the spiritual meanings of sensible things—

—"There's not a flower of spring
That dies ere June, but vaunts itself allied
By issue and symbol, by significance
And correspondence, to that spirit-world
Outside the limits of our span and time,
Whereto we are bound. Let poets give it voice
With human meanings."

Some critics have judged this book as they would a novel, demanding the same *vraisemblance* in the plot, and realistic portraiture in the characters. It is a question whether we should exact, in poetry which aims at typifying higher truth, the same amount of probability we expect in a representation of everyday life. The age is past for epic poetry with its supernatural machinery. De Tocqueville has well said that the epics of our time are "Childe Harold" and "Jocelyn." Mrs. Browning expresses the same truth in glowing and energetic words—

"All actual heroes are essential men,
And all men possible heroes; every age,
Heroic in proportions, double-faced,
Looks backward and before—expects a morn,
And claims an epus."

But it is to "essential truth," not "relative, comparative, and temporal truths," that the poet should give utterance.

Other criticisms have been passed on this great poem, which only serve to show how prone we are to mistake the shadow for the substance. Did our space permit, we would rather indicate some of the innumerable beauties with which the poem abounds—that passage, for instance, in which Aurora, the poet-child of an English father and a Florentine mother, describes an English landscape after she has learned to love it, and comes to the conclusion that her—

—"father's land was worthy too
Of being her Shakespeare's."

No one who has read this description will think it too much to say that it is worthy of a place beside Shakespeare's own picture of—

"This precious stone set in the silver sea."

To say that Mrs. Browning has sometimes redundant or useless words and phrases, and that more frequently she strives in vain to shape her great thoughts into words, is only to say that she is human. But the great thoughts are there, and most often they are expressed with a power and fulness of which only the greatest poets have been capable. "The touch of Christ's hand" is on all she has written. Early in her career she warns us against mistaking material for moral and spiritual progress—

"Little thinking if we work our souls as nobly as our iron,
Or if angels will commend us at the goal of pilgrimage."

And all through she has been true to the same high purpose.

A poetess too soon taken from us, Miss Adelaide Procter, dedicated her hereditary gift to the same noble ends as Mrs. Browning. In the volumes she has left behind her, there are many pieces of inferior poetic value, but not one which does not bear the impress of a sympathetic and thoughtful mind. Her legends are, on the whole, superior to her lyrics. She tells these short narratives with a tender feeling and expression which are very charming. The "Legend of Provence" is a beautiful embodiment of a strikingly beautiful mediæval legend.

One of the most exquisite poems of its kind in our language is "The Wayside Inn." The story of a life has never been told with more simple beauty or truer pathos. Many of the others almost equal these. "True Honours," "The Tomb in Ghent," "Philip and Mildred," may be mentioned as examples of a pure and delicate gift for narrative poetry.

Her short poems, when good, are very good indeed. Some of them are extremely fine; they have the harmonious flow of Mrs. Hemans' verse,

with a healthier and braver spirit. Nothing can be more vigorous than the lines beginning—

"Rise! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armour,
And forth to the fight are gone.
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play;
The Past and the Future are nothing
In the face of the stern To-day."

The imperfection in all mortal things, "divinely appointed, that the law of human life may be Effort, and the law of human judgment, Mercy,"* has never been better described in poetry than in Miss Procter's lines on "Incompleteness." In "Unexpressed" she has shown true insight into the feelings of the artist or the lover, who yearns to express all that speaks to him—

"In the voiceless silence of his heart."

No one can fail to be struck with the beauty of the epithets in the last stanza, or to feel the haunting music of the verse—

"Things of time have voices, speak and perish,
Art and Love speak—but their words must be
Like sighings of illimitable forests
And waves of an unfathomable sea"

Some of the most beautiful of these lyrics are well known and popular as songs. Besides the "Legends and Lyrics," Miss Procter published a "Chaplet of Verse" for the benefit of a charitable institution. The poems contained in this small volume are almost wholly devoted to illustrating the special religious views she had adopted.

It must be admitted that among our female poets at least—

"The sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thoughts;"

and that in general they give too much predominance to the melancholy aspect of things. Miss Jean Ingelow is not free from this tendency, though at times she adopts a healthier tone and grapples bravely with the realities of life. "The Dream that came True" is a powerful poem. There is a weird grandeur about it, a dignity of style which harmonises well with the solemnity of the subject. The hard, unfeeling landlord, dream-haunted in his prosperity by the terrors of conscience, is finely contrasted with the dying widow cheered in her destitution by visions of angels. "Honours" is a not unsuccessful attempt to deal with the problems and the disappointments which await the student. "The conclusion of the whole matter" is well expressed—

"Far better in its place the lowliest bird
Should sing aright to Him the lowliest song,
Than that a seraph strayed should take the word
And sing His glory wrong."

"Laurance" is a beautifully told idyll of domestic life, somewhat in the manner of the Laureate's

"Dora." In Miss Ingelow's verse we often come on thoughts that want only some more careful condensation and polish to merit a place among those—

—"jewels five words long,
That on the stretched forefinger of all time
Sparkle for ever."

But a fatal facility of rhyming seems to be the besetting sin of our female poets. The reputation of all, or nearly all, would gain much if they only exercised the same strong determination to publish nothing trivial or unworthy of their genius, that our best poets of the other sex have done.

Miss Ingelow's most ambitious effort, "A Story of Doom," must be looked on as a mistake; the story of the Deluge is a subject only to be grasped by the giant intellect of a Dante or a Milton.

A pure taste and a delicate fancy are the chief characteristics of Miss Christina Rossetti's verse. Born in a family richly endowed with intellectual and artistic gifts, she has an easy, graceful, and highly finished style. There is a quiet beauty about many of her short pieces, but little of that brilliancy which tempts one to quote detached passages. We shall, however, give a fine stanza from the poem on "Memory," otherwise not one of the best in the collection—

"I have a room whereinto no one enters
Save myself alone.
There sits a blessed memory on a throne—
There my life centres."

and two others on the nightingale, which are worthy of being read even after Keats and Coleridge—

"Hark! that's the nightingale
Telling the self-same tale
Her song told when this ancient earth was young
So echoes answered when her song was sung
In the first wooded vale.

"We call it love and pain,
The passion of her strain,
And yet we little understand or know;
Why should it not be rather joy that so
Throbs in each throbbin

The devotional poetry, which Miss Rossetti has placed by itself at the end of each volume, gains in power from the nature of the subjects treated. Some of it is very fine. We subjoin the last stanza of "Dost thou not Care?"—

"Lie still, 'be strong,' to-day; but, Lord, to-morrow
What of to-morrow, Lord?
Shall there be rest from toil, be truce from sorrow
Be living green upon the sward
Now but a barren grave to me,
Be joy for sorrow?—
'Did I not die for thee?
Do I not live for thee? Leave Me to-morrow.'"

The compositions of Mrs. Augusta Webster show great intellectual powers. They are written in a style of which simplicity and self-restraint are the chief characteristics. In "Dramatic Studies," and "Portraits," the subjects are mostly tragical even to repulsiveness. There is one "Portrait," however,

* Ruskin.

so sweetly joyous as to cast its sunshine over the whole volume. Mrs. Webster's latest poem, "The Auspicious Day," is a mediæval drama founded on the then popular belief in astrology and witchcraft. It is remarkable for power and dramatic truth of character. The finest passages rise naturally out of the situations, and can only be indicated by giving some outline of the plot. Dorothy, the daughter of Lord Wendulph, is betrothed to Sir Percival Dufresne. Her love is deep and true, but her affianced is led away half by pity and half by the softer charms of Amy, a dependent kinswoman. Sir Percival supposes he is bound in honour to Amy—flies with her and makes her his wife. She is seized and accused of bewitching Percival. Dorothy's faith in her lover is so strong that she accepts and presses the accusation. Out of this arises one of the finest points in the play. The high-minded chaplain, Father Gabriel, has been long convinced that witchcraft has no foundation in fact; but thinking that—

"Some truths will in some minds strangle out
The needfuller truths souls live by,"

he has allowed the superstition to remain unchecked in the mind of his pupil Dorothy. His remorse, when he finds that by thus sacrificing truth to expediency he has perilled at least one life, is finely painted. Amy is condemned to die on the "auspicious" day that Lord Wendulph's astrological calculations have led him to fix for the marriage of Dorothy and Sir Percival. Amy attempts to escape, aided by Dorothy, who has seen her error; but the poor girl is stoned by the populace, who can only be appeased by the wedding pageant, to which Dorothy is forced to consent to save her own life and that of her betrothed. The characters are finely drawn and well contrasted. There is a scene in which Dorothy's happy unconsciousness of the miseries that are gathering round her is beautifully wrought out. She exclaims—

"Nay, why too happy?
'Tis a thin wisdom would make happiness
A bugbear to our hearts."

and the contrast she draws between her own happiness, "boundless as the sky," and the sorrow that she can as yet only imagine, is admirable for dramatic fitness.

We are compelled for want of space to pass over many female writers who deserve notice. Among them are the Hon. Mrs. Norton, the granddaughter of Sheridan, whose writings extend from the period of Mrs. Hemans to our own time, and who has written much that is worthy of the gifted family to which she belongs; Sadie (Miss William's), and Emily Brontë, both taken away before they had fulfilled the promise of their youth. Nor can we stay to notice the graceful Tennysonian verses of Miss M. B. Smedley. We must hasten to close this short paper with a few words on the poetry which

our greatest living novelist has turned aside from her triumphs in prose-fiction to bestow upon us. Besides the "Spanish Gipsy," George Eliot has published a volume of shorter pieces. As might be expected, all her poetry is marked by great power, and condensed and vigorous expression. The writer's peculiar gifts of delineating character and painting natural objects have not forsaken her, and many lines are worthy of being treasured as words of "wit and wisdom." Nevertheless, these poems will be oftener read for the sake of the author than for their intrinsic beauty. They shine by the reflected glory of her great novels, but their form precludes many of the qualities which make these so admirable. The melancholy that is relieved by the inconsequence of a Mr. Brooke, or the keen satire of a Mrs. Cadwallader, becomes oppressive in the poems. "Armgarth" is the least dreary of these remarkable productions, for the moral (George Eliot always has a moral) that we should count as a gain that loss which brings an increase of nobleness and sympathy, harmonises well with the highest Christian truth. Armgarth is a girl endowed with exceptional musical gifts, including an exquisite voice. The loss of this last opens her eyes to the want of brightness in other lives, and she learns in the end to rejoice in the loss of a power which had closed her heart to the sorrows of her kind. Some of the finest lines the author has written are to be found in this short poem.

The "Legend of Jubal" is really a glorification of Death—not the friendly angel who is to give us back those treasures that "wait us in the far-off skies," but the dreamless sleep of annihilation. The versification is smooth and highly finished, but no poetic graces can lighten the gloom which this thought casts over the poem.

"The Minor Prophet" and "O might I join the Choir invisible" are fine expositions of the writer's noble but dreary philosophy, unutterably dreary at best, for what were even a perfected world overshadowed by the doom of hopeless partings?

The "Spanish Gipsy" is so well known, and has been so generally studied at a comparatively recent date, that much need not be said of it here. It is unquestionably a fine poem, but there is more straining after effect, and more of doubtful ornament, than in the novels. It is a question, too, whether Fedalma, in her self-sacrifice, has really chosen the better part. But a great novelist loses too much by confining himself within the limits of verse. Scott saw this when he said that "Rokeby" was a good novel spoiled; and we could better spare the "Spanish Gipsy" than "Romola" or "Middlemarch."

In this short survey of the poetry we owe to female writers, it is very gratifying to note that their talents have ever been enlisted on the side of virtue and truth.

E. W.

IN HONOUR BOUND.

BY CHARLES GIBBON,

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SIXTH.

JOB'S COMFORTERS.

THEY walked towards the house, and Grace went in, to see that Baby was properly cared for, just as the Dalmahoy ladies came sailing along the path in their newly-turned silks covered with white muslin.

Miss Burnett carried her parasol before her as if she were making a charge at something, resolved to impale it; Alice fluttered hers about as if the force of habit were too much for her, and she was obliged to coquette even with the sunshine.

Having almost run the parasol into Walter's face, Miss Burnett halted and dropped the point of her weapon.

"How funny!—I did not think you were so near, Walter. It's very hot to-day. What is this dreadful news about Christina?—is it true that she has gone away without telling you?"

"It is true."

"It is quite a romance," murmured Alice.

"I call it a disgrace," said Miss Burnett severely, and the "giddy young thing" stood corrected, fluttering her parasol from one shoulder to the other, and fanning herself with a delicately perfumed lace handkerchief. "It would not matter if she was the only person concerned; but the whole family suffers by it, and it is extremely wicked of her. But what could we expect? I would never run away from my home."

And the consciousness of virtue added several inches to her stature.

"I would if I got the chance, but not alone," tittered Alice, who was again reprimanded.

This was irritating enough to him, but he spoke quietly.

"Will you grant me a favour, Helen?"

"Certainly, if it is reasonable."

"I only wish to ask you to say nothing about Teenie until she comes home."

"Oh, we have no desire to mention the subject; but it is natural that we should be anxious about a matter which puts us all to shame. Of course, if you decline our sympathy, there is nothing more to be said. The man is waiting, so we shall go home at once."

Tossing her head, and sniffing the air as if to detect the contamination that must be in it, she went off to the carriage, which was at the gate. Alice, as she was about to follow, just touched his arm, and whispered—

"Poor Wattie—I *am* sorry for you, and for Teenie too. I loved her very much."

He walked with her to the gate, and was there in time to assist Miss Burnett to her place. She was not at all reconciled to him when the carriage drove away.

He was about to go into the house, when another interruption occurred.

Mr. Pettigrew, as befoved an elder of the Kirk, was amongst the first to catch the whispers of scandal concerning the minister's household; and feeling a solemn duty incumbent upon him to admonish the minister or to sympathise with him, as might be advisable, and feeling it to be an equally important duty to be the first to discover the details of this romance (why should anything sad or bad be called a romance?), took the first opportunity of speaking to Walter.

After much clearing of his throat and shuffling, he made his mission known. Was it true that Mrs. Burnett had—had, in fact, eloped?

"Mr. Pettigrew," said Walter, looking him straight in the face with his grave pale eyes, which compelled the man to study the geological character of the gravel, "my wife has chosen to go from home for a time. She did not think it necessary to send the bellman round the town to advertise her intention. Do you think it was?"

"Oh, not at all, sir—not at all, that being the case."

Walter, who did not choose to explain further, said "Good day," and retired.

Mr. Pettigrew had an uncomfortable suspicion that the minister had been telling him a "lee;" but he had not liked to say so. Somehow he never could get on with this young man as he wished; he never could tell him the truth—if the truths happened to be always unpleasant, that was not his fault—as he felt he ought to do, and as his position as a merchant and an elder entitled—indeed, called upon him to do. But he made up for his reticence here by speaking his mind with all necessary embellishments when he stood once more on his own doorstep, and felt himself master of the situation.

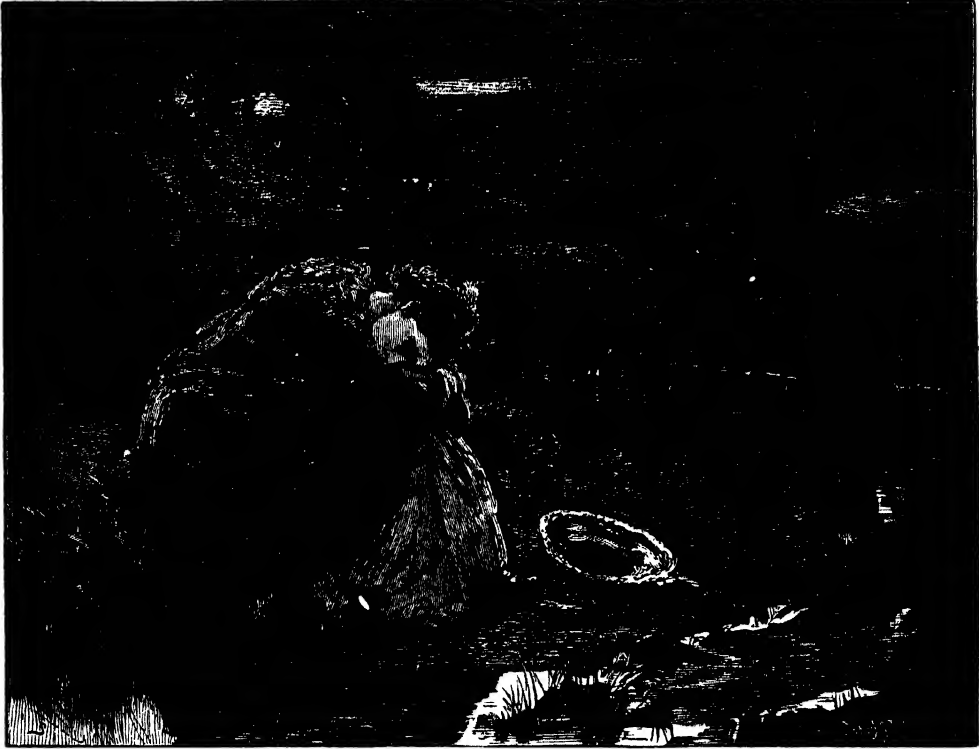
Walter saw in these incidents the indication of the petty annoyances to which he would be subject for many days to come, and he felt keenly ashamed of being an object for scandalmongers to work their stupid will upon. His natural inclination

was to turn his back upon the place for ever, and so escape the vexations which were in store for him.

Grace held up Baby, who crowed merrily, kicked vigorously, and tugged his father's hair. Walter kissed the child, and, looking at him, resolved that he would not shun the place or the people. He would remain there to confront the slanderers, to shield his wife from shame, and to enforce respect for her by the honesty of his life. They would

and rock. The voices commanded and implored her to go back; the spectres crossed her path, and the waving branches seemed like arms directing her backward.

She broke through all at first, and would go on; but voices and shadows persisted, and her heart echoed the cry, "Go back, go back," for Baby's voice seemed everywhere ringing in her ears. Then she hesitated, began to tremble, and sank down upon a stone, crying. The desolation of her posi-



"SANK DOWN UPON A STONE."

believe her innocent when they knew that he did not doubt her truth.

Message from the Laird—

"Have discovered nothing yet; telegraphed to all the stations open."

Walter took horse, and started again in search of her.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SEVENTH.

ON THE TRAMP.

THE fright which the "tattie-doolie" gave her had roused all the superstition of Teenie's nature; there were, to her, voices in the wind, now loud and threatening, again low and wailing; there were fearful spectres in the shadows of bush and tree

tion overwhelmed her, making the utterly vague nature of her quest plain for the first time, and she felt as if she were a little boat that had broken away from its moorings, and was being tossed about by the sea, without any hand to help or to guide it.

Under the swift-flying black clouds, amidst those eerie shadows, listening to the loud wind, and to the deep boom of the sea—telling its grim story of wreck and death—she yearned for the child, the husband, and the sheltering home she had left behind.

She would go back, and yet she could not. She shrank and quivered with shame for what she had already done; she feared that he would mock at

her, scorn her—she feared that more than all the terrors of the night, more than the apparent hopelessness of the journey she had undertaken. She felt now that it was stupid and ridiculous to expect to find her father any sooner by leaving home than she would have done by waiting for him. But then, if she could only hide herself, Dame Wishart would relent, and that would accomplish all she wanted. At the same time she was frightened by that terrible feeling of desolation, and she started up to go home.

The petty feeling of shame restrained her again, and she turned in the opposite direction. The farther she went, the greater became her terror of returning, until she felt as if she could do anything, endure anything, rather than go home. So she went on and on, too much disturbed in mind to be conscious of physical fatigue; but by-and-by Nature asserted itself, she tripped often, staggered sometimes, and at length would have fallen, but that she obtained the timely help of what seemed to be a brick wall.

She had instinctively kept the coast-line; the loud voice of the sea had, perhaps, unconsciously guided her. A thick white mist shrouded surrounding objects, so that she had no idea where she was.

The dawn increased the whiteness of the mist, but scarcely helped to make objects more definite.

She groped round the wall until she came to what seemed to be a doorway. After a little hesitation she entered, groping her way along, but stumbling over loose stones. There was dim light from above, and presently she guessed where she was—it was a deserted lime-kiln, which she had seen on several occasions when out driving with Walter. She crept into a recess, sat down leaning against the wall, and then fell asleep in utter exhaustion.

A cold, damp morning, the sun fighting its way through the mist.

She started up, alarmed, stupified, and shivering with cold; stiff and pained in every joint. What terrible dreams she had been dreaming! She had left home—she was hiding—the white walls streaked with a slimy green caught her eye, the cold wind penetrated her bones, and she remembered it all. She had dreamed that she was dreaming—that she was at home, near Walter, near Baby, and the weary wandering on which she had embarked had appeared to be only a painful vision. Lo, that apparent vision was the reality, and the glimpse of home and the loved ones was the dream.

She could not go back now—it was too late. Walter would never forgive her—she could not forgive herself.

She was cold and hungry; the miserable cravings of the appetite drove her to seek some human habitation, when she most desired to avoid her fellow-men and women. She passed out from the shelter

of the lime-kiln, and the cold morning air seemed to bite through her. She knew that the road lay along the top of cliffs which overhung the sea, now near, and again at some little distance from the water. Occasionally she caught glimpses of waves dashing high up against the rocks, breaking in white spray, and receding like a baffled enemy from the walls of a besieged town.

By-and-by she heard the blithe voices of children, who were engaged in a game of hide-and-seek, singing in loud chorus whenever the hider was discovered—

"I see the gowk and the gowk sees me—
A-tween the berry bush and the apple tree."

She hesitated a minute, but the voices of the children reassured her, and she advanced to the solitary cottage. Through an open window issued the sounds of vigorous scrubbing, and of a girl's voice singing. The air was slow, and the words melancholy, as they were generally rendered; but the singer in this instance, to suit the activity of her movements, transformed the air into a lilt, and whenever she was scrubbing with special vigour she hummed or mumbled, instead of uttering words. The song in this new arrangement ran somewhat in the following manner:—

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can you bloom—um um, um-um;
How can you chant, ye little birds,
And I see—um, um um, um-um?"

"Um-um, um-um—I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its—um-um—tree;
And my fause lover stole the rose,
But left—um-um, um-um—wi' me."

Teenie's shy knock at the door was not heard at first, but when she mustered courage enough to repeat it, the singer ceased, and the voice said cheerily—

"Come in, whoever you are; what are you standing chap-chapping there for?"

She timidly crossed the threshold, and saw a stalwart young woman, with flaring red hair, on her knees beside a pail, over which she was at the moment wringing a cloth, whilst she looked round to see who was the visitor. It was a bright, happy face, and its surroundings matched it admirably—a bed in a recess, covered by a patch-work quilt of many colours, in which there was not a crease; a deal table, wooden chairs, and three-legged stools, all "clean as a new pin;" a variety of tins hanging above the mantelpiece, polished like mirrors; a pleasant peat fire, over which hung on its cleek the porridge-pot; the steel top of the fender rivaling the tins in polish; the hearthstone newly whitened, the floor half washed, and everything presenting signs of cleanliness and content.

The woman's first look at Teenie was one of great surprise; the visit of a lady at that time of the morning was very unusual, and Teenie's clothes

at once indicated that she did not belong to the peasantry. The woman got up respectfully.

"Guid morning, mem; and what's your will?"

Teenie was put out by this display of respect, and she felt it the more awkward to present her petition.

"I am on my way to Aberdeen," she faltered, "to try and learn something about my father, who is out whaling."

"Guid be here! do you mean that you're to walk a' the way to Aberdeen?"

"Yes, and I want something to eat."

"Ye'se ha'e that, but where do you come from?"

She hesitated, but answered truthfully—

"From Rowanden."

"You belong to the fisher-folk then. I wouldna have thought it from your claes. Thank goodness my man's a gardener, and I'm no fashed about storms or bad fishings. Come here and sit you down; you look wearied, poor thing, and I dare say the storm has taken some of your friends."

The woman became more familiar, and most hospitable, as soon as she discovered that the visitor was in distress about something; and she made no intentional effort to pry into her business, although she talked a great deal. She gave Teenie a drink of milk, which was very refreshing, and some bannocks, with the advice—

"You're no to spoil your appetite, for my man—Andra, Fyfe, he's head gardener at Knocknaddie—my man will be in to breakfast in twa or three minutes, wi' a' the bairns, and you'll just sup a platel o' porridge wi' us."

When she had settled Teenie comfortably in a chair by the fire, she proceeded to finish the washing of the floor, talking all the time.

"And what might your name be, miss?—you're no married, are you?"

"Yes; my name is Burnett."

"Married!—aye, aye, you're a young creature to be a wife. And ha'e you any bairns, now?"

"One."

"A laddie or a lassie?"

"A laddie."

"Aye, aye, wha would ha'e thought it, and you that young-looking! But I have six mysel'—two loons and four lassies. I was just eighteen when I was married."

"You seem to be very happy."

"Oo, aye, happy enough. I just try to keep the bairns and the house tidy, and take things as they come. It's the Lord's will, you ken, whatever happens, and skirling never saved a sow from the fletcher. Andra's unco particular; but he's a guid sowl, though whiles he's ower guid at lifting his wee finger" (a euphemism for saying that he drank too much), "and then there's nae doing wi' him."

So Mrs. Fyfe ran on, her excessive energy finding vent in gossip or song, just as happened. She

finished the floor, emptied her pail in the neighbouring "middens," wrung out her "clouts," and then arranged the table for breakfast: a row of yellow bowls, eight in number, with one more for the stranger. Then she took a basin full of meal, which she took up, in handfuls, and allowed it to trickle into the water, that she stirred continuously with the wooden "spurtle," or porridge-stick. When the meal was sufficiently boiled, she lifted the pot from the fire, and deftly poured out the porridge into the bowls, proportioning the contents of each to the age of the children.

The husband arrived. He was a dour sort of man. He expressed no surprise at the presence of Teenie, but his furtive glances indicated his curiosity about her. Having learned that she was on her way to Aberdeen, and wanted a rest and something to eat, he said she was welcome. Then the bairns were called in, and ranged round the table. The man pronounced a long and earnestly spoken grace, milk was served round, and all with good appetite supped the porridge.

Teenie was much benefited by the warmth of the house and the food, so that after breakfast she was quite ready to resume her journey. The peace and content of this home made her think bitterly that she had neglected something in the management of her household. But she could not redeem the past.

Dour Andra Fyfe, when he learned the destination of his guest, remembered that there was a cart going a few miles on her way, and, if she liked, he would arrange with the driver to give her a "hurl." She was grateful for this assistance, and also for the comfort and strength which she felt after the rest in the cottage, and her substantial though simple breakfast.

She shyly offered her half-crown in payment, but it was declined kindly.

"You'll need it all," said Mrs. Fyfe, flinging back her red hair, and restraining the obstreperous efforts of the youngest born to spring to the neck of the guest; "keep your siller, and God speed you on your errand."

Teenie lifted the child in her arms—a merry-eyed, white-headed little lass of three years—and kissed her.

"Ou was geetin'—what for?" said the child, with sudden gravity.

The mother had observed that fact also, but had said nothing; and now she endeavoured to interrupt the child. Teenie answered, lowering her face as if to hide it—

"I am not well."

"I'h, and 'ou's had to take salts and sinny!" (a remedy for every disease with the cotters, and the little one's chief idea of torment). "Me geet when mither gi'es it to me, and whiles mither skelp Bessie and whiles gi'es me a bawbee. Did 'ou get skelps?"

"Something as bad," said Teenie, smiling faintly, and thinking how much harder to bear was a mental skelping than a physical one.

"And 'ou that big!—wish me was big as 'ou."

"And I wish that I was like you."

Bessie opened her eyes wide, and tried to turn back the eyelids, to express her amazement at that incomprehensible reply.

"Set her down," cried the mother, with a sort of proud deprecation; "she's just a torment wi' her clatter. I dinna ken who she takes the tongue from—it's no from my man, and it canna be from me!"

Andra might have told another story, but at present he was at the door, grumbling that they would be too late for the cart. So Teenie placed the child on the floor.

"It has done me good to speak to her," she said, with distant sobs in her voice; "she minds me of my bairn—at—at home."

She found a strange difficulty in uttering the word "home," for the dreary sense of desolation came upon her again; she felt that she had no home now.

"Poor lassie!" murmured Mrs. Fyfe, her sympathy intensified by her suspicion that Teenie had not told her the precise truth about the object of her journey. "Is't the father you are going to seek?"

"No—my own father."

"Poor lassie!" repeated the good-hearted woman, thinking that matters were even worse than she at first supposed.

But Andra, hearing this, turned back.

"Are you married?" he asked gruffly.

The sad eyes looked at him with timid surprise at his sudden change of manner, and he felt abashed.

"Yes," was the simple reply.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, and stepped back to the door, satisfied when he learned that the bairn had been "honestly come by," as he used to say of such matters. He was, in his way, a stern moralist, and—although his own first child had been born before wedlock—he would not have helped Teenie at all if her answer had been different.

"Will 'ou come back again?" cried Bessie clinging to her skirt.

"Maybe; good-bye, Bessie, and I hope you will have a long, happy life. I'm obliged to you, Mistress Fyfe—thanks to you and your man, I feel a heap better."

"Lord be wi' you wherever you gang, and you'll aye be welcome here. I hope you'll meet your father. I'm doubting there's some sare trouble upon you; but I'm no to fash you with ony questions. You'll come back, maybe, when you're all well again, and tell us about it."

This was spoken as they moved to the road

where Andra was impatiently waiting, and trying to preserve his temper by chewing straws.

Teenie said good-bye again to her friend in need, feeling all the time that she was not thanking her with anything like sufficient warmth, although she felt very, very grateful for the kindness she had experienced, and deeply affected by what she had seen and heard in the cottage. Mrs. Fyfe was quite content; she was not accustomed to much effusion, even of gratitude. Three of the bairns were standing beside her—the others had started for school, five miles off—and she uttered another hearty "God speed ye," as Teenie walked away with Andra.

He strode through a field as a short cut to the high road, where they were to meet the cart. Whatever might be the reason of it, Andra was not nearly so dour in manner now that he was away from his own house—indeed, amongst his cronies he could be merry enough. Although he did not attempt any conversation, he showed her certain trivial attentions—such as helping her over a ditch, or through a hedge—which she would never have expected from him. Men are so different when beyond the reach of the "guidwife's" controlling and subduing eye!

"We're just in time," said he as they stepped into the road; "yonder's Sandy Crab coming. He's a blithe loon, but there's nae ill in him, so you needna be skeared at anything he says."

Sandy Crab drove leisurely over the long straight road, sitting on the front of his cart, cracking his whip—not to quicken the horse, but to amuse himself—alternately singing and whistling, "When the kye come hame." He was a fair-haired youth, with a round red face, in which there was much simplicity and good-nature. But Sandy was, according to his own account, "a de'il among the lasses," and he was proud of the many conquests he had made, proofs of which existed in the shape of locks of hair, photographs, crumpled bows of ribbon, and a garter! The latter he had picked off the barn floor on the night of a kirk (harvest-home), where the dancing had been fast and furious; and the fun he made seeking the owner won him several hearts, as he said. He certainly obtained several photographs before the next term, although every lass in the place disclaimed the ownership of the mysterious garter.

He wore a brown Balmoral bonnet, jauntily set on the side of his head; a double-breasted jacket, the back and sleeves of which were of a thick woollen stuff, the breast of dark brown mole-skin, ornamented with rows of big white pearl buttons, and a medal he had won at the athletic sports for throwing the hammer; trousers of moleskin. He was a broad-shouldered, smart-looking fellow.

"Hey, Sandy!" shouted Andra, as the man

approached ; "will you gi'e this lass a lift as far as you're going on the road to Aberdeen?"

"That will I, my dawtie," was the answer as the cart stopped ; "loup in, my lass. 'Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me, believe me——'"

He did not continue the quotation, for he caught sight of Teenie's pale and somewhat frightened face ; and he knew by her dress that she was not, as he had at first thought, simply a country lass flitting from one place of service to another. Many a blithe day he had enjoyed in the course of such flittings ; but this was not to be one of them. Besides, she had no kist.

He jumped to the ground, took off the back of the cart, and made a sort of gangway of it, by which she could ascend, with assistance, and take her place on the bundle of hay which he arranged as a seat.

"Will you get in?" he said, sheepishly enough.

She hesitated a minute, and then advanced

frankly. The two men, one on each side, helped her into the cart ; she sat down on the hay. Sandy fastened on the back, and jumped up on the front board again.

"Good day, mem, and a pleasant journey," said Andra quite kindly ; "I'll be glad to see you if you come our way again."

"You're awfully good, Mr. Fyfe ; I wish I could thank you as I would like to do," she said in a low quavering voice ; for the kindness of those strangers, and her own utter inability to make any fitting acknowledgment for it, impressed her deeply. All the world had seemed so cruel to her a few hours ago.

"Say no a word about it," answered Andra.

He nodded, and turned away to his work as Sandy cracked his whip, and the horse started forward with long heavy steps, the cart jolting over stones and through ruts made by the rains.

END OF CHAPTER THE FORTY-SEVENTH.

WOMEN WHO WORK.

BEHIND A COUNTER.



DOES, madam? What size?

Six and a quarter? Let me see your hand, please. I'm sorry to have kept you waiting ; but that lady couldn't make up her mind. First she wanted a particular shade and three buttons, and then she thought three buttons came too dear, and wanted

two, and I had to hunt through all the boxes for a pair of that colour ; and when it was found, she fancied

she had seen a pair of a shade she liked better in one of the other boxes, and we had to go through them all again. Tiresome? Well, it is a little tiresome at first ; but one soon gets used to it ; and that is why we are expected to serve two and three customers at a time, so as to give one leisure for making up and changing her mind while we are serving another, you know. Yes, it is tiresome in another way, that sometimes the difficult lady needs us to help her through her doubts and deliberations, and then the second customer, who is more easily suited, gets tired of waiting, and perhaps goes away.

I was afraid you were going away, and if you had I should have been well scolded. There is nothing the men who walk up and down the shop (shop-walkers, we call them) are harder on us for than that—to let a customer go empty-handed. Ladies often complain that we waste their time by showing them a dozen things they don't want for one they

do ; but a shop soon gets a bad name if you haven't just the thing a lady wants, and don't seem inclined to trouble about getting it for her. She goes away vexed, and tells the first friend she meets that you can't get anything you want at that shop ; and so it gets about, and people go elsewhere, and custom drops off.

Oh ! bless you, yes, shopkeepers know that quite well ; and that's why we go on trying to tempt a lady with one thing after another, when we haven't got the exact thing she has set her heart on. Three times out of four she sees something which takes her fancy nearly as well, and forgets her disappointment in the pleasure of the new purchase. In some large shops like this the girls get a commission on all they sell ; and ladies will now and then complain that they're not allowed to go without buying something ; but the reason is easy enough to understand, for girls don't get high wages, or even keep their places, if the shopkeeper finds out that they lose customers through shyness, stupidity, or indifference.

A young woman got turned off at a week's notice not long ago, for letting a customer go without asking whether there was any of the stuff she wanted in the store-rooms. It turned out that there was plenty, though what was up-stairs had been sold out ; and she was sent away. I was very sorry for her, for she has a mother dying of consumption, and I'm afraid she was thinking more of her than the customer ; but of course it was careless, and if an example was not made now and then, discipline couldn't be kept up.

You are smiling, ma'am, but you don't know what strict discipline we girls are kept in; and it is needed, too. There are ninety-five young women in this shop, and more in others, of all ages, and grades, and shades of morals and manners. You've no idea what a need there is among so many for rigid rules, and a strong hand to enforce them. The shopwalkers, they keep us in order, and we aren't fond of them, for they're our natural enemies, and always report everything that comes under their eye, of neglect, incivility, talking, or disregard of rules in any way. I don't suppose, however, that the large shopkeepers would get on as well without them. Of course in small shops there is no need of such supervision.

Difficult to know where everything is? Well, no, ma'am, not after the first. You see everything has its fixed place; and when you first enter you're put under the care of some one, who shows you all those places belonging to your own department. You get to know them thoroughly in a very few days; and if a lady wants you to serve her with something out of your department, and you don't know where it is, you ask the young lady at that counter, and she points it out to you.

There's a rule in many shops that the girl who sells you gloves is not to sell you ribands, and so on; but it's not very strictly kept to; for if a lady is in a hurry, she likes being served by one person; and as the customer's pleasure is the chief consideration, minor regulations, as far as possible, give way to it; and we like accommodating each other. Some girls, who are favourites with customers for readiness of serving, or sympathy, or pretty manners, will even get them things from quite other rooms; though the rule is stricter about that, and we often are obliged to tell ladies, "I must trouble you to step into the next room for that, ma'am; I'm not allowed to bring it you here."

Oh, yes, of course we get to know our own value, and whether we are good saleswomen, in time, as well as the employers, and we slight the rules on the strength of it occasionally. It pays us and it pays them, and it pleases the customer; but still you can understand that without the rule there might be no end of confusion and disorder, and that all the work would fall upon a few hands.

Yes, the standing is very tiring. If you look at the young women, you'll see that few of them look strong; and at first you often feel as if you *must* drop, or sit down on the floor, your back and legs get so deadly weary with standing still from one hour's end to another.

We come at eight, and get our breakfast here, dress the counters and shop-windows, and are generally done and serving by a little after nine. That goes on till noon, when a bell rings for dinner, and we go to it—not all at once, of course, but in detachments, so many from each department—and

you can guess how glad we are to sit down to it. Now and then I've known girls faint—especially in selling-off times—directly they sat down.

We haven't much time allowed us, of course, because the others are waiting for their turn. It varies in different shops from half an hour to an hour. It seems short enough, anyhow, and then begins the standing, and smiling, and serving again till five, when the bell rings for tea in the same manner; after which we go at it again till a quarter to eight, when the shop shuts. *This* shop shuts, that is. In Regent Street they close earlier; and at tobacconists' and one or two other shops they are often open till midnight, and before any others again in the morning, for the greater convenience of men; but there the girls sit down most of the time, and are very well paid into the bargain. You see, they have to be pretty and engaging, or gentlemen don't care about buying from them; and very often they are wanted to speak a little French, German, or Spanish—the more languages the better at a tobacconist's, for all foreigners smoke.

Oh, yes, ma'am, you always see the prettiest girls and showiest figures in shops where gentlemen buy. It's an understood necessity; and perhaps that's why prudent mothers would rather let their girls go where they have less pay and harder work; but even ladies, you know, prefer being served by a pretty, winning-looking girl, to one who's downright ugly and ill-favoured. It's only human nature, I suppose, but it comes hard on the ugly girls who want to earn a living all the same. A girl was given notice to leave not long ago. She was very quiet and obliging, and the only support of two little sisters at home; but she had an awful ugly scar on her face, and the shopkeeper found that ladies passed her counter whenever they could, and tried to get served by some one else. She got that scar saving a lady's child from being run over. The horse knocked her down and put his hoof on her face. But you see you can't explain all that to every customer, and she had to go. She's doing sewing-machine work now, and one of the little sisters has gone out to service. It's hard enough to keep the other, and I don't think she'll do it long. She isn't strong.

Yes, ma'am, it's true; good looks and good figures do become real blessings, in an honest matter-of-fact sense, in a draper's shop; and in some departments they're really the chief recommendations. Have you never noticed the girls in the mantle room, how tall and graceful they generally are? A dumpy, vulgar-looking woman will go to buy a mantle there; sees it tried on by one of the young women; admires the sit and cut of it on a figure which would make anything look well, and buys it, thinking it will have the same effect on her. Don't the girls laugh at her, too, when she is gone!

There are not many women—vulgar ones especially—who will own that a thing meant for ladies to wear could look worse on them than on a common shop-girl; though, to be sure, one little woman—a lady she was—did come in one day after a jacket; and when she had seen our head young woman in that department put it on, and wave about before the glass in it, asking her if she didn't think it a beautiful shape, and if it didn't sit well and becomingly—says the little lady, "Yes, it does—on you." Now, please, send me one of your young women about my height, with high shoulders and narrow chest, no figure to speak of, and a round back, if possible, and let me see how it looks on *her*." She knew what the effect would be, and she didn't take that jacket, not she!

Pay? Well, ma'am, that differs, of course, in different shops, and with the different duties and capabilities of the young women. I get sixty pounds a year and my board, as you have seen; but some of the young women get more, and some less. In many of the fashionable shops none get under a hundred. No, our dresses are not provided, but we get them at cost price. They may be any stuff we like, only black, and black ribands and brooches; and then we get our commissions, you know, which is a great help.

No, ma'am, we don't live in the shop. I've a sister here who gets the same as I do; and we lodge in a house hard by, with about a dozen others. Oh, yes, the woman of the house is very particular about the sort. She won't take in any of the flighty ones. Most of us have only a bed-room, and then there's a big parlour we use in common; but in some shops—the large ones in Regent Street and Oxford Street particularly—all the young women sleep on the premises, and have as comfortable rooms, and as handsome a dining-room and drawing-room, as any lady. In one, the proprietor has a library for them, and a reading and billiard room for the young men, and most have pianos. We've one in our lodgings, and several of us can play a little. Of course, in those establishments I was speaking of, the men are kept separate from the young women, and the rules are very strict.

It's a difficult thing to keep respectable in a large shop—much more difficult than people fancy; and that very difficulty is one of the hardest things we have to go through. I'm often anxious about my sister—that pretty girl there, ma'am, with the fair curly hair. She gets a great deal of notice, not only from shopmen, but from gentlemen; and then she gets invitations of an evening to go to the play, and such like; and it does seem hard to be always keeping her at home with me. She's a good girl yet; but— Well, I hope God will keep her so. *

* Selling off? Yes, ma'am; that is our hardest

time; and it comes twice a year, and lasts a month. I don't know which is the worst, the winter or the summer one; but you know what it is yourself to go into the large shops then, when they are so full of people that you can't breathe—such a whirl of hurry and confusion that you can't get served—such a steam, and crowd, and noise that you don't know whether you are standing on your head or heels. Sometimes, when I've told ladies that such and such a thing they want will be cheaper at selling-off time, they've said that they would rather go without it than come to the shop then. Yes, the want of air, and crowd, and confusion are terrible even for them; and think what it is for us, who have to stand through it all day, and day after day for a whole month.

Sometimes customers will remark how deadly white a girl is looking, and wonder what ails her, when they themselves are complaining of having to stand the stifling atmosphere and noise for ten minutes. Twice I've been dangerously ill after selling-off time; and it's not at all an uncommon occurrence for some of the more delicate girls to break down even before it's over.

I remember once I was serving four ladies at a time in a great crush. The shop had been so crowded all day, that I hadn't even been able to slip away for dinner. I'd have given anything for a glass of water, my throat was so dry, and there was such a buzzing in my head and weight in my back. One of the ladies would want piles on piles of lace overhauled for a pattern of Cluny which a friend had bought some days before, though I told her it was all sold out, and that in those days things sold so quickly, you couldn't be sure of finding an inch of a thing to-morrow of which there were scores of yards to-day. Another couldn't make up her mind, and changed it as often as she had decided on anything; while another sat by, saying it was "infamous that she was not served more quickly, and let get away from that poisonous air." I shouldn't have minded either, or all, at any other time; but I suppose I was overset and weak (it was the second week of the sale, and this sort of thing had been going on all day and every day), for I suddenly broke down, and burst out crying. Fortunately, the girl next me saw, and stepped into my place, and I got away somehow, and was taken below, where I went from one fit of hysterics to another.

Yes, that sort of thing would never do to last; but you see it only comes twice a year; and for the rest of the time, though the work is sometimes hard, and always monotonous, it is well paid and regular; and you've always the chance of a rise, and of laying by money. It wants patience, good temper, and steadiness. They are useful things anywhere, but you can't do without them if you want to get on behind a counter.

ODD FANCIES.

HOW little we can guess what may be the favourite amusement or "hobby" of any one we casually meet! Most people have some pursuit: one is a reader; another, a billiard player; another, a musician; and another, perhaps, is great in amateur conjuring, and prides himself on his skill in repeating, in a small way, the tricks of the popular conjurer of the day.

But there is a considerable body of people who are *collectors*. Not that they necessarily understand the objects they collect: the pleasure lies in the collecting and possessing them. Some people seem born to be collectors, just as a scholar was declared to have been "created to make indexes." The tendency is an instinct, and it seems to be left to accident to determine in what direction it shall display itself. Perhaps, to a certain extent, it is a part of every one's nature. What child has not his secret store of odds and ends—bits of string, and buttons, and coloured paper? and how indignant he is to hear it called "rubbish!" The mania appears under various forms at successive stages of life: the first visit to the sea-side generally marks the sea-weed and shell period, answering perhaps to the flint-knife period of our forefathers; then comes the zoophyte period; then the postage-stamp and bird's-egg period.

The love of collecting often shows itself in a fantastic form. You see your friend, on alighting from a cab, demand the driver's ticket; you saw nothing extortionate in the man's demand, and you anticipate a collision. Nothing of the sort, however: your friend is simply making a collection.

A friend of the writer presented to the British Museum a collection of shells, on which, in the course of years, he had spent a small fortune; but he was uneasy at the loss of his favourite pastime; "he was a collector," he said, by nature, and he "*must collect something*." What was he to do? Accident decided the point. A conversation happened to arise as to the comparative number of male and female writers who had published volumes of poems, when the thought occurred to him that he would settle the question by collecting all the volumes of poems by female writers on which he could lay his hands. In a short time he had obtained no less than two thousand.

One man will make a collection of horse-shoes which have been used to drive away evil spirits; another will collect letters remarkable for bad spelling, and a third is great in play-bills.

There are, however, several respectable and recognised forms of the mania. Book-collecting is one of the most respectable forms.

One man desires a complete library: he will possess all the historians, all the poets, all the

novelists, etc.; another is a specialist: perhaps he takes to Shakespeare—he determines to have every edition, every commentary, every treatise on the infinite number of questions to which Shakespeare and his works have given rise. If he is a man of fortune, he will give high prices for anything rare.

Another phase is the collecting old and curious books of all sorts; uncut copies, copies with large margins, editions rendered curious by some well-known misprints, or any other peculiarity which collectors have agreed to regard as giving the book a special value. This is called "*Bibliomania*."

Then there are the collectors of manuscripts.

But who has not met with the collector of *autographs*—the enthusiast who besets his acquaintances for every scrap of paper they may happen to possess bearing the signature of any one who has become distinguished?

Then there are the collectors of objects of natural history: amiable race! The pursuit is open to all; even the Londoner can get away a few miles into the country, and, like Izaak Walton, can "prevent the sunrise," in search of anything living. Young and old delight in the pursuit. Who has not seen the elderly gentleman in spectacles, armed with a large green net on a rim with a handle? See! he gives chase to a butterfly; he runs as nimbly as a schoolboy. Ah! he has bagged it! It is a much-coveted specimen of *Polyommatus ægon*; he wears now only the Camberwell Beauty and *Thecla betula*, to complete his case of English butterflies. He has long been at work at insects and birds, and his walls are covered with glass cases; he is a correspondent of half the natural history periodicals, and is the first to hear the cuckoo and to see a glow-worm.

Then, too, there are the collectors of facts. The astronomer registers observations on the heavens; another records the rainfall and the direction of the wind at different places. Others collect facts about population, the rate of wages, the prevalence of diseases, the statistics of benefit clubs, of railway traffic, and an infinity of topics. The number of amateurs thus engaged is very large. They work silently, and their pursuits possess but little interest for people in general; but only let a question be raised in the daily papers, and it is surprising how many persons appear to have been for years giving their entire attention to the subject.

These men are all useful. Important principles are discovered by the comparison of a long array of facts; and the man who is utterly destitute of scientific knowledge may be of great service to society, by collecting materials for others to reason upon. Yes, the men are all useful; let us think affectionately of the "Collectors."

HALCYON HOURS.



"IT WAS NOT SADNESS MADE US STILL."

THERE was no fleck in all the blue
Of that pure sky we sat beneath,
And, wave by wave, the waters drew,
Or seemed to draw, a peaceful breath ;

A blessed calm was on the shore,
A roseate glow upon the sea,
The trouble of the world was o'er,
And life's unrest had ceased to be.

The anguish of the tortured breast,
The bitter pangs of doubt and fear,
These were but phantoms of unrest
That made the sunshine triply dear ;
The gleaming lids of tear-bright eyes
There were no longer tears to fill .
Sorrow was lost in glad surprise—
It was not sadness made us still.

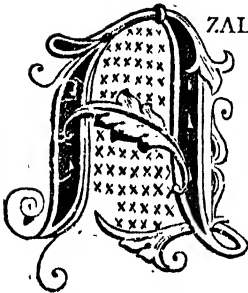
The life of that one hour to live,
That one to hold, the rest to lose
We were content, though clouds might give
The future all its rainbow hues ;

A tender joy was all our own,
Naught else had in it place or part—
Love touched to its divinest tone,
The chords of rapture in the heart.

And when the hard awakening came,
The dream had glorified the sleep ;
Our lives are brighter for the flame
That, incense-fed, our memories keep ;
The angels of the hours we knew
For ever radiant we behold,
As those the monkish painters drew
Smile out of solid heavens of gold.

A Z A L E A .

A TALE IN THREE CHAPTERS—CHAPTER THE FIRST.



AZALEA : I shall never forget when the name first caught my eyes. It was late at night, and I was sitting up waiting for father's coming home. Our room, over Lambeth way, was hot and stuffy, and there was a restlessness on me as I sat in the dark, and looked out into the street that was full of moonlight.

Harry, my brother, who had been hot and feverish and drowsy all day, had tumbled to sleep on the hearthrug, and there was only his hard breathing to break the silence. I listened to it till its monotony drove me wild. I walked to and fro till I felt stifled, and at last I thought, "I will steal down and get a mouthful of air. The street's so quiet, I shall hear father's step long before he comes. And he may be glad if I meet him."

So I crept out of the house. I was so glad to breathe the fresh air, and it and the moonlight seemed all one, and soothed and quieted me. I wandered down the street towards the river, and stood at the corner waiting and revelling in the coolness. As I did so I noticed that the light fell strong upon a hoarding, covered with huge posters, round a building they were running up, and it was so light that I could read these quite plainly. There were many fine and smart, but none so big and showy as one with great letters that seemed tumbling forwards, and those letters made the word "Azalea."

"They are taller than I am surely," I thought ; "I will go and measure. They won't tumble on me for all they look so terrible."

And I ran over the road—forgetful of all else in the moment—and marched up and down in front of the letters, which towered far above as if I had been in an arcade. For I was little more than a child,

and so small and light that I looked even younger than I was. Though Harry was younger we looked much of an age, and were indeed singularly alike, especially as to our bearing and way of carrying ourselves ; but this was not surprising, for Harry as an acrobat's son had been well trained, and I, out of mere daring and the love of the thing, could do all that he could do—some of the feats, father said, even better. But perhaps he only said this to spur Harry on, for he was not much given to praising us. He was a hard, stern man, with an eye like an eagle's, black and scorching under his bushy brows, that used to look us into obedience without his saying ever a word. Still he was kind to us in his way, and would have been more so, I think, but the acrobat's is a trying life, and the drink he took made him irritable.

I marched up and down before the letters, as I have said, and fell to wondering what they meant ; and as I did so, all at once a rough hand was twisted into my curls—they hung right to my waist—and a rough voice demanded fiercely what I did there at that hour. It was father—the worse for liquor, I could see, for his eyes were like hot coals, and at first he was disposed to be angry ; but as he looked up from my terrified face to the big letters, his stern face relaxed and he loosed his grip of my hair.

"How did you know of this, Minnie ?" he demanded.

"Of what, father ?" I stammered.

"The poster here : you came to look at the fine poster, didn't you ? How did you find it out ?"

He saw by my look that I did not understand him, and when I muttered something about only coming out for a breath of air, dragged me out into the middle of the road, and with irrepressible pride pointed again to the grand letters.

"Look at them," he cried. "Beautiful, ain't they ? I've done the trick at last, my girl. The French

gentleman that came to see Harry tumble, last week, will make our fortunes. Your brother is Azalea!"

I was so surprised that I could not answer. It fairly took my breath away. He gave one more look full of pride at the word, and we went back to the house. On the way he told me, with a garrulity unusual with him, of what had happened—how the French gentleman had hit upon a novelty—how that it consisted of a sort of "vampire-trap," from which the performer was to be shot up into the air twenty or thirty feet, and to alight on a stage there—and how that Harry had just met the French gentleman's requirements, both from his skill and his girlish appearance, because the excitement to be created about Azalea would be increased from there being a mystery whether it was a boy or a girl.

We entered the house as he finished, and I tripped up-stairs and lit a candle, which I gave to father as he entered our room. Harry was still sleeping on the rug, breathing hard. The light showed us his face—it was bright red. He had been stricken with fever; and before the week was out, we two, huddled together in the corner of a couch, followed the poor boy to his grave.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

AZALEA took the town.

"How!" you will exclaim; "was he not really dead then?" Alas! yes, and truly, deeply mourned over. My father was in a passion of grief at his loss, and in despair at the consequences. The French gentleman came to the house half-frenzied. "But, man," cried he, "I have spent a fortune in advertising this—this son of yours!"

"True, and it is most unfortunate——" my father began.

"Bah!" cried the other, and bounded out of the room. In doing so he nearly tumbled over me as I crouched weeping in the passage, so that I cried out. He stepped aside—started—rapped out a French oath—and darting into the room he had just quitted, slammed to the door. There was a long conversation in subdued voices, and when at length he quitted the house, his face was radiant and his courtesy profuse. On the mat he presented me with the rose from his button-hole, and kissed the tips of the tight gloves he seemed to have been born in, all the way as he backed down the steps out into the middle of the road.

That night I gave my father a promise that I would face the public in place of our poor lost Harry, and try my hardest to realise the golden dreams his death had shattered. And later, when he thought me sleeping, I stole out to have another look at the great letters on the wall. They had a fresh meaning for me now, and oh, how huge and

terrible they looked! Surely they were bigger than ever as I cowered down before them. And they bent forward farther and farther, as if to crush me—poor little mite that I was—till I was fain to cry out and tear myself away from them in mortal terror.

I kept my word though, and practised hard; thinking much of what I had to do and little of what might come of it; sustained moreover by encouragement both from my father and the Frenchman—who every day gave me a flower from his button-hole, and kissed his glove-tips whenever he caught my eye, as if in that act he administered some reviving cordial—and so at length the first night's performance came with triumphant results, and Azalea was the idol of the town.

There was something vastly pleasant in the position. The performance I had undertaken involved danger every night. But I had no fear, and the ringing plaudits, and the sweet sense of popularity, drove all thoughts of danger out of my head. Sometimes I fancied that there was an anxious, a pained look in my father's face, as he waited on me and watched my every movement, inspiring me with confidence by his eagle glance; but whatever his apprehensions I did not share them, and in time grew easy to indifference. At last—but quite at last—I even overcame my awe of the great letters on the wall, beside which I was so insignificant, and grew to amusing myself with the fancy that they simply bent forward out of courtesy towards me, joining in the general homage.

So I was proud and happy in my strange life, and I might have continued to be so, but for one circumstance. I had noticed, but without attaching any meaning to it, that on most nights a particular box was occupied by a curious-looking person, who watched me with a concentrated attention. He was an elderly man, with dyed black hair hanging long about a colourless face. A singular ravenous look was in his eyes, and he had a habit of twitching up his face, so as to show a long row of white teeth, evidently false. As he sat he would rest his thin bony hands, clutched together hard, on the front of the box, a tremulous diamond showing that he endured strong nervous excitement.

These peculiarities I should never have noticed, but that all at once a rumour reached me, investing this man with a terrible interest. I came to know—I cannot tell how—that he had a fixed conviction that my career would terminate fatally, and a morbid desire to be present on the occasion. Thus he never missed a night. He was always in the house, and always, if possible, in the place in which I had noticed him.

Slowly but surely the presence of this man, combined with the knowledge of why he came, began

to have a strange effect upon me. I began to be haunted with the thought of him. It mixed up with my dreams and broke my rest. It troubled my waking hours to such an extent that I grew nervous, distracted, and irritable, and pride and pleasure alike went. I began to shrink with apprehension from my nightly task. I found myself speculating on the possibilities of failure, of mutilation, of sudden death. Doubt of my own powers tended towards real incapacity. The terror of the letters on the walls revived, and at sight of the now familiar name my heart would throb violently, and my limbs tremble.

"If he would only absent himself for once—for once only!" I found myself repeating all day; and "You will fail! you will fail!" rang in my mind like a demon chorus.

There could be but one end to this. At last it came. One night, as I was nerving myself for the great leap (a dead silence and hush of expectation in the house), and just as I had given the signal, this man rose from his seat. His doing so attracted my gaze, my concentration was lost, my will was paralysed. The spring sent me flying into the air—there was a cry, a crash, a surging as of tumultuous in-rushing waves, and then a blank.

After that night Azalea appeared no more.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

IN the very clutch of death I was yet spared; my father had saved my life; but I had received injuries which resulted in a long and weary illness. Happily my exertions had placed us in comparative affluence, though the success had chiefly enriched the old Frenchman, who never failed during my long illness to call daily, leaving me a flower and his card, until I had whole packs of the latter on the little table at my bedside.

When I began to recover we travelled, and once I was horrified at seeing on the platform of a railway station, as we dashed past, the white face of the man who had waited to gloat over my death. Eventually we settled down in a little midland village, where we were unknown, and our antecedents unsuspected.

And so the story of my life might have ended, but that it chanced to me to meet and favourably impress the son of a gentleman of that neighbourhood. He made me the offer of his hand. With the memory of the past vividly before me, I promptly refused. It was not right, I knew, that one who had filled the compromising position I had done should become the wife of a man of family and position. But he would not be repulsed. Again and again he urged his suit, till refusal became rudeness, and there was but one thing left for me to do. It was necessary to take him into my confidence, and I did so.

Need I say that his amazement knew no bounds? He could not for the moment find words in which to give expression to it. When he did, it was only to express his half-incredulity. He had himself witnessed Azalea's exploits. And was it indeed a woman? And I that woman?

"You see," I urged, "there is a barrier between us which nothing can overleap. Would to Heaven you could have believed this, and spared me this humiliation."

He took my hand.

"Minnie," he said, "be my wife."

"No, no, no," I protested; "consider your position, your family, the friends it would estrange, the contempt it would bring upon you. I dare not!"

But my protestations were in vain. He prevailed, because he loved me, and because I returned that love, oh, so truly, so utterly! I became his happy wife—happy, yes; and yet one little cloud would hover in the blue expanse of my married life.

Never for one instant did Frank reproach me with the past; never, that I could discern, did he shrink from allusion to it, as to a subject which we could discuss freely and openly, without shame or regret. And yet I worried myself with the fear whether in his heart of hearts he might not sometimes regret the step that he had taken, and whether he might not even unconsciously come to regard me with less respect, with less consideration than those about him upon whose past there was no shadow, and who had within their hearts no secret. In all this I deeply wronged him. His heart had no such feeling; the loyalty of his affection was untainted by any such reproach.

I came to know this in time for true and certain. The cloud was lifted, and went in a day, in an hour—ay, in a single minute. That minute I shall never forget. Our first baby-child, our little bright-eyed darling, lay upon my knees, laughing, crowing, and striving to thrust its dimpled hands into its mouth.

Frank bent over—the evening sunshine on his curls.

"Baby must be christened soon, dear," I said; "she must have a name, and we have never talked this over."

"There was no need," he answered

I looked up.

"What! you have chosen, then?" I asked.

"Yes, love."

"Oh, tell me! tell me! what are we to call her?"

He bent, kissing my brow, and with a smile that showed how well he knew that he kissed away my hidden trouble, answered—

"Azalea."

W. SAWYER.

FUSSY FOLKS.



Y dear! my dear! have you got your comforter?"

"No, my dear; I don't want it in this fine weather."

"But it might change to rain; or an east wind might come on. One can't be sure. Do take it."

—Mr. Denshire, make John take his comforter.—And, oh! John——

"All right, my dear, what is it? I'm in a great hurry."

"Don't forget the salmon, and—John, you've not got your comforter on. Do wind it round your throat, twice round—a middle cut of salmon, mind, and——"

"I know, my dear, I know. You've told me all that already."

"But I am sure you will forget. John, please make a note of it, and—wait one moment—a middle cut; and be sure it is not Christchurch salmon? and—oh, dear me! one instant do make a note of it; and, John, tie your comforter tight.—Mr. Denshire, would you remind him?—*not* Christchurch salmon; it is twopence a pound dearer.—And, John, don't forget the middle——"

But, with the prospect of missing our train before us, John dragged me away, pursued by his wife's tongue till we were both out of hearing. Five minutes' sharp run, not over-agreeable to men of middle age and portly—shall we say dignified?—figure, and we reach the station just *too late!*

"Next train not for 'alf an hour, sir."

"Confound it!" says John. "And I've a most important business appointment at eleven. It's all my wife's fault; she's so consumedly fussy."

And I, who have also an appointment in the City, the loss of which may entail a corresponding one of pounds, shillings, and pence, excuse the adjective in sympathetic irritation at the cause. It is all his wife's fault; and fussiness is a fault which men—I thank goodness for it—seldom possess; but which seems indigenous to womankind, and in some cases grows and grows upon the owner till she becomes even more of a burthen to herself than to her long-suffering neighbours. I have known passionate women, and pitied them; venomous women, and detested them; treacherous women, and despised them. I have rarely suffered more in bodily and mental comfort than from my knowledge of "tussy" women.

Home is the synonym of peace; therefore home

without peace is an anomaly; and as the presence or a fussy woman is utterly destructive to every peaceful and placid element, it stands to reason that the home where such a one reigns is of all places the most unhomelike, wearisome, and discordant; and instead of being the resting-place to the man of business, and the healing grotto of the invalid, must inevitably drive the well but weary husband to his club, the sick and suffering one to the hospital—or the grave.

You think that I speak too strongly? Let us see.

One of the most special characteristics of a fussy woman, and one which, while seeming too trivial for notice, is peculiarly productive of discomfort to those about her, is her utter inability to decide for herself on any one single subject in the whole circle of life, from choosing a bonnet ribbon to settling the destiny of her firstborn. However urgently you may be occupied on other matters, she must have your advice; and having obtained it, will pull it to pieces, argue over it, scout it, revert to her first idea, and pass one half-hour in holding it up for admiration in contrast to your own, and another in combatting all the arguments which you might (but don't, if you are wise) propound against it; and finally, if you give in to her by way of ending the subject, will return to your view, hesitate, vacillate between the two, retire to get a third opinion, return more undecided than ever, possibly melt tears, probably lose her temper, and most likely in the end go off on some fresh subject, and leave the question to be gone over again at some future time.

Is this exaggeration? Let me exemplify, and you can judge for yourself.

I am busy in my study, writing an article on—let us say animal magnetism. To me enters a fussy woman, bonnet in one hand, band-box or rag-basket in the other.

[N.B.—Fussy women are always encumbered with boxes, bundles, and baskets of odds and ends.]

I don't look at her. If I did she would speak to me, and I don't want to be spoken to; but I see her out of the sub-corner of my left eye, and groan inwardly.

"Is it not tiresome?" she says.

No answer. I am too busy even to hear!

"This bonnet is not fit to wear. It is really dreadful not to have a bonnet to put on, isn't it?"

No answer.

"And I don't like to buy another just at the end of the season. By the way, though, Mrs. Jones

has got a new one. Didn't you see her in it last Sunday?"

"No"—very shortly.

"Didn't you? A plum-coloured one with mauve feathers. I don't think the feathers were real tips though. Perhaps she got it cheap. What do you think? Now, if I could get a cheap bonnet; but I am *so* unlucky. I think they always charge me double what they do other people. Do you remember the price of that lavender and—why, I had the bill just now. What can I have done with it? Dear me, how provoking! Have you seen it? Mary must have taken it away with the breakfast-things, or perhaps it is on the floor. If you would move your chair a moment. No, Mary must have taken it; or is it under the table?—Mary, have you seen a bill for a bonnet? Oh, I am sure you have taken it, for it was here just now, and—why, dear me, here it is in my pocket all the time! Well, that is strange. No, Mary, I don't want you any more, and you can put the bill in the fire. It is paid. I only wanted to see if it was £3 10s. or £3 15s., and—"

At this moment something which has long puzzled me as to relative psychic force suddenly dawns across my intelligence, and I really cease to hear for a moment. I am recalled by a voice and look of injured appeal, and the remark—

"I really think you might attend to me for one little moment. What *do* you think?"

"About what? I beg your pardon."

"Why, I have been telling you! About the bonnet, of course. Do you think I could go to the Smiths' in a home-made affair? or must I go to the shop and buy a new one?"

My eye wanders to the rag-basket, and in dread of a discussion of its contents, I decide instantly for the shop. It is no use.

"Do you really think so? But it is so extravagant. I have only had this six weeks, and to buy another! But I suppose I couldn't go on wearing it; and yet—I don't know. What should you say?"

"Hem! Don't know really"—without looking up.

"Why? Do you think I could? I thought you hated shabby things so much; and blue, of all colours, fades so quickly. I wish I had not got blue at all. I should never have done so if Fanny hadn't advised me; and such a light blue too. Is it not annoying? If I do get a new bonnet, what colour would you like it to be?"

"Better go to the milliner's and choose there." This is a bright suggestion, and ought to relieve me. It does not, however, for she answers plaintively—

"But we ought to have some idea before going there." (We! Is it *my* bonnet?) "Now, do advise me. Don't you think green—"

"Green? Yes, very pretty. Have green." I return to my article briskly.

"But it is so trying, and at my age too. By the

way, I have some green ribbon here which—but I don't think I could wear green. Oh, no! that would be quite out of the question—quite. How do you think this looks?—only I am not sure how to put it on. Plaited, I suppose—eh?"

(No answer.)

"But I thought plaitings were quite gone out. Fanny's bonnet has none on it. Dear me! I can't make up my mind, and you won't help me with your taste in the least."

"I have no taste in bonnets, and I am frightfully busy. If you would kindly let me finish this at—"

"Well, really I never saw any one so selfish and indifferent. I think it is my fate to live with selfish people; and when my only wish to look nice is to do you credit. But that is all the gratitude one gets. And then, perhaps, if I do my best at making one, you won't like me to wear it."

"Oh, yes, I shall, I promise you."

"Then you think I had better do so. Why didn't you say so before? I would begin it at once only I am not sure about the shape. If Fanny were only at home! And would you mind my emptying this basket on your table? I want to see whether there is anything in it that would do—this, for instance. And then, if I make it like Fanny's—but really I don't know. It might be a failure. I wonder if I *had* better go and buy one in Regent Street." And so on, *ad infinitum*.

Think, good friend, how much "animal magnetism" remains in your brain after the first five minutes, and how much Christian kindness in your heart after you have tossed the article aside in despair, and gone forth knowing that the happy idea, once lost, may never return. And this is no imaginary sketch, but only the opening chorus of the discussion without which this unhappy person finds it morally impossible to buy herself so much as a single inch of ribbon.

But independent of this habit of boring you about their affairs, another annoying peculiarity in tussy women is that they are equally incapable of letting yours alone. They cannot be happy without having a finger in everybody's pie, even while their own remains unfinished and neglected. They are for ever offering unasked suggestions, and obtruding undesired aid; and yet, as we have seen, cannot perform the simplest action without worrying all around for advice and assistance in it. They have such a passion for talking, that they cannot suffer anybody to pronounce the most ordinary opinion without first contradicting, and then disputing it, with a vigour only proportionate to their absolute ignorance of the matter in question. They are for ever hurrying others, and for ever behindhand themselves; for ever restless, and for ever unhappy; for ever tired, and for ever tiring others by the constant fuss and fidget which accompanies every action of their lives.

If you sit down to sketch, the fussy woman is at your shoulder suggesting that this is out of drawing, and that out of perspective; making pencil-marks on your paper, crumbling your bread, blurring your tints, lamenting over the wash you have just put on, and deprecating the one you are about to add.

If you fly for a little peace to the piano, she follows to exclaim at imaginary false notes, requests you to play over again bars just completed, checks your most brilliant runs by dabbing down her finger on the keys to see whether they be dusty, and spoils your enjoyment of the most delicate harmonies by humming three or four variations of them, all out of tune and time, to show you how wrong is your own rendering.

Woe betide you if you fall ill in the house of a fussy woman! for should she be taken up with any hobby, however trivial, at the moment, you may actually die without her being even aware that you are ailing; and this not from unkindness, but because, mark you, inveterate fussiness entails habitual selfishness—selfishness which is not necessarily sinful, but consequent on entire absence of all leisure for thought of others' comfort.

But should her mind be free, you are no better off, for she is as likely as not to kill you by the fuss and fidget which in many ailments is worse than any ill-treatment. She is sure you are going to die if you look pale—she is certain that you are in a raging fever if you are flushed; she wonders if it is typhus, because there was a case in Marylebone last week—and argues that it must be small-pox,

because it is prevalent in Chelsea. She prescribes a remedy, and thinks of a better as soon as you have begun to try it. She torments you with inquiries as to your symptoms, when you are trying to forget them; and wakes you from a doze by manipulations of your pulse. Your head spins while she discusses whether she ought, or ought not, to send for a doctor; and if so, what doctor; and when she has at last fixed on and sent for one, she discovers that she has no confidence in him, argues over all his opinions, and dissuades you from all his prescriptions.

When she is ill herself—if, indeed, her little finger aches—the case is infinitely worse. She is sure that no one ever had such a finger before. She is certain it is some abnormal disease. She talks over it—she cries over it—she takes it from person to person, and doctor to doctor, to be examined, felt, pitied, and prescribed for in every imaginable way. It is rheumatism; it is gout—rheumatic gout—inflammation of the bone—cancer—gangrene. She is in such torture that life is unendurable. She is going to die, when—all of a sudden—some other trifle usurps her fancy; and the finger, over which her whole family have been writhing in vicarious agonies, is entirely forgotten!

Is it wonderful that the servants of such a one seldom stay over a month—that her governesses give warning at the end of a quarter—that her children are sickly, fractious, and ill-conducted—her husband prematurely worn and aged—her whole life a misery to herself, a bane to every methodical mind, and a torture to every peaceful spirit?

THE FRENCH LESSON.



BLUE-EYED, as if the summer skies
Above were always in them glassed,
With smiles before whose light care flies,
Demure she sat and simply wise,
As up the garden walk I passed.

Around two girls th' acacia hung
Its creamy blossoms for a frame,
Standing by her they glibly sung
Their French verbs, while with ready tongue
She spake, they following—*Que j'aime!*

That picture treasured in my breast,
Her sweet tones murmuring day and night
Que j'aime within my ears, no rest
I found within the distant West,
And dreams did but renew that sight.

'Twas useless there base gold to save
Ling'ring, my heart was far away;
And Hope her honeyed counsels gave,
Bidding me cross the rolling wave,
Seek England's rock-walls lashed with spray.

Al! happy me! returning home
(Where Julie lived, home seemed to be),
'Twas sweet near those blue eyes to come,
See them break into smiles, and some—
The best—were aye reserved for me!

One morn—the lark above his mate
In rapture sang by bank and brae—
I plucked up grace to dare my fate:
“*Que j'aime*, I heard you conjugate;
Answer me, please—*Vous m'aimez?*”
She stopped—grew pale as death—the blush
Flew o'er her cheeks; as with a dart
My soul was pierced; what that quick rush
Meant, I divined; and she—well, hush!
Next moment wept she on my heart.

Al! happy me! each rising tear
I kissed away, and soothed her long,
Whisp'ring, “French verbs are finished, dear,
Save that more perfectly each year
We'll try to say, *Nous aimerons*.”

M. G. W.

IN HONOUR BOUND.

BY CHARLES GIBBON,

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-EIGHTH.

IN DREAMLAND.

SHE sat with cloak drawn tightly about her, head bowed, but occasionally glancing round in a vain effort to identify the part of the country through which she was travelling.

Sandy hummed or whistled to himself in an undertone, stealing many sheepish glances at the lady—for a lady she was, he had no doubt; and he wondered much how she came to be a friend of Andra Fyfe, and why she was travelling by road to Aberdeen, when there was the train to take her in a very short time. At length—

"Are you cozy?"

"Quite, thank you."

The voice was a very sweet one, and the manner friendly; yet all Sandy's arts failed him, and he felt unable to continue the conversation. He had a series of jokes, which were always successful with the lasses; but this one seemed so sad that the jokes were damped. He went on cracking his whip—doing even that quietly—humming, whistling, and wondering.

She was thinking of the happy home she had seen that morning; how blissful was the lot of Mrs. Fyfe! how blithe the bairns! She could have been happy too, in a humble cot like that, where there were no worries about money—no bitterness of disappointment about great fortunes, and where the round of duties consisted in keeping the house and bairns tidy, making the porridge and kail, and having a pleasant smile for the guid-man when he came home from his work.

They were content—aye, there was the secret of it all; and she had marred the happiness of her home, because she had not been content. Her heart swelled and throbbed as she realised how foolish, wicked, and wrong she had been in leaving Drumliemount. She wished she could go back, but shrank from that. The petty feeling of shame—of pride—barred the way. She *could not* go back now; it was too late.

But it was all so strange—the journey through the night, the rest in the deserted lime-kiln, the friends of the next morning, the bright home, the bairns' voices, Mrs. Fyfe's queer song, and the jolting over the road in a cart. She seemed to be travelling in dreamland: it must be just one of those waking dreams which had so often visited her, and in which she had tried to see the strange lands and peoples of the ballads and fireside

legends; or tried to comprehend that vague yearning for the something beyond her daily life, which had been part of her nature since ever she could remember looking out in wonder upon the moors and the restless sea. There seemed to be always something wanting to complete her state, to perfect her happiness.

What was it she yearned for? Was not this the expression of a discontented spirit, restless and ever changing as the sea? Nobody had perfect happiness on earth, yet she had been craving for it all her life, like a child crying for the moon to play with. It could not be love she sought, for she had found that. She felt very miserable as she began to think that selfish discontent was at the bottom of it all. And yet she loved him; she was going to prove that by hiding away, by sinking utterly into the dreamland, so that he might be happy.

Dreams, dreams, dreams! Presently Walter would speak, or Baby would cry, and she would waken up in the dear home, and she would be so practical and steady that they would all be glad this wandering had been only a dream.

"What way do you no take the train to Aberdeen?"

That was a voice far away; but it reached her, and was slowly drawing her down from the clouds to the everyday commonplaces of her position.

"Are you sleeping?"

The voice was louder and much nearer.

"Oh, are you sleeping, Maggie?" sang the voice, and went on with the rest of the verse.

She raised her head drowsily, and saw the ruddy face of Sandy Crab, bent towards her, laughing.

"I'm wae to rouse you, for you look weary," said the rustic beau; "but unless you mean to gang up to the hill with me, and help to load the peats, there's nae help for't. We're near as far on your road as I'm going. You'll never tramp to Aberdeen; what way do you no take the train?"

The repetition of the question roused her to its significance. The train?—she had never thought of it; all her ideas had been so confused; she had only wished to get away from Drumliemount, and to move towards the granite city in the faint—almost absurd—hope that she might there learn something of the *Christina*. Her distress had been too bitter, her mind too much distracted to form any definite plans as to her movements.

"I don't know," she answered shamefacedly ;
"I—I did not think of it."

"Od, that's queer ; but it's your best plan."

"Where could I get the train?"

"At Steenhve, about six miles from here ; but if you take the footpath through the wood, it's not more than four and a bittock."

"What is the fare?"

"I'm no sure, but about half-a-crown, I dare say."

That was just the sum of which she was pos-

go yet, and I maun be hame before even. The work has to be done, you sec, whether we like or no, and I'm no one of those lazy beggars that just says, Come even, come saxpence" (meaning that the day's wage is paid whether the work is done or not).

"You have given me a good lift, and I've had a fine rest, thank you," she said, "and I would not like to take you off your road. I'll easily walk to the train."

"Go down there, then, till you come to a slap"



"HAD ENOUGH?"

sessed : she would have nothing to give to Sandy, and she would arrive in a strange city penniless. But it was best to hasten her journey, and she would not think of what was to happen when she reached the end of it.

She was still dreaming.

The cart stopped at the corner of a narrow road, which led up to the hills whither Sandy was going for peats. He dismounted, took off the back of the cart, and offered his assistance to her in descending to the ground. She just touched his shoulder, and jumped down.

"You loup like a two-year-old," he said admiringly ; "by my sang, I would like to hurl you all the way to Steenhve ; but I've a long road to

(opening) "in the hedge, syne follow the footpath through the wood, and across the bog, and you'll come on to the road. Syne turn to your left, and you'll come into the town. You canna go wrong in broad daylight, although many a one has lost theirsel's there at night."

"I'll remember what you say ; but—how am I to pay you?"

"Hoots ! I need nae pay ; I was coming this gate anyway ; but if you'll gi'e me something to mind me of you—a bit ribbon, or anything—I'll be rale proud."

She gave him a bow which was fastened on the breast of her dress : it seemed to her very little, and she was somewhat astonished by the request.

But she took it as a simple desire for a remembrance of one to whom he had done a kindness, and she did not hesitate.

Good-bye was said—merrily on his side, as he pinned the bow beside his medal; earnestly on hers—and he drove off to the hills, quite proud of his new trophy of conquest, as he regarded it. He was an irresistible chap among the lasses according to his own belief; but, then, very little satisfied him!

She walked down the muddy road, which was pock-marked by the steps of a drove of sheep not long gone by. The opening in the hedge was easily found, and she took the footpath into the fir-wood.

The trees were jewelled with rain-drops sparkling in the glimpses of sunlight which broke through the heavy clouds at intervals; again a gust of wind shook the branches, the heavy drops fell in showers, and there was a patter in the underwood as of children's feet. Light and shadow played about the trunks, and there was a fresh, grateful odour in the wood. At first she walked upon soft moss or long thick grass, because the footpath was so miry; but presently the ground beneath the trees became bare and brown, relieved only now and then by a little patch of moss, or a group of fungi, and in one part by a solitary wild flower, which lifted up its head courageously to brighten this dark place, and caught new beauty in its solitude as a ray of sunlight fell at its feet to comfort it. Teenie stooped as if she would kiss the flower, but she did not pluck it; she left it there to cheer the path of whoever followed her.

Walter was riding along the road, passed the gap in the hedge, and yet he divined nothing of her neighbourhood. No instinct told him that she was near; his horse's hoofs tramped out her foot-prints, and he did not know.

Half an hour earlier, and he would have found her parting with Sandy Crab; but the latter was now a mile or more on his way to the hills, and she was in the centre of the wood.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-NINTH.

BY THE WAYSIDE.

THE footpath became more difficult to discern as she advanced, and at last all trace of it disappeared. She turned back to seek it—failed; thought she had gone a little too much to the right, and so turned to the left—with no better success. She was puzzled—looked all round; but each direction seemed to be so like the other, that it was impossible to decide which way to turn. Long rows of bare trunks, light and shadow, the brown mould underneath—nothing sufficiently distinctive to guide a stranger to the place.

After a little hesitation, she marched straight for-

ward. An hour's walking, and she emerged from the wood upon a narrow road scored with deep wheel-ruts, and having a ditch on either side.

She was tired, and rested there, sitting on a stone, leaning her back against the bole of a tree, and a black shadow shooting aslant her face and body. Hands resting limply in her lap, head thrown back, and eyes half closed. A sunbeam fringed the shadow, but did not dispel it. There was a warm drowsy moisture in the air, and she sank into dreamland again—the region of constant endeavour without accomplishment. She felt, as one frequently does in dreams, like one trying to escape some danger that was all the more terrible because of its vagueness; but her feet were heavy, and, try as she might, there seemed to be no possibility of moving beyond reach of the enemy. She was sensible of deep depression; she wished to get away, and could not.

She hoped that some one would pass, and direct her to the right road for Steenhylve; but no one came. The birds were making merry overhead, and she sat so still that one little fellow dropped down beside a pool almost at her feet, and bathed himself with much fluttering of his plumage.

At length she got up, and resumed her journey, taking what she thought was the right way, but utterly indifferent as to her course, she felt so weary in body and soul.

The direction she had taken was towards the hills; but it was late in the afternoon before she became aware of that, and then she was utterly worn out, ready to lie down by the wayside and die. If it were not that Walter must hate her now, that he would spurn her from him, she would crawl back to the home which became dearer and more beautiful to her the farther she strayed away from it, and crave his pity—even that she would be satisfied with now.

But it was for his sake she had left—for his sake she must keep away. She felt stronger in thinking of that. Presently she was bewildered and weakened again by the disagreeable question, what was she to do, without money or friends, until her father returned?

Still, it was for his sake: she would think of that and nothing else; and so she would be able to carry out her resolution.

She came to a clear spring, sparkling like silver, in a hollow by the roadside; and standing over it, leisurely filling a brown pitcher which had a broken mouth, were two children—ragged, dirty, bare-headed—with black hair, almost white with dust, and unkempt for many a day. They were swarthy-looking, thanks to the sun, and quite as much to the dirt which seemed to be engrained in their skin. One was a boy between ten and twelve years, the other a girl about nine.

Their features were sharp and old-fashioned;

their eyes bright and dark. They looked healthy, in spite of the dirt. One moment they were laughing and admiring themselves in the mirror of the spring—the girl was trying to arrange her brush-like hair in ringlets—and the next they were quarrelling about who should carry the pitcher.

"I carried it last time," cried the boy.

"No, you didna, and you're just a big lazy sumph."

"Say that again, and I'll gi'e you a clyte in the side o' the head."

Instead of saying it again, she put out her tongue at him; and he might have fulfilled his threat, but they were interrupted by Teenie asking for a drink. The children displayed no surprise at her sudden appearance, but they gazed at her boldly. Then the boy—

"Do you mean out o' the pig?" (pitcher). "You'll have that, but it's a far better drink if you put your head down and lick it up out o' the well."

"Do you no see the leddy would soil her bonnie ribbons?" said the girl.

The boy was reasonable, and at once saw the force of that argument. He lifted up the pitcher. Teenie knelt on a stone, and avoiding the broken part, placed the edge of the vessel to her parched lips, the children examining her curiously all the time. He held the pitcher so poised that she could take what she required without inconvenience.

"Had enough?" he asked, as she drew back her head; and added encouragingly, "There's plenty more."

She thanked him, and felt much relieved. She inquired the way to Steenhyve.

"I'm no sure, but it's a bittock from this. My father could tell you, for he kens every road in the country; but this is Saturday, and he aye gets fou' on Saturday. Mither will do, though; come on and see."

He took the pitcher and marched on ahead, Teenie following and talking to him; the girl coming last, in order to inspect the stranger's dress.

"What is your name?"

"Willie, and my father is Will Broadfoot."

"Where do you live?"

"Everywhere, frae Yetholin to Johnnie Groat's. We ha'e a house that gangs on wheels."

He said that with much pride.

"On wheels?"

"Aye, yonder it is."

He pointed to a dingy-looking caravan which stood at the corner of a field; a bare-boned, half-starved horse grazing near it on the roadside.

A woman sat on the wooden steps which led up to a miniature door. She was nursing a child, or rather, she was allowing it to lie across her knees, whilst she employed her hands in washing and

scraping potatoes, which were in a tin basin at her feet. A dark, haggard face; her hair, untidy as the children's, had once been black, but was now streaked with grey, and was further altered in colour by the dust which had been allowed to fasten upon it. Round her neck was a string of bright red coral beads; a red shawl crossed her shoulders and breast, passed under the arms, and was tied in a big knot behind; her skirt was of a thick brown stuff, much faded.

Teenie did not like the appearance of the woman, or of the house on wheels. She should have seen the latter at night in the village market stand, when the back was let down to form a stage, lit by four flaring and smoking naphtha lamps, which showed piles of Sheffield cutlery, warranted; Brummagem jewellery, watch-chains, dog-chains, work-boxes, mirrors, brushes, tea-trays, and the endless variety of nicnacs with which the country folk were tempted by Will Broadfoot, the most notable of gipsy cheap Jacks. Then the caravan looked brilliant, and the gaping crowd were too much interested in the jokes and drolleries of Will to notice the haggard woman sitting grim and silent in the background, handing out the various articles as they were required. Light and laughter in front, and she a sad shadow behind.

Without lifting her head, or pausing in her occupation, the woman glowered at Teenie as she advanced with the children.

"Father's no here," said the boy, as if he were well pleased with the absence of his parent; then stepping up to his mother, "There's the water, and here's a woman wants to ken the road to Steenhyve."

"Ten miles or more," answered a low, harsh voice.

Teenie's limbs bent under her at that announcement. Ten miles! and she was already aching in every joint, with pains more acute than she had ever felt before. She felt sick, and was speechless.

"Take the bairn, and I'll let her see the road."

Teenie saw a wee pinched face, lifted up with a feeble smile to Willie. The face was that of a boy of four years, the body was so shrivelled that it was no bigger than that of an ordinary child of ten months. Willie raised his burden easily; the child was so light that a baby might have carried him.

"He's got spinal complaint, and there's a kind o' fever on him the-now," explained Mrs. Broadfoot—Agg she was called by those who knew her. Nagg she was playfully called by her husband. She rose to her feet, a potato in one hand and a knife in the other. She spoke with what seemed such callousness to the boy's ailment, that the listener shuddered.

Agg went on—

"You go down the road, and take to your left by the beltane of wood; follow the road, keeping the wood on your right, till you come to the auld coach-road. Turn to your left again, gang straight forrit, and you'll come into the town. Look, yonder are the kirk-steeples."

Through the haze in the far distance, over wood, meadow, and moor, Teenie dimly descried the steeples of the town. Trying hard to remember the directions given to her, she said wearily—

"Let me rest here a while."

"Rest," was the answer, and Agg sat on the step again, and proceeded to prepare the potatoes as if she were unconscious of the presence of any one; never looking up, although she was taking furtive glances at the stranger, and would have been ready to identify her anywhere—never uttering a sound.

Teenie sank down on the grass. She took off her hat—a broad-brimmed Leghorn, trimmed with roses and a blue ribbon—and tried to realise her position. But she was very weak, and instead of thinking about her own affairs, she was watching Willie nursing his sick brother.

Willie was chattering to his nursling, and—rude as he had been to his sister at the well—was treating him with loving care. He was plucking reeds and wild flowers to amuse him, and trying to coax a smile from him by tickling his nose with blades of grass. Two shrivelled little arms crept out from the dirty shawl which enveloped the child, and wec worn fingers touched his grimy cheeks affectionately.

"Bonnie Boolie!" said the faint voice tenderly—through all the dirt and rags the helpless one saw beauty in those who loved him—"you're awfu' guid to Patsy, and Patsy's gaun to dec. Whar do you think they'll bury him?"

"In the moon, and there'll be bonnie starns for his gravestane. But we canna do that enow, so you're going to live to be a big man, and help Boolie to fecht the bubbly Jock [turkey-cock] at Jedburgh."

"That would be fine fun," said Patsy, smiling wanly at the idea of him being able to help his big brother and nurse in anything.

"Will it no? and father will dance a fling on the tap o' the house, and take a smoke frac the lum."

The withered frame shook with laughter at this conceit, and the child murmured again—

Bonnie Boolie

"Come awa' down to the burn, and you'll catch a lot o' minnows," said Willie blithely, as if he were speaking to a companion as active as himself.

He carried the child down to the burn, always maintaining the fiction that Patsy was going along without being carried; and then he caught

minnows, and pretended that it was all Patsy's doing. The child quite understood the farce, and loved Boolie all the more, clinging to him as he had never clung to mother or father.

Teenie was very weak, and she wept, listening to the children's talk. The tears did her good. Mrs. Broadfoot went on with her work apparently unmoved, but her eyes brightened when she was shyly asked if she could change half-a-crown. She placed two shillings and a sixpence in Teenie's hand without a word; but she tried the coin with her teeth suspiciously.

Teenie went down to the burn where the children were playing, and gave Willie a shilling. He was amazed at this wealth—he had never before possessed so much all at once.

"I can do what I like with it?"

"Yes."

"What would you like, Patsy—tarts or sweeties?"

She took the helpless child in her arms, and fondled him tenderly; somehow, love had cleansed the poor thing of dirt, and made his rags appear as good as purple and fine linen.

"I'll keep the shilling," said Willie gravely, "as a luckpenny, and to mind me o' you—it maun be a lucky penny when you're that guid."

She kissed them both, and said good-bye. Willie hoped she "wouldna catch the fever," and wished that she could bide near them.

She walked briskly enough for a quarter of a mile, but her limbs were feeble, her feet faltered, and she knew that it was impossible to tramp as far as the town that night. Happily she reached a little inn, and there obtained a bed.

In the morning her joints ached still more than yesterday, and there was a severe pain at her heart.

The kindly mistress of the inn insisted that she was too weak to resume her journey, to say nothing of the wickedness of doing so on the Sabbath day.

A day and a night of physical torture that would have been unbearable but for the unutterable agony of her mind.

Monday morning she started. She tried to eat the breakfast provided for her, but could not. She offered the landlady a ring, one of Walter's gifts, in payment of her debt; but the good woman refused it, saying that she would trust her, and only asked for her name and address. After some hesitation she complied—it never occurred to her to give a false name—and then she went away.

But the pains of body and mind were very acute. She could not understand herself, the sensations were so strange. She seemed unable to walk. At the corner of the road, beside the wood, she saw a man who was kneeling upon the ground, and bending over a prostrate donkey.



A HOUNSLOW HEATH TRAGEDY.

IN the afternoon of Friday, the 5th of November, 1802, Mr. John Cole Steele, a lavender distiller, left his shop, No. 15, Catherine Street, Strand, to go down to Feltham, a village on the borders of Hounslow Heath, to visit his lavender nursery. He had on a light drab great-coat, a striped waistcoat, half-boots, and a round hat. Mr. Steele left Feltham the next day for London about seven o'clock, with only twenty-seven shillings in his pocket.

At eight o'clock the driver of the Gosport coach, passing over the heath, heard a man shriek and groan twice between the trees and the eleventh milestone. The passengers said to

each other that there was a robbery taking place, but that it was dangerous to stop. It was a moonlight night, but the moon was shrouded at the time, and the driver lashed his horses faster across the ill-omened heath.

Mr. Steele not returning on Monday to Catherine Street, his brother-in-law, Mr. Meyer, became alarmed, and went down to Feltham to inquire if he was unwell. To his horror, he found Mr. Steele had left there on the Saturday evening. Mr. Meyer instantly went to the barracks, and procured a party of soldiers to search the common. They very soon found Mr. Steele's great-coat in a gravel-pit, in the water, and covered with flags and rushes. The pit was fifteen yards from the road, on the left hand as you go from Hounslow to Staines. The body of the murdered man was soon after found on the other side of the road, about two hundred yards from the path, and six hundred yards from the barracks. It was in a ditch near a clump of trees, with the bank pulled down upon it to hide it. It was lying on its back, the flap of the coat over its face. There was a leather strap round the neck, with a knife run through one end of it. The face was smeared with blood and dirt, and the death-blow had been at the back of the head. There was no hat, and there were no shoes; but not far off, on the south side, were found two old shoes and an old soldier's hat bound with ragged worsted, and a heavy blackthorn bludgeon stained with blood. There was a trail near the trees, as if a body had been dragged there from the south side.

The murderers remained concealed for several years, but about the end of 1806 the Worship Street magistrate received information that a man named Hanfield, then at Portsmouth under sentence

of transportation, and on his way to Langston Harbour, had given hints of a wish to confess the murder of Mr. Steele, in which he had been a sharer. Hanfield—first a post-boy, then a hackney-coachman, and lastly a thief—had been sentenced to seven years' transportation for stealing a pair of shoes. On his way up from Portsmouth he pointed out to Vickery, the officer, the spot of the murder, with great exactness.

The informer is generally the worst man in the gang—the abettor, and often the proposer of the crime. The rascal's story was this:—In November, 1802, two thieves, named Haggarty and Holloway, met him at the Turk's Head in Dyot Street, an infamous street between Bloomsbury and St. Giles'. Haggarty was a plasterer, and Holloway a labourer. Holloway called him out, and asked him if he had any objection to be in a good thing—a *low toby* (a footpad robbery), to *sarve* a gentleman on Hounslow Heath. He named the Saturday following, and fixed the place of meeting at the Black Horse in Dyot Street. The three villains met on that day about noon, drank together, and then went on to Hyde Park Corner. They next walked on to Turnham Green, had more drink there, and went to the Bell at Hounslow, the last house in the town. Towards five o'clock they walked on the heath, talking about the prospects of booty, till they reached the eleventh milestone towards Bedfont. About dark, they hid in a clump of trees till the moon rose. Then they walked for half an hour, and returned to their shelter. The moon clouded over just as they turned to the left before the eleventh mile-stone. Holloway, who had planned the robbery, told them the man they expected came down to pay his workmen, and would therefore have money on him.

They then, just as the moon hid, came out of the clump of trees; and Holloway, the most anxious, said he thought he heard a footstep, upon which the three scoundrels walked along the road, and saw the dark figure of a man approaching them, on the right-hand side-path of the road from London. Hanfield went up, and ordered him to stop and deliver his money, and Holloway got behind him. Mr. Steele said he would willingly do that, and hoped they would not hurt him. He then gave them twenty-seven shillings, and Owen Haggarty, Holloway, and Hanfield next told him to deliver his pocket-book. He replied he had no book; but Holloway insisted he had, and as he did not produce it, struck him down with his bludgeon. Hanfield then took hold of Mr. Steele's legs, and Holloway stood over him, swearing if he spoke he would knock out his brains. Mr. Steele was strong, and

struggled nearly across the road, and kept shouting, "Do not ill-use me." As Haggarty was searching him, there came the sound of wheels—one of the heavy night coaches was approaching. Mr. Steele made another violent effort to rise, and cried out loudly. John Holloway then said, "I'll silence him," and beat Mr. Steele on the head. The latter gave a deep groan, then a second, and his limbs began to stiffen.

"John," said Hanfield, "you've killed the man."

"It's a lie," replied the murderer, "he's only stunned."

Informers are always, according to their own account, horrified at crime; so, if we can credit Hanfield, he instantly replied, "I'll stop no longer, but go on to London, and you can overtake me." He then went on to Hounslow, where he met Holloway and Haggarty again, near the Bell, opposite the road to Bath. He asked them if they had got the book. Holloway replied that as he had not shared the danger, he should not share in the spoil. They returned to town at past twelve o'clock, stopped at the Black Horse in Dyot Street, shared some gin, and separated. The next day, when they met, Holloway had on Mr. Steele's hat, which was too small for him. They met again at Dyot Street on the Monday, and Hanfield remonstrated with him for wearing the hat, which had Mr. Steele's name written inside it. He at last agreed to destroy it, and met him in the same evening, when he resolved to throw it over Westminster Bridge. Hanfield thought it might float, so he filled it with stones, tied the lining over it, and then threw it over the bridge, just opposite Astley's. They then went into a public-house in Bridge Street and drank with some friends. Holloway at the time wore a short smock-frock and a flannel waistcoat under it. Haggarty wore a velvet jacket, swan's-down waistcoat, and velvet breeches.

Holloway, on being apprehended, declared he was innocent, and said, "Oh, dear! I know nothing about it. I will down on my knees to you and the justice if you will let me go." Haggarty, who had joined the Marines, was taken on board the *Shannon* frigate in the Downs off Deal. He was very ill when apprehended, and the officers feared he would not live to come to London. When he was taken before the port admiral and asked where he was four years ago, his countenance altered, and he would have fallen, had not Vickery, the officer, given him some water and let him sit down.

The more Hanfield's character was examined, the blacker it appeared. Though only twenty-six years old, he had deserted from six regiments. He had, as a soldier, been lodged in the Hounslow Barracks, and therefore knew the scene of the murder well. He had also as a post-boy, hackney-coachman, and guard to a stage, traversed the road often; and in the five years which had elapsed

since the murder, heard a thousand times the details of it. At the Coldbath Fields Prison, and at the Middlesex House of Correction, he had said that he alone murdered Mr. Steele, and that Holloway and Haggarty were innocent. He told one man that the hulks was such a dreadful, shocking place, that rather than be seven years there, he would hang as many men as were killed at the battle of Copenhagen. But the counsel for the defence made no point of these conversations.

Holloway and Haggarty were tried for the murder at the Old Bailey, before Sir Simon le Blanc, on the 20th of February, 1807. The evidence proved that the bludgeon had been cut from a birch-tree on the heath. The evidence proving the prisoners to have ever been together in 1802 was very unsatisfactory. Collin M'Daniel, the landlord of the Black Horse in Dyot Street (now George Street), had seen Hanfield and Haggarty together at his house; and William Beale, landlord of the Turk's Head, had also seen these two drinking in the same tap-room, but not with Holloway. Isaac Clayton, the beadle at Hounslow, swore he had seen the man at Hounslow, but the only reason he remembered it was that Holloway had been driving a turnip-wagon, and was with a wooden-legged man from Buckinghamshire of the same name. Edward Crocker, a Bow Street officer, who knew Dyot Street and all its dens, had seen Haggarty and Hanfield together, but never with Holloway. John Sawyer, the landlord of the Bell at Hounslow, swore he had seen the pair in company for years before, somewhere between Hounslow and Brentford.

Holloway, in his defence, said Hanfield was an entire stranger to him; he had only seen him in the streets. Haggarty said he had never known Holloway till after he entered the Marines, and denied all knowledge of the other. The witnesses called by Holloway to prove that he worked for them in 1802, all proved that he had only worked for them in 1803 and 1804.

The chief evidence relied on by the prosecution was obtained in a most disgraceful and unworthy way. When the prisoners were confined in two adjoining lock-up cells, Bishop, a police officer, hid himself in a closet, and took down every word they said. The prosecution relied chiefly upon these doubtful passages:—

EIGHTH OF DECEMBER.

Holloway.—Owen, are you there? I never heard such a man in my life.

Haggarty.—Did you tell them you knowed me?

Holloway.—I denied it entirely. I told them I was never at Hounslow Heath in my life.

Haggarty.—So did I.

Holloway.—It is two years since I've seen you; where have you been?

Haggarty.—I've been in the West Indies.

TENTH OF DECEMBER.

Holloway.—It is four years ago—when I worked at Watford for

Davis and Barber for five months. He is a regular rogue. If I was at Stedman's at the time, we never shut up shop before twelve or one, for it seems to hang a good deal that way.

Haggarty.—Where is it you told them you saw me?

Holloway.—At the top of D, at Street. You know I must say somewhere thereabouts. There is no proof of anything yet, nor there won't be none. Which way did he say we came over the back fields?

Haggarty.—I don't know.

Holloway.—I never saw such a stick in my life as he has bought. I have got a hat at home now I had in 1802.

TWENTY-SIXTH OF DECEMBER.

Holloway.—Where did he say we had the gin?

Haggarty.—At the Black Horse.

Haggarty.—We must have had the gin there?

Holloway.—They all know you—the traps [police].

Haggarty.—That's being so much about. Did Hanfield say we took the body and buried it anywhere?

Holloway.—He did not say such a word, as I heard.

Haggarty.—It was done in November?

Holloway.—Yes.

Haggarty.—The red-nosed old thief [the Hounslow beadle] said he saw me at Hounslow. They shall never do me in a thousand years. Next Monday it will be either the one thing or the other.

Holloway.—Yes.

Haggarty.—There is none of them can swear they saw us together at the time. If one is done, all is done. There is neither of us will suffer for it.

Holloway.—I laugh always. I don't know whether you do

Haggarty.—They're getting very cool upon it, I can see that.

Holloway.—Ain't they?

Haggarty.—Here's luck. I wish you as much harm as I do myself. Why don't you gammon to be ill?

Holloway.—I wouldn't care if I had these irons off.

Haggarty.—He asked me where I worked. I would not tell him I worked at Gardner's, near Bow Street, and he has run away since. I can tell the very day and hour when I worked.

Haggarty was aged twenty-four, Holloway thirty-nine. Both prisoners were found guilty, and sentenced to execution on the Monday following. In the meantime, Mr. Harmer, an acute solicitor in Hatton Garden, took an active interest in the fate of the two men, whom he firmly believed to be innocent. Mr. Harmer discovered that Hanfield had turned informer in Newgate, and begun by telling every one that only three persons in the world knew who murdered Mr. Steele. When he was leaving Newgate to go to the hulks, he proclaimed openly that he should obtain his pardon in three months, and get a handsome legacy. It was also discovered that in 1808 Hanfield had been committed for stealing a hundred and fifty pounds from the house of a Mr. John Royle, in Orange Street, Leicester Square. It was found, however, that he was entirely innocent, and that his confession was only made in order to escape punishment for desertion from the Ninth Lancers. He had told several fellow-prisoners that Haggarty and Holloway were innocent; but that if they had not done this, they had done other things as bad. Self-preservation was the first law of nature, he added, and he should fly to religion, and everything would be forgiven.

In prison, Hanfield was always brutal, ferocious, and blasphemous. The statements of Hanfield's fellow-prisoners were made after the execution, so could not have proceeded from any eagerness to

controvert an informer. The evidence was keenly analysed by Mr. Harmer. The discrepancies were palpable, and all tended to prove that Hanfield was either ignorant of the murder, or had committed it himself, aided by accomplices since dead, and who, therefore, could not refute any statement he made to criminate others. In the first place, as Mr. Steele had no regular day for going to Feltham, there could have been no arrangement of the three men to intercept him at a particular hour, on a night when the flax-workers were coming in great numbers from Feltham to Hounslow for their week's shopping. Hanfield also represented the murder to have taken place on the opposite side of the road to that on which the driver of the Gosport coach had heard the groans.

Hanfield appeared quite ignorant that the bludgeon found had been cut on the down, and did not even mention that a birch stick and a great-coat had been stolen from the body. The whole story of the murder seemed improbable. It was not likely that, having joined in the crime, he would leave before sharing in the booty, however small. It was not probable that the accomplices would go boldly together in open day to the heath, and there wait four hours for a man who was not likely to pass that evening. Nor was there any reason for dragging Mr. Steele to and fro across the road, when the best way of avoiding observation was to keep him as far as possible from the road; nor was it possible that a small man like Mr. Steele could have struggled much when beaten down by two powerful men, a third man holding him by the legs. If Hanfield left the men, horrified at the crime, was it likely he would have wasted an hour near the Bell at Hounslow, waiting till two such suspicious persons came up, to discuss the murder in the open road, where the highway to Bath and that to Portsmouth diverged? It was not possible that two men so implicated would have refused to give Hanfield his paltry share of nine shillings, their lives being at his mercy. Nor is Hanfield's subsequent story the least trustworthy. Haggarty would never have gone in Mr. Steele's half-boots, and Holloway in an expensive hat, to drink at an unusual hour at a public-house in Saint Giles', at which they were both well known. On the Monday he represents them as talking in open day about the stolen hat, and then boldly carrying a bundle, without fear of the police officers, to Westminster Bridge. Why should Hanfield, who had not benefited by the murder, feel such interest in Holloway's safety? Why, too, when every moment was pregnant with danger, go opposite Astley's to fill the hat with stones, and then re-cross to the Westminster side to throw it in? Hanfield says he never had any further conversation about the murder, though he saw Holloway and Haggarty frequently. Neither the fifty-pound reward at Bow Street, nor the discovery of the body, nor the pursuit or apprehension

hension of various suspected persons, seems to have drawn from Hanfield any questions.

The conversations so unfairly taken down bear little on the case. The one suspicious question is, "We must have had *the* gin there?" (at the Black Horse); but the suspiciousness of the question turns on the one word *the*, and the officer who reported it owns he missed it altogether. Moreover, in the same conversation the men both denied a knowledge of Hounslow, and mentioned where they were working the very November of the murder.

The two men conducted themselves very well after their conviction. They were decent and respectful, and frequently called God to witness their innocence; and whenever Haggarty mentioned the sacred name, he took off his hat in token of reverence. The last night they spent in almost ceaseless devotion, Haggarty with his confessor, and Holloway with a gentleman from the Reverend Rowland Hill's chapel. Holloway slept soundly for three hours, and each time that he awoke resumed his devotions. Not a sigh or groan escaped him in his sleep, but while in prayer the hot tears ran down his cheeks. He then grew serene and composed, and smiled calmly. He said he felt comfortable because he was innocent. "I am innocent," he added, "and those who are within sound of my voice will hear me declare my innocence in my last moments." Holloway then pressed the hands of a friend between his own, and repeated, "I am innocent! I am innocent!"

Haggarty, too, joined fervently in the devotions, but steadily declared he should assert his innocence to the last. After some inward struggle, he said, "I forgive Hanfield from my heart;" and he said he could not die better than to die innocent of the crime with which he was charged. Mr. Harmer, his kind solicitor, then wrote a letter for him to his mother, in which he asserted his innocence. About five o'clock a letter was put through the grating into the cell, telling him to continue his devotions, as there was no expectation of a respite.

When Holloway was brought into the press-yard to have his fetters struck off, he bowed slowly and reverently to the Lord Mayor, the noblemen and sheriffs present. He then stood erect in the centre, and said in a firm voice—

"Gentlemen, I die innocent. I know nothing of this here affair that I am going to suffer for." He dropped on his knees, and with clasped hands said, "I am innocent, by God!" He then arose, and walked with composure to the scaffold.

Holloway several times told the spectators he was innocent, and in an emphatic manner called God to witness the truth of his assertion.

Haggarty too said, "And I also am innocent."

The last question asked him was, whether he was guilty; but he readily and solemnly again asserted his innocence.

About seven o'clock on the morning of the execution, a vast crowd thronged every avenue of the Old Bailey, and the mob increased to thirty thousand people by eight o'clock. About that time the two men appeared on the scaffold. The anxiety of the people to hear whether Holloway and Haggarty would confess their guilt was so great, that the crush then grew tremendous; those at a distance surging forward in turbulent waves, to get nearer the gallows. There were cries of murder, and many women fainted. At that moment, a cart opposite to Mr. Haley's wine vaults, being overloaded with spectators, broke down, and some of these persons were instantly trampled to death. A few yards from this—facing Mr. Henzal's, a tallow-chandler, at No. 16—a pie-man, jostled by the crowd, dropped his basket, and in stooping to pick up his pies, was trodden to death. Several persons near him also perished at this spot. About ten yards from Mr. Henzal's, there were three heaps of people trying in vain to rise, and over them the surging mob pushed backwards and forwards, unable to pass at the top of the Old Bailey, where thick clusters of carts and carriages had entirely blocked the street. Nothing was to be heard but screams of the dying and wounded, and agonising shrieks of "Murder, murder!" One poor woman was trampled to death, and the child in her arms rescued by some kind people at the window of a first-floor, who let down a rope with a noose, which a person standing by slipped round the child's body. An hour after, when the scaffold was removed, the marshals and constables cleared the streets. There were twenty-seven people lying dead, and forty or fifty wounded. A cart-load of shoes, hats, and garments was picked up round Newgate. Until four o'clock the friends of the dead and wounded were busy removing them from the neighbouring houses on shutters and in hackney coaches. A mother was seen carrying away the body of her dead child. There were several apprentices and school-boys among those who perished in this horrible catastrophe. A sailor-boy, with a small bag of bread and cheese slung round him, was found near the Old Bailey Yard. Among the dead there was a gentleman who lived at Holloway, a young American apprentice from Broadwood's, the pianoforte makers in Golden Square, a hairdresser's son, a boy from a school at Islington, a tailor's son, a young stone-mason. Four dead bodies were placed in the porch of Saint Sepulchre's Church, twenty-seven others were arranged in rows in the Elizabeth Ward of Saint Bartholomew's Hospital. The bodies were covered with sheets, and the faces alone left uncovered. The public were then admitted to identify and claim their husbands, wives, sons, and daughters.

Haggarty and Holloway were hung in chains at Hounslow Heath, near the scene of the murder.

MY MISFORTUNE.



"RETURNING LOADED WITH CORNFLOWERS."

THEY'RE the best in the island. I wouldn't let my own brother have a setting of them under a guinea, and I wouldn't let a stranger have one at any price."

Pointing with his stick to a fine brood of pure

Aylesbury ducks, large and white, with bills as yellow as butter, thus spake Farmer Honeyfield, a jovial, hospitable Isle of Wight yecoman. Honeyfield was his name, and his abode was Honeyfield Farm, a comfortable retreat, which any one who in

making the tour of the "Garden Isle" has penetrated to Newport, the chief town in the centre, and gone from thence to the Back, will—if he chanced to take the right road—remember to have passed. Surrounded with walnut-trees, it lies at the foot of one of those short, steep descents, locally called "shoots," so common to this part of the island; and while the lands attached to it stretch up to the very summit of the bare, bleak downs, which shut it in almost on every side, the homestead itself is as snug and cozy as if it were a hundred miles inland, and seems quite unconscious of the always rough sea only a short hour's walk away.

It was in front of a big pond in the yard of the said farm, that the above words were addressed by Farmer Honeyfield to me, Bartholomew Laing, draughtsman and mapper to a London firm of land agents, by whom I had been sent down to take a map of the property (which happened to be in the market), and prepare one of those glowing but, I hope, always truthful descriptions often to be seen in the advertising columns of our newspapers. Standing a little apart, but within hearing of the remark, at the time, was my factotum and assistant-surveyor, Cowser Bill, who, as one of the leading characters, if not indeed the hero of this story, deserves a word or two of mention here. A genuine product of the island, native to Cowes, from which fashionable watering-place he derived his name, he was a piebald subject, being part ostler, part waterman, part drover, and whole rapsallion. By means of a greasy felt hat, waterman's serge frock tied in at the waist with a piece of rope, ostler's top-boots, and drover's ash stick, he contrived in an artistic and picturesque sort of way to represent the various elements of his ordinary calling, which was to convey horses, cattle, etc., across the water in the tow-boats attached to the steamers. I had picked him up, for lack of a better man, to help drag my measuring-chain, and had found him on the whole, by reason of several little infirmities, among which was an inordinate thirst for beer, more plague than profit.

We had finished our survey, though, at last. Three days of rather hard work, owing to the heat of the August sun, had brought it to a close; my traps were all packed up, and so far as business was concerned, I had nothing left to do but pay off my factotum, and make the best of my way back to town. But Farmer Honeyfield and I, as we stood in front of the pond, admiring the ducks, had no such immediate intention of parting. A pleasanter prospect was before us. We were dressed, and quite ready for starting on a pleasure trip to the sea-shore, at a certain spot on which was to be a large gathering of Farmer Honeyfield's friends that day. The ladies of the family, however, were not quite ready, and we were waiting for them. What with dressing them-

selves, and preparing the good things we were to take with us, their hands were full, and had been full, it seemed to me, for a long time. Although my acquaintance with them was only of four days' growth, I had become so much at home under the encouraging influence of the farmer's good old Isle of Wight hospitality, that I at last went in to give them a good-natured routing up. I found them all three—that is to say, Mrs. Honeyfield and her two daughters—busily engaged in packing a hamperful of plates and dishes.

Not at all bad specimens of Isle of Wight production were these two daughters, Jessie and Nellie, aged respectively twenty-two and nineteen; and their society had made my sojourn at Honeyfield Farm a very pleasant one. There was that in them which people imbued with the common notion about farmers' wives and daughters would never have expected, and which even I, who from considerable experience beforehand was able to form a truer estimate of them as a class, had seldom met with. Well educated and good-looking, gentle and refined in manner, and of very great intelligence, they might have passed muster anywhere. Jessie, the elder, was hopelessly entangled with a certain Mr. Tom Browning, an eminent but very swarthy young agriculturist of the neighbourhood, who at first seemed to look rather askance at me, but who, on finding I scrupulously respected the engaged ring his lady-love boldly wore on her finger, became my fast friend and boon companion. Nellie, the youngest, was to all appearance unattached as yet; and to her, therefore, as in duty bound, I gave most of my attention during the intervals of leisure I had whilst at the farm.

After a great deal of exertion, in which I was materially aided by the aforesaid Mr. Tom Browning, who came in opportunely at the moment, and was as eager to be off as myself, the ladies were got out, and mounted in the family four-wheel. The fourth seat in this roomy and comfortable but somewhat lumbering conveyance was allotted to me, Tom Browning and the farmer preferring to ride. A light cart full of provisions was also in readiness to follow us, and there was some talk of putting my factotum, Cowser Bill, in charge of this; but looking at his uncouth appearance, and great thirst for beer, I thought it safest for my own credit that he should remain at the farm, where he was left strictly charged by me, in private, to be on his good behaviour, and the cart was given over to one of the farmer's boys. Everything ready, the procession started, and made its way along some of the narrowest lanes, and up and down some of the steepest "shoots" I ever saw, to the place of rendezvous, Stapler's Chine, where, in and about an old fisherman's cottage, we found the rest of the party. A comfortable lot they were, take them

altogether. The elders gave themselves up unreservedly to eating, drinking, and smoking long pipes, while we youngsters did the best we could to amuse ourselves and pass the time away. For myself, I had a sail in the fisherman's boat, several country dances or a lit of green at the back of the cottage, and last of all, a stroll along the beach in the twilight with Nellie Honeyfield. *That* would have been the pleasantest part of the whole programme but for one thing. I don't know how it was; I had never fallen into the same pit before at any other farm-house I had gone to; but Miss Nellie Honeyfield had somehow proved too much for me. Our four days' acquaintance had brought things to this pitch on my part, that if not desperately in love with her, I was very far gone in that direction. She, on the other hand, although very kind and friendly indeed, had manifested no sentimental symptoms whatever. Had I been her brother, she could not have treated me more kindly, or shown less inclination to talk nonsense. It was a tantalising position for me to be in. Here we were, alone. This was the last occasion on which we should probably be so. I had to be in town next morning, and should have no pretext for ever coming to Honeyfield Farm again. I was dying to open my mind, and yet received no encouragement.

Along the shore and down by one of the valleys we strolled, she darting away from me once and returning loaded with cornflowers. I talked as well as I could upon indifferent subjects until I could talk no more through biting my lips with vexation, as we drew near, and joined the rest of the party. My opportunity was gone, and did not return. She sat behind with Jessie on the road home; and when we arrived there I found Cowser Bill, with our horse harnessed, ready and eager to be off to Newport, where we were to put up, so that I could do no more than take a general leave of them all. Many were the good wishes I received, and invitations to call again if I ever came that way; but this did not by any means content me. True, I pressed Nellie's hand at parting, and she returned it; but they were all a warm-handed race, and when I came to Jessie her pressure was just as cordial, so there was no consolation in that. It was with a heavy heart that I got into the trap and drove out of the gate of Honeyfield Farm, from which pleasant spot I was very loth to part under the circumstances.

My reluctance did not seem to be shared in the least by Cowser Bill, although I am sure he had been as well cared for as myself. He appeared in an unaccountable hurry to get away, which was the stranger to me as he had, in fact, himself always expressed great satisfaction at his quarters, and the treatment he had received at the farm. Now, because I slackened speed for a moment to light up a cigar, he grunted—

"It's terrible late, master. You'd better get along, else we shan't get to Newport to-night."

"Oh, nonsense!" said I, not then being in the best of tempers. "What's the matter with you all at once? I wasn't aware you had any objection to late hours."

"We never ben so late as this afore," he replied, fidgetting about. "They locks the gate, o' the yard at twelve o'clock."

"Let them do it," said I; "it won't make much difference to me."

And under the dreamy influence of the cigar I let the horse jog along at his own pace, and was soon back amongst the corn, walking in fancy with Nellie Honeyfield, and unfolding a tender tale to her willing ear.

Never was a fellow more unfortunate in his love-essays. When on the shore in reality I could make no progress; and now, while seeking some poor consolation by pacing over in "fancy's flight" the same ground again with no obstacles in the way—no coldness on the one hand, or diffidence on the other—that vile earthworm, Cowser Bill, seemed determined to thwart me. He twisted and twirled about on the seat, muttered, and even swore so persistently that, try as I would, I could not ignore him. My kitish romance was constantly taking flight, and though I kept pulling it back by main force, no sooner was it on the perch again, than a fresh twist or another muttered oath sent it off once more. I gave it up at last, and smoked away with a sort of obstinate insensibility, letting the horse go as before, determined at any rate that my tormentor should not get to his journey's end one second the sooner for his importunity. How long we should have gone on in this way if nothing had occurred, I cannot say, for something did occur, startling me out of my insensibility, and almost out of my senses. In spite of Cowser Bill, I had got back to the shore again, when there came, apparently from right under my feet, a noise resembling nothing so much as the cry of a distressed and half-stifled duck—

"Qui-ack! qui-ack! qui-ack!"

"What on earth is that?" cried I, jumping up and reining in the horse.

"Wild ducks, master; wild ducks, sir," replied Cowser Bill hastily and eagerly; "that's a sure sign of a storm. Drive on, master, or else we shall ketch it."

"Nonsense!" said I; "that noise came from under our feet, not over our heads, I tell you."

"They allays flies low afore a storm; and the lower they flies, the wusser the storm. Drive on, master, I tell ye, or else we shall get as wet through as drowned rats."

As if to give emphasis to his entreaty, the noise was repeated—

"Qui-ack! qui-ack! qui-ack!"

"That noise, I repeat," said I, now thoroughly roused, "never came from overhead ; it is under our feet somewhere."

"Then if it is, you've a ben an' druv over somebody's ducks, and be a resten on 'em now. Why don't 'ee drive on, I say?"

I drove on, and there was quiet for about twenty or thirty yards, but then the noise came again, though certainly fainter than before.

"There it is again," said I.

"Ay, there 'tis," jeered Cowser Bill, "jist what I told 'ee ; it's them wild ducks a-flying about ; an' if you don't drive on sharp, as sure as you're a man you'll have a souser."

Not half satisfied with this explanation of the mysterious noise, I drove on, expecting every moment to hear it repeated. It was repeated, and with a variation. This time it was—

"Qui-ack ! qui-ack ! qui-ack !—pat ! pat ! pat !" —a noise much resembling the clatter of horses' feet. The "qui-ack" still seemed to come from under us, but the "pat" was undoubtedly some distance behind.

"There !" said I pulling up and making a dead stop ; "what do you think of that ? Is that the wild ducks?"

"No—not it," said Cowser Bill unhesitatingly ; "that's the rain a-coming behind us. Now you'll believe me, I s'pose. You dunno what these Illy Wight storms be."

"If that's Isle of Wight rain," said I, "I certainly am at a loss, for I never heard rain like it before."

"That's what I ses," he replied ; "you strangers dunno what rough weather is. Jist lissen a minute, and hear how reg'lar it comes down, and then drive on to shelter, for mussy's sake."

I humoured him so far, turning partly round for the purpose. Strange to say, while the quacking had been from the first, and still continued to be, intermittent, the pat-patting was regular, and seemed drawing nearer and nearer. But the more I listened, the more convinced I became that it was not rain or hail, but neither more nor less than the patter of horses' feet. I said so. Cowser Bill jumped up, turned round, and began growling fearfully.

"Hosses' feet !" said he ; "don't tell me 'bout hosses' feet. I tell ye what 'tis, master, I thinks you're gone off a-top. If you don't care about getting wet through, I do, so I shan't stand this no longer."

As I was turning round in surprise at this piece of unaccountable impudence, he snatched the reins out of my hand, caught hold of the whip, and lashed the horse into a gallop, nearly jerking me out of the trap.

"Stop, you rascal !" I cried, making a grasp at the reins as soon as I had recovered myself. "Stop, I say, this instant, you rascal !"

"Qui-ack ! qui-ack ! qui-ack !—pat ! pat ! pat !" chimed the mysterious noises in chorus.

"Ay, ay—I'll stop," roared Cowser Bill, pushing me off—"I'll stop when we gets to Newport, but not afore."

The night was very dark, but I could tell we were going up a hill, and therefore desisted for a time from any further effort to regain the reins, hoping the horse would soon get out of breath at the pace we were going, and come to a stand, or at any rate slacken its speed sufficiently to enable me to make another attempt without danger. The top of the hill was gained, however, before I was aware. Then there was a momentary pause, during which I could hear not only the "Qui-ack ! qui-ack !—pat ! pat !" but the sound of men's voices indistinctly borne on the wind towards us.

"There," said I ; "now, man, what do you say about the rain ? Don't you hear it's some people on horseback on the road ? Give me the reins, and don't make a fool of yourself."

Had I employed the pause in taking the reins away from him, it would have been better for me. So far from becoming reasonable at the, to me, reassuring sound of the voices, he seemed perfectly inaddened at it, lashed out at the horse with fury, and in another minute we were going down the hill at a breakneck pace, which seemed to promise certain mishap. All chance of my quietly regaining control of the horse was at an end. I was at an utter loss what to do. I had no mind to sit helplessly there, and allow myself to be driven to destruction ; and yet I could not see how to avoid it. To have jumped out in the dark would have been madness ; to have pushed out the ruffian beside me (as I had it in my mind to do once or twice) would have been little short of murder, at the pace we were going. Fast as that pace was, the horsemen behind kept up with us—gained upon us. Even in the turmoil of mind I was in, I could hear the clatter of the hoofs and the sound of the voices. They were shouting—I thought there was something familiar in the sound. I listened again. Surely I heard my own name.

"Qui-ack ! qui-ack ! qui-ack !—pat ! pat ! pat !—Laing ! Laing !"

Yes, it was my name being shouted by Farmer Honeyfield and Tom Browning. The truth flashed on me all at once. It was the farmer's voice I heard calling ; it was the farmer's ducks I had heard quacking. That wretched scapegrace, Cowser Bill, had stolen some of them, and had been practising these manœuvres in the hope of deluding me to drive faster, so as to enable him to make away with them before the farmer could overtake us. I hesitated no longer, but, utterly regardless of consequences, made a strong grasp at the reins, notwithstanding that Cowser Bill, perceiving my intent, and no doubt recognising the voices behind,

struck at me savagely with the whip. I caught one, but thoughtlessly resting on that in my efforts to gain the other, pulled the horse so much on one side that he swerved violently into the hedge. With a frightful jerk, I was pitched across the road, falling on my shoulder against the opposite bank, and an instant after the trap came over, the edge of the splashboard falling on my leg, and almost, as it seemed to me, cutting it off just above the ankle.

I must have fainted, I suppose, for the first thing I remember after this was opening my eyes to what appeared to me for the moment quite a blaze of light, and seeing a group of people standing round me. There was a policeman keeping guard over Cowser Bill (who appeared not to be hurt in the least), a dark lantern in one hand, and a couple of Farmer Honeyfield's finest Aylesbury ducks in the other; five or six labourers, some with lanterns, some trying to fettle up the trap and harness; and there was Farmer Honeyfield, with Tom Browning, and a doctor. These three latter were having a consultation, and the first words I heard distinctly, came from the doctor, who apparently had just been examining me.

"The shoulder," said he, "is only bruised, but the ankle is badly dislocated. It will be a six weeks' job at the least, and the sooner he is got to bed the better."

Very reassuring words these, for me to hear down in that deep Isle of Wight hollow in the middle of the night. Six weeks lying by, far away from home, involving a world of expense and discomfort. I turned and twisted at the thought till I cried out with pain.

"Hulloa, my boy!—glad to see you come to life again," shouted the farmer; "but keep quiet, and don't flurry yourself. I've sent for a horse and cart and a truss of straw, and we'll soon have you in safe quarters at Honeyfield Farm again."

I protested as earnestly as my feeble state would

allow me against this further encroachment on the farmer's hospitality, but to no purpose. He got quite angry at last, and when the cart came, bundled me into it with so little ceremony that the doctor was obliged to remonstrate with him. Finding there was no help for it, I resigned myself to my fate; the policeman marched off with Cowser Bill and the ducks, receiving a charge from the farmer to look well after the latter, whatever he did with the former; the labourers dispersed, except two who piloted the damaged horse and trap back to Honeyfield Farm; and the doctor, Tom Browning, the farmer, and myself, in the cart, slowly wended our way to the same harbour of refuge.

Six weeks of tender nursing I had there, tended variously by Mrs. Honeyfield, Jessie, and Nellie. It was fully a month before I could get out of doors, and then I had to hobble with the aid of two sticks. Still, the time passed not at all heavily, for when I did go forth I always had one or both the girls for company. Oftener and oftener, as time went on, it was Nellie alone. We wandered down the lanes—we mounted at last to the summit of the downs, where we could rest for an hour or two on the heath before returning, and watch the sea and the ships. Under such favouring circumstances, we two young folks could hardly help coming to an understanding, and the upshot of it was that before I went back to business we had, with the hearty consent of the farmer and his wife, fully settled matters between us.

As for Cowser Bill, who by his villainy had unconsciously brought about this pleasant consummation, he pleaded guilty to what he could not deny—stealing the ducks—and was sent to Winchester gaol for three months on the treadmill: though, when fully assured of the prize which had come into my hands through him, I would willingly have begged him off the remainder of his sentence, had it been possible.

OUR STREET-MUSIC.



HERE are some things in this world which possess the power of thrusting their consideration upon us, whether we desire it or not, and not the least among these is that element named at the head of this paper.

Very important is this street-music. In London alone it affects some four millions of

people, their tastes and morals. Moreover, it influences us as a nation. A nation's music springs from, and is preserved by, the populace, so that upon the character of the street-music of to-day depends very much what our future style of music,

if we are ever to have one, is to be. The supply is enormous, and increases terribly. The fact is, we live, move, and breathe in an atmosphere literally steeped with it. For these reasons, then, and many more besides, it becomes important to know the tendency of it all, and whether our street-music is conducive to a healthy taste; or, on the other hand, whether the atmosphere we exist in is vitiated and corrupted with noises vile and detestable. Before, however, an opinion is expressed upon this point, some readers, and especially those in the country, might like to have our London street music briefly summed up.

To say the least, it has one sterling quality, and that is, it is delightfully varied—so much so, that

one is at a loss where to begin its description first. However, the street-organ comes to the rescue. Of all instruments, this is the one most frequently seen and heard. In fact, organ-grinding is the staple of our street-music. Of organs there are many kinds. The writer knows London well, and has seen many. There are the accoidion organs, with their keys that move up and down, though turned by a handle; there are the wonderful shrill things—piccolo organs—turned out by Antonio Piccolomini Frères, and other makers, adorned in front with a long row of wooden pipes; great organs drawn by animals—donkeys generally; organs in barrows—the instrument at one end, and babies at the other (sometimes the poor things are on the top of the organ); and organs which play only religious music—the “Old Hundredth,” “Luther’s Hymn,” etc. These are going out, and what remain are tinkling, and very feeble. Then there are dioramic, cosmoramic, and illustrated organs, wherewith both senses of sight and sound can be gratified at once. There are others—organs faint and feeble, and most inhumanly out of tune, accompanied by monkeys; organs with full orchestral accompaniments—that is to say, with every conceivable instrument under the sun, for obligato or full band effects, all under the command of one sturdy Southerner, the music from which must surpass any that came from Nebuchadnezzar’s famous band; organs with bones and whistles obligato; and, lastly, there are the latest arrivals of the organ family, those magnified pianofortes turned by a handle, and which get so horribly out of tune after a little usage. Perhaps there are more kinds, but enough are mentioned to show how great a fact the organ-grinder, his organ and music, has become. Hurdy-gurdies are not so fashionable now as they used to be; nevertheless they have not all gone out. Some are left: big ones with blind old men, and small ones with guinea-pigs and pretty Tyrolse boys.

After “them horgins,” the next great reality is the street-band, of which there are divers kinds and qualities. The best forms go about in sets of from nine to twelve performers. The music they play is highly classical, with an occasional popular polka for the satisfaction and convenience of twenty or thirty girls, who are always to be seen in the rear of these bands as they move from one street to another, and who never mind waiting through two overtures and a “Faust” selection, for the pleasure of a polka up to time. Six p.m. is about their commencing hour, and then they are to be met near the leading West-end thoroughfares, depending upon lookers-on for the “needful.” Towards night they drift into the fashionable *locales* of Mayfair and the like, and quiet streets echo with strains of the sparkling Offenbach, Auber, and latterly Lecocq, frequently up to midnight. There are no lookers-

on in Mayfair, and who support the band in this region it is hard to tell. Some one must, or it would never be there night after night. It must be the supporters of the classical music at the day recitals. On this occasion the writer cannot tell where the full German band vanishes to for the small hours, or whether those comical music-stands, with their paraphernalia of strings and weights, are hurried off to a part of our metropolis where there is no night. To all appearances the bandsmen are going to play somewhere else, so unlike finished do they look.

But the German bandsman we know so well is a fair type of his countrymen for hardiness, and could play all the night and look none the worse for it. If he were made of stone, too, he could hardly be more indifferent to a hurricane. The pelting hail and rain never seem to move him. Then, again, he never freezes; and with all the puffing and blowing in July and August, it is not too hot for him. On the whole, he and his comrades accommodate themselves to us, if we do not to them.

There are, however, German bands and German bands. The Vaterland trio or quartett call for mention, motley groups though they be. Their distinguishing features are these:—They are generally youths of from sixteen to twenty-five. Not one masters his instrument; but some day we shall read of an inversion, and the instrument will be found mastering the performer, for that clarinet troubler always seems on the verge of collapsing. What music they play is a mystery; so outrageously out of tune is it, that it becomes unintelligible at long distances; and no sane person would ever stand by long enough to ascertain. These worriers of instruments seldom get into the fashionable streets or squares, where there is a discriminating public; they know other haunts. No fine uniforms with red or green trimmings, and gilt-banded caps, do they don, like the better grade. The only attempt at uniformity is about the neck, which is always encased, air-tight almost, with a huge woollen comforter, some half a dozen coils deep.

There is little doing now in the way of “string” in the streets. The fact is, it does not pay, for our climate is not favourable. A fiddle and harp constitute the largest string band you can see or hear, unless you include the nigger orchestra, with their banjos, guitars, etc. For the miscellaneous: there are “the niggers,” with their bones, whistles, fiddles, banjos, and the like, and very clever they are in their way. The *troupe* Mr. Punch conducts so prominently is the best of all, both for quantity and quality. There are the cellar-flap artists, generally a frantic cornet and harp, but sometimes stronger in the brass direction; there is Mr. Whistles, who can bring “Il Bacio” out of his coffee-pot; that imitator of Paganini, who is continually damaging or breaking his fiddle-strings and bow,

and further diversifying his performance with feats on the clarinet and his own organ; the solitary ophicleide player, clad in long coat, round hat, and enormous spectacles; the man with the glass tubes, who plays "Home, sweet Home" and the "Last Rose of Summer" so pathetically; the bell-performer, upon a long row of real bells, which he manages very cleverly; the individual who plays upon plates of metal with hammers of wood or cork; another with strings in a case, like a zither, acted upon in the same manner with hammers; the blind harmoniumist, in a truck; the three young girls, and a boy who sings soprano very well, while the girls accompany on the weather-beaten pianoforte or harmonium—the best part of this performance is the finish, when the oil lamps are blown out, all made snug, and the instruments go on their way rejoicing—the "Scotch crawlers;" the tall and plaintive-looking "tom-tom" man; the frantic and hooting Laplanders, as they are commonly supposed to be, with their piercing pipes, working upon a horribly monotonous bass; the female cornet-player; and, lastly, the piccolo and harp duet, who with true musicianly feeling select the quiet nooks and corners of the city for their performances—which, by-the-by, are well worth listening to. These men are veritable artists, and the taste and skill with which they play are quite astonishing. Their *répertoire* is more varied than ever was Joseph's coat. Dibdin's fine songs, old and beautiful ballads, operatic airs, and the popular music of the day, are all given with a degree of precision and artistic *fioritura* which street-musicians but rarely exhibit.

Here must end our survey of what we possess in the instrumental way. There is another branch—the vocal—which must be referred to.

Of street-music purely vocal there is but little left. The truth is, this form has been driven out of the field by the instrumental. Moreover, the public now want more than the vocal for their money, so little patronage falls to their share. The "We've got no work to do" men do not ply the brisk trade they used to do in the Cotton Famine times. They are dying out, and so are the old blind singers that gave with so much pathos the "Advent Hymn," "Hanover," and "Adeste fideles." But the ballad-mongers are with us still, and flourish wondrously. The taste for this walk of art is as great as ever, and the man and woman who alternately drag out the why and wherefore of the tissue-paper song, concluding as it invariably does with the "Now, they're only one a'penny each, the new and popular," etc., drive a roaring trade in the less respectable neighbourhoods. Another character, alas! far from extinct, is the half-starved and thinly-clad female figure by the public-house door, striving with feeble voice, and songs of other days, maybe songs learnt

and sung long before reverses had crossed her path, to move to generosity her reckless audience within.

Others there are: old soldiers and sailors, some minus arms, others with arms but minus legs, who have fought well and bravely for their country, and who deserve more care than this in their last days; some who don as much naval and military uniform as they can scrape together, but who have been mendicants all their lives, and do this for a blind; powerful labourers, with large families and stentorian voices; these, and many others, complete the least inviting feature of our street-music—the purely vocal.

Here then is the street-music of London at the present time, on the beneficial effects of which, whether rightly or wrongly, opinions certainly differ. There are those for it, and those against it: those who saw in the late Mr. Babbage an exact exponent of their feelings, and those also who see in noble lords, who take organ-grinders into their very houses for the purpose of enjoying the music, no other than the ideal of their sentiments. Probably six out of every seven readers of this—and the seventh will sure enough be a servant-maid, or a noble lord who has no scientific or learned calling to pursue will agree that the street-music wherewith this foremost city in the world is afflicted, is a detestable and obnoxious nuisance, and not equalled by any other. We live and move in a perfect purgatory of noise, for anything milder than this it cannot be called. All day, and almost all night, the fearful noise ascends and quivers in the atmosphere. To escape from it is impossible, for those whom it affects most, are compelled, more or less, to be in it. Can the musician who plays, practises, and teaches in town, flee from it, and seek refuge in the quiet of the country? Can the clergyman, the doctor, the merchant, the author, the artist, the tradesman—can all these pack up and leave the noise behind them?

Then, again, the sick person who must not be moved, even could such an one afford the change—and, alas! how many thousands are there in this vast and wealthy city, mad with fever and other maladies, that cannot—what shall be done for quietness in such cases as these? What redress is there for the anxious relatives of a fever-stricken one, as he or she turns wildly about in need of perfect quietness, whereas the air is filled with sounds vile and detestable? Maybe the patient needs sleep. Loving friends around are longing for this restorative. At last, all is expectation. The one they love so much seems going off into a nice sleep, when—crash comes the BAND!!!

What remedy is there for the music composer who works so freely in imagination, and in his mind sees whole pages of composition long before they are committed to paper? What shall be done

to prevent such an one losing his theme, perhaps for ever, by the combined efforts of two German bands, either at each end of his street, or before and at the back of his house? Where shall the clergyman go to prepare his sermons for the highly educated and very critical congregation he has to meet on Sundays?

Thanks to Mr. Bass, there is the law, which, however, can only be brought into operation after the mischief is done—that is, when the band has started a crashing overture, or the screaming organ has progressed half-way through some touching ballad; besides which, very few know the law

regarding street-music, or among the poorer classes that there even is such a thing. Only an Act that would abolish street-music, wholly or partly, can be of any effectual use in ridding us of a set of fellows who possess the happy knack of starting their performances wherever straw is laid down; and until we begin to perceive the pure and ennobling sentiments of the poetry or music of their tunes, we shall continue to hope that some such remedy will be forthcoming to rid us of these “brazen performers on brazen instruments, beaters of drums, grinders of organs, bangers of banjos, clashers of cymbals, worriers of fiddles, and bellowers of ballads.”

IN HONOUR BOUND.

BY CHARLES GIBBON,

AUTHOR OF “ROBIN GRAY,” “FOR LACK OF GOLD,” ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE FIFTIETH.

FAILURE.

“BEATTIE, man, Beattie; what are you so thrown for? Can you no speak to me? Do you no mind that it's market-day at Abbotskirk, and if you dinna look sharp, we'll no get there afore nightfall? Fient a ballant will we sell then; and where's our supper to come from?”

He spoke as if he were reasoning with a refractory child; but Beattie never stirred a muscle.

“What's wrang with you, man? You never played me a trick like this afore. Poor sowl, I ken you've had hard work and scrimp fare; but there's a guid time coming now we've got rid of that confounded fortune; so rouse up, and let's be travelling.”

Habbie took off his cap, and drew his sleeve across his brow to wipe off the perspiration. He looked puzzled and distressed; he glanced round him as if seeking relief from the green fields and trees.

He saw Teenie, who was standing near, uncertain whether to make her presence known or to run away. But her heart yearned for the sound of any familiar voice, and so she remained, wondering at Habbie's strange address to the donkey.

“Guid be here, Mistress Burnett, where did you drop from?”

She hesitated; then, awkwardly—

“I am on my way to Aberdeen, to see if there is any news of my father.”

“Eh!—you're a long way off your road, then.”

“I—was walking and—missed the road.”

“Walking!—and where's the minister?”

“At home—I suppose.”

Habbie was quick enough to see that there was something out of joint; but he only scratched his head, and regarded her with a perplexed expression.

She took a seat on a green knoll near him, and began in a weary, abstracted way to pluck handfuls of grass.

“Yon' was awful work the storm made,” he said, watching her curiously.

“What did it do?—was anybody lost?”

“When did you leave hame, that you dinna ken?”

She felt herself caught, but she was indifferent now to everything.

“On Friday night,” she answered carelessly.

“In the name of the Lord, what's wrang with you, mistress? I ken by your looks, and by what you say, that there's trouble of some kind. What is it?”

“Nothing—only I want to—I want to go on,” was the lame answer. Then, as if afraid of herself in asking such a question, and turning her head aside, “When—did you see Mr. Burnett?”

“Saturday morning, working hard to comfort them that were sorrowing through the storm.”

His words recalled vividly the pale anxious face and the loving eyes of Walter, striving earnestly to discharge the duties of his office, however much his own heart might be racked. She had been thinking of him and of Baby constantly; but the presence of one associated even remotely with the old home-life made the memory keener, and the sense of all she had sacrificed the more bitter. If it had been to do again, she did not think she would have strength for it. How the memories of his kindness crowded upon her—the sweet vision of home—its tender anxieties, sweet though troublesome—the cry of Baby—the quiet evenings, which had sometimes seemed to her wicked nature dull—all filled her heart with yearning regrets. Elbows resting on her knees, hands covering her face, her bosom heaved with suppressed sobs.

“Beattie and me gave up the fortune at last,”

said Habbie, as if seeking to relieve her by changing the subject of conversation; "and we came away for a daunder through the country. We've been blithe billies, I can tell you, till this morning, when Beattie looked queer as though he wasna weel. We came on right enough until he lay down here; and he'll no speak to me.—Do you no hear me, Beattie?—Lord be guid till us, he canna be dead!"

He had been patting and coaxing his old friend as he might have done to a child in a pet; but Beattie lay so quiet and pulseless that at length the truth

blame you; you've been a guid friend and a faithful to me, and the roads and the nights will be drierch and dowie without you. It's that fortune did it; I've seen it wearing you to skin and bone, and breaking your heart as it was doing mine. Poor Beattie; many a weary gate we've wandered together, and some blithe days we've had too; and you were aye guid to me, auld friend; and I wasna ill to you, was I, now? But that's a' bye. I'll never be able to make a song again, and I might just as weel be lying down aside you."



"HE LOOKED PUZZLED AND DISTRESSED."

flashed upon him, and he drew back like one stunned by a blow.

His cry was so piteous that Teenie lifted her head and looked at him. He was sitting in a sort of stupor, glaring at Beattie, trying to cheat himself with the fancy that he still saw signs of life. Teenie's love of animals enabled her to sympathise with Habbie's distress. She went over to Beattie, touched him, and knew that the faithful donkey had forsaken his friend.

"Beattie's dead!" muttered the poet wistfully, and for a little while he repeated the words to himself, as if trying to comprehend them. "Beattie's dead!—Aye, man, and you've gane awa' that way, without ever a word of warning. But I winna

It was the last feather which broke the poet's back. He could whistle at the disappointment regarding the Methven fortune, and thank Heaven that he was released from all anxiety about it; but the loss of his old comrade and helpmate was hard to bear. He patted Beattie's side tenderly, muttering to himself in a dreamy way, "Aye, and Beattie's dead!—poor sowl!"

By-and-by he turned to Teenie, with a feeble effort to grin at the absurdity of his own conduct.

"You'll think I'm crack, Mistress Burnett; and maybe I am; a' folk are crack, more or less, on one subject or another. Beattie was father, mother, brother, and sister to me. Twenty year we've been comrades; there's no a road in the twa

counties that we have not travelled together—no a house that did not ken us ; nobody will ken me now. He was getting auld, no doubt, and I did not make allowance for that ; but he's a guid creature, and he'll no set that down against me. He was just a poem on four legs, he was that kind and patient. Many a time he's gar'd me wish that men were donkeys, for syne we'd have honest folk to deal with."

He got up, looking at Beattie still, as if he could not believe that they were separated for ever.

"We must give him decent burial, any way. Will you wait there till I come back?"

Teenie assented, and he hirkled sadly along the road to some cotter-houses about a quarter of a mile distant. The brown and green spotted thatch of the cots was shadowed by the trees ; a tiny butn ran by the doors, the clear water glistening, and making a merry tinkling sound, which the children thought was the patter of fairy feet. He borrowed a spade and returned. Then he dragged Beattie a little way into the wood, and stopped at the foot of a tall fir-tree, on the bole of which the sun was glancing brightly.

"This will do ; the sun will come to him whiles ; and he was that fond of sunshine ! You should have seen him when we were resting, the way he would roll on his back and kick up his heels, and laugh just in sheer joy and gratitude for God's bonnie light. But it's a' bye now."

He began to dig. The earth was soft, owing to the recent heavy rains, and the work went on rapidly. Pausing in his task, and resting on the spade, he looked up at Teenie.

"Do you really think, Mistress Burnett, that there's a place all fire to burn us sinners?"

She was startled by that difficult question, put to her so earnestly.

"I cannot tell ; but I have heard that it is our own conscience which forms the fire."

Habbie reflected—thought of the toothache, rheumatism, and the agonies he had occasionally suffered after a "perfectly happy night." Then, drawing breath as if relieved—

"Oh, conscience?—I think we can thole that."

He resumed his work. Beattie was placed in the hole, and the earth shovelled upon him. Habbie dug up some patches of moss and wild flowers, and planted them on the grave. He cut the name "Beattie" on the bole of the fir-tree, and his task was done.

Teenie was sitting on the trunk of a tree which had been blown down by the storm, the torn roots rising above her, and twisted into fantastic forms. She followed Habbie's movements with a sort of mechanical interest, all the time her mind was full of confused visions of Walter, her father, Baby, the Laird, the home she had left, and the unknown homeless future toward which she was moving.

She wondered why she remained there when she wished to go on—anywhere so that she might lose herself if she could not find her father. She felt so very weak, and those pitiful commonplaces of life—the necessity of food, the want of money—so interfered with the grand sacrifice she desired to make, and turned all her efforts into the most prosaic failures.

She had the most disagreeable of all feelings—that she had been, and was, exceedingly foolish. What noble ends we might achieve if we were not fettered by the unconquerable conditions of nature ! She felt cold, and yet hands and face were burning ; the cheeks seemed aflame, and yet she was white as snow. The desire to go on with the sacrifice she had begun was strong and fierce ; yet when she rose to quit the place, she felt as if she could not stand.

Habbie caught her arm, and supported her.

"You're no fit to go to Aberdeen, mem, your lane. Come back with me to Rowanden."

She struggled against the thought ; but she was incapable of resistance, and he was quietly firm. He led her gently down by the cotter-houses, where he left the spade ; then on to the nearest station, where they had to wait a long time for the train. She shrank and quivered with shame at the idea of going home in this helpless state, with the knowledge that all her grand schemes had been frustrated, that she had inflicted much suffering upon herself, and perhaps upon others, without any result.

She would have run away from Habbie, but he kept close watch ; for although he had left Rowanden before her disappearance had become generally known, he had shrewd suspicions that there was something wrong, and in any case he had no doubt that home was the best place for her in her present state.

She tried several times to explain everything to this simple friend, and seek his help ; but the words stuck in her throat and she could not utter them.

The train came at last, and they were carried to Rowanden. Instinctively Habbie conducted her from the station by the least-frequented path. Weary and footsore she was guided up the hill by the poor poet, whose own heart was heavy enough, and yet he was able to feel for others, and to give kindly service.

The night was darkening as they ascended toward the manse. She hung back often, and he waited patiently. How would Walter receive her ? He would turn her from his door as one unworthy to rest beneath his roof. He must scorn and hate her now ; and she had failed so utterly in what she meant to do that she deserved his scorn.

She stopped, and wished to go on to the Norlan' Head, and obtain shelter from Ailie, who would forgive her anything. But Habbie said, No ; home

was the best place, and they were much nearer to the manse than to the Norlan' Head.

Home—home was the word he kept repeating ; and unconsciously it influenced her steps. Yet she trembled with fear at thought of meeting the man she loved ; she shuddered in anticipation of his wrath.

The tramp of a horse's hoofs behind them ! Glancing back, they saw through the dusk a horse-man slowly ascending the hill.

She drew quickly to one side into a gap in the hedge, and dragging Habbie by the sleeve after her, she crouched down ; and Habbie made a pretence of trying to hide too, just to please her, but he was really wishing to be discovered.

The man rode by without seeing them, head bowed on his breast as if in despair, the horse dragging its legs as if utterly worn out.

It was Walter : she knew him. Two steps forward, and she could have touched him. Her heart swelled and throbbed like a wild bird, newly caged, beating itself against the bars of its prison, frenzied with fright and pain. Just to see him again—just to touch him—to kiss his hand—to whisper one imploring word, that might induce him to try to understand her—and then, she thought, it would be so sweet to lie down and rest, and to allow all this fever of mind and body to pass quietly away from her.

But he rode on ; she did not move, and he did not see her. Then she trembled with sobs which supplied no relieving tears.

Another weary day of seeking without result, until man and horse were ready to drop with fatigue. He would have gone on himself until he had dropped, but he was merciful to the horse. The burden of his thought was still the same—"She will come back ; she will come back ;" and so, like a moth to the candle, he hovered about their home, hoping to find there the tidings of the wanderer which all his journeys failed to obtain.

He dismounted at the gate of the field behind the manse, took off the saddle and bridle, and turned the horse into the meadow.

Ailie met him as he entered the house. She saw that he had no news, and did not speak. She relieved him of the harness, and as she was doing so, he asked—

"Has there been any message for me?"

"Never a word."

"My father has not been here?"

"No."

He passed into his room.

Habbie waited for his companion to speak, but he had to break the silence himself. Touching her arm, he said—

"Did you see yon', mistress?"

"I saw—oh, but he looked wae, wae, and I cannot go back!"

"Why no? When he's wae, that's just the time he needs you ; and I'se warrant he's been toiling himself to death seeking you. Come, mem, let's go up to the house. You need rest, and there's nae place like hame, ye ken."

She wished to go—she wished to be near him, and yet she shrank back, dreading his scorn. The poet took her hand. She trembled, but did not draw back. Baby's cry seemed to ring in her ears again. Her heart was bursting with home-longings, and, unresistingly, she was led up the hill to the gate. There she faltered again ; but Habbie opened the gate, and gently drew her in.

Then a kind of fierceness rose within her. She expected to see the door closed in her face ; to encounter pitiless disdain from him ; and the passionate nature asserted itself ; she was ready to be defiant and as scornful as he could be.

But the door stood wide open. So it had remained, by Walter's orders, night and day since her departure. There was a strange silence in the house—the silence which is in a house where some loved one lies dead.

Habbie drew her into the lobby, which was almost dark in the late gloaming. She yielded to him in her angry spirit more readily than she had done in her fear. She felt like one committed to a desperate adventure, and prepared to go on because turning back is impossible.

He glanced into the minister's room—the door of it was also open—and he whispered to her as he thrust her forward—

"He's there."

She saw him standing on the hearth, his arms crossed on the mantelpiece, and his head bowed on them. He heard the whisper, and the rustle of her dress, and turned round.

In the dim light each could just distinguish the form of the other. She was prepared to hear his bitter reproaches, and she stood, trembling, yet like one waiting for an enemy's attack. But he opened his arms, and said, in such a low tender voice—

"I knew you would come home, Teenie. Thank God!"

One big heart-bursting sob, and she would have fallen, but his arms were round her, and she was lying on his breast—new strength, new life thrilling through her veins in the knowledge of his love. Yet the new strength made her shame the greater ; scorn she could have met with scorn, but love humbled her. She could not look at him ; she could not speak to him ; all was so different from what she had anticipated, that she could only cling to him, hiding her face, and sobbing in the ecstasy of relief and shame. There are certain still moments which are pervaded by a sense of eternity, and love

made this one of them to husband and wife. Their union was more perfect at this moment than it had ever been before.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FIRST.

FORGIVEN.

HABBIE retired to the kitchen as soon as he had seen Teenie safely into the room, and heard Walter's welcome to her. He found Ailie knitting in a vicious way, as if to keep herself from thinking, and Lizzie putting things to rights for the night. On his appearance, Ailie's first thought was to ask him if he had seen anything of the runaway. She thought of nothing else, indeed, except to lament her age and inability to trudge through the country in pursuit of Teenie. But here was the very man who was most likely to find her, if anybody could.

"If you'll give me something to eat, and promise that you'll no stir a foot from here till the minister comes, I'll tell you a' that you want to ken," he said, grinning to himself.

Ailie supplied him hastily with scones, cheese, and milk; and whilst he ate and drank he supplied her with all sorts of information except that which she desired most to have. When at last he told her, she would have rushed off to satisfy herself that he had spoken truth; but he held her back, and begged her to leave the minister and the guid-wife to themselves for a little while. Ailie was convinced of his truth, and although she was full of anxiety to see her bairn again, she discreetly sat down, and resumed her knitting-needles. But the "wyving" process went on in a jerky, impatient fashion, and her only relief was to explain to Habbie, so far as she understood them, the details of Teenie's disappearance. Habbie narrated, with some embellishments, how he had met "the mistress," and how she looked so sickly that he had persuaded her to come home. Lizzie, wiping up dishes, listened with mouth wide open, and had to be frequently called to attention to her work by Ailie.

So the two were left uninterrupted.

They remained a long time without a word passing between them—he too happy to utter a word, she too full of joy and remorse to speak. He asked her no questions—he treated her as if she had been rescued from some great sickness or peril, and he was too glad to find her safe, to think of scolding her for having wilfully thrown herself into danger.

She did not feel irritated with him now for his quiet ways, or for treating her like a child. She was conscious of the love which kept him silent, and grateful for the trust of which all this was the proof.

"You are weary," he said by-and-by, "come and rest."

His arm supporting her fondly, they went upstairs. Baby was in his crib, a candle burning by his side, asleep with a bonnie smile on his fresh healthy face.

She dropped on her knees beside the crib, and buried her face in the clothes. Then she fondled the child, timidly fearing to wake him, and feeling that she was unworthy to touch him.

"My bairn, my bonnie bairn," she sobbed, "will you forgive me, as he has done? Oh, but I've missed you, and the thought of you has been like the hand of God leading me home."

Walter stooped and raised her head. He passed his hand across her brow, trying to soothe her.

"My poor wife, you have been much tried. But come, you will rest now, and we shall be very happy again when you have got the better of your fatigue."

"Don't, don't, Wattie—you make me feel wild and ready to run away again. I wish I had never come back—I wish I had never been born."

"Hush!—I have been waiting for you. I knew that you would come back, and I'll try, Teenie, I'll try very hard to make your home a happy one. I shall hide every trouble from you, and show you nothing but the bright side of our life."

"That's just what I don't like. Oh, Wattie, make me part of yourself—tell me your sorrow as well as your joy, and that will content me. But you've tried to hide things from me, and that vexed me; it made me think you could not trust me as—as you trust Grace."

There was no bitterness or jealousy in that cry, only the piteous appeal of one yearning to be helpful, eager to share his pain as well as his joy—the cry of a fond heart craving leave to prove its devotion.

A mist seemed to rise slowly from his vision; he began to understand many things which had been hidden from him till now. He had regarded her too much as a creature of sunshine, and in his anxiety to divert all shadows from her he had inflicted the deepest sorrow.

"I have wronged you, Teenie—forgive me."

At that she stared, wondering if he were angry with her—it was so strange that he should be asking forgiveness from her who so much needed his. He was in sad earnest, and she wondered the more. There was such a buzzing in her head that she found it difficult to recall the past or to realise the present. She was home again—that was all she knew; she was beside him and Baby—that was all she cared for.

Timidly, as if still half afraid of a repulse, she reached up her arms and clasped them round his neck; he, seating himself on a chair, drew her upon his knee, and at that she clung to him as if drowning, and he had come to her rescue. She was ready to cry again for joy.

"You never wronged me, Wattie; you have been always good, and kind, and true—and, oh, I have been that wicked!"

"My darling, we must not speak of these things now; I want you to rest."

But she would not move ; she seemed afraid to unclasp her hands lest this should prove to be only another of the feverish dreams of home which had visited her during that weary aimless journey, and that she would waken and find herself again on the desolate road, friendless.

He saw that she was in a high state of excitement, and endeavoured to soothe her by loving words and caresses, whilst he avoided conversation.

Her eyes were fixed upon his face, eagerly scanning every feature, noting every change of expression ; it seemed to her as if she could never look enough. By-and-by she spoke again, in a low sobbing voice—

"And I blamed you, Wattie—fancy that ! I thought you looked upon me as the cause of all your misfortune, and that drove me wild because I felt it was true."

He tried to interrupt her with a kiss.

"Let me speak ; let me speak," she cried. "I was ready to do anything to serve you. I thought you would be happy if it was not for me, and so I went away, meaning to hide myself, and never come back. But you see I could not do that. I heard our bairn greeting and I heard you crying to me wherever I went ; and so my heart drew me home again, although my wish was to be far away. Are you glad that I am here?"

She put the question with tremulous earnestness, and he drew her closer to his bosom.

"There is nothing more needed for happiness than just to feel you are safe in my arms. We fret and worry over things that are lost, and never take account of the blessings that remain to us, until they too are swept away."

"And you would not like to lose me?" she said, fondling him, and, like a child that has been promised a new toy, she was eager to be told of his love over and over again.

"You know that I would not."

"Yes, I know now," she said, with a long-drawn sigh, for which there was no perceptible reason.

"Then I am going to be very stern with you now" (she looked frightened, and he smiled ; this was so unlike the Teenie who used to tease and defy him) ; "you will find that I have become a great tyrant, and you must obey my slightest nod."

"I'll do everything you bid me," she said very humbly.

"Then I am going down-stairs to get you something to eat and drink, and by the time I return you must be in bed."

"I don't want anything. Don't leave me."

He shook his head, pretending to frown, and she released him.

"Now remember : five minutes, and you are to be in bed."

He went quietly down-stairs.

She pinched her arm, to see if she were awake. She could not yet believe that she was at home, in her own room ; Baby lying sound asleep in his crib beside her ; and Walter unchanged, unless it might be that he was gentler with her than he had been of late. Yet she had been away three days, and he had asked her nothing, he had not scolded her, he had not breathed a word of blame, he had scarcely even alluded to her escapade. It was very bewildering to her.

She did not know the fierce struggle with passion through which the man had passed. She could not divine his brave resolve that he would win her back by love, to share in his attempt to reach that ideal life which he had imagined for them both.

Walter entered the kitchen so quietly that he startled two of its occupants ; the third, Lizzie, was fast asleep, sitting on a low chair, her ruddy cheek pressed against the black jamb of the fireplace.

He held up his finger, warning Ailie and Habbie to speak low.

"You cannot see her to-night, Ailie," he said in a whisper ; "but you shall in the morning, and then I want you to speak to her as if she had never been away from home. Ask her no questions, and do not let her talk to you of the past three days. Keep Lizzie down-stairs. Now, get me something to take up to her."

"Is she weel enough, sir, think you?"

"I cannot tell yet ; she is greatly excited and fatigued."

"Habbie thought she was kind o' fevered."

"The excitement would do that. Where did you see her, Habbie?"

"She came home with me, sir."

"With you?"

"Aye ;" and he rapidly told how he had met Teenie.

Walter grasped the poet's hand, pressing it gratefully. Kindness is a sort of telegraph ; it brings the most distant social spheres into close communication one with the other.

"I'm thankful to have been able to do anything for you and the mistress, sir. I hope she'll be quite weel in the morning again," said Habbie—adding with a wry face, as if he had experienced the worst spite of fortune—"I care for little now, Beattie's dead."

Walter sympathised with him, and promised that he should have another Beattie.

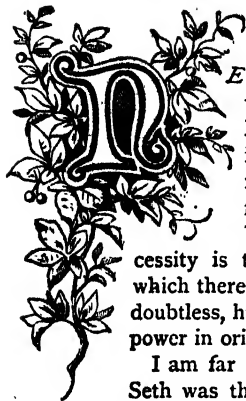
"That's no possible, sir ; I may get another donkey, but never another Beattie. But I'm obliged to you, sir, all the same."

It was arranged that Habbie should obtain a gig at the inn, and carry the good news of Teenie's return to the Laird, and to Miss Wishart.

Walter took the tray which Ailie had provided, and went up-stairs again.

FISH AND FISHERS.

BY GREVILLE FENNELL.



NECESSITAS non habet legem, which the 'school-boy translated, "Necessity has no legs," is true to a certain extent; but for all that, necessity often finds legs when most needed. We are further told that "Necessity is the mother of invention," of which there can be no dispute, and thus, doubtless, hunger was the primary motive power in originating fishing for a meal.

I am far from inclined to believe that Seth was the first to invent angling; for although the stretching forth a horizontal rod with a perpendicular line may be said to form the characteristic from which we derive the word "angle," the first man who coveted fish may have satisfied his wants, in the absence of all tackle, by diving under water and seizing his prey with his own right hand, at an equally acute degree from his body. In this way I have known men and youths catch large numbers of fish, principally trout and chub, which, like the famed ostrich under apprehended danger, thrust their heads into the gnarled banks of the stream, and in a sense of security permit themselves to be taken.

It is not with the antiquity of angling I would deal, but with the many modes, ancient and modern, which have been used to ensnare fish. The use of the hook and line is, however, traceable back into very remote ages. Angling is mentioned in the eleventh chapter of the book of Numbers, and the salmon thus brought to table were eaten with cucumbers, as at the present day. In Job, Amos, and Habakkuk mention is also made of angling as now pursued; while Bishop Lowth, in his translation of Isaiah, gives the prophetic destruction of Egypt as follows:—

"And the fishes shall mourn and lament:
All those that cast the hook in the river,
And those that spread nets on the surface of the waters shall languish,
And they that work the fine flax shall be confounded,
And they that weave net-work;
And her stores shall be broken up;
Even all that make a gain of pools of fish."

I will dismiss the numberless modes of taking fish by the net, which, by consulting the Rev. Charles Bathurst's "Notes on Nets," will be found to be almost as inexhaustible as the sea in which nets are used. I may, however, mention here the particulars of a circumstance which occurred to me but a short time since. Noticing two men go forth with their bat-folding apparatus, each with a net stretched upon two long and pliable poles—used

over the ivied fascias of houses and barns, or by the aid of a lantern, to the light of which the birds disturbed in the trees will fly, and thus get enfolded therein—I followed the men to watch the process. These men, however, after I had tracked them for some distance, turned round upon me, and told me candidly their purpose was not the catching of birds, but that of fish, and that thus, with this simple means, they could, when the seasons were suitable, take by working in concert many bushels of fish, particularly at the mouths of ditches leading into the main river, or at the entrance to sewers, around which the fish congregate in great numbers.

The Egyptians do not appear to have used the float by which the bait in angling is kept in suspension, nor have they manifested their knowledge of fly-fishing, although several winged insects are represented hovering over the water in their paintings. Indeed, Wilkinson tells us, in his "Egypt," that fly-fishing is still unknown by this nation, though the fish of the Nile are occasionally seen to rise at insects on the water's surface.

Their favourite mode of fishing appears to have been with the trident spear, which they used with great skill. The anglers stood on the banks of a canal or river, or in a boat of papyrus, in which they glided silently over the waters, and upon seeing a fish they plunged the instrument, with one or both hands, some using a spear with a line attached to prevent its being lost.

Herodotus tells us how the Lake Mœris was utilised for the purpose of retaining the fish which enter it with the waters of the Nile. The money thus obtained by the fishery was devoted by Mœris as a dowry to the queen, for the purchase of jewels, ointments, and other objects connected with her Majesty's toilet.

Thebes and Beni Hassan abound with representations of gentlemen engaged in fishing for their amusement. In some remains from Nimroud there is a distinct representation of an angler, with his rod in his hand, fish by his side, and a fish-basket on his shoulder, exactly of the same construction as rods and baskets are now made in Britain. And in the Nineveh Marbles, in the British Museum, there are several representations of fishermen with baskets.

It would seem from Homer's "Iliad" that ground-bait as a lure was cast into the waters, to attract the fish within reach of the spear:—

"As from some rock that overhangs the flood
The silent fisher casts the insidious food;
With fraudulent care he waits his finny prize,
And sudden lifts it quivering to the skies."

Oppian, in the third book on "The Nature of Fishes and Fishing of the Ancients," says—

"By those who curious have their art defined,
Four sorts of fishers are distinct assigned.
The first in hooks delight ; here some prepare
The angler's taper length, and twisted hair ;
Others the tougher threads of flax entwine,
But firmer hands sustain the sturdy line ;
A third prevails by more compendious ways ;
While num'rous hooks one common line displays."

Some have been bold enough to say that the last line refers to the tackle used in "spinning," but it clearly alludes to the common "trot" of the fisherman, which, baited at intervals of a few feet, is left at low water to be submerged by the tide, and taken up upon the flood receding, to remove the fish thus captured, and re-bait the hooks.

There is a chapter in *Ælian* which obviously points to fly-fishing for grayling. It is entitled, "On an Unusual Mode of Fishing practised in Macedonia," a clever dissertation upon which is to be found in *Frazer's Magazine* for October, 1853.

The Romans used the hook as well as the net ; and Suetonius tells how the Emperor Nero was accustomed to fish with a net of gold and purple. Whether he caught more or less fish than others with such superb tackle, historians do not say. Perhaps, as there is no royal road to the art of angling, this exquisite paraphernalia was as useless as the expensively mounted rods, and hair from Barbary horses, which, with other extravagances, adorned the Fishing Temple at Virginia Water during the reign of our fourth George.

Plutarch mentions corks and leaden weights as additions to the nets.

Julius Pollux, in speaking of fishermen, divides them into the following orders :—"Anglers ; fishermen, by nets and fire (that is, a torch at the end of a pole for night-fishing with spear) ; divers for sponges, or the purple fish ; and catchers of wild fowl. The fishing-rods were slender, lest they should shade the water too much ; the line was made of the fewest possible knots, and the hair of horses, most especially of stallions. The whitest hair was recommended, to render the line less perceptible, and to be placed next the hook ; and above that was a small hollow piece of horn, which the fish was obliged to swallow before it could touch the bait, and which prevented it from closing its mouth so as to bite the line asunder ; and there were likewise round and straight hooks, according to the different kinds of fish."

The catalogue of boat requirements, etc., which I have omitted, and to which are added explanations from known practices, is confirmed by Plutarch and others, and proves that few or no additions have been made to this branch of the art of fishing in the present day.

In Norway, in the province of Christiansand,

among some craggy and steep mountains, is a very remarkable and extremely dangerous salmon fishery on the river Mendel, near the bridge of Bieland, which is built on beams that project over the river. Not far from this bridge, towards the north, close to a farmhouse called Foss, the river precipitates itself from an overhanging crag, and forms a very large cataract. The fishermen venture beneath the arch of this fall, floating in wicker baskets fastened to a beam, to prevent their being swallowed up in the abyss. If this beam were to break, the fishermen would be lost, and if they fall among the rocks, which frequently happens, they are drawn out scarcely alive below the cataract. But if the beam remain firm, they float upon their flat baskets, quite under the arched rock, the hollows of which the salmon inhabit. They drive them out to the number of twenty, or upwards, and when they appear at the aperture, they are there caught.

I take the following from a French work :—

"At some distance above Sermiselle, where the silence and solitude of the country still reign, a very curious mode of fishing is adopted during the burning heat of the summer months. About mid-day, when the sun in all its power shoots the golden rays perpendicularly on the waters, illuminating every hole even in the profoundest depths, the large fish leave them, and ascending to the surface, remain under the cool shade of the trees, watching for whatever tit-bit of delicacy the stream may bring with it, while others prefer a quiet saunter, or with the dorsal fin above the water, lie so still and stationary near some lily or other aquatic plant, that they seem perfectly asleep. The enthusiastic sportsman, who fears neither storms nor a *coup de soleil*, makes his appearance about this time, without, it is true, either fishing-rod, lines, worms, flies, or bait of any description, but having under his left arm a double-barrelled gun, in his right a large cabbage, and at his heels a clever poodle. The fisherman, or the huntsman, I scarcely know which to call him, now duly reconnoitres the river, fixes upon some tree, the larger and lower branches of which spread over it, ascends with his gun and his cabbage, and having taken up an equestrian position upon one of the projecting arms, examines the surface of the deep stream below him. He has not been long on his perch when he perceives a stately pike paddling up the river ; a leaf is instantly broken off the cabbage, and when the *Brachiostegus* has approached sufficiently near, is thrown into the water. Frightened, the voracious fish at once disappears, but shortly after rises, and, grateful to the unknown and kind friend who has sent him this admirable parasol, he goes towards it, and after pushing it about for a few seconds with his nose, finally places himself comfortably under its protecting shade. The sportsman, watching the animated gyrations of his cabbage-leaf, immediately

fires, when the poodle, whose sagacity is quite equal to that of his master, plunges into the water, and if the fish is either dead or severely wounded, fails not to bring out with him the scaly morsel. Thus, so long as the heavens are bright and blue, the water is warm, the large fish choose to promenade in the sun, and the sportsman's powers of climbing hold on, the sport continues. Sometimes the poodle and the fish have a very sharp struggle, and then the fun is great indeed, unless by chance the sportsman should unfortunately miss his hold, in the midst of his laughter, and drop head foremost into the water with his cabbage and his double-barrel—in which case, I beg emphatically to add, it would serve him right.

We have read about many absurd phases of a foreigner's notions of sport, but this is most ridiculous, and manifestly untrue, although told by one of themselves. Why should the sportsman be burdened with a cabbage, when the noble and expansive leaves of the dock are to be had at the margin of every river for the plucking? Why cast a leaf in at all, and why not have fired at the pike when first seen basking in the sun? Surely then he would have had a better chance for his butchery than when his quarry was covered with a leaf! And why shoot the pike at all at such a season, when perfectly useless as food? and if by the alchemy of French cookery we allow it could be converted into an entrée, why send half the carcase into wasteful shivercens by the discharge of a double-barrel gun?

The following is more to the purpose, if the perpendicular style of killing fish is to be observed.

"The water," writes Mr. Brookes, "was very clear at Hammerfest, in Lapland; you may see everything that goes on amongst the fish. A few feet down you may see the young cod snapping at your hook, if you have one; a little lower down, the coal-fish, and the huge plaice and halibut, on the white sand at the bottom; in other places, the star-fish, as large as a plate, and purple and green shell-fish of all sizes. The plaice is taken in the following manner:—In calm weather the fisherman takes a strong fine cord, to which he has fastened a heavy spear-head, like a whale harpoon. This he

holds ready over the bow of the boat, while another person paddles it forward slowly. When the fish is seen at the bottom, the boat is stopped, and the harpoon is suddenly dropped upon him, and thus the fish is caught. In two hours the fishermen will get a boat-load. The halibut are caught with hooks. They sometimes weigh five hundred pounds, and if drawn up carelessly will overturn the boat."

In many of the mountainous districts the rivers swarm with trout, the habit of which is to conceal themselves beneath the boulder rocks in the bed of the stream, venturing out to feed only at night. Men, each with a heavy hammer, will enter these waters, and strike one or two blows on the stones, when the fish rush from their lurking-places partly stunned, and are easily caught.

In my edition of "*Venationes Ferarum*," date 1578, there is a plate of some men and children on a raft, on the four sides of which lanterns are placed, and the fish, attracted by the light, are leaping on the floating platform.

I find from a perusal of "*Twelve Years in China*," by John Scarth, that the spear is still used in that Oriental dominion:—

"In walking along the banks, we came upon a man fishing in a most peculiar manner. He was perched on a low bridge leading over the stream that joined the canal. At first I thought he had hooked an enormous fish, but on closer inspection found that it was merely a live decoy. Its dorsal fin was laced to two small sticks, one on each side; from these it was tethered to what I first took to be a rod. The poor fish sported about in the water, apparently doing its best to attract the attention of its finny followers. The man held a small arrow-pointed trident, with which he dexterously struck any large fish that came wondering at the antics of the tethered decoy. The whole apparatus was so simple, that I wondered the same system was not applied elsewhere. It would be a splendid thing," adds Mr. Scarth, "without knowing that he is suggesting the most arrant style of poaching which can disgrace our rivers, 'in the clear streams in Scotland, and would give all the pleasure of luxury without the confusion attending torches and night-work.'"

UNTIMELY AUTUMN.

IT sometimes chanced, in the midst of June,
That some foreshadowing of October slips
Out of the clouded welkin, and the noon
Of the sweet season suffers dim eclipse.
Birds hush their notes and seek their coverts, fill'd
With prophecies of evil hours in store;
So that, the gladness of the year being chill'd,
For a brief space the summer is no more.

Thus, often, with prefigurement of pain,
Our human summer shrinks before the cold:
The blue heavens die; in the foreboding
brain
The grey hairs gleam, and we at once grow
old;
While all life's merry voices are struck dumb,
Fearing the autumn of our days to come.

EDMUND OLLIER.

UNDER A TREE.



"I SIT AND SKETCH THE SCENE."

THE sun is riding towards the west
Through rifts of crimsoned
sheen,
The leaves like liquid jewels shine

That burnished sky between ;
And deep in clover, ripe and red,
A kingly carpet 'neath me spread,
I sit and sketch the scene.

On every side the forest fern,
 Like copse of fairy trees,
 Its varied fronds of red and brown
 Is waving in the breeze.
 Below, the fields of ruddy corn,
 By reaper's scythe as yet unshorn,
 Slope down like golden seas.

The breakers of their glory swell
 Beneath the western wind ;
 Like crimson flashes, drops of blood,
 Their brows the poppies bind ;
 And sweep in foam of fire to
 The forest belt of dusky hue,
 The purple hills behind.

Close tangling in my loosened hair
 The bindweed clasps and clings ;
 And faint, sweet scents of late-mown hay
 The wandering zephyr brings.
 The butterflies both blue and white
 Sway softly on the rushes light,
 And rest their fairy wings.

"God made the earth. Man made the town."
 They say so. They are right.
 And, looking on His handiwork,
 I bless the sense of sight

Which thrills through every languid vein,
 And wakes the wearied heart again,
 And floods the soul with light.

Not mine to live the woods within,
 And breathe the balmy air ;
 I can but come on distant day
 And see how good and fair
 The green earth grows beneath His hand,
 And all the soft and smiling land
 Doth blossom everywhere.

I come from close-pent city walls,
 From skies of dingy grey,
 From poisoned air to forest scenes,
 And bear those scenes away ;
 And bid the golden corn, the trees,
 The green leaves flickering in the breeze,
 Upon my canvas stay.

God gave His talent in my hand :
 "Take freely—freely give,
 An hundredfold on every side
 Like grain from Boaz' sieve ;
 That those who never yet have seen
 My woods and vales of living green
 May see My hand thy hands between,
 And look on Me and live."

THEO. GIFT.

THE WRECK OF THE "JUNO."

IN TWO PARTS.—PART THE FIRST.



THE wreck of this vessel on the coast of Aracan, in 1793, and the extraordinary preservation of fourteen of her company on the wreck for twenty-three days, is well deserving of record, the series of calamities suffered by the seamen on this occasion being unprecedented in naval history.

But the vessel is memorable in addition as being that ship whose fate Byron has immortalised so vividly, but with such heartless bitterness, in that imperishable monument at once of his genius and his shame, "Don Juan;" and it is also interesting to mention that the second officer—William Mackay, the son of a Sutherlandshire minister, to whose account of the wreck we owe great obligations—was an ancestor of Doctor Charles Mackay, the writer of some of the most high-toned and admirable songs in our language.

William Mackay, in May, 1793, left at Rangoon a vessel to which he had belonged, and entered as second mate on board the *Juno* (Captain Alexander

Bremner), and helped to take in a cargo of teak for Madras. The *Juno* was a ship of four hundred and fifty tons burden, very much out of repair, and in all respects badly provided for sea. Her crew consisted of fifty-three men, chiefly Lascars, or native seamen, with a few Europeans; and there were also on board the captain's wife, her maid (a native young woman), and some Malays to assist to work the ship—in all, seventy-two souls.

They sailed the 29th of May, 1793, and beating out with the young ebb in five to seven fathoms water, with soft mud, about six p.m. shoaled suddenly to less than four fathoms. The ship was immediately ordered about, but the helm was scarcely a-lee when she struck on a mud-bank. All was hove a-back in order to get her off, but without effect. Both the bower-anchors were let go to prevent her driving farther on, and they held her some time, till one of the cables parting, she dragged the other anchor, whereupon they let go the sheet-anchor, which brought them up. It was the last quarter-ebb, and they had no doubt of getting her off on the flood, providing they could prevent her upsetting at low water. They therefore struck top-gallant yards and masts, to relieve

her of as much top weight as possible. At low water she heeled so much as to alarm them, but floated off with the flood. They hove up their anchors, standing off under a press of sail into deep water; and as she made no water, they hoped she had not received any material damage. On the 1st of June a gale commenced at S.S.W., with a very high sea; the ship laboured much, and soon sprang a leak. During six days that the gale lasted, it required the utmost exertions of all hands, without distinction, to keep her free, the pump-gear getting frequently out of order by constant hard working. They had, unfortunately, no carpenter on board, and scarcely any carpenter's tools; but they made shift, with the few they had, to repair the pumps as often as it became necessary. They were frequently foiled by the sand-ballast choking them, which obliged the crew to hoist out and clean them, after having to no purpose tried every expedient to prevent them sucking up the sand.

Consultations were held as to whether they should turn the ship's head round for Rangoon; but such a course was full of danger, for the lee shore was a low line of sand—so low as not to be seen more than ten or twelve miles off, and at that distance there were only seven fathoms water. The unanimous outcry was by all means if possible to keep clear of the coast of Pegu. On the 6th the gale abated, and the ship required but one pump to be kept constantly going. Discovering a leak along the stern-post between wind and water, they let down the jolly-boat the first calm day, and nailed over the gaping plank some tanned canvas and oakum, covering the whole with sheet-lead.

This expedient answered admirably in good weather, and the ship required pumping only once in every watch. The *Juno's* people, delighted at this, congratulated each other on their deliverance, and proceeded cheerfully on their way to have the full force of the south-west monsoon in the Bay of Bengal. Infatuated men, blinded by hope! How could canvas and sheet-lead keep out the sea when a cranky vessel like the *Juno* began to labour? The pump-gear was hardly repaired, when a fresh south-west gale sprang up. The ship let in more water than before, the pumps choked worse than ever with the sand, and it became necessary for some to bale with buckets, and to toil day and night, while the others who understood the use of carpenter's tools repaired the gear. Mackay, who writes with delightful frankness and simplicity, says:—

"Towards the 16th, exhausted with fatigue and want of rest, we began to entertain serious apprehensions for our safety. We therefore determined to set all the sail we could carry, and keep her away, so as to fetch the nearest part of the coast of Coromandel, proposing afterwards to coast it along

to Madras, or bear up for Bengal, as our situation should permit. We accordingly set the close-reefed top-sails and courses, and bore up; but the pump requiring such constant labour, it was not in our power to pay the necessary attention to the sails, so that before the 18th they were all blown away from the yards except the foresail, with which we lay to till the 20th at noon, being in latitude 17° 10' N., and (by reckoning) about 9° W. of Cape Negrais."

The miserable vessel now began to pitch so deep and heavy—the wet sand forcing in her timbers—that it was feared every heave she would never lift again. The men were all but hopeless, and could be with difficulty kept to their stations. About noon the captain wore, hauled up the foresail, and kept before the wind under bare poles, uniting in a general effort at the pumps and buckets, in hope to clear her, but in vain. The men who were below coming up at eight with the news that the water reached the lower deck, the Lascars gave themselves up to utter despair. The people were now clamorous for getting out the boats; but they had only an old jolly-boat and six-oared pinnace, both shattered and leaky.

To lighten the ship, and keep her afloat if possible till morning, about nine they cut down the mast; but the wreck unfortunately falling on board, the man at the helm, in the confusion, let the ship broach to, and the sea made a clean breach over her. At this crisis, the captain's wife rushing up the hatchway, Mr. Wade, the chief mate, and Mackay helped her to the quarter-deck rail, and were lashing her to the mizen-rigging, when the ship came to her last bearings, and began, with a quivering jerk like a death-struggle, to settle down. The water, however, still only just covered the upper deck, and as the doomed ship settled lower every wave, the survivors struggled up higher into the rigging. Captain Bremner, his wife, Wade, and Mackay got into the mizen-top; all the rest but one man, who gained the fore-top, were clinging to the mizen-rigging. Mrs. Bremner complaining of cold, Mackay kindly took off his jacket and gave it her, he being better clothed than her husband.

The ship still floating, the men with their clasp-knives cut away the yards, for fear the strain should be too great at the mizen-mast. Although the wreck rolled so furiously that it was difficult to keep hold, many of the worn-out men slept soundly, retaining their hold by instinct, as sleeping birds will do.

Mackay, who had felt quite resigned when death seemed certain, could not sleep when, after two or three hours' reflection, he saw the possibility of some vessel sighting them in the morning. The rest of the night he passed in listening eagerly for a gun. Several times cruel hope deceived him, and he believed he heard one (it was only the throbbing

in his ears, or the roar of the storm); and whenever he cried out, "A gun!" others always fancied they heard it too. At first daybreak a man called out, "A sail!" The Mussulmans instantly broke forth in prayer and praises to the Prophet, and the rebuked Englishmen prayed to God also. But the man's eye was as much deceived as Mackay's ears had been. We see and hear what we hope or fear to see and hear. Their hearts then died within them.

"The prospect presented to our view," says Mackay, "on the return of day, was awful beyond description: a tremendous gale of wind, the sea running mountains high, the upper deck and upper parts of the hull going to pieces, and the rigging that supported the mast, to which seventy-two giving way. Every moment threatened to close the horrible scene. The shrieks of the women and the Lascars added to the general horror. Some, worn-out and hopeless, voluntarily yielded to their fate at once; while others, unable to keep their hold, were washed out of the rigging."

The gale continued unceasingly for three days, and now famine began to threaten the shipwrecked people clinging there in their hopeless misery. The men secretly resolved to eat the flesh of the first who should die, and the gunner (a Roman Catholic) asked Mackay if he thought cannibalism a sin. Finding a want of room in the mizen, some of the men tried to swim to the fore-top, and three or four perished in this effort. Mackay now began to feel a sullen indifference possess his mind. He longed for a state of insensibility, and felt angry at the useless lamentations of his fellow-sufferers.

The first three days being cool and cloudy, the men did not suffer so much from actual hunger and thirst, as from the dread of what would come; but on the fourth day the wind abated, the clouds dispersed, and a vertical sun poured down on them with tropical violence. Mackay, thoughtful and intrepid, remembered an expedient of Captain Inglefield's, which he instantly adopted. He kept dipping his flannel waistcoat in the sea, so that his skin might absorb the refreshing moisture, and leave the salt on the surface. This served to occupy his mind, and excite a hope of being saved.

That night Mackay had a deep refreshing sleep, and dreamt of home. He fancied that he was in a raging fever, and that his father, dressed as a bishop, was praying by his bedside. As long as the prayer continued, the fever seemed to subside, but it returned when the prayer ceased. Just as Mackay was putting the sacramental cup to his lips he awoke. The inference he drew from this dream was that his father was dead, and was watching him from heaven. He then reflected on

the misery his family would suffer from his loss, and prepared to suffer death with patience and resignation.

On the fifth day, two men died of exhaustion—one suddenly, the other in great agony, violent retchings bringing on strong convulsions. This day the sun was terribly hot, and the sea very smooth.

The captain and chief-mate, having great confidence in rafts, ordered the men to make one from the fore-yard, sprit-sail-yard, and other spars still towed to the wreck. It was finished next day about noon, and the captain, seeing a movement towards it, hurried down with his wife and Mr. Wade.

Mackay, though strongly opposed to the plan, went with the rest. The raft being overcrowded forced the weaker to go back to the wreck. Just as they were getting loose, Mackay asked the captain in what direction the land lay, and what hope he supposed there was of making it, but the captain made no reply. Mackay then in vain tried to persuade the captain to return; no one would listen to him. They paddled away before the wind, with paddles cut out of planks. They had not gone far when they found their number too great. Mackay, joined by Mr. Wade, then renewed their entreaties; and the rest, willing to lighten the load, took them back to the wreck.

The raft again departed, and was out of sight at sunset. For a moment, thoughts of self-destruction passed through Mackay's mind, and he had only joined the raft from a feeling that it could not float more than four-and-twenty hours. But this despondency soon wore off, and he resolved to endure his fate with fortitude and resignation. At daybreak on the 27th, to their astonishment, they saw the raft alongside. They had paddled all night till they were exhausted, and then had drifted at random; and finding themselves at daylight near the wreck, had rejoined their comrades on the mast-head.

Captain Bremner now grew delirious, and this threw his wife into convulsions. At first he had seemed to shun her, as if reproaching himself as the cause of her sufferings, but he now would not let his young wife go from his arms. In his frenzy he thought he saw a table covered with choice meats, and wildly demanded why they would not give him any. Considering salt water as almost poison, Mackay had hitherto abstained from taking any, though tormented by a burning thirst; but he now believed himself dying, and therefore went down and drank about two quarts. To his great surprise this revived both his strength and spirits. He got a sound sleep, and the inward heat abated, though it pained him violently.

MEN WHO FACE DEATH.

THE CURATE.



I may most seem to be presumptuous in me to speak of facing death, as it would certainly be impertinent for me to represent myself as incurring those personal dangers to which so many men are exposed daily. My brother-in-law, for instance—one of the best fellows and, some of us think, one of the cleverest doctors that ever lived—has already said something about his experiences, and of the daily round of his most arduous duty, in performing which he met with my dear sister Bessie, who had for so long been my own helper and faithful house-keeper, that I should have felt something like a selfish pang of mistrust in parting with her to any other man.

As it was, John and I had been friends already—attracted to each other during our so unlike and yet so similar visitation of the sick—and I am of opinion that it was when I first mentioned how Bessie had begun to learn the art of nursing by trying her hand on me, years before, that the doctor found the heart to tell me of a regard which had made them more than comrades—or rather, let me say, had led them to the highest sentiment of all comradeship. For John—who pretends to be the calmest and most matter-of-fact scientist in Europe, and talks about cutting a man's leg off as though he were showing you how to decapitate a boiled shrimp—is the tenderest-hearted fellow going, and couldn't make up his mind to speak to me about Bessie, because he fancied that the expectation of being separated from her would be a great grief to me—or such a grief that I should be unable at first to do more than acknowledge their right to marry, instead of rejoicing with them at the happiness that I could read in both their faces.

It was my good fortune to meet with John in my own district soon after I first came there. Wherever I made my rounds amongst the poor, I heard the parish doctor spoken of in terms widely differing from those mostly employed towards medical men who take up parochial work, and I soon found out that we were both in a similar dilemma with regard to the actual immediate wants of our patients. In his case he found it of little use to administer physic, when he knew the true prescription was roast mutton and potatoes; and I, on my part, was often sorely distressed because I felt how, for the lack of the bread that perisheth, even the Bread of Life could

not, as it seemed, be at once received with gladness. I almost think that had it not been for a terrible epidemic, which awoke some of the more wealthy of my congregation to their duties even by means of their fears, we should never have succeeded in organising a really effectual society for the relief of the misery and distress for which the district that I had in charge was so notorious.

To look on death under these conditions is often a hard trial. Even though one may strive to regard the last messenger as the consoler rather than as the destroyer, there is something inexpressibly painful in the contrast between the lingering majesty of his presence, and the sordid surroundings of a bare and miserable room, wherein the living have, as it were, to eat, drink, and sleep in the presence of the still, mysterious object, which lies covered with a borrowed sheet upon the mattress of shavings thrust into an old sack. I often think it is a sense of the incongruity, and of the unfitness of the manner of their daily lives, which causes the reluctance of the poor to send for the clergyman when they are visited by sickness even unto death.

With the doctor it is different. He is supposed to be familiar by his professional experience with all the small makeshifts, the dire necessity, the physical wants, and (though in these they try to deceive him) the vices and evil habits of those to whom he is called. Alas! not among the poor alone, but with all of us, rich and poor, high and low alike, there always seems to be so vast a space between this and "the next" world—so utterly impassable a gulf dividing the bodily need of to-day from the famine of the soul, which is to be put off till to-morrow—that the visit of the clergyman (and I speak of the clergy of all denominations) is too often regarded as the emblem of approaching death. Not till the patient is "given up" do anxious friends whisper of sending for one of us, to stand as it were with only a simulation of humanity on the threshold of both worlds, there to perform some strange rite in which there may be an influence to warrant hope.

It may be the fault of many of us that, from the influences of early education, a certain reserve or shyness of manner, and a reticence in speaking of the common events and the meaner incidents of daily life, we fail to secure that confidence for which we hunger. We are in some way regarded as men provided for, placed above or below the necessity for daily work, and with very little practical sympathy with poverty and toil; while God knows most of us are poor enough, we curates at all events,

and not the smallest shift or most painful expedient known to decent destitution, but could be equalled by some of our number who starve and suffer, and almost look death in the face in silence, because to complain aloud would be to disgrace the Church to which we are attached, and perhaps bring reproach upon the profession of that religion which is more than flesh and blood.

It is this reticence—this half-suspicion which refuses to regard us as poor, striving, earnest working men—that eats into the heart of the true minister who seeks to do his duty among the people of large towns and teeming cities. From the false impressions caused by constant reference to the Church as a great institution for State patronage, as well as from the uncanceled impressions derived from satires, caricatures, and narratives, which were published when the Church itself was corrupt, lethargic, degraded, we are still looked upon as drones in the great working hive. The sacred office we have to strive to sustain is denied or misunderstood; hundreds of men who, in entering the Church, knowingly abandon a career in which their ability, their energy, and their education would secure fame and fortune, find themselves twitted with having an eye to the “loaves and fishes,” at the very time when they are thinking despondingly how they are to provide the commonest necessities of life for their families, and yet go decently, on an income far less than that of which a skilled labourer is deemed worthy.

It is this unworthy suspicion—this shadowy mistrust of the men, and perhaps as a consequence the vague apprehension of the living intense reality of the message which they have to deliver—this disbelief in the yearning desire to bring the Divine humanity before the spiritual apprehension, that makes it so hard for us to stand by a death-bed.

I think even those who so misunderstand us know that the mere danger of visiting the sick—of entering rooms where there are contagious diseases, or by bedsides where there is fever or other infection—is held but lightly in the practice of every earnest minister of the Church. Very often such visits have to be made at times when, from actual privation, the lamp of life has burnt low, and depressing anxiety for worldly necessities has obscured the heavenly light. The danger, such as it is, is often as great in a country village as in a town district. The low fever which haunts the stifled, ill-drained cottages, where rustic parishioners assert the rural prejudice against admitting fresh air, is as deadly in its way as some of the worst epidemic diseases which have perpetual hold of neighbourhoods like mine in London. I regard the danger from infection as comparatively little, however. Even if I dreaded it ever so much, I hope that I, and I know that, under similar conditions, hundreds of better men holding curacies,

would go on the visitation of the sick all the same.

My brother-in-law, John, is humorous on the subject of the common belief that the doctor can always carry an antidote against contagion—a panacea against disease—in a pill-box in his waistcoat-pocket; and that if he should die, it is a proof of his want of knowledge. I fancy that parishioners have a similar idea with regard to the curate, only they have no definite idea how it is that he is to be preserved. I imagine that they regard him as being in some occult way under supernatural protection, and so far there is much to be thankful for, inasmuch as they do, however dimly, and with some distorted notion of a kind of conjuration, believe in a protecting and overruling Providence. Perhaps I shall be accused of something like superstition in some quarters if I say that I quite agree with their conclusions, not only as regards the clergy, but with respect to everybody who has high and holy duties to discharge, and performs them in a spirit of prayer and self-forgetfulness. May I say that my belief in the efficacy of prayer rests on similar ground?—namely, that of the possible entering into a higher region of life, in which we may be lifted out of certain conditions, and may even become instrumentally operative in bringing about earnestly desired results.

But this is preaching—pray forgive it in a parson. I was speaking of the erroneous estimates which led to what I may almost call the unhumanising of the clergy in the public regard: estimates which falsely persist in regarding them almost as a race apart—not as men, but as sacerdotal apparitions—and as falsely ignore the fact that they are nearly all poor, struggling, hard-working, anxious men—anxious not so much for themselves, let us hope, as for others—for the straightness of the furrow made by the plough, from which they dare not remove their hands—for the harvest, one sheaf of which it may be their highest and most glorious privilege to reap.

At about the time of my ordination, the Archbishop of Canterbury had publicly declared that out of twenty thousand clergymen of England and Wales, not ten thousand were in the receipt of a hundred a year each. I am not saying, nor did the Archbishop say, that there were not revenues of the Church distributed by Ecclesiastical Commission, which were altogether ill-bestowed by adding to the abundance of some few who were already rich; but it is a certain fact that had all the revenues been divided with approximate equality, half the clergy would still have been men so poor as to leave no alternative even to their enemies, but to acknowledge that they must have entered holy orders from quite other motives than the prospect even of a comfortable maintenance. If the pretended believers in universal clerical emolument

had followed up the Archbishop's statement by close inquiry, they would have found that of these ten thousand so large a proportion received salaries so very much below a hundred a year, and often so little above fifty, that it would have become a wonder how it was that the whole country did not ring with Parliamentary declamation and indignant remonstrance; as would certainly have been the case if the same facts had been brought to light in reference to any branch of the public service, which were revealed when the Poor Clergy Relief Society published, for the first time, the report of its inquiries for the information of subscribers. It would be, I think, a very useful publication in the interests of truth, and as affording an instructive contrast to those very amusing drawings in humorous publications, which represent the curate as the sleek and favoured *habitué* of fashionable coteries, if the results of some further inquiry, like that I refer to, could be published and widely distributed. Sharing what I hope will always be the feeling of the clergy, I could not propose that these painful secrets of the poverty of the sons of the Church should be laid bare; but it would be possible, perhaps, to reprint some of the reports of the society referred to in an appendix to an episcopal charge. To read of thankfulness expressed by scholars and gentlemen—once among the best men of their college—for a gift of a few second-hand clothes; to know how men of high attainments, after faithfully fulfilling their duties with unblemished character for many years, venture to ask the society if it can afford them a pair of blankets to cover a dying child, for whom few comforts can be obtained out of sixty pounds a year, on which six people have to live without pleading poverty; to examine the testimony to scores of cases of sickness, suffering, hunger, cold, and want to which delicately-nurtured women, the wives of poor curates, are exposed, would make a story with as keen a touch of real sensation in it as can be found in the latest novel of society.

Even an appeal for aid from the funds of this society had to be made in secret. "To be poor and to seem poor"—we know what that has been pronounced to be. One clergyman, in begging for a few clothes for his six girls, and forwarding a letter from his archdeacon, earnestly asked that his application might not be made known in his own part of the country—"for I am surrounded by rich persons, who look upon poverty as a crime. They know that I am struggling and very poor, but an appeal to public charity would seem like a deep sin in their eyes. I know that a poor clergyman in this neighbourhood, whose child actually died from want of necessary food, was so snubbed and cut for appealing to these rich folk, or rather because a friend appealed for him, that he was obliged to give up his incumbency, and take a curacy near London."

Many even more painful appeals than these were contained in the report to which I refer; and I had good reason to remember the condition of some of those who had been my friends, and for whom I once or twice took duty. It might have been my own sad case, if I had been married—and married I should have been, as becomes the clergy of a Church which professes to be national, and to represent in its ministers the homelike influence and family life of the English people—but I had to look death in the face very early.

To be a fellow and a tutor of my college was my early ambition; but it passed, and I was ordained, even as my own old friend and tutor had been many years before. When I went to see him, he was living—not in such poverty as means squalor (no English gentleman and lady would do that), nor even in actual want of the necessities of life—but, with a wife and five children, every penny had to be rigidly turned to account. I could sympathise with him to some extent, for I was also left with but a small sum of money, barely enough to support me till I gained an appointment, and to pay for a slender outfit for Pessie, who had the offer of a situation as governess. It was madness for me to think of marrying, no doubt, and I don't know that I did think of it except as something afar off—though I knew for whom I would wait until I grew grey, if only it could be that she could love me well enough to, wait also, without my exacting from her such a sad and unreasonable promise. Forty-four pounds a year, and a rise to sixty, with perhaps ninety-five as the reward of long years of work in my country parish, would not, I thought, warrant my marrying then; but promotion might come, or I might set up a school. I was hopeful enough, and doubtless I might have realised all the moderate expectations of my life; but we both had too plain an experience of the constant difficulty of living in the eye of a parish as educated gentlefolk, with little more than a pauper's dole. In her sweet, pale, thin face, her neat, scanty dress, her carefully-mended gloves, her shapely hands, roughened with a share of household work and nursing a sick younger sister, her low voice and patient smile, I read that it would be ill of me even to bind her to a future promise. Yet I said words which she understood.

It was in the little shrubbery, one soft, silvery, summer's night; and her answer made my heart like lead, even though she put her hands in mine and kissed me. I refused to believe it; but there was a quiet brightening look in her eyes—a serene and heavenly smile upon her face, that convinced me how likely it was that she had spoken what would come to pass.

Yes, I had to face death—and she whom I loved was in heaven. How the daily routine of the

quiet country-side, where I held my curacy in a wide and scattered parish, began to fall heavy upon me—how I was prostrated, and my dear sister came to restore me again to the world that I had work to do in yet—how while I lay ill there came the offer of this great London parish, where poverty is no crime, because almost all of us are poor alike, and how in daily duty, and daily helping from on

high, the life that I thought blighted has put forth blossoms of hope and cheerful bloom of love to those around me, I thankfully remember, as I sit amidst John's children, of whom one—if it is not wrong to say so—is specially dear to me, though I sometimes look at her little gentle face, and soft pleading eyes, with a kind of fear that is quite unreasonable, no doubt.

IN HONOUR BOUND.

BY CHARLES GIBBON,

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-SECOND.

AFTER DINNER AT DALMAHOV.

TEENIE had obeyed him; she was in bed; but her eyes were fixed upon the door, eagerly watching for him, and her face brightened at the first sound of his step on the stairs. She ate and drank because he wished her to do so, and because he was sitting beside her, holding the tray, and trying to tempt her by carving tit-bits of a chicken for her. Although the food seemed to sicken her, she took it to please him. At last the tray was removed to the table, and he sat down again beside her. She held his hand in both hers, as if she were afraid that he would leave her, and she kept her eyes upon his face with such fond yearning in them as shines in a lover's face on the eve of a long separation.

She tried to show her happiness and gratitude in smiles, since he objected to her speaking; but the smiles were not successful, they were too full of sad regret. He had spoken no word of reproach; he had given no hint of the vexation he must have endured on account of what she had done. How clear her vision was now! how plainly she saw the many ways in which she might have helped him, and in which she might help him still, please God! She had sought to redeem her error by one great sacrifice, and she had failed in that most ridiculously.

Now she began to see that it is in the trifles of life that help is needed most; in its great crises the nature of man or woman is strung up to hardihood, and is ready to stand or fall, as may be; but in the ordinary frets and cares of daily work, nature craves for sustaining sympathy. She was growing wise betimes: would it be too late?

The love in his eyes reassured her; there was time yet to redeem the past, and she meant to be very submissive. She was determined even to take charge of the Sunday-school, and of the winter charities. She was resolved to listen to his sermons and lectures without falling asleep.

He, too, was thinking of the many things left undone; of the many ways in which he might have given her pleasure; of the many ways in which he must have given her pain, by his unconscious neglect. He, too, was forming grand resolutions for the future.

At length her eyelids drooped, and she seemed to sleep; but by-and-by she wakened up, shuddering, and was only soothed by the pressure of his hand.

"You'll not guess what I've been thinking about," she said.

"I wish you would not think, but go to sleep."

"And you used to wish that I would think," she cried, laughing.

"Yes, but not when you are so tired as you are now."

"But I must tell you—it was awful. I thought the *Christina* was a wreck, and that my father was drowned; was not that terrible?"

"Yes, but it was only a dream, and you once told me that dreams go by contraries. So we'll see the skipper home safe and merry as ever."

"Aye, but it could not be a dream, for I was not asleep. It just came to me as I was thinking about everything; and then there came one of the verses of that old ballad I used to sing to him, and he liked so much—the verse that says—

"And hey, Annie; and how, Annie;
And Annie, winna you bide?
And aye the louder he cried Annie,
The braider grew the tide.

Was not that queer?"

"Not at all; you have been thinking about your father; you are fatigued, and so dangers and nightmares come to disturb your mind. Now try to sleep."

"Put your arm round me then, and I'll try."

He placed his arm round her neck; she rested her cheek upon it, and with a weary sigh closed her eyes in sleep.

The Laird was delighted by the news of Teenie's safe return to the manse, and he gave Habbie a

crown-piece with thorough good-will. He had journeyed far and near in pursuit of her; he had telegraphed to everywhere within a circuit of thirty miles; had fretted himself and exhausted himself in the vain pursuit, and returned that evening late, much tired and ver, hungry. He had often grumbled at the stupidity of detectives in failing to arrest criminals who got the start of them: now that he had tried the detective business on a small scale, he pitied them.

Miss Burnett was methodically manufacturing point-lace from a new pattern; Alice was reading sleepily, and marking every comma with a yawn, when Drysdale entered with the announcement that Habbie Gowk urgently desired to see the Laird.

"Confound the fellow! what does he want at this time of night?" grumbled Dalmahoy, stretching himself. "Did you finish that speech, Alice?"

"I'm in the middle of the reply," she answered, hiding another yawn with the paper.



"TOSsing HIM IN THE AIR"

He had dined; he was dozing in his easy chair in the drawing-room whilst Alice read the *Times* to him, when Habbie arrived.

Of late Dalmahoy had been paying more than usual attention to public affairs; he was going earnestly into the question of the law of hypothec; he was zealously interested in regard to the repairs of farm-steadings, the erection of labourers' cottages, the abolishment of the bothy system, the drainage of land and the reclaiming of moorland; his interest in these matters became most intense just as he was about to cease to be a proprietor, and when he would have no opportunity of carrying out the grand schemes of amendment which occurred to him.

"Yes, yes, of course; capital speech; very clever; but the reply, so far as it has gone, promises to demolish it utterly."

"Why, it admits everything the speaker said."

"To be sure, child—we are always ready to admit everything we feel confident of being able to knock down. That's why I say it promises to demolish the argument."

He half rose from his chair, intending to see the visitor down-stairs; but he altered his mind, sat down again, and had Habbie brought into the drawing-room. The poet was not at all shy; he bowed to the ladies, and addressed himself to the Laird. As soon as the message was delivered, Dalmahoy jumped up as nimbly as a youth.

"How funny!" exclaimed Miss Burnett, pausing with her needle half through a loop of the lace.

"I'm right glad to hear it," cried the Laird; "it's the blithest news that has come to me this long while; and Beattie shall have the biggest feed he ever had."

"Thank you, sir, thank you kindly, but—Beattie's dead."

"Then you shall feed in his place," cried Dalmahoy, in his excitement forgetting the difference between man and beast.

The ladies smiled; Habbie saw nothing out of place, and gave his thanks quite sincerely. The Laird questioned him, and was still more delighted upon learning the details of the event. When Habbie had retired, he wiped his face with his bandanna, and thanked Heaven that there was one trouble the less to think about, as he resumed his seat.

"I do not see that her return under the escort of Mr. Gowk will at all relieve us of the scandal which her absence has caused," observed Miss Burnett, actuated by a severe sense of propriety.

"Confound the scandal, and the folk who deal in it!" muttered the Laird; "she's home and well, that's enough for us."

"But people will talk, papa, whether you are satisfied or not."

"Let them talk."

"You were not always so indifferent to what people said."

"There's no harm in growing wiser, Nelly, is there?"

"Oh, no, if it be wiser to champion the cause of one who has disgraced the family."

"The family be—just so; the family be happy; it has never done anything for me."

"Oh, papa!"

"Well, yes, I'm wrong: the family has done a great deal for me, and I have ruined it."

"You?"

"Yes, I have ruined it, and not Teenie; blame me, not her."

"And why should we blame you?" said Miss Burnett, rolling up her lace, and very much bewildered.

"Because I have spent the wealth of the family, and never made any for it."

"How funny!—excuse me, papa, the words came by accident; but why did you not make wealth for the family?"

The Laird drew himself up in his chair, feeling that he was put to the test.

"My dear, money-making is a special talent—I might say it is genius—just as money-spending is a misfortune. There are some men who toil like slaves, wear their hearts out struggling for money, who deny themselves everything, and yet never get their heads above water—they are for ever at the

last gasp; do what they will, strive as they will, they can never overcome the necessities of the moment. There are others—those who are endowed with the talent—who dash along, recklessly we might think, but they always land on their feet. They enjoy life, appear in purple and fine linen, and deny themselves nothing; in time they become millionaires or bankrupts; but they are quite happy either way. If millionaires, they go on enjoying themselves; if bankrupts, they begin again with better prospects than ever. I belong to the first class."

"But you could not help that, papa, you never were in trade."

"So much the worse for me—or rather for you. I have a profound admiration for trade, and really believe that I had some qualifications for it. The trader is the modern knight-errant: he helps the needy, he conquers kingdoms and populates deserts; he wages a perpetual crusade on the undeveloped resources of nature, and his adventures are none the less daring because they render practical service to humanity." ("Humph! capital that would have been for the agricultural dinner. Pity the best things always occur to me *after* my speech," he muttered to himself; and then aloud) "I refer to this, my dears, because I am likely to begin business myself."

"You, papa!" exclaimed Alice, without yawning.

"How funny!" ejaculated Miss Burnett, closing the top of her dainty work-table and locking it; "I can't imagine you beginning business at your age."

"My dear, you have a happy way of supplying us with the most uncomfortable memoranda."

He got up and stood on the white Angola hearth-rug, swinging his glasses meditatively.

"Age is honourable," he went on, "but youth is beautiful; and most of us would be pleased to dispense with the honour in order to share in the beauty."

"I did not mean to offend you."

"Not the least offence in the world is imagined, my dear. But this business idea of mine is not a whim, it is a necessity."

"A necessity—how?"

The Laird coughed and changed the subject.

"I wish we could discover some nice present to give Teenie," he said as if his whole mind were devoted to the discovery.

Miss Burnett became prim immediately. She had not forgotten Walter's reception of her on Sunday, and she could not overlook the outrageous impropriety of Teenie's escapade.

"But I really cannot understand why Christina should be permitted to do with impunity what would be severely punished in others. She was admitted to a family of distinction, she was accepted as one of its members and made welcome. I think it was

her *duty* to respect that family, and to suffer anything rather than bring disgrace upon it. I really cannot excuse her, papa, and I cannot understand how you are so lenient to her."

"Oh, Helen, you are too hard upon her!" cried Alice.

"You are such a giddy young thing, Alice, that I forgive you. I am *not* hard upon Christina, but she has been hard upon us. Poor people who have been raised to a position should remember the gratitude they owe to those who have raised them. I pity her, but I think that she ought to be made to feel her action has been most reprehensible."

Alice shrank behind the *Times* at this severe reproof, and ignominiously retired from the defence of her sister-in-law.

"Don't talk of poor people, Helen; or if you do, talk of them with friendly feeling," said the Laird, with a long-drawn sigh; "you don't know how soon we may be reckoned amongst them. I was telling you about that business project of mine. I mean to take a farm—I could manage a farm, I think—and shall try all my new theories of drainage and manuring in a practical manner. I mean to work with my own hands."

"Oh, that will be delightful, papa!" cried Alice; "and I'll learn to milk the cows, and I'll get such a pretty milkmaid's dress; and you shall learn to sing, 'Of a' the joys of earth that the tongue of man can name, is to woo a bonnie lassie when the kye comes hame.' It will be charming, and I'll enjoy it so much."

And so with that pretty picture of a pastoral life, as represented in china ornaments, Alice was eager to begin the business adventure of which the Laird had spoken. He held out his hand, and she, though not accustomed to familiar endearments, jumped up, put her arms round his neck, and called him her "dear, young papa."

"Ha, ha, you rogue! you are ever so much more sensible than that wise sister of yours."

Miss Burnett was quite indifferent to this depreciation of her merits, and with an admirably practical view of affairs she observed—

"But why should you take a farm, papa? Why should not this pretty experiment be carried out at home?"

That pulled him up; he felt for a moment spiteful enough to declare why he was compelled to think of this speculation, and to humble Miss Burnett by showing her upon what very thin ice she was standing. But there was Alice in her pretty childish way hanging round his neck, and forming such sweet visions of a toy farmstead, that he could not find it in his heart to dispel the dream.

"They'll learn the truth soon enough," was his thought; "let them be happy in their ways as long as they can. Why should I disturb them? The time is so short when they must know all and suffer."

So he put off the question with a jest, and said good night with even more good-humour than usual.

"We cannot try it here, Helen, for several reasons. We might spoil your butter by new-fangled experiments; and in the strict order of things we might find it necessary to send your pet lamb to the flesher."

"Oh, fie, papa!" cried Alice; "you never could do that."

"Necessity has no law; needs must when the— etc. Good night, my dear, and pleasant dreams."

He kissed her, and turned to his eldest daughter, who rose and kissed him—an unusual display of affection, which made him hold her arms a minute, looking into her eyes curiously.

"I hope I haven't vexed you, papa, by anything I have said about Christina. I *will* try to think of her as you do, but I can't help feeling that she has been most foolish."

"We are all so foolish at times, my dear, that we are only wise when we pardon the folly of others. What would you say, now, if I told you that in consequence of my folly we would have to quit Dalmahoy—have to walk out, penniless and homeless, with nothing to depend upon but what we could earn for ourselves? What would you say to that piece of folly?"

"What ridiculous things you do think about, papa!"

"Is that all you would say?"

"How can I tell you in jest what I would say if you spoke in earnest? I would be very unhappy, of course, but I would try to help you all the same, in whatever way you thought best."

"And you, Alice?"

"I don't know, you dear, imaginative papa. I suppose I would say you had been very very foolish, and that I was angry with you, and that I would work day and night, and that I would love you more and more, because you were unhappy."

"My darlings"—and he embraced them both—"don't speak of the folly of others until you know what folly you have to excuse at home."

Then, with a hasty good night, he went out of the room, took up his candle from the table in the hall, and went down to the library.

The two ladies regarded his abrupt departure with surprise, and then they looked at each other inquiringly.

"What *can* papa mean?" exclaimed Alice anxiously.

"He is only making fun of us," said Helen composedly.

That was satisfactory, and the two retired for the night.

The Laird found his lamp burning low, and he turned it up. Although it was still early autumn, a fire was cheery in the evenings. He poked the

fire, and settled down in his chair, without book or paper, apparently content to amuse himself with his own reflections, and the phantasms he might discover in the embers.

It was hard—much harder than he had anticipated—to give up the old life of position, and of comparative comfort, and to begin a new life of struggle and speculation at his years, as Helen had said. He had thought that he could meet it calmly, and, depending upon the innumerable schemes for attaining wealth which he had concocted, and which he had never carried out for want of capital, but would now be able to enter upon with other people's capital, since he had nothing of his own to lose, he had fancied that it would be an easy matter to retire from Dalmahoy, and to make a comfortable living for his children by the force of talent and industry. But it was not easy. Sentimental reasons aside—and these sentimental reasons assumed huge proportions as the day of doom approached—he found his confidence in his own powers rapidly decrease as the calamity became more imminent.

What was he to do with those children—he always thought of them as children, notwithstanding their years—who had learned nothing useful, and who were utterly unfitted to earn their own living? He blamed himself. He ought to have taught them something that would have been of practical value to them in such a crisis as the present. But who could have suspected such a crisis? That was no excuse. He ought to have been ready for it, and he was much to blame. *That* would not have mattered, only they had to suffer in consequence of his neglect.

Then there were strange shadows reaching out of the past, which added much to the bitterness of his position. He began to feel that his years were weighing very heavily upon him, and that the farce of youthfulness was played out.

"A man without money, without the vigour of youth, and with a family to feed and dress—what a helpless beggar he is! I begin to appreciate the blessedness of the rest which is to be found in the kirk-yard—ugh! how morbid I grow!"

He stirred the fire again, and found a sort of grim comfort in watching the old forms and faces which appeared to him in the embers. What duties he had neglected—and what a number of pleasures of which he had stupidly failed to take advantage! Night has a strange influence on the nerves.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-THIRD. WITH THE BABY.

WALTER would have persuaded Teenie to keep her bed during the next day; but something of the old rebellious spirit showed itself already, and she prayed so hard to be permitted to go down-stairs

that, although he saw how excited she was still, and that she was quite feverish, he yielded. She kissed him and thanked him so gratefully that he was glad he had yielded, notwithstanding his conviction that it was wrong.

She dressed with a sort of wild gaiety—like a child who has just been pardoned some offence for which severe punishment had been expected. But she watched him with eager eyes, wondering why he asked her nothing about her absence. Down-stairs she met Ailie, who showed no surprise, no unusual delight at seeing her home again—spoke and acted just as if those weary wanderings of Saturday, Sunday, and Monday had never occurred.

Teenie felt puzzled and frightened by this silence. Had it been only a painful dream? Or was this a plan to make her feel the more the punishment that was to come? She would rather have had it all out at once, and yet it was pleasant to drop into the old routine of life as if there had been no break, no torture of fear and suspense to Walter, no frenzied effort on her part to save him by sacrificing herself.

But she had been very weak; she had begun a sacrifice which would have been of service to him, and had utterly failed to carry it out. She winced terribly at that thought; she felt herself to be so weak and worthless—and yet it was so sweet to be near him again, to hear his voice, and feel his loving care for her as she had not felt it for many days, that she was almost glad at her failure.

The gaping mouth and staring eyes of Lizzie, when she brought in the tea-kettle, were sufficient proofs that the adventures of the past few days were real. The girl had been warned by Walter and threatened by Ailie with severe punishment if she forgot that she was not to say a word to her mistress; but neither warning nor threats could extinguish the amazement expressed on her face.

The feverish excitement of Teenie's manner seriously alarmed her husband, although he tried hard to be quietly cheerful. She would scarcely allow him to leave her for a moment, and she would not allow Baby to be taken from her on any account. She washed him and dressed him herself; she fed him and nursed him, although it was plain that she was sustained only by excitement which would break down suddenly. She wanted to show how strong she was, and that her wickedness had not injured her health, at any rate.

But Walter, as he saw the flushed face, and occasionally felt the dry hot hand, became more and more anxious about her, and more convinced that he ought to have insisted upon her remaining in bed.

The Laird came shortly after breakfast.

Teenie, who seemed to have eyes and ears for everything, was the first to be aware of his approach.

She trembled; the blood rushed violently to her face, and then forsook it, leaving her cheeks white. She was almost as much afraid to encounter Dalmahoy as she had been to meet her husband.

Walter, observing these signs of agitation, proposed to speak to his father before admitting him; but she grasped his arm and held him back.

"No, Wattie," she said with apparent composure, "I would rather not have you begging mercy for me."

There was no time for discussion. Dalmahoy was already on the threshold of the room. He was not so spruce this morning as usual; his face was not so fresh, his hair seemed to have more white than formerly, and his shirt-front was not so scrupulously smooth as it was his custom to have it. There was, however, a sly twinkle in his eyes when he observed the position of husband and wife.

She had placed Baby in his basket, and he was lying there crowing manfully, and trying to swallow his fat, puffy fingers; and she was still standing in the act of restraining Walter from going out to meet the Laird.

"So, madam," exclaimed the latter sternly, striding up to her, and clutching his riding-whip as if he had some thoughts of using it, "you have been trying to frighten us; you have neglected your duties as a wife and a mother, and you have been disgracing our family! What have you to say for yourself?"

"Father!" cried Walter, in utter amazement and horror at this address, for it entirely reversed the system by which he had been trying to win Teenie back to peace and content.

She had been trembling with timidity at his entrance, remembering the tenderness he had shown her in their last interview at Dalmahoy; but this grim address completely changed her—she became doubly defiant. Love could lead her anywhere, make her do anything; but sound a harsh note, and strong ropes could not move her.

"It's none of your business what I have to say for myself," she retorted fiercely.

"So that's your humour, is it? We must tame this proud spirit, and——"

There was passion expressed by her features, but there were bitter tears in her eyes, and he paused.

She saw a tender father's smile growing through the sorrow which was stamped on his face; she saw his arms open as if to receive her, and with a little joyful sob she threw herself into them.

"God bless you, my child!" he said, and his voice faltered slightly as he kissed her; "I did not think you would believe me in earnest. I'm right glad to see you, my braw lass, and I don't care a button what you have to say for yourself, since you have had the good sense to come back to us and relieve us, though you have made my old bones a'we hunting after you."

"Did you seek me, then?"

"DID we seek you!—my certes! we have been all over the country looking for you, and how you escaped us is a puzzle to me. But I blame that gowk of a man of yours for everything."

She became fierce again, and withdrew from his arms.

"But you must not blame him!" she cried; "he is true and brave, and I shall never be able to love him enough for all his goodness to me."

"Well, well! there's no accounting for tastes," grinned the Laird, quite wickedly; "as I've often said, he has capital ideas in his head sometimes, but they are like a midge's dance, so ravelled that you can make nothing of them."

"You must not say that; and I'll run away from you if you do."

"Well, I won't say it. Wattie understands me, and he'll take no offence. I dare say he is a good-enough sort of a chiel when you come to know him."

"I'm content to leave my character in your hands," said Walter, smiling; for he was very happy to see how Teenie had won the Laird entirely to her side.

Seeing that, he determined to obey a summons which he had received an hour before, and which was just then repeated urgently—to attend old Mr. Geddis, who wished to see him; he had only to cross the road, so he would be back soon. As he was going out, Baby began to assert his authority, and to call attention to himself by a vigorous and continued cry. Teenie lifted and soothed him by means of various tender arts and his feeder.

"I detest babies," said the Laird; "they are such stupid lumps of flesh and fibre, and they howl so. But this is a half-decent chappie, and seems to laugh more than he cries."

At the same time Dalmahoy patted the chubby cheeks of Baby, and was vastly amused when the little fellow clutched one of his fingers, and crowed over it as a prize.

"How touzy your hair is to-day!" cried Teenie, laughing; "and now I'll punish you for giving me such a scare when you came in—there, hold Baby till I come back."

She deposited her charge on his lap; the Laird dropped his whip, called her back, and sat in much confusion at the absurd position he occupied. Baby began to cry again.

"The wee rogue," growled the Laird; "can he not be quiet till she comes back?"

Then, to quiet Baby, he baa'd like a sheep, cackled like a hen, crowed like a cock, and imitated other animals, tickling and hoisting his charge the while; so that when Teenie returned, she heard the child screaming with delight—saw the Laird tossing him in the air whilst he brayed like a donkey.

GAZELLE HUNTING IN EGYPT.



WHILE encamped on the desert near the old pilgrim route between Cairo and Suez, and about midway between those towns, we were one morning surprised to see two horsemen advancing at a rapid pace over the heights northward, and evidently making direct for our tents. On nearer approach, we recognised one as an old Memlook, or white freed slave in the service of Halim Pacha; and the other a negro slave, about twenty years of age, owning the same master; and we knew them both as the principal hunters of the Pacha's staff, so we had no difficulty in guessing their errand—either to hunt gazelles, or make arrangements for their master to do so, as he was a great lover of all sports, especially gazelle hunting.

After supplying the new-comers with refreshments—of which they were in great need, as they had ridden more than thirty miles with nothing but some biscuits and one gourd of water—we were informed that the Pacha, hearing we were out in that part of the desert where gazelles could generally be hunted, had sent these two men to inquire if we would show them any tracks in our neighbourhood, and afford one night's accommodation to the Pacha himself if he came out to hunt. We at once willingly agreed to do whatever we could for him, as he had shown us several kindnesses, and was much respected and liked by the English community in Egypt, from his enlightened views, and generally pleasant and urbane treatment of Europeans in the country. Besides, his being a keen sportsman was by no means the least recommendation to us, who had not joined in a good chase for some months. We mounted our dromedaries and, accompanied by the two hunters, soon found enough fresh tracks of the beautiful animals to justify them in at once returning to Cairo; and after taking a small supply of food for their journey they started, without their horses having had more than half an hour's rest since they had left their stables at Shubra early that morning.

During their absence, we made all the preparation we could from our limited stores to receive our guests—for we had no idea how many the Pacha might bring with him—fitted up a new spare tent, and built a kitchen in an old tent capable of cooking for a dozen people.

On the third day the Pacha arrived, bringing with him only the Memlook, the negro, and a French cook, who did not seem at all comfortable after his long ride on a swift dromedary, laden with the Pacha's cuisine; indeed, as soon as he dis-

mounted he threw himself on the ground, vowing every bone in his body was broken with the shaking he had received. The Pacha had also brought two capital Arab horses for our use, as he knew our dromedaries were not very well suited for this kind of chase. And the negro led, attached to his saddle, four fine gazelle-hounds. These animals were not unlike English coursing hounds in height, and their long fine heads and powerful jaws; but their backs, flapping ears, and long tails were covered with thick rough hair similar to that of a colly dog; each was protected from the sun during their journey by a piece of sheepskin covering the head and body—a precaution taken by all Arabs owning these valuable dogs.

After some little rest, the Pacha asked us if we would join him in the sport, as he could only spare one day, and must return to Cairo next morning. We were all soon mounted, the dogs uncovered and let loose, and after frisking about and rolling in the sand, they all started off for the nearest high ground from which they could get a view over the desert below—for these hounds hunt only by sight. We all spread out in line, and moved quickly after them. For some time the dogs ran from mound to mound, and on reaching the summits looked eagerly in every direction; but more than an hour passed before one at length, giving a short bark, dashed down the opposite slope of a bluff, and was immediately followed by all the others at full speed. On our again getting sight of them, they were far ahead of us, racing over a wide expanse of almost level desert; and with some difficulty we discovered in the distance five specks, which, although we had had much experience, we could scarcely distinguish as gazelles from the surrounding sand and stones where they reclined. They had not yet discovered their rapidly advancing enemies, but as we horsemen rattled down the steep rotten slope of the bluff, bringing down a shower of stones and raising a cloud of sand, the quick eyes of the gazelles were instantly upon us, and off they went with the tremendous bounds peculiar to them, springing from ten to fifteen feet each bound, their heads raised high, and occasionally glancing backward.

These beautiful and graceful creatures seemed as if they would soon outstrip both dogs and men; and so they certainly would had they kept straight ahead, but instead of doing so they turned constantly to right and left, slackening their pace, consequently allowing the dogs and ourselves to gain rapidly upon them. We soon discovered the reason of their erratic movements in the presence of three young fawns, about two months old; and they, being able to keep up with their elders, kept turning

aside and stopping, when the others closed round them as if to hide them from their pursuers.

The dogs were soon upon them, and as the gazelles bounded off, leaving the young ones to their fate, the leader, a fine buck, halted and turned so suddenly that he caught the foremost dog directly in the chest with his sharp curved horns, and both were hurled over and over with the impetus of the powerful hound; but before they could disengage themselves, the gazelle was seized and instantly killed by the other dogs. We all passed on, leaving the disabled hound and the dead gazelle, and continued the chase; but the negro dismounted, and after much trouble succeeded in catching two of the young ones, by throwing over them his large white bournous, and entangling them in its folds. The four does now led us along at a tremendous pace, but we could see they were getting fatigued; and as one of the hounds ranged up alongside the rearmost, she turned short off to the right so quickly that her pursuers shot straight ahead, and being unable to follow her manœuvre in time, she was allowed to escape, especially as she was a small lean animal. Two others were soon caught and killed, but the foremost, largest, and most powerful gazelle kept up at unabated pace straight for the broken ground and ravines at the foot of the Attaka mountains; on reaching which she bounded from rock to rock, and over the rough stones in the dry water-courses, with the greatest ease, followed by the dogs; but we were all obliged to dismount, as we were several times nearly thrown by our horses stumbling among the stones and bushes.

Halim Pacha, taking a short double rifle which had been carried by his Memlook, now led the way up the ravine, being determined to get this last gazelle, even if he had to shoot her, for the long chase she had given us; and we followed only to see the end of our pursuit, as we had no fire-arms with us, and the Memlook remained with the horses. But what was our surprise to find, on going some distance up the ravine, all the dogs halted and barking fiercely, but refusing to advance. We saw the ravine terminated in a high perpendicular precipice affording no outlet; the gazelle had rushed up to the extreme end, but among the fallen rocks at the foot of the precipice she had, in avoiding the dogs, been seized by three huge hyenas, and as we approached we saw one standing over her body, while the other two came forward towards the dogs, yelling savagely, and evidently intending to add them to their meal, for very few dogs are a match for those great powerful brutes; they, however, halted and then turned back at our appearance, and next moment both fell, pierced by the bullets from the Pacha's rifle; but the third hyena, to make his escape, rushed down towards the entrance, and snapped so savagely at the Pacha in passing, that

had he not thrust the butt of the weapon forward, he would have been seriously bitten. The animal, however, continued to hold the stock in his strong jaws, and gave us time to drive our long hunting-knives into his body, when he fell dead, still retaining his hold of the rifle, which, when disengaged, showed the deep marks of his tremendous teeth.

We should have recovered the body of the gazelle, but as it had been killed by these impure animals, the flesh was considered as unfit for food by our Mohammedan companions, and we did not require it ourselves; so, remounting, we after a long ride rejoined the negro, who had secured the two young ones and the two does which had been killed; then made for our camp, which we reached late in the evening; but all managed to enjoy a delicious supper prepared by the French cook, and afterwards a night's rest, most welcome after our fatiguing chase.

A few months after this chase, I and my companion had another for gazelles, but of a very different description. We were encamped in a spot not many miles from the previous one, but the season was in the very hottest part of summer, when the air seems like a flame, and the desert glitters in white heat; no cloud is seen in the glowing sky, and not a breath of wind is felt to cool the burning surface of sand and stone. We had been many weeks without fresh meat, owing to the cattle murrain, when it was difficult to get meat even in the towns; our stores of preserved food had failed entirely, and finally we had an invalid friend staying in our tents, to whom even a little soup would have been a great luxury; so we determined to try and get a gazelle, as we knew they frequented a wide open space of desert to the southward of the old road, and the wadys or dry courses formed by the winter torrents from the mountains.

We started soon after daylight, that we might march during the coolest time of the day, as the places frequented by the gazelles were some four hours' walk from our camp—no joke in that season of the year. Our costume was of the lightest flannel, but our heads were protected by thick shawl-turbans. We carried nothing but our hunting-flasks of water, ammunition, hunting-knives, and double guns—one barrel smooth, the other rifled, the most useful of all pieces for desert work. Our two servants had gone to Cairo for provisions, but would return during the day, so we left instructions for them to follow us on their arrival.

As we neared the old road we became painfully aware of what the last caravan of pilgrims, which had passed two months previously, must have suffered; for not only were the skeletons and half-picked bodies of camels to be seen at very short distances from each other, but a few paces beyond the road our attention was drawn by some rags flapping in the light morning wind, and then we distinguished

the half-buried remains of some poor pilgrim who had succumbed to the fatigue, want, or disease which makes such havoc in every pilgrim caravan. The fleshless skull was still partly encircled by the well-known green turban, and entangled among the remains was the broad leather double belt used by most Orientals to carry their weapons around their waist. We passed quickly by, only to find at a few more paces the remains of another poor victim in a similar condition; near this one lay a rusty discharged pistol, and as we journeyed on, we speculated whether this poor fellow might not perhaps have defended himself, when almost helpless, against the wild animals and birds of prey which always follow the route of the caravans.

When we arrived at the wady where we expected to find the game, the sun was high and blazing fiercely upon us, the light wind utterly gone; and, seeing no trace of gazelles, we almost decided to return to our camp, so thoroughly lonely and hopeless did it seem—no living object to be seen but our two selves in those miles and miles of glowing desert around us, and no shelter nearer than our tents. We had both had long experience of the desert, but we agreed that this day it looked particularly dismal.

However, as we came across tracks of the animals of which we were in search, although some days old, we determined to persevere until we could find something more tangible than foot-prints. Two hours passed and still we wandered about on this fearful plain, which extended almost as far as the eye could reach without apparently a rise of ground as high as our shoulders. At length we suddenly discovered in the glittering mirage before us the indistinct form of a standing gazelle, magnified seemingly to the height of a camel. We dropped upon all-fours immediately, and began crawling in the direction of the animal, which we could not now see, or judge at what distance he could be, as in the phenomena of the mirage objects a mile distant sometimes seem but a few hundred yards off. On we crept, occasionally rising to relieve our hands and knees from the burning sand and gravel, and then we again discovered the gazelle apparently in the same position. At length, after a very long crawl, the heat was so unbearable that we started up, unable any longer to support it; and immediately before us, at about four hundred yards, were three fine gazelles standing staring at us. Down we went again, but next instant they bounded off, and did not stop till they had placed another four hundred yards between us. We now agreed to separate, and each do our best to stalk to the right and left of them. Again we crept forward, only to see the provoking animals trot gently off another two or three hundred yards; then two of them began nibbling some shrubs, while the third, with his head raised high, and evidently snuffing the air, looked

straight towards us. I was now separated from my companion by about four hundred yards, and both were rather more than five hundred from the gazelles; but, knowing our rifles would not carry with certainty that distance, we still crept on, but with the greatest difficulty, for the sun struck on my back, and was refracted from the sand to my face—now only a few inches from the ground—so that I felt I should faint if I did not soon rise up. I drank my last drop of water and again struggled on, the heat being so great that I could only hold my gun by wrapping my shooting-jacket round it.

Just as I had lessened the distance by another hundred yards, the gazelles still in the same position, and I was wriggling between some bushes about eight inches high, I saw, not more than two feet immediately before me, a large horned snake (*Cerastes*), the most venomous of all desert snakes, and so fatal is the bite that I have known several instances of death happening to persons in less than two hours after being struck by this reptile. It would never do to fire at him and so lose the gazelles; and as I gently drew my heavy loading-rod to give him a tap, I saw another snake of the same kind on my right, and at about the same distance, but raising himself to striking position, with his vicious ruby-coloured eyes fixed on mine. Not a moment was to be lost; I drew the rod wildly out, struck at the serpent on my right, and luckily swept him down with the first blow; but before I could recover myself to strike at the one in front, he darted at me, and as I involuntarily rolled on one side, passed over me. I sprang to my feet and, as he prepared to make another spring, gave him the contents of my smooth barrel, making him spring high into the air; next moment I heard my friend's rifle crack, and saw a gazelle fall; but though I fired my rifled barrel after the others as they bounded off, my bullet went far wide, so unnerved was I by my long crawl, the danger I had been in from the two reptiles, and the heavy recoil of my heated gun. When I had somewhat recovered I joined my companion, who laughed at my bad shots, as he thought I had fired both at the animals; but on seeing the dead snakes he owned he should probably have made a worse, as he had a most intense dislike to serpents of all kinds.

We both now made the discovery that we were so exhausted we could scarcely stand; we had no water, were miles away from the camp, and our eyes, tongues, and faces so inflamed with the intense heat that we could scarcely speak without pain. However, we sat down, and cutting slices of the warm flesh from the gazelle, applied them to the inflamed parts, and continued doing so until we were both considerably relieved. Then we laid the animal across our guns, and carrying them litter-fashion, started on our weary homeward trudge.

ABOU DAHKNE.

TALKING THROUGH THE DOOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF KILLARNEY."



"TIS A SILVER NET "

MOLLEEN oge, my Molleen oge,
Go, put on your natest brogue,
And slip inside your smartest gown, you
posy little rogue.

TIPPERARY

For a message kind I bear
To yourself from ould Adair,
That Pat the Piper's come around. and there'll be
dancing there.

Oh, my Molleen !
 Oh, my colleen !
 We'll dance to Pat,
 And after that
 We'll coax upon the stair.
[Exit MOLLEEN to dress.]

(Knocking at the door.)

Molleen dear, I'd not presume
 To encroach into your room,
 But I'd forgot the fairing that I brought you from
 Macroom ;
 So open, and I swear
 Not wan peep, *acushla*—there !
 'Tis a silver net to gather at the glass your goolden
 hair.

Hurry, my Molleen,
 Hurry, my colleen,

To dance to Pat,
 And after that
 To coax upon the stair.

MOLLEEN PET, my MOLLEEN PET !
 Faix I'm fairly in a fret
 At the time you're titivating—MOLLEEN ! aren't
 you ready yet ? *[Enter MOLLEEN.]*
 Now, cap, and gown, and brogue ;
 Are you sure you're quite the vogue ?
 But, bebad, she looks so lovely, I'll forgive my
 Molleen ogue.

Come, my Molleen,
 Come, my colleen,
 To dance to Pat,
 And after that
 To pay me wid a poguc.

STROKE OF FATE.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.



IT is Christmas Eve, in the year of
 grace One thousand eight hundred
 and seventy. A cold, bleak day.
 Snow everywhere : snow whiten-
 ing the turrets of church-towers,
 the roofs of houses, the linden
 that surround the most pretentious resi-
 dences in the little town of Wiermar,
 in North Germany ; snow upon the
 Christmas-trees that line the streets ;
 snow in abundance upon the holiday
 garments of the purchasers ; snow in
 the air, in the clouds, and upon the
 frozen ground. A biting wind and a
 pitiless sky.

Bustle and excitement reign in the
 crowded Market Platz. An utter dis-
 regard of weather is exhibited. Knots of eager
 talkers gather on the pavements, and obstruct the
 free passage of the streets. Abundant subject for
 conversation is found in the news lately received
 of the repulse, five days ago, of a French sortie
 from Paris. Ludwig, vendor of Christmas-trees,
 and wide-famed politician, harangues a band of
 listeners stationed around him, in the corner nearest
 St. Mary Magdalen's Church.

"Another week, and the capital of France will
 be in the possession of the Germans," he con-
 fidently asserts. "The general has said so—
 General von Fehrenstein, whose knowledge is vast
 as that of Von Moltke himself. See, the general
 approaches. Hear him."

General von Fehrenstein, a grey-headed, portly
 gentleman, appears in the market-place. He joins
 the band of Ludwig's excited auditors.

Yes, the general is full of rapturous expectation.
 "Paris must fall. The beautiful city already
 recognises its inevitable doom."

General von Fehrenstein is an authority on
 military questions. His old age of rest has followed
 years of indefatigable toil, and honourable suffering
 in his country's service. He reviews the history
 of the late sortie with infinite satisfaction. His
 hearers are legion. They raise their voices in
 exultation as he concludes.

Ludwig leads the cheering manfully. All honour
 to the Fatherland ! All honour to its arms ! A
 glorious and a joyful Christmas, this, to all her
 children !

Glorious ? Joyful ? What witness to its glad-
 ness bears the young widow, who turns shudderingly
 from the gay throng that impedes her course, and,
 drawing her weeping son closer to her side, speaks
 to him in broken voice of his father, slain on the
 battle-field of Woerth ? What witness bears yon-
 der bereaved mother, whose fondest hopes lie
 buried in a soldier's grave beneath the friendless
 skies of France ?

The wail of bereavement rises wellnigh as loudly
 as the shout of triumph throughout victorious
 Germany.

Five o'clock. The gay shops are lighted. Bright
 ornaments for Christmas-trees sparkle in the win-
 dows. Hungry-looking street-boys flatten their
 noses against the glass that glitters before confec-
 tionery wares in Fraulein Engel's establishment.
 The Fraulein herself, attired in Sunday garb, and
 presenting to view a coiffure calculated to strike
 anguish to the heart of the chivious lady who rears
 the neighbouring emporium, stands at her door,

listening to the patriotic oration of her admirer, Ludwig. His voice rises high above the tumult of the wind. He is threatening with condign vengeance "our natural enemies, the French."

"God greet you, Fräulein."

General von Fehrenstein's daughter enters, and the Fräulein retreats, in a flutter of anxiety, towards her deserted counter.

"Your pleasure, gracious lady?"

Anna von Fehrenstein is the belle of Wiermar. Her eyes are the bluest in the province, her skin the whitest, her golden hair the most luxurious. Hers is a lovely face, with timid, gentle eyes, that rise slowly and quickly drop; her air of sweet refinement, and meek unconsciousness of her wondrous grace and beauty, wins the coldest hearts. All the world accords her the first place among the fair ones of Wiermar—all the world with one exception—Franz Siegel, brother of her betrothed.

Is this her betrothed, who enters with her? Alas! no. Karl Siegel has obeyed his country's call to arms; has fought with her armies on foreign soil; has sought, before Paris, a soldier's laurels or a soldier's grave. A soldier's grave! May not that bourne be already reached? Far from country—far from the friends who are dearest to his soul—may not Karl Siegel be already sleeping the long last sleep of the warrior whose work is over? News of a sanguinary conflict before Paris has reached Wiermar, but no list of the names of the German dead accompanied the tidings. On how many a sad heart, weary with suspense, with sickening apprehension of bereavement, will the news of the realisation of its most gloomy forebodings fall during the next few days!

A gentleman stands by Anna's side—a gentleman in the uniform of a French officer. Fräulein Engel recognises him at a glance—Monsieur Henri de Montbrison prisoner of war, nominally guest of General von Fehrenstein. Fräulein has seen him before, and admires him immensely. Ah, the *bel air*!—the grace of manner—the deportment, at once easy and distinguished! What a bow! What implied recognition of her manifold charms!

The Fräulein congratulates herself on the unimpeachable character of her Sunday garb—on the fashionable arrangement of her multitudinous plaits of flaxen hair.

A dark Southern face, bronzed by fiery Marseilles suns, black piercing eyes, and a haughty mouth, are Henri de Montbrison's. His figure is tall and straight—his bearing soldierlike. A handsome man, beyond all manner of dispute.

"Our natural enemies indeed!" mutters Fräulein Engel, under her breath. "Would that Ludwig resembled these foes of the Fatherland."

"Your pleasure, gracious lady?"

"Bons-bons, Fräulein. The best, the sweetest, yes, even the most expensive of your stock. Thus

late on Christmas Eve, my mother finds that her store of confectionery is insufficient for her guests. Give me bons-bons—life-cakes—whatever your shop contains of a tempting nature.—Monsieur, you have the basket."

Monsieur assists in the selection of bons-bons. What taste!—what discrimination! Our natural enemies forsooth! Listen to this praise of German workmanship! Observe this utter disregard of French-prepared articles! Fräulein raises her hands aloft with almost Parisian grace.

A prisoner, this Monsieur de Montbrison, thinks the Fräulein, with no consciousness of captivity in his graceful bearing, his gay manner, his light-hearted laugh.

The choice of sweetmeats necessitates apparently much low-toned conversation, much meeting of hands, much drawing together of bent heads. A fitful colour is ever rising in Anna's cheeks; there is in her blue eyes a feverish light, which Fräulein Engel never remembers to have remarked before. She wishes that she could understand more readily the French discourse, that distracts her ear from the rapidity of its utterance. She notices the speakers' difference of accent—the one, clear, sharp Parisian; the other, broad, dull Germanic. But the voice which murders the polished language is soft and sweet; exquisite emphasis is lent it by a pair of eloquent eyes.

"Fruitful topics for conversation are bons-bons, apparently," murmurs the Fräulein, good-humouredly satirical.

"The basket is full, monsieur," says Anna at length.—"Fräulein, what do I owe?—Ah! I have left my purse at home."

Monsieur comes forward. He presents a store of bright guldens from the depths of his pockets. He is "petrified" to find that the purchase demands but few of the coins.

"Mon Dieu! how cheap are the necessaries of life in this delightful land!"

De Montbrison attempts this remark in German, but the Fräulein finds it even more difficult to understand than his fluent French conversation. She returns the officer's bow, however, with an elaborate curtsy, and, accompanying her customers to the door, watches them down the street.

There is a rattle of sledge-bells in the frosty air. The snow has ceased to fall, but the wind blows keenly. A cold walk home for the "gracious lady" and her companion.

"Ah! down the Crauzie Strasse leading to the Park. Whither goes the general's daughter with her father's visitor? The general's house lies in a totally different direction," observes the Fräulein meditatively.

"Ludwig," she calls to the wide-famed politician, "come hither. Tell me how goes thy trade this cold Christmas Eve?"

"Blithely—and thine?"

"Fairly well. The general's daughter has just left my shop. Didst thou see her, Ludwig?"

"I saw her well."

"And the Herr von Montbrison who was with her?"

"I saw him too."

"Shall I tell thee a secret, Ludwig—a charming piece of news?"

"If thou wilt."

"Know then" (the Fräulein leans over Herr Ludwig's shoulder, and whispers with an air of mystery and importance) "the handsome French officer is in love."

Ludwig laughs unconcernedly.

"Very possibly, my friend. Thy secret is a safe one. It affects none in this country, I should say, and is not difficult to keep."

"But I tell thee, Ludwig, that the handsome French officer——"

"Handsome?"

"He is adorable—this Monsieur de Montbrison."

Ludwig scowls. His broad German face assumes an expression of angry scorn.

"Thou art easily pleased, my Gretchen."

"Easily pleased or not, my news may be relied upon, Ludwig. The handsome French officer is in love with the general's daughter."

"Gretchen!"

Ludwig's indignant voice astonishes the Fräulein. She backs into her shop, with an amazed and frightened countenance.

"I speak but as I firmly believe, Ludwig. The handsome French officer is in love with the general's daughter, and the general's daughter is in love with the handsome French officer. Ah, thou mayst frown. My eyes cannot be——"

"Thunder-weather! What tissue of absurdity wilt thou offer next as thy latest news? Get thee to thy work, I say. Employ thy hands rather than thy imagination. The general's daughter! I am aghast at thy folly, girl. The general's daughter! In love with a Frenchman—a coxcomb—a—The general's daughter!—the betrothed of the illustrious Herr Siegel! In truth, I consider thee to be demented, Gretchen."

And Ludwig stalks off, majestically contemptuous.

Meanwhile, Anna walks on in pensive silence by De Montbrison's side.

Is there any justice in Fräulein Engel's hastily formed, hastily expressed opinion? We shall see.

"This road will not lead us home, monsieur," speaks the German girl at length, in her German-French.

"Home?"

"To my home—my father's house. This path runs straight to the Park."

"And shall we not stroll there, and honour the skaters with a visit? The day has been triste

beyond precedent, but the weather grows every minute more complaisant. The American performer, whose gambols amused you yesterday, will be desolé to miss approving glances from your eyes, mademoiselle. Come."

Anna hesitates—then walks forward very slowly.

"It is past five o'clock. My mother's guests will have arrived before we return," she says.

"A little moment. See, the water is very near us. Ah! Monsieur the American, cutting his everlasting figures. See, mademoiselle, he salutes you—the graceful skater, whose antics yesterday won your heart. Surely you——"

"Whose antics yesterday—Pardon, monsieur; I——"

"Won your heart, I presumed to say. Do I deceive myself?"

"Ah, yes."

There is a fund of meaning in the sad voice—in the quiet words—in the bent head. The grave manner forms a striking contrast to the Frenchman's light-hearted demeanour.

De Montbrison leans forward quickly. A strange change passes over his mobile face; its gay expression disappears. Earnest inquiry and deep admiration shine in his eyes.

Only for a moment. When he speaks again, he looks steadily on the ground.

"I forgot," he says, and there is a tinge of bitterness in his voice; "that priceless gift, your heart, is in the possession of some German Karl, whose surname I have not the honour of remembering—some Karl, whose valorous achievements before Paris astonish an admiring world."

Before Paris! Words lightly hurried over, lest the speaker should find their utterance impossible. Words of dark import most difficult for a Frenchman to realise!

"He is to set the Seine on fire, this same German Karl, if his brother Franz be worthy of credence. Widows and orphans will dry their tears to gaze on the mighty warrior, when he enters the devoted city. His path to glory lies straight before him, over broken hearts, through desolate homes. A man worthy of all honour, this German Karl, according to Bruder Franz."

"Oh, hush, monsieur!"

The gently pleading voice dispels the storm that gathered over De Montbrison's face. Gently pleading eyes rise to his, and fall beneath his earnest gaze.

The clock of St. Mary Magdalen's Church chimes half-past five. In the falling shades of evening, the skaters are scarcely discernible. A cry for torchlight is already raised.

This very time, a year ago, Anna recollects she stood by the same water, watching a similar scene to the one which now meets her eyes. Better her, then, was her betrothed, Karl Siegel. She

remembers each word he spoke—each word of her replies. Loving Christmas wishes, fond promises of future happiness were constantly upon his lips. Does he think of her, and of the old time, now that danger is near him, now that death lies waiting on every side? Anna refuses to recognise the possibility of Karl's life having been already given for the Fatherland. Does he think of her, and of the old time, the old time never to return?

"I wish that I could love him as I did then," she murmurs wearily.

"Pardon, mademoiselle—you spoke?"

"No. But we must go home, I think. It is growing dark; we can barely see the skaters; and my mother will be angry if we delay. Besides, her guests will have arrived. The souper is fixed for six o'clock."

"Indeed! Delightfully primitive hours, yours, but difficult to bear in mind. Ah! behold monsieur—with the unpronounceable name—monsieur to whom you presented me yesterday upon the ice."

Many caps are doffed to the daughter of the celebrated General von Fehrenstein. In accordance with the custom of the country, De Montbrison greets, with respectful obeisance, all of his companion's acquaintance to whom she accords recognition.

Monsieur of the unpronounceable name neglects to return the Frenchman's bow.

De Montbrison colours. "The gentleman is a patriot," he says. "He disdains to acknowledge an unworthy foreigner's salute: a patriot of polished manners truly."

The moon rises above a bank of dull grey clouds. Anna shivers as its cold light falls across her path.

Moodily thoughtful, the Frenchman leads the way homeward.

"Tell me," he says, turning at last to his companion, "who are to be your guests to-night?"

"Let me reflect.—Herr Professor Gonsor."

"Who cannot speak one word of French."

"The Frau his wife."

"Who speaks only German. I shall be a wet blanket on charming society, this Christmas Eve."

"We expect the professor's daughter too."

"Ah!"

A French "Ah!" long and deep, accompanied by a shrug of the shoulders.

"General Kratzer has promised to come."

"General Kratzer!" De Montbrison's face brightens. "I know him. A gentleman and a German. Curious combination!—Ah, what do I say? Malheureux that I am! I ask your pardon, mademoiselle."

"Then we hope to see Ida von Monstatt, the greatest beauty in Wiermar."

"Mademoiselle! mademoiselle!"* De Montbrison raises his hands deprecatingly.

"We have invited two artists whom you do not know, three or four more friends whom you have never met, and Franz Siegel."

"Brother of the devoted Karl?"

"Brother of Karl Siegel—yes."

"Franz Siegel the hunchback! I shall be delighted to improve his acquaintance. Franz Siegel, inscrutable mélange of the grotesque and sublime—grotesque in his appearance and manner, sublime in his indomitable faith in the superiority of Germany over all other existing nations, in the superiority of his brother Karl over all other subjects of your German Emperor. A character worthy careful study—that of your friend, Franz Siegel."

"Oh, do not laugh at him, monsieur. If you knew how great and generous his nature is, how honest, how tender, you could not scoff."

Anna's voice falters.

De Montbrison bends over her, supplicating forgiveness.

"Indeed, I will never knowingly scoff at anything which you hold dear. Believe me, never."

He stops short in his walk. Lower and lower bends his head. Very earnest are his whispered words.

Then, turning away from the broad road through which he and Anna have been passing, he leads the way down dimly lighted, sequestered paths.

After a few moments' silence, he says abruptly, in a troubled voice, "I do not shun the Christmas festivities in which your father kindly invites me to take part to-night, though my heart is full to breaking, with a sorrow that it is difficult for all my pride to cover. I trust to your sweet presence for courage and support. Let me tell you now how deep is the gratitude with which your consoling appreciation of the hardships of my position here has filled me. When I have been gayest, proudest—when your German friends have wondered most at the insensibility of the light-hearted French soldier, who apparently values slightly his country's happiness, then most clearly have I seen the light of divine pity shining in your kind eyes, and I have known that you only, among all the dwellers in this German town, understood me. You only recognise the keen anguish which I bear in silence, which I jealously hide from all other observation. Believe me, I could endure pity from no one else—from no one else."

Deep silence from Anna. Not a glance—not a sign.

"In a land of strangers, where every day I hear my country slandered, where the disasters of Woerth, of Metz, and of Sedan"—a shudder passes over De Montbrison's face as he speaks the last word—"are hourly gloated over in my presence, in what can I find refuge but enforced gaiety or scornful silence? Shall I let my enemies see how to the quick their blows have struck?—how painfully

each insult they have paid to France has lacerated my heart? Let them strike! My arm is powerless. See how I laugh, the more gaily as the wound is deeper. The dull eyes of these passionless Germans can never discern a broken heart beneath a smiling face."

"Oh, monsieur, why this to me?"

"Because your sweet pity penetrates me, fills me with profound emotion. Only two feelings animate me now—sorrow for France, love, earnest grateful love for——"

"Monsieur!" Two burning spots shine out on Anna's cheeks.

"I anger you. Forgive me. But tell me that I have judged you rightly—that my country's griefs fail to inspire within your breast the exultation felt by your German friends."

"Monsieur de Montbrison"—Anna's tearful eyes rise slowly—"dearly as I love the Fatherland, I would give the best years of my life to recall the time before our victorious campaign with France commenced—would give the best years of my life if, by so doing, I could change the unalterable past—could cause that the triumphs of Woerth, of Metz, and of Sedan had never been."

"Do you speak thus?"—De Montbrison's voice is sharp, its tones discordant from thought of Karl. "Ah, me! the happy Karl; happy amid dangers. You wish him peacefully at home?"

"Indeed, indeed I do. Oh that he had never left us—that I had never——"

"Never what?"

"Never seen you, in all my life, monsieur!"

END OF CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE WRECK OF THE "JUNO."

IN TWO PARTS.—PART THE SECOND.



IN the morning of the 28th, Mr. Wade declared he could bear his sufferings no longer, and would once more go on the raft. Mackay refused to accompany him, but two Italian helmsmen, two Malays, and three or four of the Lascars joined him, and in a few

hours they were out of sight. In the evening there came on a squall, which probably proved fatal to them, but brought merciful relief to those on the mast. They caught

the heavy rain in their outstretched clothes, and drank it as soon as it had washed out the salt that at first tainted it. After this, rain fell generally once in forty-eight hours. In the intervals, when they had not strength left to go down themselves, it was their constant practice to lower a jacket or piece of cloth into the sea by means of a rope-yarn, and apply it thus moistened to their bodies. Whenever a heavy shower afforded them a few mouthfuls of fresh water, either by catching the drops as they fell or squeezing them out of their clothes, it infused new life and vigour into them, and for awhile they almost forgot their misery. The men always chewed lead and canvas to quench their thirst; leather they found intolerably offensive. Many of the sufferers died delirious, and then death and the final horrors of cannibalism were Mackay's especial terror. The body of a Lascar, who had died in the cat-harpings, got so jammed in among the ropes that it could not be disengaged for several days, and this added to the general distress.

"On the morning of the eleventh day (July 1st)

Mrs. Bremner found her husband dead in her arms; and our strength was so reduced, it was with the utmost difficulty," says Mackay, "we threw his body overboard, after stripping off part of his clothes for the use of his wife. In the course of this day two others died in the mizen, and two others in the fore-top, with which we had of late little or no communication, being no longer able to come down the rigging, or speak loud enough to be heard at that distance. After the gale abated, several of the Lascars went forward, and our numbers were now so diminished the two tops held us all."

Now the nights grew terribly rainy, cold, and benumbing, but the morning sun relaxed their limbs. Then came the intolerable meridian heat, and renewed their torture. Some died hard, and in great agony, yet the weaker men sometimes lingered longest. As a proof of this fact, Mackay gives us the following exquisitely touching instance:

"Mr. Wade's boy, a stout and healthy lad, died early, and almost without a groan; while another of the same age, but a less promising appearance, held out much longer. The fate of these unfortunate boys differed also in another respect, highly deserving of notice. Their fathers were both in the fore-top when the boys were taken ill. The father of the second, when the account reached him, hurried down, and waiting for a favourable opportunity, crawled on all-fours along the weather-gun-wale to the boy, who was in the mizen-rigging. By that time only three or four planks of the quarter-deck remained, just over the weather-quarter galley; and to this spot the unhappy man led his son, making him fast to the rail to prevent

his being washed away. Whenever the boy was seized with a fit of retching, the father lifted him up and wiped away the foam from his lips; and if a shower came, he made him open his mouth to receive the drops, or gently squeezed them into it from a rag. In this affecting situation both remained four or five days, till the boy expired. The unfortunate parent, as if unwilling to believe the fact, raised the body, gazed wistfully at it, and when he could no longer entertain any doubt, watched it in silence till it was carried off by the sea; then, wrapping himself in a piece of canvas, sunk down and rose no more, though he must have lived two days longer, as we judged by the quivering of his limbs when a wave broke over him. This scene made an impression even on us, whose feelings were, in a manner, dead to the world."

On the 10th of July, the twentieth day since the wreck, a man said he saw something like land in the horizon, to the eastward; but no emotion was shown, and no one made any effort for some time. But slowly one by one they all roused themselves to see. Mackay told Mrs. Bremner that if it was land the wreck would be beaten to pieces a long way from shore, and they would all perish. At day-break Mackay could scarcely rouse himself for a long time, to see whether it was or was not land. But he said to Mrs. Bremner if it was the coast of Coromandel they would both be exhibited in the Long Room at Madras, under the pictures of Cornwallis and Meadows. In the evening, to their inexpressible anguish, they saw that the coast was wild jungle, without a sign of an inhabitant. Death then seemed near and certain, yet Mackay slept well, and was awake by the ship striking.

The tide falling left the gun-deck almost dry, and Mackay and the gunner got down to it. The Lascars, coming out of the fore-top, began to search among the rubbish for money. Two of them refused to bring Mrs. Bremner down from the cat-harpings for less than eight rupees, money to be paid on the spot. They then got into the gun-room, and found three or four cocoa-nuts jammed under some timber. The finder divided them generously, claiming only the juice, which however proved rancid. Thirst was the predominant agony now, and Mackay was haunted by thoughts of large bowls full of lemonade, and food that could be swallowed without chewing. Seeing no prospect of getting to land, Mackay resolved to die quietly in the wreck—not yet, however, surrendering all hope of being saved. No one had died since they caught sight of land. In the afternoon their hopes were raised by seeing something like men walking on the shore; but though the strongest of Mackay's companions got on the taffrail-rail and waved cloths, they took no notice. This, however, roused six of the strongest of the Lascars, who got

six small spars out of the gun-room and, with infinite fatigue, launched them into the water. These were quite insufficient to support all, but the six Lascars towards evening got on them, and at the young flood soon gained the beach, though there was a heavy surf. "We saw them find a stream of fresh water, drink deeply, and then lie down, as if in despair, under the shade of a bank. The next morning, to our great delight, they had not been destroyed by tigers, and we saw them come again and drink." On the wreck there were still left two women, three old men, a middle-aged man (an invalid), a lad, and Mackay. All these were too weak and faint even to move a single spar. The young and robust had nearly all perished.

Towards noon, to their frantic joy, the people on the wreck saw a large party of natives approach the Lascars, and kindle a fire, evidently to dress rice, and some came to the water's edge and waved signals to them to venture ashore. Mackay's heart now swelled with hope, and life again seemed precious to him. Getting no help from the gunner and the Serang, who were exhausted, he and the boy with difficulty got out a spar and made it fast with a rope to a piece of floating plank. Mackay hesitated for some time to leave Mrs. Bremner, now quite helpless, till urged by the boy, and convinced that the natives might leave the place, and that he should be still weaker the next day. Once on shore he could send rescue to the poor woman, who gave him a rupee at parting, and dismissed him with a thousand good wishes for his safety. Just as Mackay was recommending himself to the Divine protection the plank floated away, leaving only the square spar, which kept rolling Mackay under it, and exhausting him more and more at every roll. "I found," says the brave man, "that I did not get nearer to the shore, but drifted in a direction almost parallel to the beach. Fearing that I should not be able to hold out much longer, I tried every method to keep the spar from turning, and at last lay alongside it with one hand and one leg over, while with the other arm and leg I struggled hard to guide it towards the shore. For some time I succeeded tolerably well, but all at once was overwhelmed with a tremendous sea, which broke over me, and tore away the spar. I now thought all was over, and, after a short struggle, was beginning to sink, when another surf threw me right across the spar, which was carried back with considerable force by the reflux of the sea. I was almost breathless by the shock, yet I instinctively grasped it with both my arms and legs, and was several times rolled round and round along with it. I was also scratched with the sand and shells which the surf had carried back from the beach; but this I considered as a sign that I was near the shore, though I could not see it, which greatly animated my hopes. One or two more

surfs threw me violently on the rocks, and, to prevent the returning surf from carrying me back, I laid fast hold of them. The only clothes I had when I left the ship were a flannel waistcoat, part of a shirt, and a pair of trousers. The two first, being ragged, I tied in a bundle at my back, to prevent their encumbering me, but I lost them in the surf. The trousers I still had on. Finding them entangled in the rocks when the surf had retreated, I tore them off, and made shift to crawl on all-fours, for I could not straighten my back, beyond the reach of the surf. Being now perfectly bare, I found the wind extremely cold, and therefore laid myself down under the lee of a rock, where, in a few moments, though I observed some of the natives coming towards me, I fell asleep."

The men who woke Mackay told him he was in Ava, only six days' journey from Chittagong. They were company's ryots (peasants), and promised to take him with them. They then led him to the stream, and, as he insisted upon drinking, let him fall face forward into it, and there he stayed, taking great draughts until he felt more revived.

Round the natives' fire Mackay found the six Lascars, the boy, the gunner, and the Serang. The latter, swimming better than himself, had reached the shore first. The joy at seeing them almost deranged Mackay's mind, and the oftener they told him how they got on shore, the more bewildered he became at their meeting. He waited patiently till the rice was boiled and some brought him on a leaf, but when he had chewed a grain or two he found he could not swallow it. A Hindoo, observing Mackay's distress, dashed some water into his face with his hand; this, although it at first almost choked him, caused the muscles to expand

and restored their power, though he was obliged at first to take a mouthful of water with every mouthful of rice. Mackay's lips and the inside of his mouth had blackened and cracked with the external heat and internal fever, and they bled and gave him great pain every time he moved his jaws. Then a sweet, deep, refreshing sleep stole over the mind of the rescued man, and he rested till the evening.

When Mackay awoke, his staunch and true nature revived also, and he tried, by promises of reward from her, to induce the natives to rescue poor Mrs. Bremner. Some of them promised to watch for the high midnight tide, when the wreck would drift nearer; but while they discussed their probable spoil, their leader, a warm-hearted man, saved her without stipulating for reward; and that same night the ship, as if its work for good or evil was over, parted in two. The bottom stuck still to the teeth of the ravening and greedy rocks, and the upper part floated in so near the beach that the two remaining men waded through the dangerous surf to the shore. Mackay, in vain importuning the natives to cook more rice, fell asleep again, and at midnight awoke, and found Mrs. Bremner and her maid safe on shore. The deepest joy was depicted on Mrs. Bremner's face.

In the morning the eight Mussulman Lascars bargained by themselves for future food, and Mrs. Bremner agreed to pay eight rupees for four days' rice for the whole European party, till they gained strength to reach the nearest village, thirty miles to the northward.

We have no need to follow Mackay and his party to Chittagong, which, after these prolonged and almost incredible sufferings, they eventually reached in safety.

IN HONOUR BOUND.

BY CHARLES GIBBON,

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FOURTH.

A DISCOVERY.

THE Laird looked shamefaced, and a little vexed, when he found that he was observed: then he laughed heartily.

"'Pon my soul, Teenie, you're a witch!" he exclaimed, "and you make a fool of me just as you please. Here, take your confounded bairn—he's a nuisance."

"No, keep him till I dress your hair. He's very happy, and laughing as if he had the best nurse in the world."

Baby screeched with delight as the Laird tickled him, crying, "Chucky, chucky, chuck—y!" and

uttered other nonsensical sounds which represent baby-language. She combed and brushed his hair, drawing back now and again to study the effect of her arrangements with the eye of an artist. Finally, whilst he still nursed Baby, she drew him to a mirror to look at himself.

"There!" she cried proudly, "isn't that better?"

"Wonderful!" he exclaimed, putting up one hand to arrange a curl at the side of his head—"ten years knocked off the account. I'd kiss you if my hands were released from this bundle."

So he placed the bundle in its basket, and he took her hands, and touched her brow with his lips. He became serious at that moment.

"You have made me young again, my child; but why are you so hot and feverish?"

He now observed how strange she looked; there was a wild restlessness in the eyes and a quivering of the lips, which at first might have been attributed to her agitation and doubt as to the reception she was to have, but could not be explained by these suggestions any longer since they were friends re-united. Her whole frame seemed to be on fire, and yet she was shivering; that startled him.

"I don't know what is the reason—I'm queer,"

our neighbours' burdens; so I try to think it is not me, but another fool, who is about to be turned out in his old age to learn how to gain a decent living."

He spoke gaily enough, but there was a rueful shadow in his eyes. Then she, with a voice that was full of pain—

"I wish I had never come back—I wish I had died by the roadside, and I would have been happy, looking down upon you all."

"You would have seen us miserable beggars when you were away from us, Teenie."



"HE SETTLED HIMSELF IN THE SADDLE."

she answered hurriedly, and flying away to the subject which was uppermost in her thoughts—"but what about Dalmahoy?"

He gave his shoulders an uncomfortable twist.

"There's nothing new about it," he said with a grin; "there will be letters of horning issued against me soon, I suppose."

"What's that horning?"

"Only a summons in the name of Her Majesty the Queen (God bless her); commanding me to pay the siller forthwith or—get out."

"And you say that as quietly as if it was the ruin of somebody else you were talking about!" she said, smilingly.

"Just that; it's surprising how easily we can bear

"No, no, you would have been safe and comfortable—I went away thinking that Mistress Wishart would give you the money if she only knew me to be out of the road. But I've come back and spoiled it all."

Walter was at the door, and heard her. He understood everything now—the idea of self-sacrifice which had possessed her, and which he revered none the less that it appeared to him a foolish one, and he understood the bitterness of heart she experienced in her failure. He knew something of the bitterness of failure, and he loved her more and more, if that could be. He embraced her tenderly.

"My poor wifie, you must not agitate yourself in

this way," he said affectionately; "you must not take all our sins upon yourself. Come, be cheerful, Teenie, I have splendid news for you."

"Has the cow calved twins?" said the Laird, laughing, and yet with a kind of grin in the laugh, as if he found it difficult to be cheerful under the circumstances.

Walter's touch revived her, and she looked at him for explanation.

"Better than that, sir; old Geddies sent for me to say that he has determined to resign the church and all its emoluments to me."

"That's four or five hundred a year at least," ejaculated Dalmahoy; "I congratulate you, Wattie—and myself, for now I'll be able to borrow from you."

"Will it save Dalmahoy?" was Teenie's question.

Walter was unable to answer, but the Laird took up the matter.

"You must get Dalmahoy out of your head, Teenie," he said quite blithely; "we'll manage to live without it. Wattie's luck will make you comfortable here, but it can do nothing up the way."

"Unless we could obtain a loan on the strength of this income," suggested Walter.

"Fiddlesticks! we'll try nothing of the kind. We'll keep what we've got, and make the best of it. I'm as blithe as a peacock with a new tail spread out, Wattie; but if I let you sink your good fortune in the whirlpool of mine, may I be—All right, Teenie, I was not going to swear."

Peter Drysdale, upon urgent business, was announced by Ailie. The old butler entered eagerly.

"You bade me bring any letters direct after you, sir, and as you were anxious, I came on with this myself."

The Laird read the letter, and quietly refolded it.

"It's all over, Wattie; I have humbled myself and asked this scoundrel for time to pay. He refuses—says he is pressed for money himself, and that the debt is so long owing, I ought to be ready to redeem it now. So up go the bills for the sale. Now then, gentlemen, here's a fine property, and an ass of an old man—going, going—gone!"

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FIFTH.

WALTER'S TRIAL.

DALMAHOY spoke with a sort of forced levity, but he displayed much more agitation than his son had ever witnessed in his manner before.

"It will be fine fun for our neighbours, and they will show marvellous wisdom in descanting on my ruin," he went on with a half-bitter, half-humorous grin; "throughout the nine days' wonder you will hear them crying, 'Serve him right—what a scamp he was in his young days!—what a wastrail!' and so on, and so on. The worst of it—or the best of it,

I am not sure which—is, that it's all true. Well, sowing wild oats was very nice—for me—and I won't say a word about that; but they produce a confoundedly nasty crop for those who come after me, and that's disagreeable to think about. Good-bye—come over this evening if you can; I would like to have a chat with you, and ask your advice about the arrangement of things for the sale. I must hurry off now to write some letters, and to meet the architect, who is to show me a plan for the improvement of the steadings on the estate. I don't think it will all go; but we'll see. Where's Teenie?"

She had become very quiet; she heard every word that was said, but she was bending over Baby's basket, pretending to be deeply occupied, although healthy and ignorant little Hugh was fast asleep. The crisis had come at last, and her pulses were beating wildly; the pitiless words of Dame Wishart were ringing in her ears, making them burn with pain and shame; and the thought that she alone was accountable for all this misfortune—that but for her there would have been no difficulty in arranging the Laird's affairs—maddened her. There was no news of Skipper Dan yet.

She rose up when Dalmahoy asked for her, and he took her hands kindly.

"You are very feverish, my child; you must take care of yourself for all our sakes—God bless you—good-bye."

"Good-bye," she answered with a curiously trembling voice, and suddenly she put her arms round his neck, kissed him, and ran out of the room.

"That's fine, Teenie; come back and do it again," he cried quite gaily; adding with much satisfaction, "On my soul, Wattie, I feel the better of it."

Every sympathetic word or look supplies an appreciable quantity of nerve-force, and helps a man more than pounds of money. It is so much courage, and therefore so much strength, to a man with the least sincerity in his nature. That was the Laird's experience at this moment.

Walter accompanied him to the gate, where his horse was tied. As he was putting his foot in the stirrup—

"There was a time, Wattie, when I might have been grumbling at you for this; but I see now it's my own fault and my own ill-luck. You were right to marry Teenie; she's a fine creature, and I'm fond of her. Be good to her, and she'll make you happy. As for me, I have been selfish, therefore a fool, and I am punished."

"I too have been selfish and thoughtless—which is the worse sin?" muttered Walter.

"I don't know, and it doesn't matter," was the answer as he settled himself in the saddle; "but next time you preach, take that text about being"

sure your sins will find you out—is it a text or a tract? My sins have found me out at any rate, or rather they have caught me at home, and they are using the lash without mercy. I'll tell you a secret—but don't be too hard on me, Wattie: we are none of us pretty under the microscope, and poverty is about the most unsparing microscope I ever heard tell of. That fellow, Geordie Methven, was my son, and there he has left a million which nobody is like to get the least good of, and here am I, his father, about to be made a beggar for want of a few thousands. It's hard lines, take it how you will. Good-bye—take care of Teenie—she's not well."

He rode away without giving Walter time for reply. The revelation was startling enough, but scarcely so startling as it would have been had not Walter, at various periods, heard faint rumours of the paternity of George Methven. The case did seem a hard one, and, minister though he was, he pitied rather than blamed his father. At the same time he experienced a sharp pang at the thought that Methven should have been capable of amassing wealth which would have relieved their father of all trouble, whilst he seemed to be scarcely capable of struggling above poverty.

He pulled himself up at that; he had adopted a career which was full of possibilities for serving others; he was bound in honour to accept all its responsibilities and difficulties with brave steadiness of heart, and he would do so—please God.

A quiet nature, full of devotion to religion, and to the practical expression of it by helping all so far as in him lay, by blaming none—that was Walter. He was capable of pitying the most atrocious criminal; he was so conscious of weakness in himself that he was sorry for the errors of others, and whilst he condemned the sins, he was merciful to the sinners. Always he argued, "Under the same circumstances, I might have acted like them." And so he was kind, gentle, and helpful to the backslider, because he pitied and sympathised with him or her.

He attended the funerals of Red Sandy, Buckie Willie, and of other unfortunate fishers who had perished in the recent storm, and whose bodies had been recovered from the sea. The entire male population of Rowanden paid the last mark of respect to their dead comrades; the women kept indoors, as, according to custom, they were not permitted to proceed to the churchyard.

From the top of the hill the procession looked like a long dark line curving to the bends of the road, and moving with slow solemnity up the hill towards the church. Most of the men were dressed in black suits, all in black coats. The coffins were conveyed in carts the greater part of the way; but when near the church they were taken upon the shoulders of stalwart fishermen, the carts drawing

to one side, to permit the procession to pass. All spoke in undertones, as if they were afraid of disturbing the repose of the dead. The conversation generally related to the deceased friends; their many good and kindly qualities were affectionately remembered; all their faults were forgotten. But there were also occasional references to the state of the weather and the prospects of the next night's fishing.

It was a bleak day; there had been rain, the grass was heavily wet; and the "Razor" was blowing keenly over the land, compelling the mourners to put up their hands to their hats, tossing their hair, and flapping the tails of their coats.

There were a number of gigs and other vehicles following in the wake of the procession—farmers, extensive fish-curers, and others, from Kingshaven, amongst whom was the provost, five proprietors who had to attend a meeting of heritors, and Mr. Forsyth, banker, lawyer, and factor to Sir James Scott, the patron of Rowanden Kirk. Mr. Forsyth had been summoned by the old minister, Mr. Geddis, in regard to the latter's proposed resignation.

The burial over, the fishers returned to the village, and enjoyed a holiday. There was mourning for a little while, and many regrets for those who were lost. But work must be done: the mourning was soon over; women gathered bait and men went out to the fishing just as usual—laughed and made merry when they were in luck, and grumbled when they were out of it. There is a merciful buoyancy in human nature, and ordinary sorrow, as well as ordinary joy, only touches the heart and is gone.

Walter had several unpleasant experiences to endure this day, and he had need of all his patience. He had to listen to some severe reflections upon himself—he could bear that: but he had also to listen to disagreeable reflections upon his wife, offered to him in the form of condolence, and that he could not bear. To the surprise of everybody, he defended Teenie with a vehemence which he had not previously displayed out of the pulpit. He would not permit one word to be said in her dispraise; they might say what they pleased about himself, and he was mute; but touch her name, and he was up in arms, fierce as a raging lion.

Mr. Pettigrew, with his partiality for unpleasant truths (and possibly with some recollection of the way in which the young minister had snubbed him on various occasions), was the first to hint that, as an elder, he could not possibly give his sanction to the appointment of Mr. Burnett as the successor of the much-respected Mr. Geddis, until certain scandals connected with his household were investigated by the presbytery, and satisfactorily explained to them.

Walter writhed under this vulgar publicity of his

household troubles, and his first impulse was to refuse the appointment altogether; but that would be to cast a doubt upon his faith in Teenie, and so he said quietly that he would not permit Mr. Pettigrew, or any one else, to interfere with his private affairs. It was torture to him to speak in this way, for he felt how weak it was without explanations, which he could not give even to friends, and which he would not give in the presence of such a man as Pettigrew. Then again came the thought to turn away at once from the thankless task he had undertaken; and that suggestion was met by the resolve to hold his place, even for her sake, and to defend her honour by showing his own faith in her. But it is easier to spoil a good impression than to erase a bad one, and he had much to endure for days afterwards. People looked at him askance, whispered about his affairs, pitied him; and a few members of his congregation (those who had declared he was not "sound" after his defence of the poor woman who had been charged with selling sweeties on the Sabbath) openly expressed their

disapproval of Mrs. Burnett's conduct, and of the minister's in defending her.

It was hard to bear, but he did not flinch or falter. His chief anxiety was to keep the scandal from Teenie's ears; and in this desire he was successful, but the source of his success was a sad one.

On reaching home after the harassing work of the day, Ailie told him that Teenie had gone to Craighburn.

"To Craighburn—what for?" he exclaimed.

"I canna say, but she got Drysdale to take her in the gig."


"Did my father know?"

"He was away before she started."

Walter had no difficulty in guessing the object of her journey; and, worn out by the events and discussions of the forenoon, he felt irritated with her for going to see his aunt without consulting him. Frowning, he put on his hat again, took his staff, and went out to meet her.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FIFTH.

A CHAT ON COMMON STAIRS.

N an iron-grey street hard by the Edinburgh College, I once had lodgings on, or rather off, a common stair. The bed in which I slept was the one in which the English opium-eater died. My sitting-room had been his; and when I called to mind that he had written his musically-stately prose on the table upon which I scribbled, I could not help considering myself an interloper there. The relics he had left were interesting rather than magnificent: a worn-out little brush, with which he swept up his hearth, and a hat which must have been wreathed, so to speak, with the recollections of many a lustrum of his life—a hat that ought to have been venerable, but that unfortunately did not appear so to all to whom it was proudly exhibited. The opium-eater's tastes in costume were latterly, perhaps always, eccentric. At any rate, the grey-haired Phillis who waited upon me in those Edinburgh chambers informed me that he could rarely bring his mind to order clothes, and never to purchase a whole suit at once: now a coat, now a waistcoat, and anon a pair of pantaloons—*dissecta membra*—she was sent forth to buy for her literary lodger. Once he desired her to procure him a pepper-and-salt coat, lined with red. In his latest years, her "bonnie wee gentleman," as Phillis called him, used to lean upon her arm when he took his walks abroad. When he had been coaxed into

dining out, she escorted him to his host's door, to make sure of his keeping his appointment, and called again in the evening to "convoy" him home. At other times he hired a trap, and took Phillis and her niece out into the country to dine. He also took them, or rather went with them as paymaster, to the theatre, and was not in the least disconcerted by the remarks which were passed on his odd dress and queer companions. More than once Phillis had found him in a state of reverie, and also of combustion, his head-propping papers being alight—had come into his room just in time to save him. An irreverent friend of mine, having been informed of this fact, exclaimed fervently—

"Thank goodness I'm not a genius! Just fancy the servant bringing in a pail of water like a coal-scuttle, to stand ready to put you out the next time you caught fire!"

Although a writer on political economy, it is well known that De Quincey had peculiarities of private economics. In "The Book-hunter," if I remember rightly, a story is told of his having tried to pawn a fifty-pound note for five shillings. He was not troubled, I think, with many fifty-pound notes in his old age; but Phillis told me that some of his few one-pound notes he gave away to pensioners, when he had carefully brushed and smoothed the dirty, greasy, crumpled billets. Sovereigns and shillings he likewise gave away, when he had scoured them as if they had been dirty sheep.

That Lothian Street common stair is the first I

ever mounted in Scotland; but I have been up many a Scotch one since. Some weird stories are told of the Edinburgh common stairs. There is one in the Lawnmarket on which, in the small hours, may be heard the fall of an invisible, intangible foot, ceaselessly going up and down, with solemn slowness. And then there is the stair at whose foot lay poor Begbie, the robbed bank-porter, stabbed with a bread-knife, on whom the little lassie, running out to fill her kettle at the well, trod and stumbled in the winter dusk. And many another such-like tale might very probably be told, with truth, of stairs which have no recorded history.

The old common stairs, however, are invitingly curious places to explore. Edinburghers are very fond of talking about their New Town. No doubt it is well enough in its way, but really it is nothing very wonderful *per se*. For interest, commend me to the filthy Old Town. I have been in some of the worst slums of London, but the Edinburgh Canongate and Cowgate distance them in dirt. On the other hand, London "rookeries" cannot compete with those of Edinburgh in picturesque appearance and historical association.

In spite of its smells, which rival in malodorous multitude the odours of Cologne, the Canongate was a favourite lounge of mine in my Edinburgh days. The Netherbow is a fit vestibule to it; the well, girt with bare-footed, "muted" and besmuted, short-petticoated gossips; John Knox's house, with its fore-stairs, projecting floors, quaint blinking windows, big and little, ancient inscriptions, and the Reformer, in his miniature pulpit. John Knox, with his "LVFE-GOD-ABVFE-AL-AND-YI-NYCHTBOVR-AS-YI-SELF" looks down in stonily-speaking silence on a strange congregation now-a-days. Broad-shouldered, high-checkboned men, with blue bonnets pulled down on their ears, loiter about, scenting the air with rank tobacco and fiery whisky, and scowling at the policeman who threads the loafing throngs. Short-skirted girls in brown-holland jackets, with bare, grease-plastered hair, patrol in couples, tranquilly knitting. Lean, harsh-featured, dirty-fleshed women, in skimp rags as dirty, cluster round barrow-women to match, and chaffer over strong-scented fish. Not here does the buxom Newhaven fishwife, with snowy mutch, well turned and shod and stockinged leg, good-natured bronzed face, clear eye, brazenly over-pricing, silverily-wheeling, liquidly "Caller-ou" chanting tongue, blue gown and striped petticoat, ply her trade. More rags dangle wet, but not washed, from the rake-like clothes-frames, and their rope-rigging, which project, flat above flat, from the many-windowed "lands." Foul-mouthed in two senses is the head of each cramped and crowded "close" and "wynd." And as is the Netherbow, so is the Canongate, Edinburgh's court-suburb of old.

Here is an inscription which may still be read upon its walls: "MISERERE MEI, DOMINE: A PECCATO, PROBRO, DEBITO, ET MORTE SUBITA, LIBERA ME." There seems to be a "prophetic strain" in the old lettering in the midst of so much poverty, unbridled passion, and its consequences.

On a common stair in a street off the Canongate, Smollett lived for a time, picking up character according to his wont; but in his days the locality was still a far more "respectable" quarter of the town than it is now. In the same street with Smollett lived Lord Monkeys-with-their-tails-worn-down Monboddoo. In Moray House, Cromwell lodged, and from its balcony the Marchioness of Argyll spat upon Montrose. The Heart of Midlothian has vanished, but the Canongate Tolbooth still stands, or did stand very recently, projecting its fryingpan-like dial, as if to warm the dreary-looking house over the way, which once was the Duchess of Gordon's. In the Canongate graveyard lie Robert Ferguson and Adam Smith, who lived hard by, and used, according to Dr. Robert Chambers, to rob his own sugar-basin when his domineering house-keeper's back was turned. Gay has been at Queensberry House, which the notorious "old Q." found so dull that he dismantled it. In the White Horse Inn, Boswell found Johnson growling at the waiter for presuming to make sugar-tongs of his grubby fingers. At the foot of the Canongate a line of stones let in across the road marks off the Sanctuary of Holyrood, within which many men of many manners have sought refuge.

It was an old not-up-to-time charwoman, however, of whom I was in search when I first explored a Canongate common stair. I knew her name, but that, like her stair, was a common one; the number of her "land" I also knew, but such numbers seemed to be scattered about very much at random in the Canongate; I had further been informed that a pawnbroker tenanted the first floor of the lofty land in which she lived, much nearer to the stars; but although other forms of relationship may be cold in Canongate, it abounds in omnirecipient "uncles."

Accordingly, up and down I had to wander through crowds of ragged, dirty, depressed, or fiercely-wrangling people, clustered in doorways, languidly strolling, or squatting frog-like in the street, beneath a dreary array of old clothes hung out to dry, drooping like very unvenerable tattered banners in the air, whose sickly malodours a hot August sun brought out in almost overpowering potency. At length, by good luck, I found the stair I wanted—a lantern staircase, bulging from the building like a huge lanky candle-box. The doorway was blocked with little children, who seemed never to have been washed since they

opened their sullenly defiant eyes on the filthy section of the world into which they had been born. They squatted sturdily in serried rows, making no attempt to move. I had to stride over their heads to mount the mud-caked steps. On the first flat there were brass plates upon the doors, but above that there could be no mistake that the tenants were of the poorest of the poor. Flight after flight of stairs I panted up, until I reached the topmost landing—a passage bare of everything but dirt, but light in comparison with some of the dungeon-like corridors I had passed.

On the floor sat a girl cuddling a baby. I asked her at which door I must knock for my old woman, whereupon she nodded impartially, one after the other, at all—over and over again—with a good-natured but idiotic smile. In one room I found a mite of a child, who could not speak plainly, left in charge of two tinier babes. In another dark room lay a bristly-bearded man “sleeping off the drink.” In a third a poor girl, bearing the hectic finger-marks of consumption on her pinched cheeks, was spitting blood—“nursed” by an old hag who was swearing at her. In a fourth den a grey-haired cobbler was bristling and waxing his shoemaking thread.

At last I found my old woman, acting as “howdie” to her married daughter who had recently been confined.

The young mother, on whose breast lay the little red-headed new-comer, seemed to think it the most natural thing in the world that I should be asked into the room, and invited to drink her health and the baby's in a glass of whisky, the bottle being brought from under the bed. Four other bairns—fortunately just about to be packed off to the Queen's Park—were staring at their new brother or sister.

When the father returned to his one-roomed home in the evening, I wonder whether he considered himself a very blessed man on finding another shaft in his full quiver. Every drop of water the family used had to be brought up all those flights of stairs. The young mother had been toiling up them with bucketfuls upon her head only the day before.

To those who have lived long on the Continent there is nothing strange in “flat” house-keeping; the system is being adopted in fashionable quarters of London, and in unfashionable London it has long been in vogue, in fact though not in name; but to most Englishmen, on a first visit to Edinburgh, it has been a novelty to note fishmongers', spirit-sellers', fruiterers', butchers', and bakers' shops down in the basement, with piles of private flats above—crushing them down, as it were, into still greater obscurity—and the door swinging open and closing so mysteriously, no porter appearing, between its many-handled and many-plated jambs.

But there are common stairs that have no doors, or doors which are seldom closed, and these are not so pleasant. To say nothing of other annoyances, it is not exactly agreeable, on your way to or from your home, to be tripped up by a warm, growling bundle of something, and to find that a drunken man—drowsily indignant at being disturbed—has made his bed upon your common stair.

On the whole, I most decidedly prefer the “self-contained” system of house-keeping. Let people say what they like, it is far more difficult to avoid, willy nilly, making acquaintance, or getting into quarrels, either personally or by servant-proxy, with vertical neighbours you pass on a stair, than with lateral neighbours you pass in a street. In Glasgow I had my most disagreeable experience of the vertical system. Slumbering on a second flat, I dreamt that I heard the voice of many waters. Waking up, with my little household, in a very damp condition, I found that water was cascading down the common staircase, rushing under my front-door, swirling about the floors, and rapidly distilling in very dirty dew through the ceilings, a portion of which giving way, my snug little kingdom up two flights of stairs was deluged with a most unsavoury shower-bath of muddy water, sodden laths, cow's hair, and plaster.

The vertical neighbours next above me had, considerably, gone to bed leaving their water-tap running.

RICHARD ROWE.

NATURE'S WONDERS.



In the year 1702, the celebrated Dutch zoologist, Leuwenhoek, on examining microscopically the refuse of a gutter in his house-top, discovered the first of the curious animalcules, the history of which it is our purpose very briefly in the present paper to trace. The attention of the naturalist had been drawn to

the red colour and appearance of the rain-water which had collected in the gutter, and seized with the laudable curiosity to investigate the cause of this phenomenon, he placed a drop of this water under the object-glass of his microscope; and then he tells us that he saw disporting themselves in the water an immense number of animalcules. “The largest of these,” writes Leuwenhoek. “viewed

through the microscope, did not appear bigger than a large grain of sand to the naked eye; the size of the others was gradually less and less; they were, for the most part, of a round shape, and in the green ones the middle part of their bodies was of a yellowish colour. He further describes in comparatively minute detail the structure of these little creatures; the chief points in his description of their external characters being "certain short and slender organs or limbs, which were protruded a little way out of their bodies, by means of which they caused a kind of circular motion and current in the water." Then Leuwenhoek also saw the animalcules at rest, and observed that they fixed themselves to the glass by means of a short stalk or "tail."

Such was the account given by this acute observer of the first "wheel-animalcule" that had found its way to human observation and research; and to the form thus discovered, the name of *Rotifer vulgaris* was given. Leuwenhoek, at a later period, also discovered another form of wheel-animalcule, the *Meliceria*; and his contemporaries and successors added greatly to the number of different kinds or species, without, however, making any effort to correctly determine their relations and affinities with other animalcules.

This latter task, first begun by Ehrenberg, has of late years been very fully completed, and we now know sufficient of their history to distinctly separate out the wheel-animalcules from among all other minute organisms, and to assign to them a definite place in the great series of animal forms.

The *Rotifera*, or wheel-animalcules, then, are inhabitants of all our fresh-water ponds and pools, and are also found in the refuse of gutters, and in most other situations where water collects and tends to become stagnant. Regarding the external characters by which they are distinguished, we note first in order of importance the possession, at the anterior portion of the body, of a curious disc, furnished with minute, vibratile, eye-lash-like filaments, known as "cilia." The motion of these cilia gives to the disc the appearance of a revolving wheel; and to watch these animalcules rushing through the miniature sea in which they are contained, apparently propelled by this front paddle-wheel, affords one of the most curious and interesting sights which the microscope discloses to the ordinary observer.

But it must, at the outset, be remarked that the appearance of this revolving "wheel," from which the class derives its name, is only illusory. The observer, watching these animalcules in motion, would firmly believe that the wheel-like disc borne on the head or front portion of the animalcule's body, actually revolves. Such, however, is not the case.

The illusion or impression is always produced by

the motion of the minute filaments, or cilia, with which the disc is fringed. These filaments, moving rapidly in succession, give the appearance of the revolving wheel. The disc itself is therefore fixed, and it is the cilia that move. This action has been compared to the rising and falling of the waves on the shore, where the waves seem to be continuously moving forward, whereas they only rise and fall in succession. And the same appearance or illusion is seen on looking at a field of full-grown corn or wheat, set in motion by the summer breezes. The observer would imagine that regular waves were passing across the field, whereas the undulating motion is produced simply by the bending of the individual and fixed stalks of grain.

The older observers, however, fully believed in the actual motion of the wheel-discs of the *Rotifera*; but better microscopes, with higher powers, and the close study of these animalcules, have shown us the error of the earlier naturalists, and confirmed us in the true explanation of the cause of motion in these forms.

The presence of the wheel-disc, with its moving cilia or filaments, thus forms the chief feature which distinguishes the *Rotifera* from their numerous neighbours. But in addition to this first character, the possession of a distinct structure, exhibiting peculiar points of interest, constitutes a no less efficient mode of recognising them. And lastly, certain extraordinary features connected with the suspension of their vitality must also be noticed, as tending to form a life-history among the most remarkable that the study of modern zoology has disclosed.

In habits and conformation, the wheel-animalcules may either be fixed or free-swimming organisms. By far the greater number of the *Rotifera* belong to the free-swimming group; and curiously enough, as if in compliment to the so-called "weaker sex," the females attain a much greater size and development in this class. The males are generally small and diminutive as compared with their female neighbours, and in many points of structure the males evince a decided inferiority to the opposite sex.

In size *Rotifera* are all minute, although they attain dimensions which seem large when compared with the generality of their animalcular neighbours. The largest *Rotifera* measure about one-thirty-sixth part of an inch in length, but many of them do not exceed the hundredth part of an inch.

The internal economy of the wheel-animalcules has been already remarked to evince a high degree of organisation. Thus we find that the mouth opens at the lower aspect of the ciliated "wheel-organ," and within the throat we generally observe a complicated apparatus of "jaws," suited for the

trituration and mastication of food. Then, in addition, we find a definite stomach-sac, intestine, and digestive glands, constituting a perfect system for the assimilation of food.

We have no knowledge of any distinct heart and system of blood-vessels in the *Rotifera*, but a very peculiar arrangement of vessels exists, to which the name of the "water-vascular" system has been given.

This system, concerning the nature of which naturalists are still in doubt, consists of two tubes that open from a contractile, bladder-like sac at the posterior extremity of the body, and then run forwards, one along each side of the body, to the anterior part of the animalcule. Each tube bears a number of pear-shaped sacs, in the interior of which cilia are contained.

The contractile sac from which these tubes take origin, is seen to contract and expand in a regular manner, as if employed in the propulsion of some fluid throughout the system of tubes. Some authorities favour the view that this system represents an excretory apparatus, serving like the respiratory or breathing-system, to excrete part of the waste materials from the body. And although eminent authorities differ from the above view, it nevertheless appears to be that which obtains most support from the actual investigation of these forms.

A large mass of nervous matter placed towards the wheel-organ, constitutes the nervous centre of the *Rotifera*, and associated with this centre a pigment spot, or "eye," is found. It is worthy of remark that the nervous mass of the *Rotifera* is said to be proportionally larger, when compared with the size of the body, than the brain and nervous system of the higher animals.

Then, lastly, we must observe the high development of the muscles of the body, and the so-called "foot-organ." This latter consists of a pair of forcep-like pincers situated at the posterior extremity of the body, and by means of which the free-swimming animalcules can fix themselves at will. In some, a suctorial organ appears to replace the pincer-like foot; whilst in the fixed *Rotifers* a permanent root-like process secures the animalcule to any fixed object. In some forms a shelly covering protects the body. And as to the functions of the wheel-organ, these are two-fold in nature. The first use of the ciliary movements is obviously that of locomotion in the free-swimming forms. But in all *Rotifera*, whether locomotive or fixed, the currents excited in the water subserve the important function of nutrition, in that particles of nutrient matter are thereby swept into the mouth, and thus brought within reach of the digestive system.

We thus see that within a body of so minute dimensions as those of an ordinary *Rotifer*, a wondrous complexity of organisation may be contained.

But a more wonderful part of the history of these animalcules yet remains to be told. And this last recital bears a very remarkable aspect when we particularly keep in mind the intricately delicate structure of their bodies, and the general complexity of their frame.

These latter remarks have reference to the peculiar faculty possessed by the *Rotifera*, in virtue of which they may exist in a dried, mummified state for considerable periods of time, and yet be restored, by the addition of a little moisture, to all their wonted vigour and pristine vitality.

Thus they may be dried up by the heat of the summer sun from the pools in which they reside. They may be blown about as mere dried dust-specks by the summer winds, and in this condition they may persist for months, or even years! Yet upon being simply moistened with a drop of water, the mummified *Rotifers* immediately resume all the functions of their life. The wheel-discs begin once more their illusory rotations, the little food-particles are again swept into the mouth, the systems of the body again begin operating as of old, and the current of life flows on as energetically as before, and as if no serious suspension of its functions had taken place.

Leuwenhoek himself was aware of this peculiar faculty, for he tells us of experiments he made, in which several of these *Rotifera* were resuscitated, after having been dried up and shrivelled, so strongly indeed that "one could see the wrinkles in them."

Professor Owen tells us of an animalcule having been resuscitated after four years' desiccation; and Dr. Carpenter possessed two *Rotifers* which had been desiccated and recovered six times in succession.

In what condition was the life of these animalcules? we may lastly inquire. We know that life was still present, since they could be revived, and because no human skill can revitalize a dead animal or plant. Hence we assume in the case of the *Rotifera*, and in the case of the dried-up seeds of plants, that life is present in a "dormant" or "potential" state—its functions suspended, it is true, but only wanting the necessary conditions to be at once set in operation, and to manifest their vital activity as before.

We must distinguish, however, between "reviving" and "revitalising." We cannot revitalize; we may only revive. Revitalisation is the bringing back of life which has departed; reviving is the restoring or awakening of life which has merely been suspended—as in the case of the half-drowned man, or as in the parched *Rotifer*—with this important difference, however, that in the case of humanity we pull the subject out of the water whilst in the *Rotifer* we once again immerse it.

ANDREW WILSON.

YES OR NO?



"RESECHING PREVIOUS ALMS."

DECEMBER'S stars stirred frostily, when first
 her laughing words
 Won him, another prisoner! and coloured
 all his dreams.

The buds were breaking through the bark, nest-
 building were the birds,
 When next her voice ran lightly o'er a dozen
 merry themes.

As grew the leaves so grew his trust ; yet she was
hard to reach ;
As higher spread the summer arch, so farther
stretched his aim.

She *should* be his ! Yet, apt enough in all that
Love can teach,
He speech had none when Hope cried, "Come ;
the happy guerdon claim."

To-night he shares her neighbourhood—alas ! the
crowded dance ;

No nearer than the stranger he who would be
closer far,

Until they walk apart, and talk, encouraged by a
glance,

Glow, warm with wedded feeling, to music
without jar.

Long gusts of soothing melody steal through the
fan-like palms,

And tremble in the myrtle twigs and float among
the flowers,

As these he bends, proud mendicant ! beseeching
precious alms—

The sovereign right to call her his through all the
coming hours.

Now *she* is won ! A searching look, and sharp
suspense is slain ;

He treads the threshold of his fate, and weighs
the quiet days

That lie beyond ; no longer his the half-delicious
pain,

The doubting joy of one who winds through
Love's perplexing maze.

The sense may fail in whispered words that break
upon her lips ;

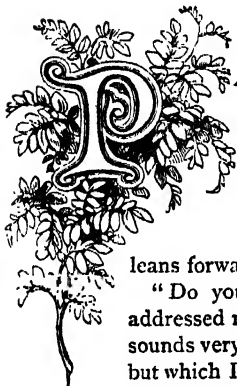
The fountain of her happy thoughts in speech
refuse to flow ;

He never heeds ; so true the touch of those white
finger-tips !

In eyes he reads the ready "Yes," though lips
half murmur, "No." BYRON WEBBER.

A STROKE OF FATE.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.



ASSIONATELY spoken words, that sound strange from the quiet Anna ! They are in German, and De Montbrison does not understand them, but their emphasis strikes him with surprise. He

leans forward inquiringly.

"Do you know," he says, "that you addressed me in your own tongue, which sounds very soft and sweet from your lips, but which I do not comprehend ? I notice that you relapse into German whenever deep emotion is aroused within you. Tell me, in my own language, what you said."

"I wished that you had never come to Germany—never been a prisoner, that is—never known what you call the "disaster" of Sedan. You are right, monsieur. I am sorry—bitterly sorry—for your misfortunes. I do pity your position here, and I earnestly admire your gallant struggle to sustain its troubles manfully. I wish you back, monsieur, in the land which is dear to you. With all my heart, I wish you happily restored to the friends whom you love—who, doubtless, love you very tenderly."

Anna's hand trembles on the Frenchman's arm. As she enters, with De Montbrison, the lighted town, the glare of the street-lamps falls upon her pale, troubled face. She turns persistently from her companion's gaze.

General von Fehrenstein's residence is reached at last : a tall quaint house, standing in a quaint old

street. Very quiet, very picturesque. Gable-end without number, a queer carved doorway, small irregular windows—these are the characteristics of Anna's home, remarked at a glance by casual observers. The basement storey is divided into two large shops, in the windows of which are displayed a choice collection of Christmas gifts.

As she toils up the broad oak staircase, a sound of many voices falls on Anna's ear, and the clock on the landing strikes six—the hour fixed for the souper.

"We are late, monsieur," she says. "Will you hurry into the salon, and announce my speedy appearance ?"

In a few minutes De Montbrison enters the room occupied by his host and hostess, with their guests. There is a buzz of eager, anxious conversation, as he opens the door, but his entrance is the sign for instant silence. The prospects of Paris, doubtless, were under discussion.

De Montbrison is greeted by his host, a grave, stern-looking gentleman, whose manner is dignified and kindly. Then he turns to salute his hostess, a pale, sickly, middle-aged lady, stretched at ease on an invalid sofa.

Embarrassing silence reigns. The Frenchman colours hotly. "I am afraid," he says, "that I interrupt agreeable conversation. Don't let my presence, gentlemen, be any restraint on your mirth."

Then he walks off to a window, near which stands a youth of about sixteen, whom he recognises at a glance.

A keen watchful face, small restless eyes, surmounted by bushy eyebrows, a discontented mouth, an expression of perpetual inquietude, hollow cheeks, a sallow unhealthy complexion, a figure cruelly deformed. Behold the portrait of Franz Siegel.

"Your servant, Monsieur Franz."

"Yours, Monsieur de Montbrison. Do you bring Anna with you, from your long, cold walk?"

"The lady came in with me, certainly. Her toilette, doubtless, engages her present attention."

Franz frowns darkly. "This is not the first long walk that you and she have taken together."

"Decidedly no. I have requested the honour of mademoiselle's companionship in many a saunter. Mademoiselle is complaisance itself."

De Montbrison looks with a curious expression of countenance on the boy's nervous fingers, that clasp and unclasp themselves, that twine and twist into extraordinary contortions, as he speaks.

"I have watched you," he says, and his voice betrays inward rage, "often at a distance when you have not dreamed that my eyes were upon you. I have followed you in the Lust Garten, in the Park, in the town, walking with Anna, and talking, oh! so intently and—what is the word?—I cannot speak your diabolical French—intently and—"

De Montbrison laughs gaily. "I am afraid," he replies, "that I cannot help you, monsieur. I belong, you know, to a nation of deplorable linguists. The French language, which it is your pleasure to call diabolical, is the only one which I comprehend. If you told me in your own charming tongue—a charmingly guttural tongue, Monsieur Franz—the word which puzzles you, I should not understand it. Assuredly we have walked together—mademoiselle and I—in your Lust Garten, your Park, your delightful old town, in the surrounding beautiful country. Of the honour of your constant observation I was not aware—we were not aware. I think I may answer for the lady."

"Do you know, monsieur, that——"

An angry colour deepens in the boy's face; his eyes flash fire; he draws in his breath quickly, and hesitates.

"Do I know? Pardon, monsieur."

"Don't call me 'monsieur.' Your eternal politeness maddens me. I am too young for the title. All the world addresses me as Franz—Franz Siegel. Do you know, I ask, that Anna is betrothed—has been, for years—betrothed to my brother Karl?"

"Yes, I am aware of that fact, Franz Siegel."

"Do you know that my brother Karl is the bravest soldier in our grand German army—the worthiest man—the truest patriot?"

"No, I am not aware of that fact, Franz Siegel."

"I wish to God he were here to night—my dearest brother."

"I reciprocate the wish," says De Montbrison, still laughing gaily. "I should rejoice to welcome all your grand German army back to your grand German land! Pardon me, do you not excite yourself unnecessarily?"

Large angry tears gather in Franz's eyes; his head drops upon his breast; a convulsive sob falls on the Frenchman's ear. The object of the boy's passionate hero-worship, the brother in whose service he would willingly spend his whole life, is far away and in deadly peril—nay, may possibly have already met a premature death. Karl's name arouses a flood of intense emotion.

De Montbrison moves away—pauses—ponders—returns. "Reflect, my friend," he says, "the return of Christmas brings a sad sense of loss to other hearts than yours." Soothingly he lays his hand upon the boy's shoulder.

Then he turns away, towards a lighted Christmas-tree, near which is seated Ida von Monstatt.

"May I recall myself to mademoiselle's remembrance?"

Ida von Monstatt is decidedly pretty, and decidedly cognisant of the fact. An air of conceited affectation detracts from the beauty of her face, from the grace of her manner. Franz Siegel has named her the belle of Wiermar; he refuses to give the *prix* to Anna von Fehrenstein. De Montbrison is of very different opinion.

"Good evening, monsieur. Best wishes of the season. Our mode of celebrating Christmas is new to you, probably."

"Indeed, yes. New Year's Day is, with us, a far greater fête than Christmas, you know."

"You were in France last New Year's Day?"

Ida speaks in an inquisitive manner. She regards the Frenchman as the lion of the evening—a person to be "brought out."

"Ah, yes. I left Marseilles, I remember, early on New Year's Eve. The new year I spent in Paris."

"You were doubtless very gay."

"I amused myself fairly, mademoiselle. In the evening I attended a *soirée* at the house of the Duchesse de Valmont. Mademoiselle has heard of the duchesse?"

Mademoiselle's face seems to defy the Frenchman to mention any celebrated name with which she is not familiar.

"Mon Dieu! how vividly I see again the scene in which I moved that night! A charming room, furnished in the style of Louis Quatorze—windows looking down upon the Boulevard—delectable society—the *crème de la crème* of Paris—men of science, letters, art—above all, of brilliant conversational powers; ladies of unspeakable fascination—a terrestrial Paradise opens to the view. And yet

—and yet”—De Montbrison checks himself in some embarrassment, and bows profoundly—“amid all the blaze of beauty that dazzled the eyes of the duchesse's guests that New Year's evening, one might look in vain for such transcendent loveliness as shines upon us to-night.”

The Frenchman's face wears an inscrutable expression. No irony tinges his voice, or looks from his eyes. His manner is perfectly quiet and polite.

Ida toys languidly with some choice flowers that lie in her lap. She makes no reply to De Montbrison's speech.

“What a monster of a Christmas-tree! Tell me, mademoiselle, are all these articles that deck its branches to be given away to-night?”

“Every one. Each guest will be presented with some token of friendship. Ah! do not fear. Monsieur de Montbrison is not likely to be forgotten.”

A swift coquettish glance Ida directs towards her companion. He does not see it.

His eyes are turned eagerly to the door, which now opens widely, only to admit a servant.

“You are looking for Anna,” Ida exclaims in a half-angry tone. “She has not yet made her appearance.”

“Pardon. For whom should I look in my present neighbourhood?”

Another low bow.

“Confess to me, monsieur—you admire Anna immensely?”

“I admire beauty—I pay homage to beauty—whenever I meet it.”

With a courteous inclination, and a meaning glance, Ida tosses her pretty head, and then looks simperingly down.

“Monsieur speaks German?”

“Barely a word.”

“Is it possible? Monsieur remarks how seldom one meets a German lady who cannot speak at least two languages?”

“The ladies of mademoiselle's country are as accomplished as they are beautiful.”

“Beautiful! Oh, fie, monsieur!” Ida raises her fan chidingly—then threatens to brain the Frenchman with a camellia. “We are better educated than your countrywomen, doubtless.” (This with an air of good-humoured superiority.) “For myself, I read with ease at the age of ten years the works of your poet, Racine. You call him a poet, I presume. Ah! you will never know the meaning of the word till you can study, in the original, the masterpieces of our Schiller and Goethe.”

De Montbrison reddens, but his self-possession is perfect.

“Monsieur is musical?”

Monsieur adores music.

“Monsieur studies, of course, only the productions of the great masters—Beethoven, Handel,

Mozart, Mendelssohn? How strange that monsieur's country should not have produced any musical genius whatever!”

Again monsieur reddens, but again he bows profoundly.

“The souper, gentlemen,” exclaims, in a loud voice, General von Fehrenstein. “Monsieur de Montbrison, will you conduct the Frau my wife?”

Anna has entered now, and joins the procession to the room devoted to the evening repast. One rapid glance the Frenchman directs towards her as she quietly salutes her friends. A strange hectic flush brightens her face; a curious light shines in her blue eyes. De Montbrison sighs deeply as he gazes.

Souper! A substantial meal, to which ample justice is done by the general's guests. Green-corn soup, sausages of wonderful appearance, and more wonderful taste, greasy hams, cheeses of remarkable hue, an abundance of Rhine wine. And all these articles of consumption are duly appreciated.

“You are English, Fräulein,” De Montbrison remarks abruptly to a young lady seated beside him—a lady with a pale, plain face, which he instinctively likes—“English, I see at a glance. Tell me—the extraordinary viands that grace this table are as startling to your mind as to my own?”

“Oh, no,” is the reply, delivered in a frank, pleasant voice; “I am more German than English in my habits and tastes. My father has been English pastor in this town for the last eighteen years, and my remembrance of my own country is a very vague one.”

“And you really like this Germany?”

“I really like this Germany. And you?”

The Frenchman shrugs his shoulders, and shakes his head violently.

“I hate it cordially.”

“And its inhabitants?”

“Its inhabitants above all. Cold-blooded, inflexible prigs, devoid of breeding, of refinement, of feeling. Within the last ten minutes I have been informed by a lady in this company that my country has produced never a poet, never a musical genius—that my countrywomen possess no education—that—alas, for the manners of these educated Germans!”

“A lady in this company. Surely you don't refer to my dear friend, Anna von Fehrenstein! I won't hear one word against Anna, I give you notice, monsieur,” exclaims the English girl bluntly.

“Believe me, I should be the last to speak that word,” returns the Frenchman gravely. “The lady is not German—not German in mind or manner. She stands alone, unapproachable among her compatriots. Listen, Fräulein: Mademoiselle von Fehrenstein realises my ideal of perfection. The reverence with which she inspires me increases

daily—hourly. Not one of the hasty words which I have spoken against the German boors, applies to the Fräulein von Fehrenstein."

"I am glad to hear that you bestow honour where honour is due," answers the English girl very simply. "Anna von Fehrenstein is betrothed, you know," she adds in a serious tone of voice.

The company rises. An adjournment to the room lately quitted takes place. The Frenchman walks quickly off, after a hasty, graceless bow to his late companion.

"Betrothed!" he angrily murmurs through his clenched teeth. "Am I to hear from every tongue of the good fortune of the detestable Karl?"

Anna advances to the lighted Christmas-tree, and breaking from its branches gift after gift, commences to distribute them among the guests. De Montbrison, gazing intently on her, thinks he has never seen her look half so lovely as she looks to-night.

"Franz Siegel."

Anna turns nervously round as she calls the name. The boy comes sulkily forward, and takes from her hand a roll of uncut music. He murmurs some ungracious words of thanks, and, standing close at her side, watches her with angry eyes.

"Monsieur de Montbrison."

Anna's face is suddenly dyed crimson; her voice trembles. A scowl gathers on Franz's face. The Frenchman advances.

"You will not, I hope, monsieur, refuse to accept this trifle, which my mother and I venture to offer, in accordance with our national custom. The workmanship is—is—" (the girl's timid voice sinks almost to a whisper)—"the workmanship is French."

She holds towards De Montbrison a cigar-case, curiously embroidered in rich silk.

"The workmanship is French." Simple words, simply spoken; but they affect the Frenchman visibly. He shades his face with his hand; in absolute silence he takes the offered gift—in absolute silence places it near his heart.

"You are not offended, monsieur?"

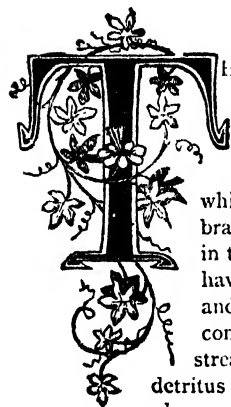
"Offended?" De Montbrison raises his head. There is in his eyes a passionate fire, from which Anna shrinks.

"Your gift shall never leave me, mademoiselle—never."

"Monsieur, monsieur!" cries the sharp voice of Ida von Monstatt, "the general is organising a game at the Schlüssel Spiel. You will need preliminary instruction. Come and receive a lesson."

END OF CHAPTER THE SECOND.

ORANGES-AND THEIR GROWING.



THE islands of the Azores owe their wonderful fertility to the nature of their soil, which gives evident signs of an eruptive origin. That of St. Michael, which is the home of the celebrated oranges, has evidently been in two islands, the interval between having been filled up by cinders and lava. Numbers of volcanic cones are found in this space, and streams of lava have poured the detritus over the rocky ground, which, when modified by the humidity of the sea, constitutes a vegetable earth of incomparable fruitfulness.

This favoured spot is divided and sub-divided into enclosures, surrounded by high walls, and designated in the country by the name of "quintas." Here the orange is cultivated. Hundreds of thousands are yearly gathered, embarked, and transported to the London market. There is probably no district in the world where the culture produces so much in so small a space. The tree does not belong to the primitive flora of St. Michael. The precise time when it was introduced is unknown, but it was certainly soon after the discovery of the islands. Botanists believe it to belong to the

eastern countries of Asia, and admit that it was only brought to Europe in the fifteenth century. A hundred years after that it was largely cultivated at St. Michael's, at which time the flower, neglected in the present day, furnished to the distillers a large quantity of exquisite essence.

The exportation of oranges was not much developed until the middle of the last century, whilst the war, and continental blockade, which ruined other commerce, seemed rather to favour it. The close alliance which was then established between England and Portugal created commercial relations, and a market for an unlimited supply of the products of St. Michael. The culture of oranges has thus very considerably increased during the last thirty years, and the manner of cultivation has much improved.

In former days the plants were left unsheltered. They were planted at great distances from one another, thus forming magnificent trees, covering a large surface of ground, one of which would bear from fifteen to twenty thousand oranges. A heavy stone was laid on the top of the tree, to force the branches out in a lateral direction, and to keep a low level, so that the wind might not destroy them.

This system has, however, been entirely abandoned, as the damage was so great during the fear-

ful storms of winter blowing over the Atlantic. A tempestuous night sufficed to cover the ground with oranges, and thus destroy a fine harvest. On some occasions the trees were themselves uprooted, or torn to pieces; besides which, the delicate buds coming out in spring generally suffered much from the damp saline spray brought from the sea by the wind. The idea was then adopted of enclosing the trees in small plots, surrounded by trees; but it was soon discovered that the shadow prevented the growth and ripening of the fruit; and it was not until 1845 that the present system was finally adopted. The quintas are now squares of from forty to fifty yards across, whilst stone walls, from three to six yards high, surround them. The strongest blasts are broken against these masses of thick basaltic blocks, the unhewn surfaces of which are mortared together. Within this rampart a hedge of the faya-tree is closely planted, and thus forms a green curtain several yards in height.

After many attempts to discover the kind of tree which suited best for a shelter, this native of the island has been unanimously chosen. For many years the cultivators tried the *Pittosporum undulatum*, an elegant evergreen tree imported from Australia. The beauty of its leaves and the rapidity of its growth seduced the eye; but it exhausted the land and interfered with the growth of the trees it was used to protect. The laurel of the Canary Islands, and also that of India, possessed good foliage and quick growth, but their roots extended too far into the ground. The faya, on the contrary, improves the land, as its dead leaves form an excellent manure. Not only does it leave the trees which are planted near it all the nourishing juices, but it is found that many other varieties, such as the oak and elm, thrive better near it than when planted alone. Near the sea, however, the *Pittosporum* is used, as it resists the dust and salt from the sea better than the faya. During the time necessary for these trees to grow, the land is sown with a kind of broom, which is destroyed after three or four years. Some cultivators think that the quality of the orange has suffered from this protection, both air and sun being intercepted; but time is required to solve so difficult a problem, as well as a continuous series of observations.

The ground of the plantations must be ploughed and tilled for four or five years. After that twice a year it undergoes a superficial ploughing. The lupin is often sown and dug into the land with a hoe, to improve it. This plant plays a large part in the agriculture of the Azores. The volcanic soil spontaneously furnishes flint, salts of potash, and phosphates. If it contained azote, any additional manure would be unnecessary. This is exactly what the lupin is so rich in at its maturity; thus it is pulled up and dug in to complete the natural

richness. Then the ground will yield, without rest, two harvests in the year; and melons, cucumbers, and pumpkins, which with us require special beds, prosper in the common soil.

Every year the dead wood is cut out, and the shoots thinned; but, as a rule, the orange-tree is never pruned. In dry seasons it is well watered if the supply be near, and sufficient in quantity. The trees are planted in a quincunx, leaving between them a distance of twelve or fifteen yards; and from the first year the cultivator looks for some fruit as a reward for his labours, though the tree does not enter into full bearing for ten years. Then, if it be healthy, and planted in good earth, it yields from one thousand to fifteen hundred oranges yearly. An old and vigorous tree, whose branches are long and well-thinned, furnishes the immense harvest of seven or eight thousand. In those quintas which are too large, the medium does not exceed six hundred fruits, whilst the smaller ones bear from two to three thousand, showing how much good shelter and care will do towards increasing the crop.

There are six principal varieties of sweet oranges cultivated in the Azores. The common one is of middle size, slightly acid, and very sweet-scented. The skin is thin, and adheres well to the fruit, becoming a little thicker towards the end of the season. The Comprida is more aromatic than the preceding one, and also more acid. This tree is rarely loaded with fruit. Under the name of the Silver Orange is designated a much smaller one, with very firm flesh, extremely fine skin, and a greenish yellow colour. The Selecta, or choice orange, is large, of first-rate flavour, little acidity, and of a deep yellow colour. It has scarcely any pips, and does not ripen until April, which gives it a higher value. The Ombigo is flatter, and sweet, whilst it furnishes the largest crop of all. Finally comes the Mandarin, which differs little from the same variety grown in Malta.

The fruit, as a rule, enters into its maturity in October, but the best varieties are not gathered until January, the season terminating in May. The trees are increased by layers, or slips. The first mode of propagation was derived from the Chinese, and has been much in use of late years. A branch of the diameter of four or five inches is chosen, in which is cut a circular incision. Around this, straw matting is wound in the shape of a funnel, and filled with beaten earth, from the 15th of May to the same day in June. Roots soon begin to push, and by the following winter it is provided with sufficient to support it when detached from the parent stem. The young plant thus obtained often bears fruit at the end of two or three years. Formerly grafting was employed, and is indeed still used; but it is somewhat out of fashion, on account of the relative slowness with which it comes into

bearing. It is, however, asserted that the trees to which it has been here applied give the best fruit, and last longer than the others.

The sweet orange may also be reproduced by seed. This is a fact deserving the attention of botanists, who often consider the sweet fruit as a variety derived from the wild or bitter one. If this were so, when a pip of the former was sown it would, according to the general law of nature, bear a seedling of the primitive type. In the Azores this does not occur. Though the plants have the leaves and appearance of the bitter orange, and do not attain the fine flavour of the parent plant, they are yet devoid of the bitter flavour. Perhaps after many successive sowings it would be possible to obtain a nearer resemblance to the earlier species; but experience at present does not confirm this probability, so that it may be admitted that the sweet variety springs from a separate species, only differing in the quality of its fruit.

The gathering in of the fruit is carried on rapidly, and without difficulty. Notwithstanding the constant emigration going on from the islands to North and South America, labour is very cheap. The oranges are gathered with care, and carried to the packing-shed by large companies of men, women, and children, who bear on their heads or shoulders heavy baskets loaded with the golden fruit, and run bare-footed to the dépôt. There each is separately wrapped in a dry maize-leaf, and put in the box. The shape of these boxes has been entirely changed of late years. Formerly they were very large, and held from seven to nine hundred of the common variety. Thin, flexible planks formed a convex covering, without any solidity, and containing in the lid almost as many oranges as in the box itself. Those who have seen cases unpacked will remember this curious arrangement, which was explained by saying that the air circulated more fully between these planks than in a box properly constructed, and that this was essential to the preservation of the fruit; but really the custom arose from the wish to escape the tax imposed upon all exports, which only prescribed the dimensions of the lower part of the case. The growers were faithful to the letter, if not to the spirit, of the law, by making the right size, and then surmounting it with an enormous cover. Thus formed, they could not be packed on board ship with any exactness, and the oranges were but too often crushed.

There is now a better understanding with the Custom-house authorities, and the large cases have finally disappeared. They are now rectangular boxes, about a yard in length, and hold only half what the former ones did. They are divided into three compartments by solid partitions, and surrounded by bands of chestnut-wood. The expenses of gathering, carrying to the town, storing, packing,

embarking, and paying the dues, including the case and maize-leaves, only amount to the small sum of half-a-crown a case. As for the price of a box of oranges, that varies very considerably during the season, generally advancing much towards April and May, when it is double or triple. There is also a great difference between one year and another, the state of the season, speculation, and a number of other causes influencing the London market. Sometimes oranges, when gathered, are sold in the full season at St. Michael's at twenty shillings the thousand, packing and transport being at the cost of the buyer; other years they have been sold at seven-and-sixpence.

In 1840 the number of cases exported to England was only from sixty to eighty thousand; in 1850 it rose to a hundred and seventy-five thousand of the old cases; lately about six hundred thousand of the newly-sized cases are exported. Formerly sailing vessels alone were employed for the transport, but now about half are steamers. The charge for freight to London is between seven and eight shillings the case, which, it is hoped, will be lowered. Steamboats engaged in this service make eight voyages to England from the 15th of November to the end of April; each carries about five thousand cases. The application of this kind of navigation has been of immense service. The sea is so stormy during the winter on the shores of the Azores, that a sailing vessel only reached London with a large part of its cargo spoiled. During the last ten years at Ponta Delgada they have been working at a mole, within which the ships can shelter in bad weather; but it is only the steam-boats that can get out to sea during a south-west wind, which unfortunately is the prevailing one. Sailing vessels, when laden, have been obliged to wait whole weeks, to the great detriment of their cargo, before a more temperate sky permitted of their departure. Before the mole was constructed, many sad shipwrecks occurred. Whilst the vessel was loading, the captain watched the signs of a change in the weather with the utmost anxiety, often interrupting the work, and giving the signal for flight, for fear of being dashed on the reefs round the coast. Such events are scarcely thought of now; and the contingencies being so few in the trade, the expenses can be much more surely estimated.

Under a warm, damp climate like that of the Azores, it must be expected that various parasitic maladies, of an animal or vegetable kind, will develop themselves on the trees from time to time. The constant communication of St. Michael and Fayal with all parts of the world facilitates their introduction. Thus during the last forty years the trees have been devastated by particular maladies. In 1834 the bark was evidently decaying; the holes, which were chiefly at the lower part of the trunk, permitted the escape of a gummy liquid

that was compared to tears, for which reason the name of "lagrima" was given to the disease. Soon after the bark fell off; the wood, left bare, decayed; the root soon showed bad symptoms, and the tree perished. During this period it was remarked that the crop of oranges was larger than usual, but the quality was poor.

The unfortunate owners tried every means to stop the advance. Large transverse incisions were cut in the trunks, to admit of the escape of the unhealthy sap; the worst were dug up and burnt; others had the roots laid bare, in the hope that contact with the air would renew their vitality. Noble and mutilated trees were thus lying on the ground, where their vigour was still so great as to bear fruit, until the young plants in their vicinity grew up to take their place. In 1840 the disease became at its height in St. Michael's. Whole plantations

were annihilated; others partially destroyed; and it was calculated that a quarter of the orange-trees in the island were cut down. About two years after it decreased; and now, though it has not wholly disappeared, it has ceased to be feared.

When, however, this plague had departed, a new enemy appeared. A kind of beetle, originally from Brazil, was found on the trees of Fayal, and soon multiplied immensely, until it covered the whole of the group of islands. When the gall-nuts of the insect developed, the plants died, the leaves grew yellow, the fruit could not ripen. At a time when the destruction of all the plantation was feared, the anxiety ceased suddenly; for it was found that the beetle, accustomed to the warm regions of Brazil, could not bear the climate of the Azores; and it has entirely disappeared.

IN HONOUR BOUND.

BY CHARLES GIBBON,

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-SIXTH. THE DAME'S WHIM.

THAT time when she became so quiet, Teenie had devised a scheme by which she might yet help Dalmahoy and Walter. The hope was very faint—the execution of the scheme demanded the sacrifice of every remnant of pride which still lingered in her breast. But her nervous excitement had attained such a pitch, that she seemed to have strength for the most desperate adventure.

Drysdale, who had much liking for her, readily agreed to stay behind the Laird, and to drive her to Craighburn. Arrived at the door, she found it open. Pate was lying on the mat, and saluted her with a kindly wag of his tail. There was no one about, but there were sounds of laughing voices in the kitchen regions. Teenie marched straight in and up the stairs to the door of Dame Wishart's room. She paused an instant. What was she going to say or do? Impulse had carried her thus far; on the road, eagerness to be at the place, and fear of her own resolution failing, rendered her incapable of forming any plan of action. The dame had inspired her with a certain awe, and, if she allowed herself to think about it, she dreaded the possibility of being frightened away without accomplishing her purpose.

With feverish haste she turned the handle of the door, and so committed herself beyond the possibility of retiring.

On the instant she seemed to become unnaturally cold and calm; now that there was no retreat, fear was banished. Her eyes and brain became clear;

she saw everything, understood everything, and yet she felt as if her soul were standing aside, watching her body going through the scene which followed.

Grace was sitting near the window, sewing; Dame Wishart sat in her big chair, leaning back on the soft cushions, apparently sleeping. Grace turned at the opening of the door, gave a little start of surprise at seeing Teenie, and, finger on lips as if to beg silence, advanced quickly. She embraced her affectionately.

"Come down-stairs," she whispered, "where we can speak without disturbing my mother."

"I came to beg of you," said Teenie in a low voice.

"What?"

"To let me speak to your mother, alone. It is for Walter's sake, and the Laird's."

Grace looked at her, and divined her intention; but she did not like the excited brightness of her eyes.

"Go in," she said; "I'll help you if I can."

She passed out, closing the door gently after her.

Teenie stepped forward, and stood beside the big chair. The dame's head was thrown back—the eyes still remained closed. The large features, wrinkled and sallow, were like those of a strong man whom the hand of Death has touched. A hard unyielding face, and yet now in its repose there were lines of suffering scored upon it which commanded sympathy, if not affection.

Strange caprice—the face reminded her of her father's; all that the dame had done on account

of Grace, he would have done on her account. Impulsively she stooped and kissed the withered lips.

"Aye, aye, Grace—you thought I was sleeping, my doo, but you're mistaken; I've been watching you," muttered the dame.

She slowly opened her eyes upon the stranger; she glanced at the seat her daughter had just vacated, then at Teenie.

"Who are you?"

the visitor with a frowning brow, and the thin lips tightly drawn. There was a kind of sarcastic indifference in her tone.

"Aye, lass, you've a glib tongue in your head—who put you up to it?"

"To what?"

"To come here—who sent you?"

"No one."

"My certes, then you're not blate to come to me without leave asked. You are no friend of mine."



"TEENIE OBFYED"

Teenie was calm and resolute as the dame herself now.

"I used to be called Teenie Thorston; Burnett is my name now."

Dame Wishart stared at her for a minute in silence; then, impatiently—

"What do you want?"

"Your help—money."

"What for?"

"Dalmahoy."

Surprised as she was by this singular attack, and puzzled as she was by the unaccountable absence of Grace, the dame, having somewhat of the Laird's sense of humour, was amused by the sharpness and directness of the replies. But she still regarded

"I know that," she said simply, and her heart seemed to swell with a sob which she had difficulty in suppressing; the effort threatened to upset all her resolution.

Harsh and stern to her as Dame Wishart was, Teenie's heart was yearning so for a kind word, a kind look, that she could have loved the old lady tenderly if she would have given her leave.

"Then what right have you to come to me with such demands?"

The dame reached out her hand to touch the bell which stood on a little table by her side.

"I have no right," she said, and her voice was very pathetic in its submission; "only I wanted to speak to you, because there is nobody to save us

but you. You have satisfied the Laird and Walter that there is no help to be got from you—they would be angry if they knew what I was doing, but I do it because you have not satisfied me."

"Why not, since the others know me well enough to take my word?"

"Because I won't believe that your heart is dead."

The dame started, withdrew her hand from the bell, and allowed the arm to rest on the table.

"The heart may be quick enough, and yet seem cold when it is doing justice. What else?"

"Because you have a daughter who is good, brave, and noble—who has sacrificed her life to you—I cannot believe that you are ready to make her ashamed of your memory."

The dame looked at her sharply, lips trembling a little. Then—

"You are a bold hussy—what do you mean?"

"I mean that in refusing to save your brother from ruin you bring misery on us all, and Grace will share it—she will feel it worse than any of us, for she will feel that you, her mother, have doomed her to a life of shame and regret."

"What shame or regret can there be to her?"

"The shame of thinking that you, because you could not force a man to marry her, revenged yourself upon those who were blameless in order to reach him."

"The cold stern eyes were fixed on her face; hard and pitiless sounded the voice.

"Did you come here to preach—to me?"

"No; to beg."

But with these words all Teenie's courage evaporated; the woman seemed so immovable, cold and hard as a rock; she seemed to have vexed her rather than persuaded her—seemed to have rendered her more resolute than ever not to give the needed assistance. Teenie made another effort to control herself, to remain calm and firm; but her body swayed to and fro, she seemed to stagger and then she dropped down at the dame's feet.

"Ah, madam, I cannot speak right—I am like a child. I spoke just now thinking to frighten you, and trying to hide from you the pain that I am suffering. But what I said is true, although I cannot hide my pain. I wanted to persuade you to act for their sakes as if I had no share in their joy or sorrow; and now I can only cry to you—think of them, and forget me."

Teenie's piteous appeal did not appear to have more effect than her bold argument. The dame remained silent, looking at her, and yet the eyes seemed to be seeking something beyond the kneeling figure. There had been things said which had already suggested themselves to her mind, and stirred disagreeable sensations. She could be unforgiving to everybody except Grace. On her account she was ready to do much that was opposed to her own humour.

Imprisoned for many years in this room by physical ailment—although comforted by the happy hallucination that the disablement was only temporary, and that she would soon be up and doing with all the brisk activity of early days, and resolutely shutting her eyes to the lapse of time until she became really insensible to it—the dame's sympathies had become narrow as her life. She saw nothing to care for, felt there was nothing worth caring for, beyond Grace, her constant companion and nurse.

Yet she had quick eyes and keen appreciation for all that affected her daughter. She knew of her love for Walter, and the whole of the solitary life became concentrated upon that one scheme of the marriage, and the union of Craighburn and Dalmahoy. Never a shade of doubt as to the realisation of the plan occurred to her, until the revelation came that it was not to be. Then the revulsion to disappointment made her hard and relentless. Having had only one thought directing and sustaining her narrow life, she was too old to learn submission, to condone faults and to forgive, when the fact became known to her.

But she was shrewd and practical in most things; her agent and grieve found that, when they came to discuss business with her. There was not a grain of romance in her nature; therefore Walter's marriage to Teenie would have appeared to her a piece of unpardonable folly, even had there been no question about Grace; but when Grace was involved, his conduct became in her eyes criminal, and meriting the severest punishment. She knew nothing of sentiment, but she was full of devotion to her daughter. For her sake she would do what neither pity nor a desire for her own comfort could tempt her to do.

So, the natural shrewdness and the love for Grace moved her now. She spoke abruptly—

"Get up, and take a chair, wise-like."

Teenie obeyed silently, her heart quite still, under the impression that she had failed as utterly in this mission as she had done in her attempt to run away.

"That's better," continued the dame, adding sharply, and as if it were a subject of personal offence, "but you're not looking well—what's wrong? For heaven's sake, don't faint—I hate people who faint. There's no use in it, except with a man, maybe. There's a smelling-bottle yonder on the table: take it; smell it—get better, and listen to me."

Teenie was obedient, but she did not get better, and she was very weary. Dame Wishart was pleased by this ready compliance with her directions.

"That's better; you're not such a gowk as I thought you were. Now let us see if we can have a sensible chat. At first I was going to ring the

bell and get you taken away ; but you don't seem to have much nonsense about you, and so I'll speak to you."

"Thank you," said Teenie quite indifferently, for she was now hopeless.

If she had been scheming to propitiate the eccentric old lady, she could not have done better. The dame was always suspicious of any one who made a fraise with her.

"Good ; now hearken to me. I don't like you—do you know what for?"

"Yes—Walter Burnett married me."

"Just that. Well, my brother Dalmahoy and Walter came to me, both begging for help, and I refused them. Then you come, as if there were any chance of your succeeding when they failed. What made you think of it?"

"God knows ; I came without thinking, or I would have known that the journey was useless. You never can guess the despair I felt before I could come to you. The thought stirred me that you might not be so very hard, and I came. I'm sorry. I'll go now."

She got up to leave.

"Sit down," commanded the dame, and she obeyed mechanically. "I said we were to have a chat, and mean it."

The dame was sitting up, erect in her chair, her features fixed in an emotionless gaze which seemed to exert the power of mesmerism over Teenie. The latter made an effort, and spoke—

"What have you to say ?—you refuse my prayer. Very well ; we are done, and I can go."

"No, I have not refused, and I want you to tell me what I am to do."

"Me !"

"Yes, you."

"In what way?" she cried with new hope ; and then doubtingly : "Ah, madam ! don't make me suffer more than you can help ; it cannot do you any good, and it may be death to me."

"I am meaning you no harm ; but you shall decide between us. I'll tell you everything. Suppose your father had lived for—there's no saying how many years—in the notion that Wattie was to marry you. Suppose he toils, and plans, and thinks, and arranges, all his life, so that it may serve you and Wattie when you are married. Suppose there has been nothing in the world for him but this marriage—that his very life hangs on it, and that some fine day Wattie comes to him and says, 'I've married somebody else, but I want you to help me'—what would the skipper say? Would he say, 'I'm sorry for you ; there would have been no need to ask me for help if you had kept your bargain with me ; but I'll help you all the same as if you had not upset the whole plan of my life?'—would he say that?"

Teenie felt her heart beat quickly, then stop, and

begin again more violently than ever. There was a brief struggle with herself, for she saw clearly what the dame meant, and she would have liked to answer falsely ; but she could not.

"No, he would have been angry—he would have refused his help," she cried, with a sensation as if her heart and brain were bursting with the wild throbs which agitated them. But she had spoken truth, and although it involved her own despair, she experienced a faint sense of relief.

"Very well," said the dame coldly, "you have told me what I ought to do."

There was a curious silence in the room—silence, and yet the breathing of the two women was distinctly audible.

Teenie bowed her head as if in resignation, and rose to leave the room.

"You see it's not my fault—you cannot blame me," cried the dame.

"No, it is not your fault—there is nobody to blame, but me."

With what a weary hopeless voice she said that, and how heavy seemed to be the weight of that blame which she took so bravely on her own shoulders !

She was at the door—paused, turned back to Dame Wishart, who sat watching her curiously. The girl was better than she thought ! But when Teenie returned, she hastily seized the smelling-salts as if to be prepared for a scene : hysterics—or a faint, which was equally abhorrent to her.

But Teenie was very quiet.

"I want to shake hands with you, Mistress Wishart, and to say good-bye. We are not likely to meet in this world again, and I wish to part friends. Try not to think very hard about me : I had doubts, but I could not know that I was to be the cause of all this trouble."

"And what will you think about me ?—that I'm a cruel old witch that has neither heart nor gumption, and that ought to be burnt ? Is not that it?"

"No, I will try only to remember that you are the mother of Grace."

The dame searched her face suspiciously, as if to detect any trace of deception or cajolery. But she discovered none, and so, briskly she said—

"You have told me what I ought to do : now I'll tell you what I'm going to do—I'll find the siller for Dalmahoy, so you need not be downcast on that score."

"What !"

"I'll find the siller for Dalmahoy. Grace wants it, and so I agree, now that I've had a chat with you. You're not half so bad as I thought you. Don't say a word, but go and tell them, and if one of them comes to thank me I'll refuse to do it. It's Grace who wants it done—it's Grace's doing. I would have seen you all far enough before I would have done it. But she's a fool, and I'm half-minded to

set you down as another. Come and see me again this day six months. Go."

Teenie stood dazed and dumb; she was like the condemned one who obtains pardon at the foot of the scaffold: she could neither understand nor realise the position at first; and during the whole of the dame's eccentric address—delivered with great volubility—she scarcely moved.

The revulsion of feeling from despair to joy was too sudden, and the first thing she did was to give a big hysterical sob, to seize Dame Wishart's hand and cover it with warm kisses of gratitude.

This the dame resented fiercely.

"I hate hysterics, and the whole clection of women's ways," she cried, and rang her bell violently.

Grace appeared.

"Take this gowk away, or she'll smother me," was the dame's command.

"God bless you!" gasped Teenie.

"You have consented at last!" exclaimed Grace, her pale beautiful face illumined as if by sun-light. She had never doubted that her mother would consent.

"Away with her, or I'll take back my word."

"Come, Teenie," whispered Grace, and led her out of the room.

"Ods my life!" muttered Dame Wishart, settling herself on the cushions; "they make an awful steer about it; but I feel the better o't. Maybe I'll get a nap now."

Teenie made a great effort to control her emotion, and only touching the hand of her benefactress with her lips, went out of the room quietly with Grace. But as soon as they were in the parlour—only Pate looking on, wagging his tail and grinning with

his ugly mouth as if in entire sympathy with the whole proceedings—she clasped Grace in her arms.

"It is all your doing—you have saved us—God bless you—you were made to be the comforter of those who suffer. You bade me hope—it would have saved me many a pang if I could only have believed in you. I never can thank you enough, Grace, for this, but I shall try to love you more and more."

This gratitude was painful to Grace. She had pleaded with her mother, and implored her to do what she had now done: but she had never been able to obtain the concession, although she was sure that it would be given in time to serve her uncle.

"I am very, very happy, Teenie, that you are relieved," she said tenderly, "but you must not give me more credit than is my due. I did try to get my mother to yield, and she refused; then you came—she saw how you were suffering—she felt how brave you were, and saw how bonnie you are, and she yielded to you, not to me. She is not hard, Teenie, although she is very stubborn sometimes."

"I shall never doubt that, Grace. Now I must run and tell Wattie—it will make him blithe. You have saved us again, Grace—your life must be a glad one."

"It will be so if I see you happy."

They parted: there was no shade of doubt between them now; sorrow had knit them so closely together. Teenie would have been ready to lay down her life for Grace—admiration and gratitude so filled up the measure of devotion.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTY-SIXTH.

A ROYAL EISTEDDFOD.



COMING into Bangor on the 19th of August in this year, we find the little town astir with excitement.

The "National Eisteddfod," or meeting, is going on, and the entire principality takes part in the festivity; for days nothing has been heard of but the preparations for the grand event, and this universal hilarity transforms this naturally sleepy watering-place, and gives to it all the brightness of a French town *en fête*.

A Welshman is not an excitable being—quite the reverse—but on the subject of his National Meeting Taffy can exhibit as much eagerness, and be moved to as great a display of childish enthusiasm, as any Frenchman would show for his rows of lighted

lamps and Chinese lanterns on the 15th of August; but we must remember that there is something beyond mere amusement in this National Festival, and here our Welsh friends have much the advantage of their French prototypes. This same Eisteddfod involves grave interests—there is the prospect of honours to be gained, decorations to be won, money to be earned; for the committee of the Eisteddfod, to their honour be it spoken, distribute their five, ten, and twenty guinea prizes with a liberality much to be admired, and, if possible, imitated. The heart, therefore, of every Welsh man and woman is beating high with expectation, if not for self, for some Hannah Jane or John Thomas, brother, sister, or cousin, who may perchance be called to the honour of a silver medal or a cheque.

It is always well to throw oneself into the stream

of excitement going on around. Accordingly I make myself, through my landlady, fully acquainted with the subject, she being more than usually well up in what is going forward. Her house has the honour of entertaining Owen Gwynedd and Eos Bradwen, both bards; and Hannah Jane, as neat-handed a Phyllis as ever waited on a single gentleman, is to compete for one of the prizes. We find ourselves, therefore, *au courant* of all the local gossip, which of course partakes slightly of the "Little Pedlington" character. The great point is whether the Quarry Lord, who at this moment unfortunately is at loggerheads with his men, will preside at one of the meetings or not. Mysterious hints are circulating as to the influence of certain parties whose interest it is to keep him away. Opinions also run high as to whether the committee are equal to the work before them. Late at night a report is suddenly given out that "the Duke of Westminster" himself is coming from Chester, but this fades away with the morning's light, as also does our last chance of being favoured with the great Quarry Lord's presence. My landlady assures me, however, that Pencerdd America is positively in the town—which, as I know nothing of the gentleman, is highly satisfactory.

The proceedings are to commence with a "Gorsedd," which the "proclamation of proclamations" sets forth "will be held in a field opposite to the British Hotel, and will be opened according to the rites of Ancient Welsh Druids and Bards of the Isle of Britain; in full view and hearing of the country people and aristocracy, in the face of the sun, and in the eye of light, where no weapon shall be bared against them. It must be proclaimed under the expansive freedom of the sky, and under the protection of God and His peace."

There is something in this announcement which takes my fancy mightily. The setting of the faces to the sun has a touch of Eastern sun-worship; and in the present prosaic nineteenth century there is a delightful simplicity in an advertisement which speaks of druids, ovates, and bards as common every-day people, to be met with on the high roads. My only acquaintance is with the stage druid, in days long ago, when Grisi and Lablache made Norma and Orestes household names. But in Wales it seems every one is either an ovate, a bard, or a druid. These are the three grades, a druid being at the top of the tree, and the ceremony of investiture is called taking "your degree." Women are ovates, bardesses, and druidesses; but I did not hear that they take any vows, as in the days of Norma. The bardic appellations are mostly given for some excellence in a particular branch. Thus the great harpist known to us all as Mr. John Thomas is here called Pencerdd Gwalia, *Pencerdd* meaning musical. Mr. Parry is entitled Pencerdd America, as having attained musical celebrity in

that country. Miss Edith Wynne is Eos Cymru Pencerddes, which stands for The Welsh Nightingale. Some, whose reputation is not so world-wide as these last, are so well known by their bardic appellations that no one thinks of calling them by any other name. So it is with Eos Morlais, who possesses a most beautiful tenor voice, and might well add Pencerdd, as being musical; and the universal favourite, Mynyddog, translated as Mountaineer; the real names of both these gentlemen seeming to be entirely lost in their bardic appellations.

It is a fine bright morning, and the town is full of people, all hurrying towards the druidical field. Here round a large-sized stone, covered over with the mystical piece of moss, is a circle made of smaller stones. Inside this ring none can penetrate but the bards and druids already "ordained." We get as close as we can, and again Norma is visibly before me. I half expect to see the chorus appear, and Norma and Adelysa to strike up "*Deh conté*," but instead of that a gentleman in a blue silk robe, made much like a dressing-gown, or rather more like a college-gown, of which I see a good number in the field, ascends the stone. He is bareheaded, and certainly sets his face towards the sun, and how he stands it I can't imagine. I feel sunstroke is in store for him, and I am sorry, for he has a clever, pleasant face. A kind neighbour tells me that this is Yr Estyn, and that being a clergyman, he is giving the Gorsedd prayers. Thank goodness, he has done, and covered his head. Up jumps another. This is the Crown Bard, Llew Llwyfo,

He gives us a speech in Welsh, which is highly applauded, and then another takes his place, then another, and for a little time they are like Jack-in-the-box, jumping up and down on the druidical stone.

At last there comes a pause, and a young man, pale with fright, and looking as if he were going to be married, appears, supported between two bards, who handle him very much after the manner of police constables. He is led to the stone, where Yr Estyn receives him, and holding his hand, puts him through a short catechism. It is to be conjectured the novice answers satisfactorily, for Yr Estyn, again leaping on the stone, uncovers, turns to the sun, and shouts out three times—

"Jarrett Roberts—Pencerdd Eifion!"

This christening was followed by many others, one lady only being made an ovate.

In the meantime the train has come in, and is sending forth the contents of its over-crammed carriages in streams of people from all parts of the principality, the "Men of Mold" alone numbering three or four hundred strong, under the superintendence of "Andreas o Fôn." The president, too,

a noble sailor from Anglesea, has arrived, and the procession forms. The gentlemen in the dressing-gowns are hurrying about, getting every one into their places. First comes the Penrhyn brass band; then firemen, in their brass helmets; the Order of Foresters, in their green hunting-coats; the Order of Odd Fellows, marching two and two.

Here come next the "Men of Mold," with their blue and white banner—fine-looking men, with a melodious band, which plays the "Men of Harlech" in such a soul-stirring manner, that for the moment I feel quite sorry I am not a Welshman. Then follow pell-mell, druids, bards, ovates, public, and strangers. As the procession defiles through the narrow streets, across which hang flags and festoons of gay colours, I am again forcibly reminded of a French town; and the strange language spoken about me, and the perfect good-humour of the immense crowd, serve to keep up the delusion.

Here we are at the "Pavilion" at last, where the Eisteddfod is to be held. This Pavilion has been built expressly for the purpose, and although at first sight you think you are entering a booth at a fair, yet by-and-by you come to acknowledge it is a wonderfully constructed tent, there being surprising accommodation in it, over two thousand persons sitting down without crush, the ventilation most excellent, and the acoustic properties perfect. It is built on the side of a hill, so that the seats in the back are raised, and the voices come out as if through a conducting tube. The sound travels so far that I was assured that in Upper Bangor, more than half a mile from the Pavilion, the words of Miss Edith Wynne's song were perfectly heard. *A propos* of this gifted lady: here in her own land she is worshipped as the Queen of Song, and no reigning sovereign has more devoted subjects. She seems to be enthroned in their very hearts; and she rewarded their homage by singing her very best, and presenting them with a marble bust of herself, but this came on later.

The proceedings commenced, of course, with addresses to the president. The platform was crowded, the chorus forming the background. I recognised some faces familiar to everybody in London.

The long robes were very conspicuous, our friend Yr Estyn being conductor. There is this peculiarity in an Eisteddfod meeting, that the president, or chairman, does little or nothing beyond giving the light of his countenance to the assembly. The heavy work falls on the "conductor," who, in addition to pronouncing every part of the programme at the top of his voice, has to do an immense amount of talking, and is also expected to furnish an unlimited supply of jokes. These conditions Yr Estyn fulfilled perfectly. Of course, so far as his jokes went, they were to us a dead

letter, being delivered in Welsh; but we could answer for their quantity, and indeed their quality, by the amount of laughter they excited. It is of necessity that these conductors should be bards. They are changed daily, as are also the presidents; and much of the success of the meeting depends upon these leaders. Of the four conductors at this "Royal Eisteddfod"—Yr Estyn, Clwydfardd, Tanymarian, and Mynyddog—in our opinion, Yr Estyn and Mynyddog bore away the palm. Mynyddog in particular being an especial favourite. The amount of speech-making that goes on is something quite astounding; in fact, all Welshmen seem to have a peculiar gift for addressing crowds.

Their language, too, is a sonorous one, each sentence falling with a musical rhythm. Every one spoke—the president, the bards, the conductors, the adjudicators, the investors, the investees. Each one had something to say, and said it well, and with the most perfect *aplomb*. Both the male and female in Wales are singularly free from that disease so common among Englishmen, self-consciousness or shyness. They are all quite at home on a platform: go up, and come down; receive medals, and invest others with medals; talk and make jokes, quite as if it were an every-day occurrence to have a couple of thousand pairs of eyes critically examining each action.

We had competitions of all kinds, from a patchwork quilt up to an essay on fortification; competitions of soprano voices and tenor voices, competitions of choirs—no less than eight choirs competing on one day. Very interesting was it to see the choir from Bethesda Quarries, composed of hard-working quarry-men, who sang the very trying chorus from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, "Thanks be to God," without any music, and in perfect tune—all this, too, by ear. The eager faces of the rough quarry-men, as they went through a difficult passage, formed of themselves a study. Their conductor, too, delighted us. How he throws his soul, and indeed his body, into his work: now swaying forward, as he lifts them with both hands over a tough corner, now raising himself on his toes, and with agony in his eye, and his rough hair all bristling, daring them to take the wrong modulation. As they come at last triumphantly into the right key, the agony subsides, and he throws himself back with a sigh of relief, as who should say, the victory is won.

Poor fellow! we wished him all success; but the prize, twenty-one guineas, was carried off by a well-trained and most deliciously tuneful choir from Carnarvon.

Many are the pleasant incidents of these four days—the pretty peasant woman, who won all our hearts by her simplicity, coming forward in her charming national costume, knitting in hand, to

play the "triple harp." We were slightly taken back when we found out that the simplicity was probably assumed with the costume, as the wearer was a young lady from Holyhead, well known as a musician. I was glad to see our own handmaiden, Hannah Jane, trip up the platform to receive her little award for a nicely executed piece of feminine work; and many a high-bred lady might have envied the grace of this country girl, whose simplicity is "unquestioned." After this we had the "Pennillion singing," a curious remnant of the bardic ages, and of which the tradition is alone preserved in Wales. In those days the harper went from castle to castle, accompanied by two bards, to sing the tales of "love and war" to the "châtelaines." These men are somewhat in the style of the Italian improvisatore. They go on in an eternal sing-song, with much gesture, interrupting one another constantly, and stopping abruptly. Pennillion singing may have its admirers, as no doubt it has, some one having provided the five-guinea prize, but in my opinion the sooner it becomes nothing more than a mere tradition the better.

But now we come to the grand event of the whole Eisteddfod, the cream as it were of the entertainment—the giving of the Chair Prize—"£21 and a miniature Gold Chair, for the best piece of Poetry on the Bible. The successful competitor will be installed as the Chair Bard of Gwynedd Môn a Manaw, according to the ancient rites of the Bards of the Isle of Britain."

Here we have again one of those delightful advertisements which give such a picturesque effect to an Eisteddfod, making it differ from a common meeting of prosaic Englishmen. There is a stir and a hush in the vast assemblage as Elis Wyn o Wyrfaï, the adjudicator, advances and informs us, after of course an immense preamble, and close analysis of all the compositions sent in, that the successful bard is Pascal—i.e., Gurniss Jones, Independent minister from Gwynedd. There is a pause. The president vacates his chair, round which the ovates, bards, and druids group themselves, forming the magic circle. Yr Estyn is very prominent, as is also Clwydfardd, who holds in both hands an enormous sword in a black scabbard, for all the world the very same as the one with which Bluebeard cut off his spouses' heads. At this moment the building is literally crammed; a perfect sea of heads turn with eager faces to the door. "Here he is! He is coming! No! Yes! That's him!" Through one of the side entrances a solitary figure is seen coming up the green hill-side.

As he enters the band strikes up "See, the conquering Hero comes," and the air is rent with acclamations from thousands of voices. We catch the enthusiasm one from another, and again and again cheers burst forth. It must be a grand moment

in the life of this simple-looking man, half-monk, half-pastor, to find himself the cynosure of all eyes. Probably in his quiet mountain home he never thought that such a fuss could be made about him. Two bards fly to meet him, and as with the "Gorsedd Neophyte" seize both his arms. This method of "supporting" seems to be a part of bardic ceremonials, and must be unpleasant, for I notice Pascal totters rather than walks to his chair of state. The people about me say he is overcome, and certainly the demonstration is overpowering. It reaches its climax as Clwydfardd and Meilir hold the Bluebeard sword drawn from its scabbard over his head, while Yr Estyn puts him through his catechism. When this is ended, the bards, ovates, and druids shout three times, "Peace," and Yr Estyn declaims the prayer.

A dignified old lady from the neighbouring island of Anglesea is now seen ascending the crowded platform, and invests the bard with his ribbon and little chair, which, to my disappointment, takes the shape of a very small gold medal, with a raised chair on it. Every one shakes hands with Pascal; and to finish all, when the president makes him a complimentary speech (which, after the manner of the country, is a very long one), he grasps the poor Chair Bard's hand so tightly in both of his, that I see his face working with actual pain.

Altogether, the whole of this ceremony partakes not a little of a Masonic investiture. When the enthusiasm has died out, and we begin to think it over quietly, we are inclined to say that after all a few well-written verses hardly deserve such an ovation; but we must not look upon the demonstration in this light. It was more the expression of a people's love for their time-honoured custom—a tradition which they have handed down from generation to generation, and to which they cling with tenacity.

After this the proceedings grew tame enough. There was more giving of prizes, and we had good speeches and dry sayings, both from our friend Mynyddog—whose pleasant face had so much fun in it that we laughed when he laughed, without knowing at what—and from Estyn, and from Mr. Morgan Lloyd, member for Anglesea, whose address, from the constant "Clywch, clywch" (Hear, hear), seemed to be making an excellent impression. Later on came the concerts, regular feasts of music, in which Edith Wynne, John Thomas, and hosts of others took part. Well were they appreciated. The Welsh are, "to a man," a musical people, as their beautiful choral singing shows. Till late in the night the town was full of wandering minstrels, who serenaded their idol, and sang glees and catches, which filled the air with harmony.

So passes away this little festival, which leaves nothing but pleasant memories behind. B. M.

FISH AND FISHERS.—II.

BY GREVILLE FENNELL.



WRITER on China tells us that "one of the strangest sights at Foochow are the cormorant fishermen, standing erect, each on a little raft of bamboo not over two feet wide, directing their birds and propelling their craft with a long bamboo. in a fierce tideway, with eddies surrounding them, that threaten almost certain death in case of accident. They appear to be wholly intent on the work of their sagacious birds, who dive about in all directions after their prey. But the best place to see the fishing cormorant is in the clear streams in Che-Kiang. It is very pretty to witness the birds chasing the fish under water; the pace they go at is wonderful; and when they are swimming along near a rough stony bottom, it is quite marvellous to see the rapidity with which they crane their necks from side to side in the crevices of the rocks as they rush through the water. They seem quite proud when they get hold of a good fish, and bear it triumphantly to their master, who generally has a pet bird, and places relative value on each of his flock; for some less than a dollar is asked."

This compliment to the gratitude of the bird against the accepted notion that the bird would prefer to fish for itself, is somewhat novel, and in furtherance of proof that the creature is thus unselfishly inclined, the author adds, in direct opposition to the accepted notion that the ring round the cormorant's neck is placed there as a check upon its stomach:—

"I think the ring placed round the neck of the cormorant by the fishermen is not to prevent their swallowing the fish, but to distinguish the birds belonging to each fisherman; for when several boats have been together, I have noticed that each lot had different marks, and sometimes a boat's load had no rings. They know their masters readily, and rarely make a mistake in taking the fish to a wrong boat. I once got four or five lots sent into the water at once, altogether, and the men being told to call back their birds, they returned without a mistake. When in the boat, they are disagreeable, stupid-looking birds, and, being fed upon fishes' entrails, have a disgusting smell. When they reach the side of the boat, the men shove a bamboo under them, on which they perch, and are lifted into the boat."

Borrow tells us that the salmon fishery in Lax Elbe, Iceland, affords an extraordinarily gay scene on the appointed day for catching salmon, which is a regular festival—when all Reikiavik, and the country round far and near, assemble at a particular

spot, to which the fish have previously been driven, and in such multitudes as would exceed belief. Nothing was to be seen but happy faces among all ranks; men, women, and children of all ages and conditions. With regard to the fish, the men and women had only to wade into the pool, seize them in their arms, and heave them out upon the land, where others collected them in wooden panniers, to be conveyed to Reikiavik, and there prepared for drying and salting. It was not unusual to catch from two to three thousand in one day. After this the fish were caught in a more rational way, once or twice a week, according to the demand. The quantity of fish did not appear to diminish in this river. It was still a curious sight to see multitudes of large fish at the foot of the falls in the river. A little way below the falls, a kind of weir was formed of large stones and two or three wooden boxes, with openings sufficient to let the fish pass through in going up, and being narrowed at the other end, and spiked in the form of a mouse-trap, the fish could not possibly return. Four or five hundred are caught weekly. As if, however, to cool the ardour of the British angler, who would go to the end of the world for sport, Mr. Borrow adds: "Two anglers applied their lines, with every variety of beautiful flies, but without the least success. The trout, however, were not so dainty, and several were hooked and landed."

A patent was granted to the Marquis of Chabannes, for a new apparatus for attracting and catching fish. A lighted lamp is sunk to the necessary depth in the water, and the case of this lamp has pipes attached to it that lead above the water's surface, for the purpose of admitting air to the lamp, and drawing off the smoke. The object of placing the light in the water, is to attract the fish, for which purpose a box containing mirrors is connected with the lamp, and behind it a trap of nets, into which the fish are allured by the mirrors. There is a contracted passage of netting, which gives way to the fish entering, but closes against their return. In this pouch the fishes collect, and are taken out by the fishermen when the box is drawn up.

Among the fishing-tackle peculiar to the Greenlanders, their lines of whalebone are especially remarkable. They consist of whalebone split very fine and tied together, and often two hundred fathoms in length, and even longer. These lines are used in fishing on the ice, to catch a kind of halibut, which is found only in the Greenland seas. The Greenlanders spear salmon and salmon-trout with a staff, to which two bone or iron shafts are fastened.

THE OLD FOOTBRIDGE.



"THEY MET WITHOUT WARNING."



N the old rustic footbridge met Alice and he—
On the frail wooden footbridge away from
the town—

As a bird sang its vespers above in a tree,
And the sun in its splendour was journeying down.

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They had parted years past in the strength of
disdain,
And they met face to face in love's weakness
again,
With a start, and a throb, not of pleasure, but pain.

Was the flush on her cheek from the crimsoning
west?

Was it twilight that deepened the shade on his
brow?

Was that cry from the bird just alit on its nest,
Or the gasp of a heart which repented a vow?

Nay, with song-notes alone the broad chestnut-
leaves stirred,

And too human the anguish that broke, without
word,

In the cry which was smothered ere palpably heard.

What had drawn the twain thither, that crimsoning
eve,

To a spot so replete with the keenest of woe?

Were there tears to be shed, the full heart to
relieve,

Where pride had dealt each so relentless a blow?
Or came Alice to muse on the past as the past,
Or came Hubert to rave o'er the die he had cast,
That they met without warning, and *there* too, at
last?

That footbridge, where first, in the newness of
bliss,

She had looked in the stream as he looked in
her eyes;

Where her lips learned to answer his passionate
kiss,

And his arm clasped her fast as an exquisite
prize.

Could that rotten old plank have outlasted their
truth?

Could the rail they had leaned on in confident
youth,

Still exist when affection's bonds snapped without
ruth?

"Ay, birds sing and trees bloom though hearts
wither and fade,

And the sun warms the earth though man's
bosom be chill;

So, the crazy old footbridge has not been remade,
And, more lasting than love, the handrail is there
still,

More enduring than ours."—"Ah!"—Eyes meet,
lips turn pale,

Alice grasps for support at the outstretching rail—
Even that, as she trusts it, proves faithless and
frail!

Hark! another cry startles the birds from their
nest,

As the waters close over the pang of surprise;
'Tis the anguish of manhood rent out of a breast

Barred and steeled against love by the foulest of
lies!

Then, a crash, and a plunge in the eddying stream,
The past all forgotten, the present a dream:

Love had leaped back to life at her half-suppressed

There's a race with the river so cruel and swift,

A fierce fight with the strength of remorseful
despair;

It is more than a life that is floating adrift;

He must save her or perish! He clutches her
hair,

The bright curls so caressingly fondled of yore:

Joy! He holds her—his Alice—he draws her
ashore—

"Oh! has fate but united to sunder once more?"

Nay—the love that has fought for her life with the
wave,

Will fight for her, ay, with the Angel of Death;

And those passionate prayers must be potent to
save,

For the livid lips warm with perceptible breath.

Resentment, estrangement, like nightmares, are
gone!

Only love could so cling to the breast she leans on—
They are linked for the future—two beings in
one.

MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

A STROKE OF FATE.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

DE Montbrison walks gaily towards her. His task is quickly learned. In a few minutes he enters into the spirit of the game—is the life and soul of the company. His cheerful laugh is heard above the English girl's bursts of uproarious merriment—the English girl is famed for the heartiness and unrestrained loudness of her mirth.

"A charming game, your Schlüssel Spiel," De Montbrison observes to Franz Siegel, who receives the remark in grim silence.

"It is charming up to a certain point," exclaims a frank English voice, "but surely that point is reached. A dance! a dance! We are not going to pass Christmas Eve without a dance."

"A dance! a dance!" echoes Ida von Monstatt.

Anna looks towards Franz Siegel. "We will commence a dance in a few moments," she says; "but first I must ask Franz to play you some beautiful *Lieder*, which he has recently composed. You will all enjoy them, I am sure.—Come, Franz."

The boy stations himself at the piano. As his

hand touches the keys, his face brightens—grows almost beautiful. And the Frenchman, observing its expression of unspeakable sweetness, wonders how he could before have thought the countenance repellent.

Franz runs his fingers lovingly along the notes once or twice. Apparently he is lost in thought. Then, with kindling eyes and flushing cheeks, he strikes up an inspiring strain.

Not a new air, certainly. Not an air which Franz has recently composed. Not an air of Franz's composition. All present recognise the well-known music of a German patriotic song.

The boy's enthusiastic voice rises.

There is a confused stir in the room. A few voices join, as though involuntarily, in the familiar air, and then break off in embarrassment. All eyes now seek De Montbrison, who, without the least sign of disquietude, is soliciting Anna to grant him the honour of her hand in the promised dance.

Franz turns his head angrily towards the Frenchman as he defiantly sings on—

"It never shall be France's,
The free, the German Rhine,
So long as festal dances
Its lover-groups combine,
So long as—"

"Franz! Franz Siegel! Are you aware, sir, that you insult me when you insult my guests?" bursts forth an infuriated voice, and General von Fehrenstein hurries to the singer's side. "Do you think that I will permit in this assembly the introduction of any song that is likely to be distasteful to one of my visitors? I am covered with shame, sir, for the first time in my own house.—Monsieur de Montbrison, may I beg you to accept my profound apologies for this boy's reckless disregard of the rules of good-breeding?"

The Frenchman laughs easily. "No apology is required," he answers. "The Herr Siegel sings delightfully. It is a pleasure to hear him."

De Montbrison's contempt maddens the excited Franz.

"The words of my song," he passionately says, as he rises and approaches the Frenchman, "express the determination of all here—of all Germany. Hurrah for Germany! Hurrah for Bismarck! Do you hear, Monsieur le Français?"—the boy's sparkling eyes meet De Montbrison's—"Hurrah for Bismarck!"

Again De Montbrison laughs, mockingly this time. "With all my heart," he coolly replies. "Hurrah for Bismarck! Hurrah for all such of his polished slaves and admirers as have the good taste to intrude, in a mixed assembly, songs calculated to rouse the indignation of political adversaries!"

Franz Siegel's eyes drop, and he turns away

without another word. The boy feels himself worsted—discovers his incapacity to sustain a combat of words with the Frenchman. General von Fehrenstein angrily commences another series of reproaches.

The English girl comes to the rescue. "No wrangling on Christmas Eve, for mercy's sake," she says. "Shake hands, and forget all subject of contention. What, Franz declines to give his hand? Ah, well! Let me play you a valse. I can't play like the music-mad Germans, but I can manage to perform something which answers to a valse.—Now, gentlemen, choose your partners. Suit the action to the music, as our Shakespeare says—at any rate, he says something of the kind. *Our* Shakespeare, mind. You Germans and Frenchmen need not quarrel over my mention of his name. You have neither part nor lot in his world-wide reputation. Choose your partners, gentlemen."

The Frenchman has chosen. Ida von Monstatt tosses her head vengefully as Anna rises with Henri de Montbrison. Ungracious Henri! And Ida might perchance have deigned to be your partner, if you had only requested the pleasure with sufficient humility and earnestness.

The English girl is true to her word. She does not play as play the music-mad Germans. Franz Siegel stops his ears impatiently, then offers to assume her place at the piano.

"Mind what you are about, then, my Lord Franz. Don't treat us to any more of your Rhine-land extravaganzas. Take care; no patriotic song, unless it be the Marseillaise."

Anna enjoys the valse as she has never enjoyed a dance before. She shuts her heart to all memories of the past—to all thoughts of the future. She lives only in the intoxicating present. De Montbrison is beside her; his voice sounds in her willing ear; her ideal of perfect bliss is realised.

The Fatherland! Karl Siegel! To-morrow she will acknowledge their claims upon her constant thoughts. To-night—to-night only—she gives herself up to the delight inspired by De Montbrison's presence.

Dance follows dance. Franz, an accomplished musician, plays on untiringly. His jealous eyes remark the Frenchman and Anna perpetually side by side.

At length De Montbrison and his companion move off to a small adjoining room, where they seek a secluded corner, beyond reach of the boy's observation. For some minutes there is silence. Anna toys restlessly with her fan. Her eyes persistently seek the ground. De Montbrison mutely watches her every movement.

Before long the stillness becomes painful. Anna finds courage to say—

"You will forgive Franz Siegel's conduct, monsieur?"

"Most readily, if you ask forgiveness."

Another protracted pause. Anna nervously rises—colours—reseats herself.

"Tell me, monsieur," she says hurriedly, as though seeking eagerly for any subject of conversation, "where were you last Christmas Eve?"

"I scarcely know. Christmas is not with us the fête you Germans make it. Hold! I remember. I was with my mother at home."

"Home?"

"We live near Marseilles, in the midst of charming country. The De Montbrisons have occupied our château for centuries. It was on last Christmas Eve, I believe, that my eldest brother arrived from Algeria."

"Have you many brothers?" Anna's eyes still rest on the ground; her hands still nervously toy with her fan.

"Two. My father died many years ago. Of his three sons, Emille, the youngest, was wounded at Woerth; Henri"—De Montbrison hangs his head dejectedly—"capitulated with Macmahon's army at Sedan; and Eugène, the eldest——"

The Frenchman hesitates.

"Eugène, the eldest——"

"Child, I cannot tell you his fate. He volunteered for service in Paris. He is in Trochu's army, engaged heart, soul, and hand in the defence of the capital, or"—De Montbrison's tearless voice is hard and dry—"or he has given honourable evidence, by his death in his country's service, of his devotion to her cause."

"Monsieur! monsieur!"

"A sortie from Paris was repulsed by the Germans, your journals say"—the Frenchman frowns darkly—"five days ago. A hundred times I have heard the history of the fight reviewed by your military men. The numbers of each nation's dead are told glibly in round numbers; but the news of individual loss travels very slowly. I have seen your face pale with apprehension as you read of Germany's triumph, and I have known that you longed for the safety of Karl Siegel. And I—I read of France's humiliation, and I trusted that my brother had not survived the hour of his country's disgrace. If what your journals say is true—if our beautiful Paris must shortly be given over to the enemy, then a soldier's death would, I well know, be the fate most earnestly desired by Eugène de Montbrison. Child, you Germans call Germany your Fatherland—a sweet, poetic name. You hourly express your devotion to the German cause. Do not think that your love of country is deeper than ours. My brother Eugène, the hero of many a battle-field—my brother, who covered himself with glory at Magenta and Solferino—must, if living

now, be bowed to the earth with passionate sorrow for France's shame."

"Shame! Oh, monsieur, Paris needs no shame. She has proved, by heroic resistance, her right to the respect of Europe. My father says so—has said so a hundred times. In Wiermar, my father's word on such points is law. My father's military achievements are celebrated throughout Germany. His advancement has ever been the reward of merit. My father rose from the ranks, you know."

Boastfully Anna speaks, her head raised, her voice full of emotion. De Montbrison, still watching her intently, wonders which is the more worthy pride—his, which looks back upon a long line of illustrious ancestors, or hers, which exults in a name never mentioned with respect until its owner's prodigies of valour lately made it so truly honourable.

"Paris," continues the girl earnestly, her eyes dropping again, "has resisted our armies gallantly. May your brother long live to look back upon its heroism with proud satisfaction, long live to hear the name of Paris mentioned, with those of Magenta and Solferino, when the scenes of his feats of arms are spoken of by his admiring countrymen."

"For Frenchmen, defeat is shame," returns Henri de Montbrison gloomily. "That doctrine my brother has ever held."

Silence again—long and deep.

"I have forgotten. Tell me, once more, your brother's—your eldest brother's name," says Anna, at length, in a musing tone.

"Eugène de Montbrison."

Anna starts back. She has never heard the name before to-night. Why, then, does it thrill through her frame like a death-knell! Her heart seems for a moment to stand still.

"Eugène de Montbrison," she murmurs breathlessly to herself. "How strangely the name affects me!"

Half-past eleven. St. Mary Magdalen's Church strikes out in deep-toned voice.

"Listen," Anna says. "Another half-hour, and Christmas will be with us again—Christmas—season of peace."

De Montbrison does not reply—does not hear. His thoughts are far away.

"Anna," he bursts forth vehemently at length—"Anna, beloved of my soul, do you not see that it is not only sorrow for France which fills my heart? My heart is breaking with hopeless and undying love for you. Hopeless? Nay, surely that word, if spoken, must be spoken by yourself. My future life is in your hands. Tell me, my darling, do you doom me to despair? I have no hope—none—but in you. The affection with which you inspire me is stronger than life, stronger than death. It absorbs my whole being. Before

its bright light, my adoration for my country pales—grows dim. Anna, sweet comforter, do you scorn my unspeakable love?"

It has come at last. That which Anna has long dreaded—has feverishly desired—has devoutly prayed against—has anticipated as greatest of earthly blessings—has come at last. Her head sinks on her outstretched hands.

"Anna, dearest"—De Montbrison draws those hands eagerly towards him—"you do not repulse me. Oh, my darling, my own darling! you respect my devotion, you consent to be my wife?"

A torrent of sobs interrupts him.

"Henri! Have you no pity?"

"Pity! My child!"

"Do you not know the history of my life, monsieur—of Karl's—of my dear Karl's affection—of my——"

"Hush! call me Henri."

"Of Karl's affection—of my promise? Henri, my heart is very full. Fate is hard upon us both. What you ask is utterly impossible. Try to forget me, Henri, my—my—darling, and may God restore happiness to your dear France, and to——"

Her voice breaks down utterly in a passion of weeping.

The Frenchman leans over her tenderly.

"Forget you! Forget the one bright spot in a most gloomy life! Tell me, my dearest—you love me?"

The sobs grow less violent—less frequent.

With a great effort, Anna raises to view her pale, sad face.

"Henri, I love you dearly."

"More dearly than Karl?"

"God forgive me—a thousand times more dearly."

"And our love is hopeless?"

"How can it be otherwise?"

Profound silence. Anna's head drops again. The Frenchman raises her hand to his lips, and

covers it with passionate kisses. A sound of merry laughter from the adjoining room falls on the ear. De Montbrison shudders, and moves away; he covers his eyes with his hand.

Twelve o'clock.

The sudden ringing of the church-bells is a signal for the guests to retire. Anna is besieged by a troop of friends. She rises, wondrously self-composed.

"Christmas Day! Christmas Day!" exclaims a cheerful voice. "Let me wish you, in accordance with our English custom, a merry Christmas, Anna.—Monsieur—ah! monsieur's face is black as night; he has not forgotten Franz Siegel's song. Give us Alfred de Musset's reply, monsieur—'Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin allemand.' A merry Christmas to you both, and good night, or rather good morning."

"Good night—good night," cry many voices.

Ida von Monstatt advances, gives her hand to Anna, and bows distantly to De Montbrison. He has proved himself, throughout the evening, insensible to her manifold attractions.

General von Fehrenstein calls De Montbrison's name. The Frenchman turns to Anna, and whispers some faltering words of adieu. Their eyes meet. More eloquent than a thousand burning words, that impassioned gaze—eloquent of wild longing, of unconquerable love.

De Montbrison quits the room. The clatter of many feet is heard upon the stairs, then the house grows very quiet. The guests have all departed; Anna is left alone.

Perfectly motionless she stands, in exactly the attitude in which the Frenchman left her. Her head still droops upon her arm, her face is hidden from view.

How long she remains thus she does not know. At length a hand is laid upon hers. She starts—shivers—turns. Franz Siegel stands before her.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRD.

UP AND DOWN THE STREETS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EPISODES IN AN OBSCURE LIFE."

THE ORGAN-MAN.



REAT musicians, and especially great vocalists, are sometimes growled at even by those who most enjoy their music. At the moment of rapture no price, of course, appears too great to give for the privilege of listening to the seraphic strains; but when admiration has cooled, the temper—say of a struggling professional man, or the like—is apt to warm.

"Isn't it a shame," he murmurs to himself, "that that long-haired fellow," or "that cut of a girl" (as

the case may be), "should get more in one night than I make by patiently working away for a year? And for what? For what is in the main a mere physical gift, no more a merit than it is for a man or woman to have a good nose."

If, however, professional music has magnificent prizes for its pets, on the other hand it puts off the lowest ruck of its votaries with most beggarly wages, or downright dreary blanks.

The musicians of the streets do not seem to be, as a rule, a prosperous race. The lonely woman

that "has seen better days," who suddenly begins to quaver in the dusk in some quiet street of private houses; the skinny woman with an infant at her breast, and half a dozen little ones holding on to her limp skirts, who goes about making a low despondent noise she supposes to be singing; the white-aproned mechanics who slowly patrol the streets, dolorously chanting that they come from Man—chest—er—er—er, and have got no work to do—oo—oo; the trembling hoary-headed patriarch, who howls hymns to the most depressing of psalm-tunes in pious neighbourhoods; these, and sundry such-like, may perhaps make more money than a good many of their pitiers suppose—money which melts in drops of gin—but still they cannot be called the favourites of fortune.

Neither do our foreign street-musicians seem to be, as a class, a lively lot. I am not going to write of them with any maudlin compassion. Some of them, no doubt, are deceived by their *padroni*; and English cowards, big and little, are too fond of persecuting them when the luxury can be indulged in with impunity. But, on the other hand, they are often great nuisances, and impudent to boot, and I am afraid that they are rather indolent.

"Indolent!" I can hear some reader indignantly interject. "Indolent, when they walk all those miles, with those great heavy organs at their backs!"

Well, if they are strong enough to walk "all those miles" so loaded, I cannot help thinking that, if they had a mind for it, they could get work which would pay them better than their organ-grinding; and it does appear most comically preposterous that we should be expected to give money for the privilege of beholding and listening to a steeple-hatted, blue-coated, thong-sandalled bag-piper, shuffling about with his attendant sprite, a facsimile in miniature, like a lazy bear with its lazier cub. They grin at the copper-dispensing British public while they do it—and well they may! Nevertheless, some of these vagrant *artistes* I should be sorry to miss from London streets. Their costume is, generally, too railway-porter-like to be picturesque, but their faces sometimes shed poetry on our prosaic thoroughfares.

An organ-man, whom for several years I have missed in the North London thoroughfares he used to affect, is a case in point. He went by, even "answered to," the name of Guy—I suppose because his name was Guido—but he was a Guy many an artist must have been glad to get for a model. His face—unlike those of a good many of his brethren, who look like Whitechapel roughs masquerading as foreign musicians—was typically "Italian:" olive complexion, regular features, clearly cut, and great black "lamping" eyes. It was a study to note in what exact harmony with his white teeth they lighted up when he smiled.

He was very fond of smiling, especially at children, with whom he ranked A 1 for ever amongst organ-men. He let the little street-children turn his handle, and would play out a tune in what had proved a hopelessly unremunerative locality, rather than bring their dance upon the pavement to an abrupt conclusion. When he saw that more paying little patrons were especially pleased with his music or his monkey, he would go on playing long after he had ground out their coppers' worth. The red-jacketed, blue-breeched monkey, which used to descend areas to beg for nuts, and then ascend gate-piers to crack them, lifted his tasselled black velvet cap with great politeness, before he obeyed his master's tug at his chain, and leaped upon the organ, or Guy's shoulder, to take his departure. But what was his valedictory grace in comparison with his owner's? *Lector benevole*, I would parenthetically inquire, didst thou ever recreate thyself by noting the modes in which thy countrymen, sufficiently civilised to consider it incumbent upon them to perform the operation after some fashion, take off their hats? Such observation is a favourite amusement of mine as I moon along the streets. There are, of course, shades of difference; *nuances* of style, too numerous to be indicated in a parenthesis, but English hat-lifters may be broadly divided into the Bashful and the Blatant.

The Bashful Hat-lifter considers the process a bore, and one, moreover, that makes him look a fool. He therefore shirks it as often as he can, letting his eyes look right on, and his eyelids straight before him, that he may not behold a feminine acquaintance; but if by chance he has blundered on one, or has had his attention called to her by his plaguesomely courteous wife, he raises his hand as reluctantly as if he had the rheumatism, and touches rather than lifts his hat, trying to look all the while as if he were only pinching the brim to straighten it.

The Blatant Hat-lifter, on the other hand, is so fond of the operation that he goes out of his way to find opportunities for its exercise. Every minute up flies his hat about half a yard above his head, and then down it comes again with a kind of inverted valve-and-piston action.

In both cases the spine continues as stiff as a ramrod, and the face as expressive as a Dutch doll's.

There is a small sub-class—that of the hobbyde-hoys who have just taken to hat-lifting, and who are so proud of the performance that they blandly lift their hats to one another.

But whenever an English hand raises a hat, the inflexibility of back, the woodenness of countenance of which I have spoken instantly betray the nationality of the raiser.

In what a different way did Guido lift his hat, his lithe body swaying like a wind-bent willow, in

spite of his clumsy clothes, and his mobile face mysteriously taking in at the same time the occupants of the upper and lower windows of the house to which he was bidding an *au revoir* farewell.

Guy, besides being a pattern of courtesy, had a good deal of fun and feeling, too, in him. I will report, as well as I can, a few of his experiences.

"Yes, sare, my organ want to please. So she play tune to please her customer. Like your butcher. He say, 'Buy, buy, buy—vat you buy?' If you no like bif, you can have mouton; and if you no like mouton, you can have de vcau or de pork, and moosh of more—I know not. I do not eat de bif and de mouton. Dey cost too moosh. No, nor I do not drink de bière. I am not Englishman, me Italian. I drink vater, and vat de rude English people call de mess. No, I do not intend I drink de mess, I eat her. I would drink vine of my contree, but vere is he? He vood cost too moosh. But my organ. She play many tune for many people. 'Pop go de Veasel,' and de 'Old Undredt.' Yes, she have more psalm-tune, and dey come close togeder. I vill tell you vy. I go trough place vere de people dat love de psalm-tune live close togeder. If I play 'Pop go de Veasel' dere, no pen-nee. So I no play 'Pop go de Veasel' dere, but de psalm-tune. Who are dey? I know not. Dey love de psalm-tune. Dere is so many kind of religion in Lon-don. I know not, sare, I tell you. It cost me good bit to get my tune proper. De fresh tune cost moosh. But now she is proper. I know de people I go round, and my organ play to please her customer. Vat you call, sare, a fun-nee fellow, a doctor, dat alway give me pen-nee ven he is at home—he come out on de step of his shop to give me de pen-nee—he say to me, 'Ah, you have feel deir pulse.' He like not de people dat love de psalm-tune. Dey no want him, so he no like dem. But he alway give me de pen-nee. He is vat you call a fun-nee fellow, sare. He want to give me a drunk. I shake my head, but he want still, and say, 'Not out of my bottell.' But I shake my head again. Den he say, 'My lamp scare you like de railway.' Vat he mean? You tell me, sare? He have de red lamp, and his nose is red—yes, ver moosh. He is fun-nee fellow, and alway give me de pen-nee ven he is at home. Von day he not at home. I play, and a yong shentleman come out and fling about his arm. I tink he ver moosh pleased. I go on playing, but de yong shentleman run away and fetch de pelisseman. He give me shove, so I say, 'Vat for?' Den he take hold of me, and pinch my arm, and say to de yong shentleman, 'Come,' and ve begin to walk. De pelisseman pinch me ver hard, dough I say noting; but I vander, sare, at your contree. But I meet de doctor, and he speak to de pelisseman, and he scold de yong shentleman, and de doctor scold de yong

shentleman, and give me seecepen-nee. So I go, and am glad de yong shentleman run away for de pelisseman, dough he pinch me—yes, ver moosh. I like to knock him down vid my stick, but me stranger; I must mind de law. My monkey no mind de law. He bite de pelisseman; but den I not have de monkey. De people, sare, in your contree ver different. Some vill give de pen-nee and tell me go on; and some vill give de pen-nee and tell me go away—queek; and some vill not give de pen-nee, but run away for de pelisseman. Me stranger; how know I? No, sare, *you* not tell me go away, and de beautiful signora send me de pen-nee by de servante, and de beautiful signorina; and ven she fling him out, she wrap him in papier. No, sare, dat not make him buy more at de cook-shop; but sometime dey fling him at your head, like de brick, or de shell of oyster, and he tumble in de mud. I prefair, me, de pen-nee in de papier. Sometime you not find de pen-nee ven he tumble in de mud. Sometime de yong tief run away vid him.

"My monkey I have—I vill conseeder—yes, I have him tree year. I have him of a Franchman dat die at de house vere I lodge—yes, sare, at Saffron Hill. Vat *you* know, sir, of Saffron Hill? Yes, sare, many Italian dere. Sometime de English afflict us, and we fight. Yes, sare, sometime de Italian use his knife. De English fight vid de fist, and de Italian fight vid de knife ven he not let alone. Ve never say noting against de English if dey not trouble; and sometime de English and de Irish fight vid de knife also. De Italian vat you call ver respectable. De English and de Irish not at all respectable on Saffron Hill. Oh, yes, sare, some ver respectable, but not our afflieter. Beeg blackguard. My monkey's name Napoleon. De Franchman no like Napoleon den. Me, I hate him. But de monkey have de name, and he stick like de mud. My monkey is good Napoleon; de oder is bad—yes, ver bad, dough you English pray-tand dat you like him. Ve oder say dat you are afraid, so you smoot him like de tiger. No, sare, I do not say de English are afraid. I love de English—some English; yes, ver moosh. I tell you vat say my contremen. I love my Napoleon. No, sue, I not sell him, not for his veight in gold. I tink I die, Napoleon tink I die also, and he sit on my bed and cry. He bite my ear, he pull my nose, but I not stir; me too weak. Den Napoleon cry, like de beautiful signorina if she tink you die, sare. Ve in de contree den, in Essex, at vat you call—I forget her name—Bain—Bain—Bain—ah, yes—no, no—Berraintree, vere dere is factory. I play to de gal ven dey come out, and dey give me pen-nee and dance; but dey rob me at de house vere I lodge—not de people of de house, but de man dat sleep vid me. I wake in de morning—he gone, and all my mownee gone also. Some of de lodger laugh,

but some say dey drub him ven dey catch him; but vat good *dat* do me, if I no get my mownee? I get more mownee, but not moosh. Den I take ill, and dey say dey must turn me out—I no pay for my bed; but a yong voman pay for my bed, and de people of de house give me someting to eat—not moosh; I not vant moosh. Dey tink I die, and I also, and Napoleon cry. He get into my bed, and put his arm rond my neck, and cuddle like de little shild. Dey try to sell my monkey—not for demself: for me—but Napoleon vill not go. He bite de man dat vant him, dough he feed him ver kind. Ven I get vell, he give me treepen-nee to start. He give Napoleon bit of black-boudin, but Napoleon not like de black-boudin, and fling him, in his face, and de man laugh, and say Napoleon vill come to starve if he turn up his nose at good viande, and fling her about dat vay. But Napoleon not come to starve yet. De leetle signorina give him plenty food for tree veek ven she see him. De signorina ver fond of Napoleon, and Napoleon ver fond of de signorina.

“To promenade in de contree is ver nice ven it make fine. All look so clean after Lon-don. No, not vere ve lodge—dat like Lon-don; but de house, and de street, and de trec, and de hedge. But de tree and de hedge give no pen-nee. Sometime I go to de fair. De fair is ver fun-nee, and I get plenty pen-nee ven I have de organ vid de doll, and dey dance, and Napoleon dance, and de contree people dance and laugh like de bull. But von time dey get tipsee, and knock me down, and break my organ; and now I have no more de doll, I not go to de contree. Nobody pay me for my organ, and I not like de broken head. Dey tink dat ver fun-nee, but me, I not tink dat fun-nee. Dere vas von pelisseman, but he do noting but laugh. If de contree people knock *him* down, he not tink it so fun-nee. De pelisseman afraid; dat vy he laugh. Ven de contree people got no bière, dey is stupid as ship; but ven dey is dronk, dey like de vild bullock.

“Now ve stay in Lon-don. Yes, I am vell known in dese part, and Napoleon also. Ve go

long vay—dis vay dis day, and oder vay oder day—every day except Sunday. Den ve go to our church vonce—no, no, sare; not Napoleon; dat is ver fun-nee—and de rest of de day ve eat and lie on our bed. Ve valk ver far, and so ve tired, and de sleep is good. Ven I hear de bell ring on de Sunday, I am glad, because den I can sleep more. Ven it make fine, and I get de pen-nee, I no mind de long valk; but ven it rain and snow, and blow cold, and I get no pen-nee, den it is different, and Napoleon shiver and climb into my coat. He is not fun-nee ven it is cold, and you have moosh of cold in Angland—yes, sare, ver moosh.”

One very cold day we missed Guy when he was due. Another of his days came, and another, but he came not, and soon his round was appropriated by a countryman as coarse and crusty as Guido was finely cut and courteous. We had given up all hope of ever seeing our favourite organ-man again; but one day in early spring he reappeared, looking very, very ill. The bones of his cheeks and hands had a ghastly prominence; his clothes hung loose as bags on his once well filled-out frame.

He had just been released from the sick-bed on which he had lain all the winter, and carried a little document, drawn up by his priest, soliciting contributions from his old patrons to enable him to return to his native country, as the only chance of saving his life.

He was quite broken down. He fairly cried when he told us that Napoleon had died during his illness. At any rate, his friend had disappeared, and he had been told that he was dead.

Guy was no longer “ver fun-nee,” but he tried to smile as beamingly as ever on his little friend the “signorina,” who was shocked to see him so white and wasted, and made a pathetic failure of the attempt.

“Addio,” he said, lifting his hat with a melancholy ghost of his old grace; and since then I have never seen his face.

IN HONOUR BOUND

BY CHARLES GIBBON,

AUTHOR OF “ROBIN GRAY,” “FOR LACK OF GOLD,” ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-SEVENTH.

“THE BRAIDER GREW THE SEA.”

So it was all settled; there was to be no sale at Dalmahoy, and the Laird would be able to carry out at leisure his multifarious schemes for improving and reclaiming land, and for the discovery

of minerals. The latter was his great dream. As yet he had realised only a few specimens of very doubtful ironstone; but he was positive that there were rich seams of coal and iron in the earth, if he had only time and means to pursue the search vigorously. It was beyond question that there

were valuable quarries of granite, and with these alone he saw an immense fortune in the not distant future, if he could get money to work the quarries, and to introduce his new system of polishing the granite.

His mind became more deeply immersed than ever in these speculations, as soon as he learned that his sister had consented to advance the money requisite to relieve Dalmahoy.

"She's a sensible woman after all," was his comment, without apparent surprise or extraordinary elation.

He thanked Teenie as warmly as if he owed his

Walter would have the full stipend. He had not told her of the objections raised to his appointment, because he could not without explaining matters which for her sake he desired to keep out of sight. She only knew that all was well with them, and promised to be better. Then her father would come home in good time, and he would repay Dame Wishart, and then she would feel so proud as well as happy.

She walked with Walter in the garden, and pointed out to him the various alterations she intended to have made next year. The rose-bushes



"THE WATCHERS."

release to her; and she was unspeakably happy. After all, her weary flight from home had not been without its use in the service she had desired to render; for it was this flight, as Grace told her, which first shook the resolution of Dame Wishart. Teenie knew how Grace must have been imploring her mother to yield, and she could easily guess what use she must have made of the story of her running away, in order to bring the dame round to the point of altering her decision not to help the Laird.

They were going to be very happy now; everything seemed to be shaping into a path of quiet and contented life. Mr. Geddis had resigned;

were to be transplanted to a place close to the house; the "rasps" were to be moved more towards the wall, and the strawberries were to form a large centre-piece, surrounded by geraniums. She intended to have such a host of things done for next summer, that there would be no garden in the country at all to be compared to theirs.

He could not tell her of the possibility that they might not be the tenants of the house next year; he did not dream of the change there was to be before the winter had passed.

He saw that she was still very much excited—feverish, even—and did not wonder at it; she had endured and suffered so much within the past few

days. He entered into all her little projects with good-will; he shared her hopes, believed in her plans, and was ready to help in their realisation with all his heart. But he could not avoid feeling uncomfortable when he looked into her face, and saw that its brightness was almost unnatural.

"What a pity!" she cried, standing beneath a large apple-tree; "the leaves are becoming brown already; and, see, some are beginning to fall."

"What then?—as they fall they suggest to us the glories of another spring and summer."

"I dare say," she answered thoughtfully; "I never cared about these things in old times, but somehow the brown leaf makes me sad now, and the prospect of spring does not relieve me—there's a gloomy winter between whiles, you know."

"But then we have bright fires and merry stories to make the winter nights short: we have work and hope to make the time pass too quickly rather than slowly; and we will rise up in the spring with new knowledge gained to make the summer all the more delightful. I like the winter nights and the snow."

"Because you do not doubt the coming of the spring."

"And you?"

"I cannot say, and I do not want to think. I am just that happy I could grieve. But I will not. Come, and I'll show you how I would like the beds of pansies laid out; Grace is fond of pansies, and I want to give her a surprise."

"You are always thinking about Grace."

"I cannot help it; and maybe the reason is partly because I find you are always thinking about her."

"I don't know," he said, searching his own mind; "she seems to be so much part of ourselves, that it is impossible to have a joyful thought and not associate her with it."

"And to me it seems impossible to have a sad thought and not associate her with it."

"That's hard upon her," he said smiling; "and yet perhaps it only proves her goodness, for you find comfort in thinking of her when you are sad."

"Yes."

They walked round and through the garden, Teenie full of her new arrangements and improvements.

He observed that at times she leaned heavily on his arm, and again seemed to barely touch him, as if she were making a mighty effort to show how strong she was. He did not like that, and he liked still less the occasional chills which passed over her.

At length he insisted upon her going in-doors, and she submitted. She attempted to nurse Baby, and was too weak—she could hardly lift him. So she went to bed laughing at her own weakness.

"I have been too much put about, Wattie," she

said, with a hysterical laugh, "but I'll be all right in the morning. Never you fash about me."

But she was not all right in the morning—she was in a burning fever, unconscious of everything and everybody about her.

It was many days before she became conscious again. The poor child's nature had been overstrained; the journey, weary and futile, then the visit to Dame Wishart, had worn the life out of her, and although joyous excitement had sustained her for a few hours, the moment it was withdrawn she fell down, utterly worn out and helpless. Besides, the fever which, in her weak condition, she had taken from the child of the gipsies Broadfoot, had begun to assert itself.

She lay for days unconscious of everything around her—the passionate devotion of Walter, the faithful nursing of Grace, and the ever-present care of old Ailie. All that love could do was done for her, and many times the eager eyes of the watchers were gladdened with hopeful signs.

But the hope died out as they listened to her piteous cries for help—she was in a great sea, and the waves were threatening to overwhelm her; but her father's hand could save her, and he would not reach it forth. Then there were visions of the old life at the Norlan' Head, of the pigeons, and the occasional flights in the boat. Next there were storms and shipwreck, and her father was drowning, and she could save him if she would only reach out her hand; but something held her back, and she saw him sinking before her eyes—sinking when she might have saved him, and she could not lift an arm. That drove her frantic, and she struggled fiercely to get out of bed, whilst the hearts of those who watched became sick and hopeless.

At length there came a calm. She remained very quiet, and gave no trouble. She opened her eyes, and asked for Hugh. The bairn was brought to her, and she played with his hands—she was very feeble, and it was with difficulty that she could move her arms. But she seemed to be pleased at the sight of Baby, now a big strong fellow, with a will of his own. He made a grand dive at her hair, but as it had been cut short, he caught nothing but the strings of a cap, with which he was quite content, and began to amuse himself.

She laughed, and hugged him—it was such a pleasure to find there was anything about her which could afford delight to others. They wanted to take Baby away, after he had torn the cap off her head, and had made several attempts to gouge out her eyes. She resisted, but she was very weak, and so they carried Hugh off, screeching with regret that he had lost a new toy.

Then Teenie in her awakening senses began to wonder at the strange silence in the place, and at the dim light.

"Why do you not open the windows?" she gasped; "let me see the garden. I want to get all these rose-bushes & c. & d., and that honeysuckle is too thick about the door. We must have it spread more over the face of the house. There's such a heap of things I want to have done this year. What a vexation to be lying here quite useless!"

"I'll see that it is all done as you wish, Teenie," whispered Walter, his voice trembling and husky; "don't disturb yourself about it."

"Very well."

The sound of his voice soothed her in the wildest paroxysms, and she remained for a long while silent and motionless, after he had given her that assurance of the fulfilment of her wishes.

By-and-by she reached out her hand as if seeking something, and Walter's hand grasped hers; that seemed to relieve her, and she knew at once who was beside her.

"I'm thinking about those rasps, Wattie; if we could get them planted up along the dyke-side, they would look better than beside the strawberries."

"Yes, just as you would like to have them."

Another pause. Then she, quickly—

"There's no word of my father yet?"

"None."

"When you get word of him coming, you must deck me up in all my braws, and we'll go down to the port and meet him. He'll be that glad to see us—but not a bit more glad than I'll be to see him.—Dear old father! he's just gone off on this whaling expedition to get siller for me—as if I needed siller when you were beside me, Wattie! But I thought it would do him good, and so I said nothing.—Have I been long lying here?"

"Yes, several weeks."

"Lucky he didn't come home whilst I was ill—he would have been upset about it.—What a pity Mistress Wishart could not have made up her mind at once to help us!—Is your father quite well?"

"Quite well, Teenie, only anxious about you."

"About me?—have I been so ill then?"

"You have been very ill—so ill that we were all frightened about you."

She was silent for a little while; and then, anxiously—

"But I'm better now?"

"Oh, yes," he cried eagerly, "you are much better now, and we will soon be out together, running about like bairns or butterflies, and gathering honey—that is, pleasure—from all our old haunts."

She was silent for a long while again; and then, with a restless movement, she muttered—

"Queer how that ballad keeps running in my head, and always the same verse."

"What is that?"

"Do you not mind? I sang it not long ago:—"

"And hey, Annie, and how, Annie;

And Annie, winna you bide?"

And aye the louder he cried 'Annie,'

The braider grew the tide."

"It's a sad song, Teenie, and I don't like it."

"But aye the saddest songs are sweetest. Oh, Wattie, I was that wae when I thought there was to be sorrow and parting between us on account of that nasty siller; and now I'm that glad to think of the bonnie days we are to spend together—in the woods, on the moors, and on the sea; my heart is just bursting with joy, and I cannot bide quiet."

"But you must be quiet—the doctor says so, or we shall never have a chance of the bright days you are dreaming about—my dear wife, I am longing for them too."

The terrible threat which he held out acted like a charm upon her, and she became unnaturally still. By-and-by the restless spirit broke out again, and although her eyes were closed, the lips murmured snatches of her favourite song—

"And hey, Annie"—a long pause. Then—

"Annie, winna you bide?" Another pause; and after, she broke out in a low tone as if she were dreaming—"But aye the louder he cried 'Annie,' the braider grew the tide."

Walter felt his heart sink within him. There was something so weird and prophetic in the words—she had lingered over them so strangely, even when she had been well, that in spite of himself—in spite of all his stern efforts to suppress superstition of every kind, he trembled, and was afraid.

What was the mysterious cloud which was creeping up to him and enveloping him? All his strength was powerless against it; all his love failed to help him. There was the dark mystery, ever present to him, and rendered the more terrible by her gay words of hope. He saw the terror drawing near: she saw nothing. The future was all bright and full of gladness to her; she was busy with the arrangement of the pleasures of the coming season; she was full of joy in thinking of the new buds and flowers which would spring up under her care.

He knew that the buds would spring, the flowers would bloom, but she would not see them. He tried to shut his eyes to that pitiless future: it was there all the same. Turn from it as he would, fate was too much for him, and he was compelled to submit. The flowers she planted she would never see in bloom.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY EIGHTH.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

THOSE who would have blamed Teenie were silent; those who would have condemned her were full of pity; those who would have remained neutral in the threatened war between the minister and his con-

gregation, became warm sympathisers and upholders. Sorrow had reached out its hand, stirring the germs of mercy in all hearts—almost controlling the thoughts of the people, and directing them into channels of kindness. Even Mr. Pettigrew, as he tied up his parcels of tea and sugar, spoke with bated breath and solemn head-shakes of the state of affairs at the manse.

Those who loved her, men and women, moved with white faces and in silence to and fro, in the darkness of their fears. She was blithe, and saw no danger. The sunshine which entered the room seemed to fill her with brightness and joy. She was busy with such grand schemes of improvement in the house and in the garden, when she should be able to go about again.

It was this joy and bright hope which tried her friends—the shadow of the future lay so black before them. Walter, Grace, Dalmahoy, and Ailie found it difficult not to cry when she expected them to laugh.

Then came the news that the *Christina* had touched at one of the northern ports. A telegram from Skipper Dan—all well, and the expedition one of the most successful that had been known for many years. In a day or so he would be home, if he had anything like fair wind.

There was nothing more needed to complete her happiness except Dan's arrival. She sang for joy, but her voice was very feeble. She did not observe that, and she lay, with a bonnie smile on her face, listening to the wind, and calculating when it was contrary, when it was favourable, and how fast it was driving the *Christina* home.

About this time Dalmahoy went to Edinburgh. He was absent only four days, and immediately after his return he had an interview with his son.

"Do you smell parchment, and the Court of Session?" he said smiling; "I cannot get them out of my nostrils. I have been all this time sitting at the feet of the wise men of the law, and I come back not a whit better than when I departed."

"I suppose your journey was on account of the Methven property?" said Walter carelessly, for he had no interest in money at that time.

"Yes, and it seems to me confoundedly hard that such a fortune should be lying there useless when there are so many honest folk in sore need of it. On my soul, Wattie, it almost tempts me to become a communist, and to cry out for a new division of the world's wealth. But I am not quite a lunatic yet, and so I am saved from that absurdity."

"Do you mean that you were trying to get part of the money?"

Walter spoke with an unpleasant quiver of the lip. He did not like the idea at all.

"Why not?—I was his father—that was no advantage to me, it seems. But on one occasion he wrote to me that if ever I should find myself in

extremity he would be ready to share his wealth with me, but not otherwise. He was a queer fellow, but not a bad loon either, and helped me once or twice. He had a spite at me because I did not marry his mother, and he had a most ridiculous tenacity of memory for old scores."

"I quite sympathise with him. I would have had much the same feeling as his appears to have been, under the same circumstances."

"Possibly, and I would not have blamed you—I am not blaming him exactly—but you would not have been such a fool as to die without leaving a will. It was a bit of mean spite, and showed the lowness of his origin. Look what quarrels he has caused, see how he has set the whole county by the ears, and separated me from some of my oldest friends. Why, if he had spent his life in planning vengeance, he could not have hit upon a more successful scheme than that of dying intestate."

The Laird looked and spoke as if he had been cruelly and unreasonably wronged.

"I do not like the subject, father; suppose we talk of something else."

"As you please, but you might have the grace to listen to me—I would not have moved in the matter on my own account, but there are others."

"I beg your pardon," said Walter, awkwardly and remorsefully.

"Say no more, but listen. I was aware that none of his father's relations, not even the father himself, had any claim upon the estate. But I had a vague idea—thanks to the necessities that have pressed so hard upon me of late—that those letters of his might, in the absence of a will, constitute a kind of claim; and so, after much hesitation, I determined to submit the whole affair to the lawyers. The result is—nothing. I cannot make any claim on the score of relationship, and the letters are worthless."

"Then who is to get the money—is that known?"

"Nobody. Habbie Gowk was the nearest to it; but he fails like the rest for want of some trifling link in the proof of his identity. The number of claimants is endless; but none of them can prove kinship on the mother's side with sufficient clearness to be accepted as the heirs. So the lawsuits will go on for years; people will wear their lives and hearts out striving to grasp the fortune, and they will die lamenting their folly. I shall not be one of them; I shall be wise in time, and give it up, like Habbie. When one is hungry, a crust in the teeth is more satisfactory than the vague prospect of a fine banquet. The writer Currie still expects to get something for his clients; but the fortune goes to the Crown, and the Crown will keep it—so there's an end of an auld sang."

"Are you much disappointed?"

"I am, for it seemed to me that if nothing could be got out of the scramble for myself, something

might have been secured for Teenie. It would have made everything so comfortable if she had only proved to be the heiress; and at one time I really thought she would have got the greater part of the fortune, but it was a mistake."

He had not the least conception of how much misery that mistake had brought to her.

"Did you ever tell her that you expected her to be the heiress?" said Walter thoughtfully.

"Yes." And the Laird felt that there was something like a blush rising on his face as he remembered the circumstances under which he had told her. He wondered if Walter remembered.

The latter turned away from the subject, and they never spoke of it again. But he saw more and more clearly the cause of Teenie's unhappiness; and he blamed himself much for his blindness—he might have saved her so many sad thoughts. In

so many ways he was conscious of failure in his duty towards her, that he could never forgive himself. She had been standing alone, with nobody but him to help or guide her; and he had devoted himself to his work, shutting his eyes to her needs, and neglecting them.

He prayed that opportunity might be given him to amend the past; but he could only stand by and wait. Always she had the same loving smile for him, and the same eager question—"What news of the *Christina*?"

At last, however, he was able to give the news which she longed for: the *Christina* was entering the harbour of Kingshaven. That brought new colour to her white cheeks—new life to her body. She lay listening and waiting for the skipper's step on the stairs.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTY-EIGHTH



AN ADVENTURE WITH AN AFRICAN "TIGER."

IF the Cape of Good Hope, and in all the British possessions lying north of the same, it is customary to call the leopard a "tiger," and by the latter name it is almost exclusively known. How the mistake came to be originated it is difficult to see, as one is spotted, and the other striped; but so it is; and those persons who have resided in the Cape Colonies for any considerable time are often ready, as I can testify from my own experience, almost to quarrel with any one who asserts that the tiger is not found there. There are those who should know better, however, to keep them in countenance; for it was but the other day, as I was looking over a book "for boys," published by one of our most enterprising firms, that I found it stated that the northern parts of Africa—the coast of Barbary, for instance, where the wicked Harry in the spelling-book story, the boy who said, "I don't care," was eaten by lions—were infested, among other undesirable animals, by tigers, which is as far wrong as concerns Barbary, as the Cape people are in their case. But I observe that every nation seems to be jealous of the tiger and the lion, for the Brazilian calls his jaguar a tiger, and the "citizen of the United States" at the Rocky Mountains always calls the puma a lion.

Some explanation was necessary, from the frequency with which the leopard is called the tiger in the following brief narrative. It will be understood that the terms are for this once to be considered synonymous; and, indeed, the fierce and powerful Cape leopard does no discredit to his borrowed name. He is a very beautiful and graceful beast

when in repose, with his splendid colours, his velvet feet, and his bright eyes; but when infuriated, like all his tribe, every element of beauty turns ugly and hateful, and his spotted skin, flat skull, cruel claws, and snarling mouth and fangs, all help to make him hideous.

In 1846 the colony of Natal was a very new colony—a beautiful and attractive place then, as it has been ever since; but its chief difficulties arose not then from theological disputes. D'Urban, named after the governor, was its principal "city," and Port Natal was the port for D'Urban; but they were very small places. A detachment of the Royal Artillery was stationed there, and had had a rough time of it, but all was settled now. Their quarters were pleasantly situated, overlooking the bay; and about a couple of hundred yards inside the point rose the flag-staff, or signal-post. Not far from this were the quarters of Captain Bell, the harbour-master; the intervening ground being, as was the character of most of the land about there, a thin "bush," with patches of what we should really call "bush" at home, and lanes of open land between them.

Early rising is the order of the day in the colony; and about five o'clock on the morning of the 16th of January—a season in which the weather is wonderfully different to our English January—just as the men in the guard-house were dressed, Captain Bell came to tell them that a tiger had been round his quarters in the night, had destroyed a number of fowls and pigeons, and was then lying asleep in the path leading to the signal-post; so that a volley might be fired at him from the captain's house, and the beast could be killed on the spot. The captain being married, and having his family in the house,

was naturally anxious to get rid of such a dangerous visitor, especially as there was no doubt that this was the same one which had been prowling about some time, and, after their fashion, would continue to haunt the spot as long as there was any prey to be found. The men were equally anxious to kill the creature, because they had heard it, or one of its tribe, about their own quarters of a night, bounding sometimes over the flat roof in pursuit of fowls, etc. None of them had ever seen it, excepting when one of them had to stand sentry at the powder magazine. They then often enough saw the great savage stealing along, and the sentry always dreaded lest he should be attacked; but the leopard had not hitherto ventured to assault a man.

The sentry dared not fire at the brute, as a shot from him would have turned out the whole settlement. It was noticeable, too, that two of the creatures never came together; so there was some hope that when this one was killed, the little garrison at the guardhouse would be safe; thus the eagerness of the men to go in search of the animal can be understood.

There were seven soldiers. Each took the carbine with which the artillery were furnished, loaded, but they took no spare ammunition—a great oversight; but they considered that a volley fired into the tiger from close quarters, and from a safe covert, would at once finish the business. On their way they met two civilians, custom-house officers, Mr. Presswich and Mr. Hillyard, who were just coming off duty after their night's watch; and each being armed with pistol and cutlass, they joined the party, in order to be in at the death. So they were, but not in the sense which they had intended.

On arriving at Captain Bell's quarters, they found that the tiger had gone, having been disturbed by the noise of their approach—not a very surprising result, when we remember that it is, even when represented by the Cape leopard, one of the most watchful, jealous, and quick-eared of all the cat-tribe. The creature had gone into the bush, and it was immediately resolved to pursue him, as it was not likely that he would go far from a spot where he had found so much prey; and if allowed to lurk in a hiding-place in the settlement, he might spring upon and kill any person at an unguarded moment.

I dare say the reader can picture the tufts of bush, divided by open lanes, and how carefully the men moved on, as no one could tell at what instant they might see the beast. The party were now ten in number, having been joined by Captain Scott, of the artillery, who had with him a double-barrelled rifle—a somewhat better weapon than pistols, cutlasses, or even short carbines, for leopard-hunting. They advanced slowly in semicircular order, Mr.

Presswich being the right-hand flank man. Next to him was Mr. Hillyard, and in the middle of the crescent was Joseph Smith, of the Royal Artillery.

In a very short time the sentry at the battery, close by which they were marching, called out that he could see the tiger retreating from bush to bush. He indicated the direction in which it was moving, and said it was going very leisurely; so the party increased their pace, but knew that they must be getting dangerously near the animal, because the battery was only a few feet higher than their level, and therefore, if the sentry could see the animal distinctly, it could not be far off. The brute still tried to escape. It did not exactly take to flight, for its retreat was far too leisurely for that. The pursuing party saw it, and it saw them. They naturally hurried a little more at the sight; and when it found they were coming nearer, it turned at bay. Hillyard fired, but missed. Then Smith fired, and hit the leopard in the upper part of the shoulder, exhausting, of course, his only cartridge. With a furious growl the beast flew at Presswich, who was, as explained, at the extreme corner, and striking him in the face with its paw, and pitching its whole weight against him, dashed him to the ground, and in a few seconds rent, tore, and bit him so fearfully that his arms and face were in strips. Smith, having no ammunition, ran up, and clubbing his carbine, struck the leopard with all his force on the skull.

The leopard rose with a howl of pain, and leapt into the nearest bush. One or two of the party went to poor Presswich, who was evidently fatally hurt. The others resolved to follow the leopard, and moved towards the bush, when, with another savage roar, it sprang from its cover upon Smith, just as it had done upon its first victim, tearing his face open from the bridge of the nose to the lip, and dashing him to the earth with tremendous force. The beast seized first one arm and then the other, and bit them horribly, trying to tear Smith's body with its hind talons at the same time, but Smith had presence of mind enough to cross his legs tightly, and although they were a good deal scratched, yet he probably saved himself from being torn to pieces.

All this took but a moment, and then Captain Scott, who was a cool, practised marksman, shot the beast in the body as it still lay on Smith—a dangerous experiment, but the only chance there was for the man. The leopard sprang up, still holding Smith's arm in its jaws, as if it had some idea of dragging its prey bodily off; but the second ball from Captain Scott's rifle went through the brute's brain, and killed it. As a matter of course the beast was flayed, its skin being given by Smith—who was naturally considered to have some interest in it—to Captain Scott; and very well the gallant captain had earned his trophy. It was a

very fine animal, measuring about six feet from snout to tail. I say "about six feet" advisedly, for it was not remembered whether it was five feet six inches or six feet five inches in length.

Presswich died the same night in a delirium from the pain of his wounds. Smith was in hospital from the 16th of January—the date of his injury—to the 25th of July following. Shortly after his convalescence a court-martial was held upon him, for getting disabled otherwise than in the performance of his duties; and on this official form it is stated that the cause of his disability was "being torn by a tiger"—they would have it a tiger to the last.

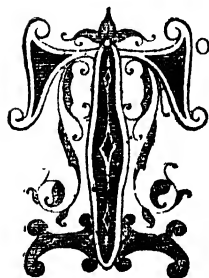
As there seemed no chance but that he would be a complete cripple for life, he was sent home for discharge. Both his arms were bent upwards, and immovable; all his fingers were rigidly contracted into the palms of his hands, and also apparently immovable. The reader, however, who will have admired his bravery, will be glad to know that by perseverance the fingers were at last forced open, and that the arms were also unbent, and he recovered. On his arrival at Woolwich he was appointed a drill-master, and his services were finally rewarded with a commission in the Norfolk Militia Artillery, from which he has retired on half-pay.

As a pendant to the above may be given an instance of the native treatment of serpent-bites in

Natal, which occurred about the same time as the leopard-hunt. Everybody knows how deadly a reptile the "puff-adder" is. Its bite is deemed scarcely less fatal than that of the cobra; while for loathsome ugliness the African serpents may be safely said to exceed the whole hateful race. One of the Cape Mounted Rifles, a party of which was doing duty at D'Urban, was bitten by an adder while guarding horses in the long rank grass which is the special haunt of these reptiles. The man was a Hottentot, nearly all the regiment being natives, and a Kaffir doctor was fetched. Of course he muttered a lot of charms, and made plenty of grimaces; but he also scarified the wound and its neighbourhood with sharp bones and pieces of glass, until the blood flowed freely. This he caught in a cup, and made the sufferer drink it. The draught turned him very sick—as the mere thought of such a dose would have turned a white man—but it cured him, and whether it was the scarifying or the horrible emetic, the bite of the puff-adder was for once rendered harmless; and this can be testified by a witness. The fee of the surgeon who operated on the occasion was, it may be interesting to know, a cow and a calf, duly stipulated for beforehand.

From various incidents, I am greatly inclined to prophesy that if ever a remedy is found for the cobra-bite, it will come from an "uncivilised" source.

PRETTY SPEECHES.



O be able to say the right thing at the right moment is a great art, and only to be acquired by those who have a natural talent for it. One has a general sort of idea that at certain periods of history it was in greater perfection than at present, though confined, of course, to the court set. Most likely this impression

is partly due to the smart dialogue put into the mouths of actors and actresses—bepuffed, bewigged, bewowered—but at the same time it is extremely probable that the estimation in which a ready tongue was held stimulated the conversational powers. A courtier in the days of Elizabeth, who spent all his leisure time, including that considerable portion of it devoted to his toilet, in devising elaborate and ingenious conceits, must surely have attained a fair proficiency in flattery at last, supposing he possessed any original aptitude for compliments.

In more modern times the dinner-table became an arena in which men tilted with their tongues,

and an appropriate speech or a happy sentiment was not merely rewarded by the applause of the moment, but went the round of clubs and coffee-houses, and conferred fame upon the utterer for the rest of the season. Not unfrequently it brought still more substantial reward, and many a political appointment was conferred, in the good old days of sinecures, upon the wit who had pleasantly titillated some great man's vanity. And this honour paid to any talk worth listening to is quite intelligible when we consider that our grandfathers dined at five, and sat afterwards round the table till twelve.

Even the best of port wine cannot always have prevented the hours from dragging somewhat wearily, and a guest who could make himself amusing must have been very welcome. Thus dining out became almost a profession with certain ready, witty *bons vivants*, and many a man who now-a-days would find a vent for the humorous thought which was in him in contributions to the light literature which is so cheap and plentiful, sought at that time for payment in kind instead of in cash, by reserving his wit for the dinner-tables

of the hospitable and the ostentatious. Many a famous impromptu has had all the time and thought bestowed upon it beforehand which would have sufficed for an article.

But to be able readily, and without premeditation, to say the right thing, is an enviable gift still, and may be made a wonderful instrument of conciliation and pacification. The worst of it is that persons possessing the power of repartee are apt to make a hostile rather than an amicable use of it; and, indeed, most of us covet it rather as a whip to sting with than a feather to tickle. Caustic speeches are sure to draw, and the most amiable people, who would not themselves hurt their friends' feelings on any account, chuckle over them, as much as others. Therefore they are continually chronicled, but pretty speeches lack the same pungency, and are passed by as insipid; yet I think there is a fine savour about one or two that I remember—that said by George the Fourth to the officer of marines, for example. It may be familiar to you, but will really bear repetition.

There was an empty bottle on the table, and the king told the servant to "take away that marine."

A guest sitting next the king whispered in his ear that an officer present belonged to that branch of the service. George the Fourth ascertained his name, and then, addressing him aloud, asked if he knew why an empty bottle was called a marine.

"No, your Majesty," replied the officer.

"Because," said the king, "it has done its duty, and is ready to do it again."

Which was as neat a way of getting out of a rather awkward phrase as one can well imagine.

Ladies, however, are the fair and proper recipients of pretty speeches, and a man who gets them is a sort of poacher.

The Duc de Nivernois made an ingenious one to Madame du Barri, who was endeavouring to persuade him to withdraw his opposition to some measure she had set her heart on.

"It is of no use, Monsieur le Duc," she said, "you are only injuring your influence, for the king has made up his mind, and I have myself heard him say that he will never change."

"Ah, madame, he was looking at you," replied the duke.

Could any but a Frenchman have ever conveyed determined resistance in so polite a form?

There was an ingenious amount of devotion implied in the remark of a love-sick millionaire, when the object of his affections became ecstatic over the beauty of the evening star.

"Oh, do not, do not praise it like that!" he cried, "I cannot get it for you."

It is no wonder that Tom Moore was such a general favourite, if he often said such charming little things as he wrote. I think the very prettiest,

quaintest quip ever penned is in one of his love-songs. The lover cannot deny that he has paid homage to others before he saw the present object of his affections; in fact, he learned lip-service very early.

"That lesson of sweet and enrapturing lore
I have never forgot, I'll allow:
I have had it *by rote* very often before,
But never *by heart* until now."

Irishmen generally do manage to say prettier things than others can. They have a certain confidence or assurance which enables them to blurt out whatever comes uppermost in their minds; that is why they make bulls. A man who is always shooting must miss sometimes. The more cautious Englishman or Scotchman escapes the blunders, but scores fewer hits, and does not so often marry an heiress, I believe.

The worst of complimentary love-language is, that the more in earnest a man feels, the less readily will apt prettinesses occur to him. When very far gone indeed he becomes, I am informed, absolutely dumb, although in a mere ball-room flirtation the same individual may be fluent and silly enough.

It is at a very early period, and for a very short time, however, that a rational being cares to dangle, in a soft sense, in the train of women who like to be fed with flattery; but throughout his whole life it would be a comfort to any substantial Englishman to possess the faculty of inventing well-turned compliments for after-dinner speeches. It is a consolation that this description of blarney is much easier than any other, seeing that it may be far coarser. There should be just the difference between a public and private compliment that there is between scene and miniature painting. When you propose a toast, you cannot spread the butter on it too thickly, unless indeed the speech is likely to be reported, and then perhaps it is well to employ just a little moderation. For, of course, the great difficulty in all pretty speeches is to wrap up the flattery in a neat envelope. It would be easy enough to join in chorus with the courtiers in a burlesque, who assure their ugly monarch that he is "a very handsome man," in plain language. But the person complimented would hardly be pleased by such fulsome flattery, unless he was educated expressly for its reception, as kings used to be in the old days, before newspapers were invented.

It is surely a good thing that the custom of composing absurdly exaggerated epitaphs upon departed worthies has gone out. Men of real genius used to encourage this doubtful method of honouring the dead by their example, and wrote encomiums which, though very ingenious, witty, and epigrammatic, are far too extravagant to be really complimentary.

LEWIS HOUGH.

IN THOUGHTFUL MOOD.



"A QUIET FACE."

SOFT wind of eve, that comes to me from seaward,
 Kiss thou my cheek before I go to rest ;
 Let thy light breath, my loosened hair caressing,

Leave there some fragrance from the far, far West.
 Hast thou not spanned the countless miles that
 sunder

My life from his with whom that life is blent,
And borne from thence, tho' faint and undefined,
Some breath, some touch, that fills me with
content?

Whisper, oh, wind! how fared my love—how looked
he?

Of exile weary? worn with toil or care?
Or dauntless still, as in the hour he left me,
Come what may come, to bravely do and dare?
Or, the day over, in his log-hut resting,
Does fancy bear him back across the sea,
His aching limbs, his blistered hands forgotten,
The while he fondly thinks or dreams of me?

Sigh not, oh, wind! as if such dreams were saddening;
Are we not one, my brave, brave love and I?

What though his farewell meant long years of
absence,

Doth not the heart such partings still defy?
No fickle girl who smiles upon another
Shall haunt his visions, but a quiet face
To which, when every charm of youth hath faded,
My faithful love may yet impart a grace.

Moan not, oh, wind! as though it were to warn me
That lives thus sundered often drift away,
By diverse currents borne still further, further,
Until they stand on distant coasts for aye!
But flit thee back to that far land, and with thee
Bear neither blighting doubt nor causeless
fear;

But all that breathes of tenderest, holiest, purest,
Murmur thou sweetly in my loved one's ear!

LOUISA CROW.

A STROKE OF FATE.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.



ANNA smiles the shadow of a smile.

"Not gone yet? God greet thee,
Franz. A happy Christmastide."

The boy's dark gloomy face grows
darker, more gloomy.

"A happy Christmastide! Do not
mock me, Anna."

"Mock thee?"

"Do not mock thyself and me. Is
happiness for Franz Siegel while Karl——"

The boy's working features display rising emo-
tion. With an angry effort he recovers compsure
to say—

"I have remained after the departure of all thy
other visitors, because I wished to speak to thee of
Karl, of my brother Karl, of thy——"

"Of my betrothed. Well?"

Does the tranquil voice so strangely brave, the
sorrowful face so strangely calm, awake no pity in
Franz Siegel? None.

"Hast thou thought of him this evening, filling a
nameless grave? Hast thou thought of him lying,
as five days ago he lay, upon the battle-field—his
heart, that always beat so faithfully to thee, stilled
—his lips, that murmured thy name before closing
for ever, mute in death? Hast thou thought of him,
I say, while the soft words of the Frenchman, com-
patriot of Karl's murderer, were sounding in thy
ear?"

Anna starts forward, with a despairing cry.

"Franz!—Karl is not dead?"

"God knows. The sad weight which falls upon
my spirit, the dim presentiment of intense suffering
that fills my mind, seems to tell me so. Five days
ago, a French attack was repulsed by our gallant
troops. An official list of the names of the Ger-

man dead has not yet reached us. Tidings
cannot much longer be delayed. But if Karl be
living, think how thy inconstancy wrings his true
heart—think, and take shame——"

"Franz!"—Anna's eyes seek the boy's unflinch-
ingly—"of what dost thou speak? Karl's trust in
me has ever been generous and——"

"Karl's trust is dead. He knows thee now—
knows the treachery of his beloved. Scorn fills the
place of old esteem; hatred reigns where love once
held sway. Dost thou think that I, who watch his
interests as I have never watched my own—who
love him with a love that thou couldst never feel—
dost thou think, I say, that I have not forewarned
him of thy treachery? If living still, Karl knows
all—has long known all."

The pale face flushes proudly, the bent figure
grows erect.

"Knows all! All what?"

"Knows that thou bestowest such love as thy heart
can give on an enemy of the Fatherland. Have I
watched thy growing intercourse with De Mont-
brison, have I followed thee through these weary
weeks he has passed in Wiernmar—followed thee
in the Lust Garten, the Park, the town—seen thee
hanging on the Frenchman's arm, marked thy eyes
fall consciously beneath his gaze, observed thy ears
drink in his every word, without learning thy
secret? Days ago I wrote its history to Karl.
Ah! thou wast never worthy Karl's strong affection.
Never, never in all thy life, hast thou loved my
brother."

"Never loved Karl!" echoes Anna's indignant
voice. "Since we were children together he has
been my truest, dearest friend. Karl is to me a
brother in——"

"A brother!"—Franz turns furiously—"Was it a sister's love for which Karl asked—which thou professed to give? Has the memory of thy sisterly affection power to soothe his dying anguish, to render calm and sweet his life's last hour, passed upon the battle-field? Already his country may have required his life. Already his dying breath may have called for vengeance on thy treachery. Ah, weep on! Would that thy tears could revoke the cruel past, could change the bitter present!"

The boy moves away, and Anna is alone once again.

She turns to the window, throws it open wide, and heedless of the piercing cold, looks out upon the night.

The moon shines upon the quiet city, wrapped in slumber—shines upon an upturned, agonised face, upon hands raised in passionate entreaty, upon a form of wondrous beauty, bowed in a tempest of sorrow.

Thus the night finds Anna von Fehrenstein—
as the morning dawns.

"Live, Karl!" she cries through her rising sobs;
"live, dear, dear Karl! Live to give me back my
Anna, oh, my generous Karl!"

Paris. The night of the nineteenth of December, eighteen hundred and seventy—a night for ever memorable in the annals of France and Germany.

The last French sortie has been repulsed, the last hope of Paris dies out in darkness.

Death in many a hideous form strews the battle-field. The cries of the wounded, the moans of the dying are heard on every side.

Despair is here, and unspeakable dread, and sickening longing for the presence of beloved ones, never to be seen again. Words of constancy and true affection, sobbed out with dying breath, fall on no heedful ear. Pain, death, and mental anguish reign supreme.

The moon rises in calm serenity from behind a mass of troubled clouds.

A thousand eyes look up to the source of gentle light—emblem of eternal tranquillity.

Despairing voices, that lately muttered blasphemous curses, grow silent; faltering petitions rise to Heaven—

"Grant us Thy peace."

Thy peace! The warring world esteems it not—to the weary with earth's conflict its rest is glorious.

Brightly the moon's rays fall on the face of a dying German soldier, who lies stretched across the prostrate form of a wounded Frenchman. His fair young face, shaded by a mass of yellow hair, is turned to the sky. His breath comes fitfully and

in painful gasps, but his face is quite calm and brave.

"My friend," he says, striving to turn his eyes to the French officer's, upon whose breast his head is leaning.

"Didst thou speak, my friend?"

My friend—my friend! Common misfortune draws closely together the bands of universal brotherhood.

"I am dying fast. And I have a message to a dear friend, far away in Germany—a message that must be given into safe keeping, or I cannot die in peace. Thou art not mortally wounded; wilt thou charge thyself with the deliverance of my message?"

"Most gladly."

"I send my loving greeting to Anna von Fehrenstein, of the Königs Strasse, Wiermar. Thou wilt not forget her name?"

"Never."

"Let me hear me thy kind voice repeat it after me."

"Anna von Fehrenstein, of the Königs Strasse, Wiermar."

"Tell her that—that"—the German's breath now comes in thick gasps—"that I loved her faithfully to the last—that I forgave her entirely, if I had anything to forgive—that—that—"

"Hush! hush! I hear thee. Speak lower, my friend."

"That Franz's tidings—Franz's tidings—she will not fail to understand those words—arouse not a particle of anger within my breast; that I bid her be happy with him who has inspired her love—love which I was ever unworthy to possess."

"My friend! my friend!"

"I bid her to be happy—to think of me without remorse—to hold my memory in her heart of hearts as a friend whom she esteemed, as a lover who adored her with all his soul and strength. I send her my grateful thanks for her sweet—"

A spasm of acute agony crosses the speaker's face. His eyes close; his teeth are tightly clenched.

At length he looks up again.

"Promise to deliver my message. Remember, I bid my darling to be happy with the object of her choice. Remember, I forgive her entirely. Promise."

"I give my word—the word of a De Montbrison."

"God reward thee. Tell me thy name, my friend."

"Eugène de Montbrison."

Strange decree of fate, that Karl Siegel's dying charge should be received by the brother of the man who had stolen Anna von Fehrenstein's affection!

"Eugène de Montbrison."

The name awakens no remembrance in the German's mind. He lies motionless—content.

Then unconsciousness falls upon him. His eyes close; his breath grows very feeble.

The Frenchman leans forward, tenderly touches with gentle hand the face of the dying man, and strives to recall his wandering memory.

"My friend," he says.

A bright look of returning intelligence crosses Karl Siegel's features.

"Thou speakest?"

"Canst thou—alas, I am 'all unworthy to give counsel on such subject!—canst thou, perchance, remember some words of prayer, my friend?"

"Ah, yes! Thou wilt raise my hands?"

They are raised to heaven. The German's earnest eyes seek the tranquil sky.

"God bless the dear Fatherland, in whose cause I willingly give my life."

"Amen."

"God bless and comfort France."

"Amen—amen."

"God bless my darling Anna, and grant——"

The hands drop; the voice is hushed; the eyes grow dim in death.

With words of blessing on his lips, with thoughts of love and forgiveness in his heart, the gallant Karl Siegel passes to the land of eternal blessing—of eternal peace and love.

A STROLL ROUND HAMPSTEAD



It would be difficult, and indeed I may say impossible, to find within four miles of Charing Cross, or the General Post Office either, a spot in which the England of the eighteenth century is reproduced so truly as in the still rural suburb of Hampstead. Its parish church, though not really old or venerable as churches count age, with its heavy square tower rising up out of the surrounding ivy and rows of lime-trees like a landmark, is one of the few relics of the early Georgian era which the church-restorers of these last thirty years have left untouched. The tower itself just now is said to be insecure; but the alarm is thought to be without foundation by Mr. George Gilbert Scott, who, in spite of his great predilection for that Gothic architecture in which his father so eminently excels, has ventured to put forth a plea for its preservation. A church in which Akenside, and Steele, and Dr. Johnson worshipped, to say nothing of later celebrities—Lord Loughborough, Sir James Mackintosh, Lord Erskine, and Agnes and Joanna Baillie—may well be spared as an almost extinct specimen of our eighteenth century architecture.

"Were the tower a Gothic one," he says, "even of the least interesting date, the proposal to sweep it away would be scouted at once as utter barbarism. Those whose attention is drawn to architecture and art, know well that such work as the two last centuries have produced, has an interest and a value second only to that of earlier ages. There is a great movement of artistic feeling in favour of the architecture of the reigns of Queen Anne and the earlier Georges; and it would be quite intolerable that a parish so full of the associations of that period should distinguish itself by

an act of barbarism which would really be quite behind the age."

Induced by these words of Mr. G. G. Scott, the other day I climbed the pleasant rise which leads up from Chalk Farm to Haverstock Hill, in the hope of seeing how far the Hampstead of to-day differs from that with which I first made acquaintance some twenty years ago.

On reaching the "Load of Hay" at the top of the first sharp ascent, I found the quaint old wayside inn, one of the last of the wooden structures in this part, superseded by a modern "tavern;" and on the opposite side, gone were the poplars that stood before the gate of "Sir Richard Steele's Cottage," over the site of which men and women now drive in Hansom cabs and private carriages along "Steele's Road." I pass on with a sigh, and find that the "George," at Hampstead Green, has undergone a like transformation with its brother inn; whilst nearly all the Green is now covered by a large and handsome new church, with a beautiful peal of bells and a magnificent carillon, the gift of an inhabitant of the place.

I look to my left hand, and the house once occupied there by Lord Loughborough is still standing, though so surrounded with new villas that I scarcely know it again. Up another steep incline, and I am at the top of Roslyn Hill. On my left is Vane House, once the residence of Sir Harry Vane, and afterwards of the great Bishop Butler, now turned into the Soldiers' Daughters' Home. Hard by, on the site of the old "Red Lion" inn—another of the old wooden houses which were once such snug and pleasant hostleries—now stands a police station. The inn is gone, but its name remains in Red Lion Hill; and some few of the older residents still relate how three or four hundred years ago the house was held under the Abbots of Westminster,

on the condition of "mine host" supplying a truss of hay for the priest who came up every Sunday morning hither, to say mass in the Chapel of St. Mary, on the site of which now stands the parish church.

I pass upwards, and see upon my left hand the large red-brick mansion, so long the home of the Longmans, and the place of reunion for the Moores, Scotts, Russells, and other clients and friends of that firm, now swept away to make room for a dissenting chapel; the rookery and grounds adjoining being appropriated to sundry new Italian villas. The rooks "caw" overhead, and I sigh below. The venerable house adjoining, once the home of Clarkson Stanfield, is now, or was until lately, a hospital.

In meditating mood I still pursue my way, and turning down a lane, find myself in Church Row. Here, and almost only here, the hand of the improver and restorer has not been at work; the projecting hooded doorways of the days of Queen Anne still frown over the entrances of the red-bricked houses on my right and left, just as they did in the first days "when George the Third was king;" and the whole street has an air of quiet, homely, and venerable respectability which I can scarcely see elsewhere. Long may it remain *in statu quo*, this venerable relic of the days when gentlemen with powdered wigs, and ladies in farthingales and "hoops of wondrous size," used to make "the Row" their evening parade, after drinking the waters at the chalybeate spring, which still flows so invitingly on the other side of the High Street.

The churchyard gate is open, and I stroll in leisurely. On my left I pay my pilgrim visit to the tombs of Agnes and Joanna Baillie, John Constable, Sir James Mackintosh, and Lord Erskine; then pass along under the shadow of the lime-trees, in the grounds which once were Lord Alvanley's, and find myself in the quiet hamlet of Frognall, in front of the cottage in which Dr. Johnson stayed for a time as a visitor, and where Boswell tells us that he wrote his "Town," and his essay on the "Vanity of Human Riches."

From this spot the ascent is easy by crooked and pleasant by-lanes to the edge of the Heath, so long the resort of Londoners. We are near "Jack Straw's Castle," and into it we peep. There are the usual number of visitors who have come up in Hansoms to enjoy the view, to dine off its modern fare, and to lounge about its gardens. The inn, or hotel, is not by any means an ancient one, and I find it difficult to discover any connection between the present hostelry and the rebellion which may (or may not) have given to it a name. The following is all that I could glean from an old magazine, which lay upon the table at which I sat and dined:—

"Jack Straw, who was second in command to Wat Tyler, was probably entrusted with the insurgent division which immortalised itself by burning the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem, thence striking off to Highbury, where they destroyed the house of Sir Robert Hales, and afterwards encamping on Hampstead heights. Jack Straw, whose castle consisted of a mere hovel, or a hole in the hill-side, was to have been king of one of the English counties—probably of Middlesex—and his name alone of all the rioters associated itself with a local habitation, as his celebrated confession showed the rude but still not unorganised intentions of the insurgents to seize the king, and, having him amongst them, to raise the entire country."

Apart from "Jack Straw's Castle," and one or two other places of "entertainment for man and beast" of a similar character, the visitor to Hampstead Heath will find in the beauty of the surrounding scenery much that will amply repay him for any trouble he may have experienced in reaching this elevated spot, about as high as the top of St. Paul's. Here he will be at a loss whether to admire most the pleasing undulations of the sandy soil (scooped out into a thousand cavities and pits), or the long avenues of limes, or the dark fir-trees and beeches which fringe it on the north towards "The Spaniards"—another well-known inn, by the way, overlooking Hendon and Finchley, which took its name from the fact of its having been once inhabited by a family connected with the Spanish Embassy—or the gay and careless laughter of the merry crowds who are gambling on the velvet-like turf, or riding donkeys along the steep ridge which reaches towards Caen Wood, the seat of the Earl of Mansfield.

An avenue of shady limes at the back of the Upper Terrace, and facing the Heath, has received the name of King's Bench Walk, or Judge's Avenue; and here the visitor can sit on rustic seats, and enjoy the fine view towards Harrow and the Hertfordshire hills. This avenue derives its name from the tradition that, during the Great Plague of London, the courts of law were temporarily transferred hither from Westminster, and that the Heath was tenanted by wig and toga-bearing gentlemen, who were forced to sleep under canvas, owing to the want of accommodation in the village of Hampstead.

The western part of the Heath, behind "Jack Straw's Castle," would appear to have been in former times the Hampstead race-course. The races do not appear to have been very highly patronised, if we may judge from the fact that at the September meeting, 1732, one race only was run, and that for the very modest stake of ten guineas. "Three horses started," says the *Daily Courant* of that period; "one was distanced the first heat, and one was drawn; Mr. Bullock's

'Merry Gentleman' won, but was obliged to go the course the second heat alone." We learn from Park's "History of Hampstead," that the races "drew together so much low company, that they were put down on account of the mischief that resulted from them." The very existence of a race-course on Hampstead is now quite forgotten; and the uneven character of the ground, which has been much excavated for gravel and sand, is such as would render a visitor almost disposed to doubt whether such could ever have been the case.

From the broad roadway leading to "Jack Straw's Castle," which seems to be artificially raised along the ridge of the hill, we get a fine view of St. Paul's. Standing on a level with the top of its cross, we have the whole of the eastern metropolis spread out at our feet, and the eye follows the line of the river Thames, as it winds its way onwards, nearly down to Gravesend.

We cannot quit the Heath without saying a word or two about the ponds and the famous "Wells," the virtues of whose waters were so loudly trumpeted in the beginning of the last century. The stream which feeds the seven extensive and well-known ponds, and gave its origin to the Hampstead Waterworks, takes its rise in a meadow on the Manor Farm at Highgate, and forms a spacious lake in Caen Wood Park, whence it approaches Hampstead, and so flows on to Camden Town and London. Its waters are of a chalybeate character, as has been ascertained from the circumstance of a large variety of petrifications having been met with in its channel, more especially in the immediate vicinity of its source. The mineral properties of this streamlet are of a ferruginous nature; its medicinal virtues are of a tonic character, and are said to be efficacious in cases of nervous debility.

The "Wells," I need hardly say, formed one of the leading features of Hampstead in its palmy days. As far back as the year 1698 they are spoken of by the name of "The Wells;" and two years later it is ordered by the authorities of the Manor Court, "that the spring lying by the purging wells be forthwith brot, to the toun of Hamsted, at the parish charge, and y^e y^e money profits arising thereout be applied towds easing the Poor Rates hereafter to be made." It was not long before they came into fashion and general use. The *Postman* of April, 1700, announces that "the chalybeate waters of Hampstead, being of the same nature, and equal in virtue, with Tunbridge Wells, are sold by Mr. R. Philips, apothecary, at the Eagle and Child, in Fleet Street, every morning, at threepence per flask, and conveyed to persons at their own houses for one penny more. [N.B.—The flask to be returned daily.]" Another paper, apparently a year or two later, announces that the said waters

are to be obtained at ten or twelve houses in London, including "Sam's Coffee House, near Ludgate; the Sugar Loaf, at Charing Cross; and the Black Posts, in King Street, near Guildhall."

In 1734, Mr. John Soame, M.D., published some directions for drinking the Hampstead waters, which he designated the "Inexhaustible Fountain of Health." In this work the worthy doctor placed on record some "experiments of the Hampstead waters, and histories of cures." The *Postboy* of May 8—10, 1707, informs "all persons that have occasion to drink the Hampstead mineral waters, that the Wells will be open on Monday next, with very good music for dancing all day long, and to continue every Monday during the season;" and it further adds that "there is all needful accommodation for water-drinkers of both sex (*sic*), and all other entertainments for good eating and drinking, and a very pleasant bowling green, with convenience of coach-horses; and very good stables for fine horses, with good attendance; and a farther accommodation of a stage-coach and chariot from the Wells at any time in the evening or morning."

Nor was this all. From an advertisement in *Read's Weekly Journal*, September 8, 1716, it would appear that the "Wells" even enjoyed sufficient popularity to have a chapel of its own; for we read that "Sion Chapel, at Hampstead, being a private and pleasure place, many persons of the best fashion have lately been married there. Now, as a minister is obliged constantly to attend, this is to give notice that all persons upon bringing a licence, and who shall have their wedding dinner in the gardens, may be married in that said chapel without giving any fee or reward whatsoever; and such as do not keep their wedding dinner at the gardens, only five shillings will be demanded of them for all fees."

The exact site of this chapel is no longer known, but in all probability it adjoined the Wells, and belonged to the keeper of the neighbouring tavern. There can be little doubt that it was a capital speculation before the trade in such matters was spoiled, a century or so ago, by the introduction of the "Private Marriage Act."

The Wells continued to be more or less a place of resort for invalids, real and imaginary, down to the early part of the present century, when their fame was revived for a time by Mr. Thomas Goodwin, a medical practitioner of the place, who had made the discovery that the Hampstead waters were possessed of two kinds of saline qualities, answering to the springs of Cheltenham and Harrogate; but the tide of popular favour seems to have flown in another direction, after the visit of George the Third and his Court to Cheltenham, and Hampstead soon became deserted by its fashionable loungers. Its waters are no longer taken medicinally, and its former celebrity is now only remem-

bered in the name of a charming little grove called "Well Walk," which leads towards "Flask Walk" from the eastern side of the Heath, and where there has been set up, as though in mockery, a modern drinking-cuptain.

As we quit the Heath, on our way back to town, we pass on our left a house known as the "Upper Flask," which derives its fame from having been mentioned by Richardson, in his novel of "Clarissa Harlowe," as the place where he sends his heroine in one of her escapes from Lovelace; and also as being the place where the "Kit-Kat Club" held its meetings during the summer months. The house has long since been turned into a private residence. At the close of the last century it was the abode of the celebrated George Stevens, the annotator of Shakespeare.

Pursuing our course down the hill through the village, we arrive once more at the spot till lately known as Hampstead Green; and here, on the right, pass through a beautiful avenue of chestnuts to a newly-made roadway, which leads to the now populous district of South Hampstead or Belsize Park.

At the lower end of the avenue stood till very recently a house which, a century ago, enjoyed a celebrity akin to that of the Vauxhall of our own time, but which at an earlier period had a history of its own.

"Old Belsize," for such this house was called, was in the reign of Elizabeth held under lease from the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, by a family named Waad or Wade, who are frequently mentioned in the diplomatic history of their day. One of them, Armigell Wade, is known as the British Columbus; and another, Sir William Waad, was Lieutenant of the Tower, and Clerk of the Council to the Queen. His widow, who was a daughter of Lord Wotton, sold the estate of Belsize, but in the course of a few years repurchased it, and on her death in 1667 it passed to her son, Charles Henry de Kirkhaven, by her first husband; and he, on account of his mother's lineage, was created a peer of the realm, as Lord Wotton of Wotton, Kent.

In 1668, Pepys visited it, as is recorded in the following note in his Diary:—

"July 17, 1668.—To Hampstead, to speak with the Attorney-General, whom we met in the fields by his old route and home. And after a little talk about our business at Ackeworth, went and saw the Lord Wotton's house, Belsize, and garden, which is wonderful fine; too good for the house the gardens are, being indeed the most noble that I ever saw, and have orange-trees and lemon-trees."

On Lord Wotton's death in 1683 the property fell to his half-brother, Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield. The mansion was subsequently under-let to different tenants, one of whom, who rejoiced in the name of Povey, and who was a literary coal-merchant, made himself notorious in his day by the publication of sundry pamphlets exposing the evil practices of Government agencies. This gentleman took to himself great credit as a patriot, for having refused to let his mansion to the French ambassador; and modestly put in a claim for some reimbursement from the nation, for having "kept the Romish Host" from being offered in Hampstead, at a cost to himself of one thousand pounds. My readers will hardly need to be told that Mr. Povey got no thanks for his pains, any more than he did shortly afterwards for an equally disinterested offer of his house and chapel for the use of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, "for a place of recess or constant residence." Not obtaining an answer to his impertinent intrusion, he seems to have turned Belsize to good account, by opening it as a place of fashionable amusement in 1720, from which time for nearly thirty years it continued to enjoy great popularity. The house was subsequently again taken as a private residence, and about twenty years ago it was demolished; the brick wall and gardens which surrounded it were also broken up, to make way for the handsome villa residences which now form Belsize Park; and at the present time all that is left to remind the visitor of the past glories of the spot, is the noble avenue of elms and chestnut-trees which once formed its principal approach.

E. WALFORD.

THE LETTER.



READ it by the sea, love,
As the stately ships went by;
When the birds, with snowy bosoms,
Flew merrily o'er the sky;
And the spirit you touched glowed warmer
To the ships on the sunny sea;
And carolled the wild birds sweeter
From the thoughts you had sent to me.

I read it in the dale, love,
In the midst of a summer dream;

When your voice seemed strangely mingled
With the sweet, melodious stream;
And the far-off children's laughter,
And the sound of the maiden's glee,
Did seem to my heart the purer
From the thoughts you had sent to me.

I read it in the eve, love,
When the meadows and woods were still;
When the murmuring sea broke softer,
And the mist slept calm on the hill;

When the nightingale sang 'mid the tassels
Of the bright laburnum-tree,
And his song to my heart was dearer
From the thoughts you had sent to me.

I've kept it in my heart, love,
As a jewel within a shrine ;

And it fills my life with the beauty
Of a love that is half divine ;
And oft, in the midst of its presence,
I dare not think what would be
Werè my soul to be sundered for ever
From the thoughts you have sent to me.

ALEXANDER LAMONT.

IN HONOUR BOUND.

BY CHARLES GIBBON,

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-NINTH. OVER THE THRESHOLD.

THERE was the usual bustle at the harbour : sturdy women packing barrels of herring, and rolling them to one side, where they formed long rows, duly branded after being examined by the inspector of fisheries. The coopers were busy with hammer and adze, making barrels, or closing up those which were already filled. Vessels of various sizes—brigs, sloops, and smacks—were in process of lading and unlading, or lying up, undergoing repairs. In the midst of all this activity, the *Christina* was slowly making her way to safe anchorage.

Dan, browner and shaggier than ever, was giving his orders in his usual steady, firm way. His giant form towering over his men, he was more like one of the old Norse kings than ever. Busy as he was, he looked often to the quay, seeking some one who was not there.

He had watched every small boat which put out from shore, from the moment they crossed the bar ; but she did not come to greet him. It was a long time before he felt convinced that she was not even on the quay ; and then he growled at Ellick Limpitlaw, as if he had been to blame.

Old acquaintances crowded down to welcome him ; but Teenie did not come ; no one spoke of her, and he began to feel that she had forgotten him. He made his way to Rowanden, and there he noted that the pleasure which friends expressed at seeing him was mingled with a sort of pity.

"Is there anything wrong up-by?" he said to Tak'-it-easy Davie.

"She's no weel," said Davie, understanding at once to whom he alluded.

Then Dan strode up the hill, full of fierce thoughts of dire vengeance if his lass had not been well treated.

He met Walter.

"Have you kept your word?" he demanded—"have you been guid till her?"

"I have tried. Come, she is waiting for you."

The sorrow that was in his face and in his voice

satisfied the father ; and the shaggy giant, who had been so fierce a moment ago, was led like a little child into her room.

She gave a cry of wild joy, and clasped him in her arms, kissing him many times ; and he submitted bashfully. She was so shadowed by his broad person that he could scarcely see her ; but he knew that she was sadly altered. She looked bonnier than ever, but her beauty frightened him. She was so merry that he almost forgot his fears. She laughed and cried almost at the same moment, in the joy of seeing him safe home again ; and she begged him to stay near her—to sell the *Christina* and never venture to sea any more. Then she was so proud when he told her of the thousands he had gained by this single voyage, and that another such voyage would make him a rich man. She was proud because now she felt that Dame Wishart could be paid, and by her father ! He did not understand to what she referred ; but he told her that all he had was hers, and she was just to do what she liked with it.

She was quite happy now, and the future seemed so bright that she found it difficult to be still ; she would have been up at once, but when she tried to rise she found that all strength had deserted her : she could scarcely even sit up in bed.

She had Baby brought to him, and she laughed at the awkward way he attempted to nurse his grandchild ; she told him how she had been wearying and waiting for him ; and how, since he had come, she would never allow him to go away again ; she told him how good Walter had been, how faithful Ailie had been, and how the Laird was the best and kindest friend in the world.

So she prattled on, and Dan's heart became the heavier as her mirth became the brighter. She told him all that she was going to do, and all that he was to do : the future was very beautiful to her now, and they were all to be so very happy.

But he understood. He had brought riches to her, and they were useless. The glad day, which had been his guiding star through many perils, was never to be his ; all that he had striven for

was snatched from him at the moment when his hand seemed to be about to close upon it.

Others saw that his face was dark—that he was gruff and indifferent to them. They also saw that he devoted himself to Baby with a passionate tenderness, which was all the more pathetic because he tried so hard to hide it from observers. He would sit beside Ailie for hours whilst she was nursing the child, never speaking, but watching the little one, and trying to anticipate his wants in a rough, awk-

ward of his sorrow. She was a second daughter to him : to all others he was gruff and unsympathetic, apparently indifferent to the cloud which enveloped the house. Baby and Grace lightened the darkness to him.

Teenie was playing with Baby one day, and Walter was standing beside her. She looked at her husband with a smile.

"Do you know, Wattie, I feel as if I were going to learn soon what lies beyond the sea and the



"I WOULD LIKE TO BE LAID THERE."

ward, and shamefaced way. Ailie caught him more than once—when she had left Baby asleep in his crib and returned suddenly—touching the fat puffy cheeks with tender fingers, and looking at him with longing eyes, as if this were a treasure bequeathed to him by Teenie. He always looked so uncomfortable when thus caught, that Ailie pretended not to see.

Like the others he waited day after day, and the silence in the house became so customary that no one appeared to observe it. Yet all were listening for the change which they knew would come so.

Dan took to Grace almost as much as to Baby, and she was the only one to whom he would speak

hills. What a queer notion that is, and how the desire has haunted me ever since I was a wee bairn !"

"Perhaps it is ambition, Teenie, which should be kept down," he said, shaking his head with mock reproof.

"No, I don't think it is that—it is just a notion. Do you mind once you told me that if we went over the sea and over the land, we would just come round to the place we started from?"

"Yes."

"Was it true?"

"I think so."

"Then if I go away I'll come back to you in time?"

He busied himself arranging some flowers which stood in a vase on the table by the bedside : he could not speak just then.

"Dear Wattie," she murmured after a pause, "we'll learn some day all that is strange to us now. —I do love you."

He stooped and kissed her.

"Let me kiss you again," she said. "There, now take Baby away—I'm weary; let me sleep."

She closed her eyes, smiling, as he lifted the child, and she went to sleep. He stole out of the room. Grace and Dan were at the door.

"She is sleeping—do not disturb her," he said softly, and they all crept down-stairs.

It was the long sleep. So quietly she passed away, that they did not know their loss until some hours after she had gone. Till the last moment she had been so cheerful, so full of confidence in the bright future, that even those whose love made them most fearful were cheated into hope. and the end came as a shock to them.

Death is gentle to its victims ; it is the survivors who suffer.

The tongue of slander had been hushed before ; it was silenced now. Walter turned to his work, very pale and weary, but resolved to go on with it to the end. He had no thought of running away now ; he was resolved to remain there, that her name might be the more respected, and that he might teach the lesson which his suffering had brought to him.

He might, certainly, have sought forgetfulness in change of scene and change of work ; but he preferred to go on with the task which had been given him to do, amongst the people who knew his sorrow and who sympathised with it.

It seemed a commonplace way of doing ; but he accepted life in its commonplace forms. Romantic despair would have rushed from the scene of disaster, and come back refreshed, with wounds healed by change. He took up his work and went on with it, just like one of the fishers or tradespeople who have to work, no matter how much they mourn. There may have been unconscious egotism in this, for he knew that his sorrow gave him power over the people : his sufferings gave him authority which he had not possessed before. They listened to his words with new-born respect, and profited by them so much the more.

Her memory was dear to him, and therefore he wished to remain near her ; he knew that in doing so he was discharging a high duty to the living as well as to the dead ; and the vanity which strives to do what is best for others is surely wisdom ; in his case it was more—it was self-sacrifice, for he felt that in losing her his life had been marred, and his first temptation had been to abandon the

Church altogether. Was he tried more than others? He thought of the morning after the storm, and he said—

"No ; I am like those people ; I suffer like them—let me do my work like them, bravely and submissively, under what conditions the Lord wills to impose."

So he did not falter in his work ; and the people wondered whether this were a man who was callous, or who was brave beyond ordinary men. They listened to the pathos of his voice, to the touching simplicity of his words, and they believed in him—they were grateful to him ; he taught them to understand so many things, which had been strange before ; patience and faith became comprehensible in the light of his sorrow.

Skipper Dan was silent and grim. What he suffered no outsider could guess ; but he suffered all the more that he concealed his grief. He made a will—provided for Ailie, and settled everything else on his grandson. Then he got the *Christina* ready for sea again, and set sail after a last longing look at the simple grave in the church-yard of Drumliemount.

"If I happen to die on land," he said to Walter, as coolly as if he had been arranging about the disposal of a block of wood, "I would like to be laid there—beside her. Will you see it done?"

"Yes?"

"I'm obliged to you."

He pressed the hand of his son-in-law, and went away.

Success attended him wherever he went. The sea was kind to him, and all its dangers turned away from him. It became a by-word to be "as safe as if you were on board with Skipper Dan." He found joy in life, little as he had expected it when he saw the earth close upon Teenie's coffin ; and when his time came, he knew that his grandson was a wealthy man.

The Laird was one of the quietest and one of the keenest mourners for Teenie. She had become very dear to him. But he said nothing about it ; if you had heard him uttering the driest platitudes in the ears of Walter, trying to console him with such saws as—"We must all endure these calamities"—"We are all mortal," etc., you would have thought that he was indifferent, if not callous. But in the quiet moments you would have seen how sad his face was, how anxiously he watched his son, and how eager he was to do anything that might comfort him.

Then at times, when the wind was blowing high and the big voice of the waves spoke loudly, he would saunter through the kirk-yard, and linger near her grave, sweet memories making shadows on his face—for there is always an element of sadness in memory.

FISH AND FISHERS.—III.

BY GREVILLE FENNELL.



N Smith's "Wonders," we read that none of the curiosities of Germany are more surprising than the lake Cirenitz, in Carniola, and the method of taking its fish. The lake is four or five miles long, and two miles broad. The most wonderful circumstance is its ebbing and flowing in June and September, when it runs off through eighteen holes, which form as many eddies or whirlpools. Nalvasor mentions a singular mode of fishing in these holes, and says that when the water has entirely run off into its subterraneous reservoirs, the peasant ventures with a light into that cavity, which runs into a hard rock, three or four fathoms under ground, to a solid bottom, whence the water running through small holes as through a sieve, the fish are left behind and caught, as it were, in a net provided by nature. On the first appearance of its ebbing, a bell is rung at Cirenitz, on which all the peasants in the neighbouring villages prepare for fishing in these ebbs. An incredible number of pike, trout, eels, tench, perch, etc., are thus caught.

One of the common practices, as mentioned by more than one old writer, is to place a board painted white along the edge of the boat, which, reflecting the moon's rays into the water, induces the fish to spring towards it, supposing it to be a moving sheet of water, when they fall into the boat.

During the periodical rains, the Ganges overflows its banks. After the floods have subsided, the smaller fish crowd up the rivulets. A fisherman of an idle sort plies his dinky or punt, and when it grates the sand, moors it across the stream. With a long indented bone, something like a quail-call, he, in great unconcern, with his hubble-bubble (a smoking-pipe so called from the bubbling it makes in having the smoke drawn through a half-filled cocoa-nut shell) in one hand, and the musical instrument in the other, awaits the arrival of the invited fish. Strange to say, his guests do arrive, and, finding the stream obstructed, throw themselves over into the lee-side of the boat, where there is a net, and where they get entangled in its meshes.

Columbus is said to have observed, in the course of his voyage among the West India Islands, some natives fishing in a canoe. He was struck with the means they adopted, which was by a sucking-fish, or remora, which they allowed to fasten on a fish, and thus drew them both out of the water. The natives of Cuba attach a

strong small twine round the tail of the remora, which is kept in a vat until its services are required, and then thrown overboard. It runs instinctively towards the first fish which its line permits it to reach, and instantly makes itself fast by its oval disc or sucker at the top of its head. The moment the fisherman feels that such is the case, he gently draws the line to the surface, and carefully thrusting his finger under the disc, breaks the connection, and secures the game. He then permits the sucking-fish to return to the water, and is generally most successful by this means.

It is wonderful, indeed, how apparently slight are the affairs to which venturesome fishermen will entrust their lives. The inhabitants of Corfu used to be entertained by a fisherman paddling about on the sea in his white jacket and large straw hat, seated on a bundle of rushes fastened together, and moving about on the water with one oar. When he landed, he drew up his "boat," and threw it over his shoulder. Thus he used to catch scorpion, mullet, shrimps, crabs, etc.

The Fuegians subsist principally by fishing, and have recourse to a remarkable expedient to supply the place of a hook. They fasten a small limpet in its shell to the end of a line, which the fish readily swallows as a bait. The greatest care is then taken by them not to displace the limpet from its position in drawing the fish up to the surface of the water; and when there, the fisherman watches for a favourable moment, and with great dexterity retains the line in one hand, seizes hold of the fish by the other, and quickly lifts it into the canoe.

Gmelin relates how the winter fishing takes place for the huso in Astrachan. In the beginning of winter, when the huso have retired into vast caves under the sea-shore, which form their winter quarters, a great number of fishermen assemble, over whom are placed a director and inspectors, who possess considerable influence and authority. Other kinds of fishing being prohibited in the places known to be the haunts of the husos, a numerous flotilla of boats are in readiness. Everything being prepared, as it were for an important military operation, all approach in concert, and with regular manœuvres. The slightest noise is interdicted, so that the most profound silence prevails. In an instant, at a given signal, a universal shout rends the heavens, which echo multiplies on every side. The astonished husos, in the greatest alarm, rush into the nets of every kind prepared to receive them.

The huso fishery is of great importance, principally on account of the caviare prepared from the

roe of these fishes, and the isinglass made from the air-vessel.

A great variety of fish frequent the shores of the Cape. In consequence, whole fleets of fishing-boats go out every day, and all return at two o'clock, the established hour for market. This regulation enables them to have fish in perfection. "The fishermen of Cape Town adopt a curious practice," writes Foster, in his "Voyages." "They invariably smear their nets with blood, which is allowed to dry on them; and they consider that this entices the fish, and gives them a better haul."

"The Indians of North America, besides other ingenious modes of fishing, take a fork of wood with two grains or points, and set a gin to it almost in the same way as they catch partridges in France. This is put into the water; and when the fish (which are in greater plenty than here) go to pass through, and find they are entered in a gin, they snap together these pinchers, and catch the fish by the gills."

We read in Webster's "Voyage of the *Chanticleer*," that "Captain Foster had no sooner landed than a solitary negro made his appearance—we had invaded his solitude. We soon made him acquainted that fish and vegetables would be acceptable. The next minute he provided himself with a cane, armed at one end with a nail, and, to our surprise, plunged into the sea. Here he continued floating and swimming about, supporting himself in the water with one hand, while with the other he made use of his weapon among the finny tribe. This was altogether a novel mode of fishing; but not so to him, for in the space of two or three hours he had caught six fine cavalloes, weighing nineteen pounds, besides several smaller fish."

Burns, in his "Travels in Bokhara," assures us that the native fisherman on the river Wanyanee is provided with a large earthen jar, open at the top, and somewhat flat. On this he places himself, and lying on it horizontally, launches into the stream, swimming and pushing forward like a frog, and guiding himself with his hand. When he has reached the centre of the river, he darts his net directly under him, and sails down with the stream. The net consists of a pouch attached to a pole, which he shuts on netting his game, draws it up and spears it, and puts it into his vessel, on which he floats, and prosecutes his occupation.

We are told that the Greek fishermen avail themselves of the propensities and passions of fish, for, loading a bough of the olive-tree with lead, they drag it along, deeply depressed, at the stern of the boat. Certain fish, the pike amongst the number, entwine themselves amongst the branches, allow themselves to be drawn into the boat, and only relinquish their hold of the bough with their life.

Willoughby tells us that the sargo has a curious passion for goats, which, when the animals are

driven in to refresh and cool them, these fish tumultuously throng and gambol amongst.

The fishermen, therefore, of that period, clothed in a goat-skin, with the horns on their heads, walked into the water. "The fish crowded around: they baited with goats' fat and flesh, incorporated with flour, and the fishermen endeavoured to take every one of the shoal; but should they not have sufficient rapidity of motion and dexterity to jerk the fish up and instantly cast it ashore, the other fish discover the cheat, and instantly leave the spot, nor will even real goats tempt them to return. The fish are large, and the rods and the lines must be stout."

Otters have been trained to fish for man. Bishop Heber alludes to this. "We passed a row of no less than nine or ten otters, tethered with straw collars and long strings to bamboo stakes, on the banks of the Matta Colly. I was told that most of the fishermen kept one or two of these animals, who were almost as tame as dogs, and of great use in fishing, sometimes driving the large shoals into their nets, or bringing out the larger fish with their teeth. It has always been a fancy of mine that those creatures, whom we waste and persecute to death, might be made sources of amusement and advantage to us."

Cats have been known to overcome their aversion to water, and dive after fish. In this way several trout were brought home by a cat belonging to a cottager named Watts, at Stowford, in Wilts, and laid at her mistress's feet in the manner often observed in cats with captured mice.

Blacquiére gives a remarkable evidence of the timidity of certain fish contributing to their capture. In the Gulf of Patrasso, in Greece, the diver, with a rope made of a species of long grass, moves his canoe to where he perceives a rocky bottom. This done, he throws his rope out to form a large circle; and such is the timid nature of the fish, that it never passes its barrier, but instantly descends and conceals itself. The diver plunges downwards, and seldom returns with less than four or five fish, weighing from four to six pounds each. The fish greatly resembles the john-dory.

The practice of snatching, now declared to be illegal in the British Isles, which used to be carried out with several triangular hooks tied together and leaded on a line, appears to have been known to the natives at Porto Praya, in New South Wales. "There," says Bennett, "they fished in boats. They sprinkled something on the water like crumbs of bread, that attracted the fish to the surface in shoals. The fishermen then swept amongst them a stick, to which a number of short lines, with hooks, were attached, and by the aid of this they usually brought up several fish at a time. Woxien were in the boat, who were engaged in receiving the fish, and cleansing and salting them."

Pliny, Plutarch, Franklin, Chandler, and others tell us that oil was sprinkled during the night-fishings in the Straits of Salamis, to make the water pellucid.

"Graham, the lessee of a fishery at Whitehaven, used the spear for taking salmon in a curious and novel manner, which he appropriately calls salmon-hunting. The time for this sport was when the tide was out, which left the fish in shallow water, intercepted by sea-banks near the mouth of the river, where the water is from one to four feet deep. Armed with a three-pointed barbed spear, having a shaft fifteen feet long, Graham, on horseback, gallops right into those pools which show, by the agitation of the water, that there are salmon in them. He makes ready his spear, and having overtaken his fish, strikes it with almost unerring aim. By a twist of the hand he then raises it to the surface of the water, turns his horse's head to the shore, and runs the salmon on the dry land, without dismounting. His father was the inventor of this extraordinary method of fishing for salmon, by which they have killed from forty to fifty in a day."

The pursuit of leistering or burning the waters—an unhallowed practice, now happily denounced by the law—consisted in attracting the salmon by means

of a candle and lantern, or sometimes a flaming torch, pine-branch, or wisps of straw, and in then endeavouring to strike the fish with a spear or leister. Mr. Lockhart, in his "Life of Sir Walter Scott," recounts how on one occasion, when the great bard was present, Sir Walter fell over the gunwale of the vessel, and that had it not been for the assistance of Mr. Skeen, he would have made an awkward dive of it. Indeed, at no time was this burning of the water engaged in without some hazard, for large salmon are usually to be met with in pools of great depth, which, however, it is not easy to estimate with precision by the light of a torch. Thus, when one of the persons engaged discovers a fish, and makes a determined thrust at him with his leister or spear, he is very likely to make a false calculation of the depth, when, intending by a desperate lunge to transfix the salmon, he plunges heels over head into the depth below; and the impetus thus given to the boat sends it to a distance that frequently deprives the adventurer of assistance. If, on the contrary, he has correctly judged his depth, and has transfixed the fish, nothing more is required than to haul it up, and to stun it with a blow on the back of the head, which will have the effect of crimping it.

GRAPE CULTURE IN CALIFORNIA.



HE production of wine is one of the most important branches of agriculture engaged in by mankind. It enjoys, in fact, the third rank; rice—which forms the staple food of a large proportion of the human race—and wheat occupying respectively the first and second places. A brief account, therefore, of the successful attempt which has been made to cultivate the grape in California will, it is believed, possess interest for our readers.

The culture of the vine has been before now attempted, with more or less success, in various parts of the United States. In Ohio in particular it has proved moderately remunerative. Some few persons, indeed, have realised fortunes from it. Among them may be named the late Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, whose sparkling and still Catawbas—excellent wines, scarcely to be distinguished from the best French champagnes—have for years enjoyed a high reputation in America. Nevertheless, wine-making has not hitherto proved so profitable a business in any section of the country, as to be engaged in very generally by the agricultural population. California is, in fact, the first of the States in which

a systematic effort has been made to elevate the culture of the grape into a leading branch of industry; and the success which has been achieved is really surprising, when it is borne in mind that it was only so recently as 1856 that the first attempt was made.

The vine has, it is true, been planted in California for upwards of one hundred years, having been introduced by the Spanish Catholic missionaries between the years 1716 and 1745. But though the grape flourished in its new soil, yet very little attention was paid to its culture, except in a few localities, and for two reasons. In the first place, the population was thinly scattered over a large area, provided with only slender means of intercommunication, so that the wine made on an estate must, in most cases, either be consumed there, or the surplus wasted, there being no market for it; and in the second, there was a general—though, as subsequent experience has shown, ill-founded—impression that all vines required watering.

In a few years after the cession by Mexico of California to the United States, came the discovery of the gold-mines, and with it a flood of emigration from all parts of America and Europe. To a large number of the new-comers, from the very nature of their occupation the use of some stimulant was almost a necessity. When a man is obliged to

stand up to his waist in water for several hours a day, he is apt to consider the external application of the fluid quite sufficient, and to prefer something rather stronger to be taken internally. Every cask, every bottle of wine, therefore, that could be made, however poor in quality, at once found purchasers, at even fabulous prices.

The first of the obstacles to an extensive culture of the grape had now ceased to exist, but the others remained apparently in full force. There are very few parts of California in which water can be obtained for the purposes of irrigation when most needed. Streams which at one season of the year are swollen by the heavy rains to impetuous torrents, or broad and rapid rivers, dwindle during the summer months to mere rivulets, or their empty channels remain alone to mark the course their waters took. How this apparently insuperable difficulty was overcome will presently appear.

In 1832 an Indian settled on a tract of land in Sonoma county, now known as the Buena Vista estate. He established himself there under a law of the Mexican Republic, which offered grants of land to any of his people who would engage in the cultivation of the soil. He planted a number of vines, but, faithful to old traditions, of course only in spots where irrigation was available. The estate passed through various hands, until it became the property of an American named Ross, from whom the present owner, Mr. Haraszthy, purchased it in 1856.

When this gentleman became the possessor of the estate, there were but seven thousand nine hundred vines on it in all. He immediately planted thirteen thousand additional ones, without, however, making any provision for irrigation. The old settlers of the valley were curious to learn how Mr. Haraszthy proposed to remedy what they considered to be a most material oversight. Their curiosity did not remain long unsatisfied. Mr. Haraszthy had conceived the idea that the plough might be used to advantage for the purpose of supplying the vines with the moisture necessary to them. He argued that if the earth were stirred frequently during the summer months, the plants would absorb from the loose damp undersoil the nourishment they required.

Whether this theory would prove correct or not, was a question the experiment would of course determine; but for the result of that experiment it was necessary to wait patiently at least a couple of years—the vine, as is well known, never bearing the first year, and sometimes not even the second.

In the meanwhile Mr. Haraszthy experienced the usual fortune of those who propound theories not in accordance with the ideas of the community in which they live. Everybody predicted that his experiment would result in a most disastrous failure; and the kindly-hearted farmers in his vicinity were

wont to express their regret that any man should waste his time and his money in so hopeless an undertaking.

The vines, however, thrived under the new system of culture, much to the surprise of the sceptical, who, although they could not refuse to credit the evidence of their senses, and were forced to admit that the plants appeared strong and healthy, still contended that without water the vines would bear no grapes.

Two years elapsed, and then it was found that several of the more thrifty vines had produced grapes much larger and sweeter than those obtained from watered vines; while the general yield was rather over than under what the number of plants would, under the usual system of cultivation, have furnished.

The question whether, or not, it was practicable to cultivate the grape without having recourse to irrigation, was now conclusively settled. Never was conversion more complete. Every one in the vicinity of Buena Vista at once began to plant vines; and land, which but a short time before would have been thought dear at six dollars an acre, readily commanded so much as one hundred and twenty dollars.

Stimulated to fresh exertions by the success of his undertaking, Mr. Haraszthy planted, each succeeding year, several thousand fresh vines; and his example being followed by his neighbours, the valley, which in 1856 had not thirty acres of land in vineyard, has now over fifteen thousand.

The impulse thus given to the cultivation of the grape extended not only over Sonoma, but throughout the whole of the upper part of California. The State Agricultural Society watched with considerable interest the progress of the enterprise, and lent it every assistance in its power. In 1858 the board of the society requested Mr. Haraszthy to write an essay on vine-planting, wine-making, etc. He complied, and published a small pamphlet on the subject, which was circulated largely throughout the State, through the agency of the society in question. It was likewise reprinted by order of the Legislature, and distributed gratis among the agricultural population.

How very generally the knowledge thus disseminated was practically applied, the following statistics will show. According to the State returns in 1856, there were but 1,540,134 vines in the whole of California, and of these the early Spanish settlement of Los Angeles had 726,000. The remainder were scattered throughout the State in old Missions and Spanish ranches. In 1862 the Standing Committee of the Legislature on Vines reported that there were 20,000,000 planted in the State. There are now probably more than three times that number.

The nature of a considerable portion of the soil

of California is such as to eminently fit it for the production of the various varieties of grape. It is volcanic; in some parts burnt by long-extinct subterranean fires to a dark red; in others, grey, yellow, darkish blue or black. The earth also very generally contains magnesia; and to this circumstance may be attributed the fact that from imported vines, grapes have been obtained quite equal to those grown in Europe, where the soil in the vine-growing districts is usually found strongly impregnated with this substance.

A careful examination of the whole State has been made, and it is estimated that it contains at

least five million acres of land available for the culture of the grape. It may safely be predicted by any one who is acquainted with the energy of the American character, that in another quarter of a century a very considerable portion of this area will be brought under cultivation.

In fact, what the invention of the cotton-gin by Whitney did for the South, the discovery—for so it may be called—of Mr. Haraszthy has effected for California. It has revolutionised the industry of a large portion of the community, and bids fair to increase to an enormous extent the wealth of the State.

W. C. M.

THE DYING YEAR.



Far, far away, there is a glint of crimson
in the west,
A roseate glow, as sparks of fire, set
in the opal's breast;
And myriad isles of purple cloud float in a
sea of gold,
Whose shapes each moment, changed anew,
some beauties fresh unfold.

The red leaves strew the garden-walk; the autumn
shadows fall
Across the path, in gloaming grey; the whistling
plovers call
Their comrades to the sheltering fen—the stealthy
owl skims by,
What time the white moon 'gins to show her crescent
in the sky.

And rise from river-side the mists, and cattle cease
to graze,
And lay them down beneath the boughs; and in the
gathering haze,

The marsh-lights show their glittering sparks of all-
delusive fire,
To lure the heedless wayfarer unto the treacherous
mire.

Wet are the last few flowers with dew—the dahlia's
gorgeous crown
Bows heavily its petals bright, with glittering gems
bent down;
The crimson fuchsia gently nods her purple-lined
bells;
The frosty nights creep on apace, and the short
daylight tells

Of coming winter: when the earth shall robèd be
with snow,
And bare shall be the forest-trees: nor shall there
longer blow
One bloom of all the blossoms fair that brightened
summer hours,
Till spring shall smile on earth again, and bring us
back the flowers. ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

UPON THE SKELLIGS.



ANY of our readers have, doubt-
less, been off the Skelligs with
Miss Ingelw, in her charming
novel, yet I dare say that but few
of them have stood with us *upon*
those great sea-cliffs. But we
are again starting in memory for
the Greater Skellig, at four o'clock
on a bright summer's morning.

Join our party, and whilst sailing out of Sneem
Harbour with us, past Westcove, and tacking by
slow degrees round Lamb Head, within sight of
Daniel O'Connell's rambling old hall at Derrynane,
and Lord Dunraven's white cottage and green
young plantations—that lie near yonder long yellow

strip of velvet sand, on which the Atlantic billows
are lazily plunging over the harbour bar—let us,
amongst other tales of the "Kingdom of Kerry,"
tell you what we know of those stupendous sea-
cliffs towards which we are steer

For some time previous to the commencement
of the tenth century, the Greater Skellig—a rock
about seven hundred feet high, and of some half a
dozen acres or so in area—although lying twelve
miles to sea off a very stormy coast, was occupied,
strange to say, by an abbot and canons regular
of St. Austin, one St. Finian being the reputed
founder of this monastic institution.

Here, cut off from the mainland sometimes for
months at a time during the winter, and only rarely

visited in the summer by the pious or penitent landmen, in their swift but dangerous coracles, or their slower but securer yawls, these good priests led their strangely monotonous lives, supported upon the fish and sea-fowl that have always been extremely abundant off the Greater Skellig, until about the year 950 A.D., when the Danes landed on the island, massacred the unfortunate unresisting monks, and broke up their establishment.

The rude buildings of the order have been left to desolation and decay since that time, though the chapel was used on the occasion of pilgrimages to the island from the mainland, until a few years ago, when a portion of it fell over the cliff at the edge of which it stands.

In connection with these pilgrimages, although from a very different point of view, we may quote Mr. Crofton Croker:—

"The practice exists in Cork of publishing on Shrove Tuesday a certain species of song or ballad, called the 'Skellig List,' of which, in the course of a few days, no less than thirty thousand copies are printed and sold. These lists contain a rhyming catalogue of unmarried women and bachelors, whom the poetaster has undertaken to pair together as suitable companions for what is termed a pilgrimage to the Skelligs, which were formerly much frequented as places suitable for prayer and penance, on pilgrimages of which kind many matrimonial matches were made up. The fun of the Skellig Lists consists in associating the most probable and improbable persons."

Having told this much of the history of the Skelligs, we are arrived within about half a mile of the Greater Skellig. We put off from our cutter in a long-boat which we had taken in tow with us from Sneem. With the Lesser Skelligs, which are almost inaccessible, and occupied only by gulls and gannet, we shall not concern ourselves. The sea is comparatively calm, and yet we have no little difficulty in landing on the island, owing to a draw of eight or ten feet upon the rock.

One of our party has brought his photographic apparatus with him, and it requires some skill to get it all safe on land; but we are well aware that, upon an occasion like this, you should wait to spring on shore until the boat is approaching the end of its rise.

A few years ago a sad accident occurred at this very landing-place, through the neglect of this precaution. A young English lad sprang from the boat too late, fell back, and in his terror clutched hold of his tutor, who was trying to save him, and the two went to the bottom locked in one another's arms.

Safely landed, we take a careful survey of the Greater Skellig.

There are two lighthouses on the island, occupied by two different families, who (we can only

suppose upon the principle of familiarity breeding contempt) were not even on speaking terms with one another when we last visited them.

And here a word about the Skellig Ram, now defunct, but formerly a terror to all invaders of the island. This was an immensely large and very fierce brute, and defended the landing-place against all who attempted to set foot on the island without the consent of his master, one of the lighthouse-keepers. For years he held it most successfully against every trespasser, till he was one day found dead upon the hill with a gimlet in his eye, the savage revenge probably of some one whom the ram had on a former occasion kept off the island. So we land without any insular opposition.

The path between the lighthouses is defended by a white sea-wall, which can be seen at a great distance. About half-way between the landing-place and the lighthouse nearest to it, you look over this wall sheer down upon a cliff some fifty feet below, which is completely covered with sea-fowl. They are not molested by the lighthouse people, and so tame do they appear, that we could no doubt do deadly execution amongst them with a shower of stones; but we think, that even a public-school-boy, with his catapult, would hesitate before letting fly at such a confiding flock of creatures.

Climbing the bare face of the Skellig by a flight of steps cut in the side of it, we reach a little valley which surprises us by the rich green of its grass—the sweetest, it is said, in Kerry. Here seven beehive-shaped cells and a chapel, two old wells, and several stone crosses—probably raised over the bodies of the murdered monks—speak in silent eloquence of the past. And while here let us record a pretty local tradition of this island. It is said that no bird passes the Greater Skellig without first lighting in the valley where these ruins stand, and walking softly past them.

We now begin the more dangerous portion of our climb. After toiling up some rude and slippery steps cut in the rock, we pass to the stations where penitents used to pray by a rock called the "Stone of Pain," from the difficulty of its ascent. This surmounted, we arrive at the "Eagle's Nest," the first penitentiary station; and finally, at the height of seven hundred feet sheer above the sea, we reach the "Spit," a long narrow platform of unguarded rock, which can only be arrived at by a path a couple of feet wide, over which we pass by edging ourselves along with our backs to the cliff. From the Spit, when safely reached, we are met by a vast seascape of grand expanse, the mountains upon the shore to the east looking like so many haystacks from a housetop.

At this dizzy elevation let us bid memory and our Irish Iona good-bye.

THE AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF KILLARNEY."

A PRECIOUS TRUST.



"IN THE PARK."

IT was a very modest chamber on the third floor, or what in a less pretentious house would have been called a garret, that Katie Mayne and her sister Miriam occupied at Mrs. Bideford's boarding house. — Street, Strand ; and to the eyes of two country maidens it had the air of having been forgotten at those seasons when good housewives indulge in thorough cleanings ; but they considered

themselves fortunate to have secured a cheap lodging in a respectable house, for it was their first visit to London, and they had resolved to be economical, even in their pleasures. In this chamber, with the door carefully locked, their hats and mantles thrown hastily aside, and their bronzy faces aglow with pleasure, the sisters were eagerly gazing on the first riches they had ever possessed—a legacy left them by a distant relative, which they had come to town to receive.

They had been together to the executor of the trust; they had received from him the little packet containing not only their own money, but a sum of equal value which they were empowered to receive for a widowed aunt; and now Katie sat on the edge of her bed, with Miriam kneeling at her feet, smiling her satisfaction, as the packet was untied, and the fresh crisp bank-notes unfolded and examined with unflagging interest.

Two hundred pounds. How small a sum it would seem to many! How large it was to these young girls! Well born, well nurtured, they had endured for some years as direful a struggle with poverty as ever fell to the share of two friendless orphans; yet they had come through the trial bravely, for—oh, secret of so much true heroism!—they had never repined. First as junior teachers in a school, then as the principals of a very modest establishment for young ladies in a country town, they had persevered in the face of difficulties and discouragement that would have crushed less hopeful spirits—content to deny themselves every gratification that was beyond their small means.

Two hundred pounds! A little awe mingled with their thankfulness, as they counted the notes to assure themselves that the precise sum, that was now their very own, lay before them. On peaceful summer Sundays, when they were set free from their duties, they had loved to ramble in a beautiful park near their home, or share with the deer the deep cool shadows of its ancient trees, and there dream and plan aerial castles which, though destined never to be built of more lasting materials, were, very pleasant to dwell upon for the little time they lasted. But they had grown very practical of late, never aspiring to greater possessions than a new piano for Miriam, and the modest trousseau without which Katie's long-deferred marriage must still be a deed for future consideration.

And now these aspirations were more than realised! The check that had grown pale and thin, despite her cheerful spirit, flushed into its old bloom as Katie reminded herself that her share of this legacy would not only purchase the bridal finery in which every feminine heart delights, but would leave a nest-egg to lay the foundation of those great things her clever betrothed was to achieve; and Miriam's deft fingers played an air with brilliant variations on the

counterpane, as she thought of the fine-toned instrument which was to bring her fresh pupils, and do justice to her really excellent playing.

But now a small cloud arose on the horizon. They had determined to indulge themselves with a little sight-seeing before they returned home, for it was not only their first trip to London, but in all probability would be their last. This money, however, so gratefully received, so joyfully gloated over, what was to be done with it while they remained in town? The widowed aunt had given them sundry injunctions respecting hers, the principal being not to entrust it to the post-office, for she had had no faith in it since she had learned from the newspapers that postmen were not always honest; and though she remorsefully added that she had not a word to say against the old man who had been letter-carrier at — for twenty years, still she would not like to put temptation in his way in the shape of the two hundred pounds that was to apprentice her eldest boy, pay the school fees of the next, and release her from an incubus of small debts that had troubled her ever since the sudden decease of her husband.

After much discussion of various ways and means of providing for the safety of the valuable packet, it was resolved that one or other of the sisters should carry it in her bosom during the day, while at night it might safely repose at the bottom of the little trunk that stood on a chair by their bedside; and this arrangement being decided on, they prepared to enjoy London as only intelligent strangers can.

Too modest and ladylike to attract notice by any peculiarity of dress or manner, and too humble to divine how often their fresh sweet faces drew upon them an admiring glance, they "did" the principal sights with that hearty appreciation of them felt only once in a lifetime. But pleasure, when it takes the form of craning one's neck to admire pictures, or traversing the galleries of Kensington, or climbing the steps at the Crystal Palace, soon grows fatiguing; and after spending their last evening breathless and rapt auditors at a good entertainment, the sisters went to rest, not altogether sorry that the term allotted for their stay in town had come to an end. An early train on the morrow was to speed them back to —, with its quaint High Street, ruined castle towering above the avenue of elms leading to its gates, and those breezes from the surrounding hills for which the murky atmosphere of the great City had been so poor an exchange.

Was Katie dreaming of these invigorating breezes when she suddenly awoke from her slumbers? A minute ago she had fancied that she was sitting under the trees with Miriam, talking a little sorrowfully of some past trouble; but now the grass, the ferns, the flickering sunbeams that played across them—all, all were gone; only the blast of cold

air that had chilled her into wakefulness was still sweeping across her cheek.

She raised herself on her elbow, but the night was so dark that nothing in the room could be discerned except in the immediate neighbourhood of the window, and that—gracious heavens!—was wide open.

Numberless tales of thefts perpetrated in this manner flashed into her mind as soon as she made the discovery, and she recollected now that it was too late now, in their weariness and excitement, both she and Miriam had been less careful in looking to the fastenings than was their custom.

Before she could summon courage to rise, or decide whether to awaken her sister, or first ascertain if anything had been abstracted from the chamber, a sound at the window made her quiver with increasing alarm. A dark figure was there—a figure but dimly seen in the obscurity of the starless night—was even then cautiously stepping through it. Katie cowered down in the bed, afraid to move or to cry out for help; for the bell was not within reach, and a desperate man, intent upon plunder, might murder her and her equally helpless sister if they frustrated him.

Had any one discovered their precious trust, and was it to rob them of it the ruffian came? Must they lose it, and in this way? Growing frantic in her terror, Katie put out her hand to grasp the trunk in which it was hidden, but shrank back as quickly, for the figure was rapidly drawing near—nearer—and now it was close to the bedside, and bending over her as she lay.

Involuntarily she closed her eyes. She was no heroine endowed with marvellous presence of mind, but a weak woman who felt herself at the mercy of one of those lawless characters with which the dangerous quarters of the metropolis abound. And when a hand grasped the bed-clothes, as if to drag them from her, Katie Mayne for the first time in her life fainted quietly away.

When her senses returned it was morning, and Miriam was leaning over her with some alarm depicted on her face.

"Thank goodness, you have opened your eyes at last! You looked so ghastly, I feared you were ill. Did you find the room too close in the night, that you opened the window?"

The question brought back all the horrible recollections of that dark hour, and with a cry of mingled grief and rage, Katie sprang out of bed and seized the trunk. It was unlocked; the ring of keys, that had been under her pillow when she went to rest, now lay on the floor with sundry odds and ends of feminine attire flung out of the trunk; and, as she had foreboded, the packet containing not only her own and her sister's share of the legacy, but the notes pertaining to her aunt, was gone.

For some time the half-stupefied sisters sat gazing at the trunk, too much bewildered by their loss to do anything but lament it. Yet their grief was not wholly for themselves. They were young and strong, they told each other, and though it cost them a pang to renounce the happiness this money was to have afforded them, why, they would be but as they were before. But the widowed aunt, whose worst cares were to have been lifted from her burdened shoulders—the anxious mother, whose heart had sung with joy as she looked round at the little ones, and saw herself enabled to further their interests—how should they tell her that the precious sum on which she was depending was lost?

"The police!" exclaimed Katie, suddenly starting into action. "We must go to the police. The gentleman from whom we received the notes may have taken the precaution of keeping the numbers. We will not give way to despair until we have done our best to recover them."

Only those who have gone through a similar ordeal can realise the misery of that morning to the sisters. They were questioned till they grew hoarse with replying. The tale of Katie's nocturnal adventure had to be told over and over again, till she grew weary of telling it. The landlady of the house, aroused from her matutinal nap to hear it, was selfishly indignant that such an affair should have happened in a house that had always borne the highest of characters, and talked at Katie and Miriam as the cause of it, till they began to feel guilty as well as unhappy. The executor of the will, when applied to for the numbers of the notes, shrugged his shoulders, and remarked more satirically than kindly upon the want of caution that had been shown. If the young ladies had not been so childishly eager to receive the money in that form, this could not have happened. While the police pried about, and climbed out of the window, and on to the roof, and came back to ask more questions, and repeated their gymnastic exercises *ad nauseam*, and so on, until Katie's head ached, and Miriam's patience was quite exhausted.

"It was plain as a pikestaff how the robbery had been effected," the inspector averred. "There was an empty house a few doors off, through which the burglar or burglars had obtained access to the roof. If people *would* go to bed with large sums of money in their possession, and their fastenings not properly secured, why, they must take the consequences. The notes might be traced, but he was doubtful about it—very doubtful."

And the sisters had to endure this, and the visits to their room of every inquisitive person in the house, till evening approached, and curiosity was satiated. Then they once more locked their door, and, faint with fatigue and sorrow, sat down to swallow the half-cold tea and toast brought up by

an Irish servant, whose sympathy, though coarsely expressed, had been very acceptable.

The homeward journey, to which a few hours earlier they had looked forward with such pleasure, must now be postponed till they could summon fortitude to meet their aunt. The little gifts for friends and relatives, that it had been a labour of love to select, were put aside with many sighs; and Miriam, after doing her best to wear a cheerful face, and coax her sister to eat, suddenly succumbed to her passionate regrets, and throwing herself on the bed, wept herself to sleep.

But Katie could not follow her example. She tenderly drew the clothes over the sleeper, and kissed her flushed cheek, and then wrapping herself in a shawl, sat down to take a serious view of their position.

It was a bitter disappointment to be obliged to postpone her marriage, and she felt that in justice to her betrothed she must put an end to the engagement; for she must no longer work for herself—no longer set aside for her own uses every hard-earned shilling that could be spared from the daily needs. The widow and the fatherless had suffered by her want of caution, and for them she must toil unceasingly until the debt was paid.

Then poor Katie began to calculate how much she might save in the course of the year by dint of denying herself, and striving to procure some employment for her evenings; but her heart sank as she comprehended that years must elapse before the task she set herself could be accomplished; and the tears, that were more difficult to wring from her eyes than Miriam's, fell in large hot drops on the clasped hands lying in her lap. Only last night she had been so happy—so hopeful—picturing to herself the pleasure of her betrothed at her return, and the joy that would light up the sunken eyes of the widow when the precious trust was rendered up, and her nieces rewarded with a loving kiss.

Only last night so happy, and now——Katie slid off the chair on to her knees, and gradually found comfort. The neighbouring clocks sounded midnight, and then the small hours; but still she knelt there, unconscious of the lapse of time, till Miriam tossed and moaned, and then sat up in the bed, staring about her, with a curiously vacant look in her blue orbs.

Was she going to be ill? At the prospect of this addition to their anxieties Katie's reviving spirits sank again, and she rose and approached her sister, to question her. But Miriam, who had also risen, brushed past her without appearing to hear the affectionate inquiry, and stooping over the trunk that had contained the notes, began searching in it. She tossed the contents over and over, muttering to herself the while, until she found a small

packet, not unlike the lost one in size and shape, and wrapping her waterproof tightly around her, walked straight to the window, which she flung open.

Katie's heart almost ceased to beat, for she saw that the young girl was in a state of somnambulism, and a dim conception of what might have occurred on the previous night began to steal into her mind. Unconscious of her terrified sister's grasp on her skirts, Miriam climbed out of the window, and, still followed by Katie, fearlessly made her way along the parapet to where there stood a flower-pot, containing a withered shrub and a few handfuls of mould. Over this she stooped, taking out the plant, to which the dry earth firmly adhered, and carefully depositing the packet beneath it. This done, the somnambulist returned to her own room in the same way that she had quitted it, crept into bed again, and slept soundly for some hours.

It was not till the day had dawned that Katie could nerve herself to repeat this exploit; and then it was on her hands and knees that she crawled along the gutter, and seizing the flower-pot, brought it back with her. Oh, ecstasy! the mystery was solved—there had been no robbery. Miriam herself had been the dark figure at the window—it was she who, her dreams perturbed by some dread of losing the money, had risen from her bed and hid it in this strange and unsuspected hiding-place.

It would have been difficult to make her believe that she had done this, but for the proofs of it that her rejoicing sister put before her; but she could remember now, that at some time or other she had heard or read of a prisoner concealing some documents in this manner; and the incident, forgotten in waking moments, must have been recalled and acted upon by the teeming brain during the visions of the night.

The sisters' last morning in London was a busy one, for the recovery of the money had to be signified to the police; and so many were eager to congratulate Katie, and stare at Miriam as the heroine of a strange adventure, that the work of packing went on amongst many interruptions. But if the early train was lost, there was a later one; and when the congratulations had been civilly acknowledged of those who had stood aloof in the hour of distress, and the truer sympathy of Irish Norah gratefully rewarded, Katie and Miriam bade adieu to London.

There was much to ask and to tell when they reached home; but it was not until the precious trust had been safely given up to its owner, and Katie sat with her hand firmly clasped in those of her betrothed, that she told the tale of the lost money, and how unexpectedly it had been recovered.

L. C.

THE FÊTE OF THE FIFTH.



THE particular mode by which the fifth of November conspirators proposed to rid the world of an obnoxious king and Parliament, has proved as unfortunate for the memory of poor Guido Fawkes, as the discovery of the plot was disastrous to him personally.

Had it been arranged that he should carry out the diabolical scheme by means of the dagger, or by poison, or by almost any means other than that selected, he would in all probability have sunk by this time into comparative obscurity, and have become merely one on the long roll of successful and unsuccessful assassins whose names are familiar only to the readers of history. In the project of a grand blow-up, however, there was something so dramatic and so readily suggestive of commemorative demonstrations, that the perpetual prominence of his name might with certainty have been predicted from the first. As long as boys are boys, and gunpowder is explosive, the fifth of November will no doubt always be a festival of squibs and crackers, and an effigy of poor Guy an excuse for a bonfire.

Whatever the luckless desperado himself might think about it, this perpetuation of his memory has resulted in at least one advantage to posterity. It has been the means of keeping up and developing an art which, if not one of the most useful and important, is nevertheless one affording a very pleasing and innocent form of amusement. The circumstance of one particular day in the year bringing round with it a great demand for fireworks, has caused an amount of attention to be devoted to the pyrotechnic art, such as could hardly have been the case without some such commemoration.

All this attention notwithstanding, it is only within the past few years that the art has attained a degree of perfection at all approaching that of the present day, and by which such displays as those at the Crystal Palace are produced.

To form some idea of the production of these ephemeral splendours, let us visit the establishment of a well-known maker, which, if from the peculiar nature of his operations not a very imposing one to look at from the outside, is yet very extensive, and really interesting. It consists altogether of no less than four-and-twenty workshops dotted over a seven-acre field, at a distance from each other varying from twenty to fifty yards. As nearly every one of these sheds represents a distinct branch of the work, and as this system of isolation is considered to be absolutely essential to safety,

some idea may be formed of the terrible risks incurred by small makers—and there are said to be a great many in London—who carry on the manufacture of certain kinds of cheap fireworks in their own homes, working at busy times by candle-light, and, it is said, sometimes even drying their finished goods in the oven. Only last year the writer of this saw the scorched and blackened bodies of four or five persons who had been secretly carrying on work of this kind, and who had died a horrible death as the penalty of their criminal folly.

At this place there is very little danger. The precautions adopted are such that any serious accident would be scarcely possible.

At first sight this is not very apparent; indeed, the corner of this seven-acre field in which the visitor finds himself at the outset has a decidedly formidable aspect—at least to the uninitiated. Lying about in heaps are remnants of past displays and paraphernalia in the shape of frames for set pieces, rocket-stands, iron mortars, shells to fit them, and various other things of which the use is not evident, and the nature of which it may be, for aught the stranger knows to the contrary, to go off spontaneously at unexpected moments.

Nor is the interior of the first erection inspected altogether reassuring. The ceiling is hung all over with Japanese lanterns and inflammable-looking paper balloons in a state of collapse, while upon the floor reams of paper and firework-cases are mixed up with jars and barrels of chemicals which, as they are found upon a factory of this kind, the novice is apt to imagine must necessarily be explosive. Of course they are not; the building they are in is within the prohibited fifty yards of a public highway, and if there were no other reason the law would not permit them to be kept here if they were explosive. In proof that they are not so, the lids are removed from some of them, and small portions of their contents are taken out upon the end of a knife-blade, and held in the flame of a gas-burner. It at once becomes apparent that those unattractive-looking tubs and stone jars are so many magazines stored with colours that would make a rainbow look dingy.

A tiny heap of chlorate of baryta is put into the dark part of the gas-flame, and the very sunlight is instantly overwhelmed by an outburst of one of those vivid greens with which the patrons of the Crystal Palace are so familiar. In the same way oxalate of soda gives a brilliant yellow. Another dip brings out a small quantity of arsenite of copper and sal ammoniac, and a blaze of blue reveals the secret of another important element in those wonderful combinations of colours for which the Sydenham hillside

has become so famous. Here is a barrel of sal ammoniac by itself, for giving depth to hues of all kinds; another yields calomel for the same purpose, and another chlorate of potash—a prolific source of oxygen gas, without an abundant supply of which, fireworks can no more be brilliant than the folks who go to see them. None of these are dangerous individually, though in combination they may become so. The manufacture of coloured fires, involving the necessity of bringing together several of these ingredients, is indeed a branch of the business in which the utmost care is sometimes ineffectual to avoid accidents. Two chemical substances, in themselves perfectly safe, may by being mixed together become very dangerous. Chlorate of potash and sulphur, for instance, are quite safe apart; but when mixed the slightest friction will cause them to ignite; indeed, if the sulphur should contain the slightest trace of impurity, in the form of sulphuric acid, a perfectly spontaneous combustion will be pretty certain to take place. Nitrate of strontia in combination with sulphur and potash is another very dangerous mixture. It yields one of the most brilliant of reds, and if after having imbibed a little moisture it is subjected to the least warmth, it will almost inevitably take fire. So perilous is this mixture, that if after a display our maker finds a little of it on hand, it is either fired or buried, for the sake of getting rid of it.

The details of the pyrotechnic art, and the various operations involved in it, are so numerous that a complete description of the work going on in these sheds would be altogether beyond the limits of this article. Maroons, shells and rockets, squibs and crackers, Roman candles and golden rain, snakes and pigeons, peacocks' plumes and Prince of Wales' feathers, and many others are all in course of manufacture; and though all depend for their motive, explosive, and illuminating power on a few very simple principles, yet the making of them presents a wonderful multiplicity of details.

The preliminary part of the business throughout all its branches is, of course, case-making, the most noteworthy feature in which is perhaps the manufacture of shell-cases. Shells may be recognised by their starting from the ground with a dull report, careering through the air with just a spark of fire visible, and bursting at a considerable height. These missiles are precisely similar to the shells formerly thrown inwar, except that the cases are made of brown paper, and the contents, instead of being murderous fragments of iron, are crackers or coloured stars. The cases are made with perfect accuracy and of very considerable strength, by passing successive layers of paper into a stone mould forming half the sphere. When completed, this half is taken out of the mould, cut round by a lathe, and fitted to another precisely like it, thus forming a globe as solid-looking and perfectly spherical as

a cannon-ball. They are of various sizes—five, eight, ten, or twelve inches in diameter—and, like an ordinary shell, are thrown into the air by a mortar.

Another aerial explosive thrown up in the same way is the "maroon," which gives that terrific bang usually forming the prelude to the Crystal Palace displays. These, in their two or three stages of completion, are met with in different sheds, but it is not until they are quite finished that the force with which they explode is fully understood. The maroon is simply a quantity of gunpowder enclosed in a case skilfully bound round with stout new cord, and covered with a coating of glue. From the formidable strength of this enclosure, there can be little wonder that the explosion which rends it to pieces seems to shake the very earth.

In one of the sheds is a black-looking individual all by himself, sitting upon a stool with two pans in front of him, from one of which he is drawing out into the other an interminable length of lamp-cotton steeped in a paste of gunpowder and starch. This will presently be wound on a large revolving frame, sprinkled over with a little meal-powder, and set to dry. Finally it will be cut into convenient lengths and enclosed in a loose casing of paper. It is now "quickmatch," and will constitute a kind of fiery telegraph for igniting all parts of a "set-piece" at the same time or nearly so. The effect of the loose sheathing of paper is rather curious, and is very well shown by firing a yard or two from a part of which the paper has been stripped. If a light be applied to the uncovered end, it will burn its way along very slowly indeed until it reaches the paper, when, with a sharp report, it will dart along the entire length instantaneously. There have been one or two displays at the Palace which have required no less than about four miles of this quickmatch.

The "filling shed" is an interesting one, and one which of course demands the utmost care, if accidents are to be avoided. It is here that skilled hands are quietly filling in with tiny scoops the various compounds for which the cases have been made.

The great accuracy required in this work is very well illustrated in the filling of a "Roman candle," a firework which may be known by its shooting out, with little or no report, a series of coloured balls. These balls are little blocks of composition placed at intervals along the case, with charges of powder and "dark fire" between them. The dark fire smoulders slowly along until a ball is ignited, and at the same instant blown out by the discharge of a little layer of gunpowder beneath it. Now, as it is a great point in the making of a Roman candle to arrange that these balls shall all be discharged with equal force, and as the force of a discharge of powder increases just in proportion as it is con-

fined, it is evident that the quantity of powder constituting every charge must be different. A scoopful which, if placed right at the bottom of a case, would explode with considerable violence, and drive out the ball above it to a great height, would, if placed just at its mouth, go off with a very feeble puff. The discharges are nicely graduated by means of an accurately adjusted series of scoops—a very small one for the bottom charge, a rather larger for the next, and a larger still for the next, and so on, the workman having a row of these little implements stuck in the powder before him, and gradually working his way along it as the case fills.

All the implements used in this shed are either of wood, copper, or brass. Not a scrap of iron or steel in any form is to be found, either in the tools or in the interior of the shed itself, lest an unlucky blow might "strike fire." List-shoes are provided for those engaged here to put on over their nailed boots, for the same reason. Of course no lights are permitted here. If at busy times it is necessary to work beyond daylight, lamps are lighted outside the windows.

In another shed is going on the manufacture of those balloons which are prominent features in the Crystal Palace displays, and which are popularly called "fire-balloons." They are, however, inflated by ordinary coal-gas, the brilliant white light beneath being produced by burning magnesium. The material of which they are made is "loam paper," a paper of a very strong, hard texture, deriving its name from the circumstance of its being a good deal used in the City for the scraps of shales and loams. The use of this material in the manufacture of balloons to be inflated by an artificial gas, to soar for a while with a brilliant light, and finally to go down in gloom and total collapse, strikes one as being not altogether unlike the use sometimes made of it in the City.

The prettiest features in a firework display are the rockets; and in their structure they are certainly the most interesting. Some of the best of these are said to go up at least two thousand feet, or considerably over a third of a mile, and thus they accomplish, not as is commonly supposed by being shot up, but by their own power of rising. Inside the rocket-case is a chamber rammed hollow with a composition which burns fiercely, but for which the only outlet is a very small aperture behind. Through this opening the gas evolved by the combustion rushes out against the air with such force as to drive the whole rocket up bodily. The tail is but the sparks resulting from this internal combustion. Over this fiery chamber is another, filled with falling stars or floating lights, or whatever else is to be discharged, the two being separated only by a thin cake of fine clay, with a small hole bored in the middle of it. When the locomotive portion of the rocket has burnt itself out,

and can go no higher, this second chamber is fired through the aperture in the clay, and at once explodes, whatever is contained in it being at the same instant ignited. In one shed boys are making the stars which are to be thus scattered in the air. The materials employed of course vary with the colours and effects that have to be produced. Saltpetre, sulphur, antimony, and gunpowder form the composition for what are called "bright" stars, their vivid brilliancy depending on the antimony. For "tail" stars again, gunpowder, sulphur, saltpetre, and fine charcoal are the ingredients; and for "comet" stars, powder, lump-black, and black antimony. For coloured stars it would of course be requisite to combine some of the chemical substances already referred to. These materials are mixed well together, and then "pumped"—that is to say, the end of an implement, consisting of about three inches of brass tube, and a little sliding piston inside it, is thrust into the composition. A certain amount of it is thus picked up, and is immediately pushed out by the piston in little blocks of about the size and shape of the smallest of pill-boxes.

A grand down-pour of golden rain is another very pretty effect of the explosion of a rocket-head, and the manufacture of this is also going on. The materials are very nearly the same as in some of the stars, consisting of meal-powder, fine and coarse charcoal, saltpetre, and sulphur. The proportions, however, are very different, and of course the composition is not cast into little blocks, but filled into paper cases like squibs and about two inches long.

But perhaps the most curious of the contents of these rocket-heads are the floating lights, which are in reality little silken parachutes with a light tied beneath them. A square of silk is packed together with whatever is to burn beneath it in the upper part of the rocket, and when ejected into the air inflates, and the "star," which would otherwise drop down, floats away beneath its silken canopy. This appears to be about the most complicated production of the pyrotechnist, and requires a deal of nicety in the making and adjustment of it. The changing light, of course, is a tube full of coloured fire composition of different kinds, arranged in layers, one layer burning red, another green, and so on; and as this tube is tolerably solid, without the parachute it would fall precipitately, and so it would if by any chance the silk were not to expand. To insure its inflation, therefore, each little bundle of silk has within it an explosive "puff," which is ignited by the discharge of the rocket-head, and which properly inflates the parachute. Thus we have in this one complex little structure first a rocket-stick, then the locomotive portion of the case, and above that the carrier, provided with the means of self-inflation, and bearing a light which will, perhaps, display as many as five or six different colours.

GEORGE F. MILLIN.

IN HONOUR BOUND.

BY CHARLES GIBBON,

AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER THE SIXTIETH.

SUNRISE.

THE collapse of all the claims advanced to the Methven fortune produced as much excitement as the first announcement that it was waiting for an heir. The best society of Rowanden and Kingshaven was up in arms of indignation against the iniquitous law which—by a mere quibble, of course, and read by the officers of the Crown—withheld the property from the rightful heirs. But the matter was not to be allowed to rest—it was too important, the stake was too high, and purely on public and philanthropic grounds there were to be appeals, and every engine of the law was to be set a-going to get the money for somebody.

These engines of the law, however, being expensive to work, and the issues being more than likely to go against the appellants, although everybody threatened loudly for a few days, nobody proceeded to action.

One peculiarity of the case was that people who had been at daggers drawn whilst in expectation of getting the money, became quite devoted friends as soon as they knew they were not to get it, and were charmingly unanimous in their condemnation of the jugglery by which they had been cheated of their rights. They were not at all clear as to who had cheated them, or as to the person upon whom the blame should be cast; so they took refuge in vague charges against the Crown generally, and against the Queen's Remembrancer in particular. They had no doubt that this latter official would pocket a large slice out of the fortune himself, and consequently it was not his interest to do justice to the deserving, although distant, relatives of the late George Methven.

Another peculiarity of the case was the beautiful frankness with which each of the lately expectant heirs declared that he or she would have been delighted if the friend to whom he was speaking had obtained the fortune, and that the speaker had never expected, never even dreamt of, any personal aggrandisement by means of, "that poor fellow's fortune," but had been all along interested, simply on public grounds, in the success of somebody else.

"What a lucky thing for us," observed Aunt Jane to General Forbes, over their after-dinner whist with double dummy, "that *we* never allowed ourselves to think of that wretched fortune which has upset everybody! We would have been *so* miserable now!"

"Certainly, we were lucky not to think of it, since we had no chance of getting it."

"Don't you think—hearts are trumps, dear. Oh, you know; very well—don't you think that it is very surprising that Dalmahoy, with all his experience, should have ever imagined that he could possibly obtain any part of the estate?"

"He's a fool—that's bad for you, I take your queen—but I believe that he was misled by some fancy about that Thorston girl. A fine creature she was, and she ought to have got the money—trump to your ace."

"What, have you no diamonds?"

"Not one;" and then, in a duct—

"What a lucky thing *we* did not speculate upon that fortune!"

It was in this manner that the heartburning and bitterness of the worthy folk found vent. Everybody was full of self-congratulation over the indifference they professed to have felt regarding the million that was heirless, and of profoundest pity for everybody else who had wasted time, thought, and money in attempting to gain possession of the brilliant Will-o'-the-Wisp.

Even Mrs. Dubbieside, who had been one of the most eager to create a claim, was grateful for the humility of spirit which prevented *her* from thinking about the fortune (privately she told the provost that he was a mean-spirited creature to allow the matter to drop without, at least, causing the dismissal of the Remembrancer. But she was utterly unable to understand how the bailie's wife could have been such a fool as to upset her household by her greedy and absurd expectations—not to mention the extravagances into which she had launched on the strength of those expectations.

The provost, douce man, kept a quiet tongue in his head, and allowed his wife to abuse him in private, and to play the contented woman in public, as much as she pleased. Experience had taught him that opposition was the annihilation of domestic discomfort.

On the other hand, the bailie's wife was equally surprised at the pretensions of Mrs. Dubbieside, and wondered if the provost would presume to keep up his carriage and lamps, "now that there was no chance of his getting any share of the Methven fortune."

"But what will be done with the money?" inquired Mrs. Shaw of her husband, who, being a banker, was supposed to be well informed upon such matters.

"It will remain in the hands of the Crown, I suppose, until somebody appears with a claim strong enough to win it," he answered: "and in the meanwhile, Carrie, and such lawyers as he is, will grow fat upon the fools whom they can tempt to try to get it. There's no denying, though, it's a hard case, and a great pity that somebody does not get it. It would save ever so much trouble and vexation of spirit during the next fifty years."

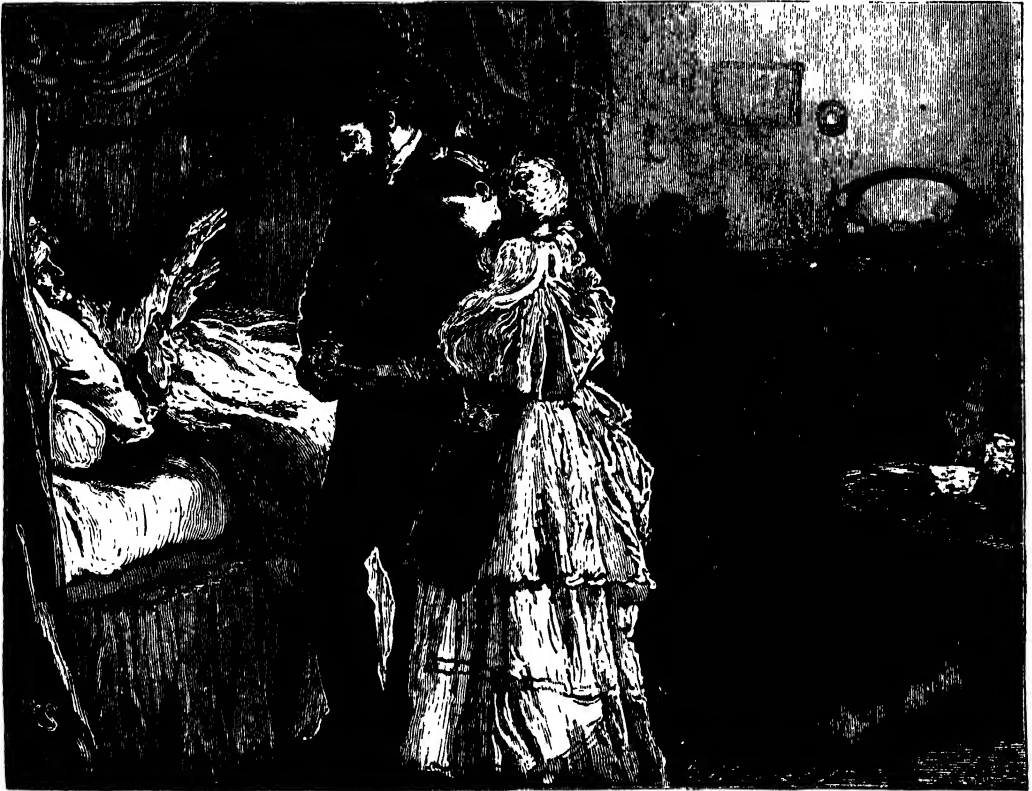
"Suffer is a dreadful thing," commented the

a fortune when there were so many poor people, like herself, who stood in so much greater need of it.

"Do you really think there is no chance for us?" she said to Dalmahoy, distressfully.

"Not the slightest—how should there be?"

"And will *nobody* get it. She felt as if it would have been a satisfaction to think that somebody had got it—somebody whom she could have abused and vented her spite upon.



"LUCKY ONE, AND IT'D BE HIMSELF."

banker's wife philosophically; "it's a mercy we have nothing to do with it."

That was the almost universal exclamation; and the wonder is, considering how thankful all the people were to be saved from the root of evil, that they had been so eager to grasp it, and so spiteful against anybody who seemed to have the slightest chance of beating them in the struggle to possess it.

The widow Smylie was very much disheartened, and honestly owned that she was so. There had seemed to be a prospect of providing for her children, and it had been snatched away from her. Reason and law were nothing to her. She could not understand why the Crown should absorb such

"There's not the least likelihood of any of the present claimants getting it, at any rate."

"I don't believe you ever tried, or you might have got something for us."

"Now you are ridiculous, my dear. What could I do?—I could not make you the man's sister!"

She would not have thanked him if he could have done so: all the same, she was angry with him because he had not, and refused to speak to him for six months afterwards.

This conclusion to the prolonged suspense about the Methven fortune was eminently unsatisfactory to everybody. If it had been allotted to any one of the claimants, there would have been the comfort of being able to abuse the lucky person; but when

only opposed by an indefinite devouter called the Crown—who could neither feel sarcasm nor suffer under scandal—it was impossible to relieve the heart of its pent-up indignation otherwise than by pretending to have no indignation to vent.

Habbie Gowk grinned at the general disappointment, and wrote some satirical verses on the subject, which were published in the *Kingshaven Chronicle*, and caused great irritation amongst the many who applied the rhymester's whip to their own shoulders. He would have been perfectly happy in witnessing the chagrin which his verses provoked, if only Beattie had been there to share his pleasure. The Laird gave him another donkey, and it was christened Beattie; but the poet was never so frolicsome as he had been in the old days. He rarely wandered far from Dalmahoy or Craighburn, and by-and-by he took up his quarters permanently at Drumlicmount.

Throughout the time of sorrow at the manse, Grace was the guiding spirit: everybody turned to her for help and guidance. Quietly she took command of the house, and saw that all the necessary arrangements were made decently and in order. When the sad duties of the occasion had been performed, she went home.

No one had appeared to be conscious of the gentle influence which had kept everything straight; but the moment she left, her presence was sorely missed. Walter was for some days restless and uncomfortable; the skipper roamed about the house in an unsatisfied way; and even Ailie felt that the compass of the house had gone wrong, or was lost.

The feeling, however, wore away in time from all hearts except Walter's. He missed her from the house; he missed her controlling hand in all his surroundings. He said nothing; he went on with his work resolutely, determined to teach in his life, as in his preaching, that the often apparently unmerited misfortunes of this life are reconcilable by faith with the common idea of the Christian creed, that God watches over the fall of a sparrow even, and is tender and helpful to all who love Him. He wished to show to his people that there are the possibilities of happiness in every life, if we only knew how to reach and use them.

And he did not fail in this; the people loved his calm pale face, which was full of a divine sympathy, and they appreciated his earnest desire to help them in the common struggle of daily life to keep the heart pure and the feet clean; but they felt it most whenever sorrow lighted on their hearths.

To Grace he was always an affectionate brother; but as time went on, and he noted the clinging devotion of his motherless child to her, he was startled by an idea which he dared not utter, and which filled him with painful questionings.

She was always the same to him—in all things

his loving sister and adviser. She did feel momentary chagrin when there came whispers to her ears mating the young widower with this or that eligible damsel in the parish, but she presently laughed at the rumours; and she watched over Baby with a tenderness for which Teenie might have been grateful; and the child took to her as if she had been his mother. She was able to do this frankly, because she was so entirely unconscious that Walter ever could be more to her than a brother.

"Aye, aye," muttered the dame often, as she watched Grace moving about the room; "and that poor lass has gone, and I'm here yet. Well, I'm getting on in years, there's no doubt of that, and there's no saying when my time may come. But I'm real glad I did not refuse her that time she came asking for help. I would have been sore fashed now, if I had thought she could have carried a black score against me up yonder. And she was not a bad creature, either; I would have liked her much if she had come to me again.—Grace!"

"Yes, mother."

"Tell your uncle Hugh I want to speak to him."

Dalmahoy came; but his interview, which was private, ended in his again offending his sister. He left the room saying

"I'll do nothing of the kind. Leave it to themselves; if it comes about, all right; but I won't interfere."

Then there came a time when Dame Wishart was very ill. Dalmahoy and Walter were often with her. Grace could not be spared from her side for a single hour; and so Ailie was obliged to bring little Hugh over to Craighburn to see his adopted mother. The dame frequently desired Grace to bring the bairn into her room, that she might see what he was like, and how he was thriving.

On one occasion when she had sent Grace for Baby, she turned to Walter with all her old sharpness and penetration.

"Wattie, my man, I am coming near my time," she said quietly, "I mean the time when you'll have no more fash with me. When that time comes, Grace will be alone in the world."

There was command, and yet appeal in her voice and look. Walter was startled, for she suggested what he would have most desired, yet feared to breathe. But when Grace at that moment entered the room with Baby, he put his arm round her waist, and led her to the bedside, looking at the dame as if expecting her to speak.

"Bairns," she said in her brusque way, "do you think you could do something to pleasure me before I go?"

"Oh, mother," cried Grace, "is there anything we would not do to pleasure you?"

"Then get married ; the lass Teenie would wish it as much as I do."

Grace shrank back, but Walter held her firmly and Baby interfered with her movements.

"Thank you, aunt," he said, looking at Grace tenderly ; "you have said for me what I never could have said for myself, although I wished to say it."

"Marry her, then, marry her, and I'll die happy," said the dame hastily, and as if she were anxious to get the matter settled off-hand.

"Grace, I have thought of asking you to be my wife, but dared not. It is your mother who helps me to my only chance of happiness in this life—will you marry me?"

She was dazed and confused for a minute ; then she placed her hand in his frankly, giving with it her whole heart and soul.

"Yes, Wattie," she said simply.

The two, with clasped hands—she holding Baby as if he were part of the compact—bowed their heads before the dame, who gave them a fervent blessing.

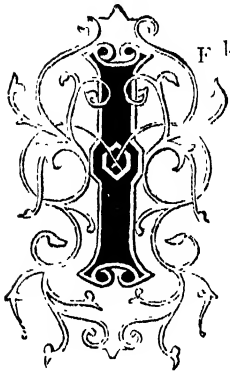
"That's right, that's right ; you're sensible at last.—Now read a chapter for me. Read a bit of Solomon's Song, and stop when I lift my hand."

Walter took the Bible, and read the passage she desired, Grace sitting beside him the while, with Baby on her knee. Dame Wishart lifted her hand when he came to the words

"For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone ; the flowers appear on the earth ; the time of the singing of birds is come."

THE END

MORAL OBLIQUITY.



If kleptomania is a real disease, those who are afflicted with it are very much to be pitied ; but still, perhaps, for the sake of the community at large, they ought to be punished ; for if we once admit that people, who are perfectly sane in all other respects, may be so irresistibly drawn into the commission of certain crimes, and the indulgence of certain vices, that they are not to be

held responsible for their actions, it becomes an act of injustice to punish anybody for anything. Every murderer may set up the plea that he is afflicted with homicidal mania ; every thief that he has got kleptomania ; every drunkard that he is a dipsomaniac ; and it will be impossible to confute him.

This fashion of thinking that a man's brain must be diseased if he is excessively foolish and inconsequent in one matter, and fairly sensible about all others, probably arises from the inability of people to imagine themselves committing such acts while in possession of their senses ; for most of us who have laid the lessons of life at all to heart, have learned that the only safe guide to the probable actions of our fellow-creatures is to judge them by ourselves. But this test, though by far the best we have, is not infallible ; and it fails not so much in consequence of the multiplicity of abnormal examples, as through being wrongly applied. It should be considered that every one has his special weakness ; and when I am judging another, I must compare his course of action when exposed to his particular temptation, with what I should probably do when lured by mine. Thus it may well seem strange to those whose passion of acquisitiveness is not unduly developed,

that a gentleman or lady with money at command should indulge in petty pilfering. The profit is so small ! the disgrace risked so enormous ! But those who wonder have other propensities, which, if unchecked, would gain an equal mastery over them.

Still it is a melancholy reflection that there should be many people who have had all the advantages of careful religious and moral training, and yet grow up without any inner sense of honour or honesty—that, like the Spartans, their only idea of disgrace should lie in the being found out—that so long as they can insure concealment, they should feel an inward satisfaction in the perpetration of mean and fraudulent actions. We all go wrong often enough, goodness knows ; but most of us turn hot all over when we reflect upon the matter afterwards. We do not chuckle internally, and feel a sense of superiority to the people whom we have defrauded or injured.

It is perfectly intelligible to everybody that a man on the verge of ruin, grasping at every straw to save himself, should commit a crime in order to stave off the threatening calamity ; and, if not found out, should be restless and conscious of degradation for the rest of his days ; but to shirk paying a sovereign lost in a bet, or lent by a friend, because his creditor does not like to dun him for such a trifle—or to slip away quietly from a place where he has been staying, owing five shillings to his washerwoman—shows a more engrained depravity. One steals under pressure of a great temptation, the other because he finds a pleasure in fraud for its own sake, or at any rate has so weak a moral sense, as to be ready to commit a mean and fraudulent action to save a sum so small that he would never miss it.

I have known a rich man find a purse and pocket it without advertising it, or making any inquiries.

I have heard ladies and gentlemen boast that they have passed their children as under twelve at railway booking offices when they were fourteen or fifteen; and the children who thus travelled half-price *knew* that the fraud had been perpetrated, and laughed over it with their parents as a good trick. And if ever those children get penal servitude, their father and mother will wonder how they managed to go wrong, considering the moral and religious principles in which they were brought up; as if all the precepts of all the moralists, sacred or profane, would weigh for one moment against such an example set by those whom the child regards as wellnigh infallible. The excuse set up in this particular instance is that a railway company is fair game. A traveller has sometimes, on special occasions, to ride in a second or third-class carriage when he has paid first-class fare, and he is unable to recover the difference, or obtain any redress whatever. No doubt this is a grievance; but that any one should consider it sufficient to justify a falsehood for the purpose of obtaining a ticket at a reduced rate, shows a great moral obliquity. At the same time, certain rules and regulations of the railway companies seem to be narrow, illiberal, and inciting to fraudulent evasion. Do you suppose, for instance, that there would be any pecuniary loss attendant upon making return tickets transferable? One man or woman does not, except in occasional instances, occupy more room than another; and if it pays the company to take A from Brighton to London and back for a certain sum, it must pay them equally well to take A there and B back for the same price. Of course the idea is that B would buy a single ticket and pay more under the present system, which I believe to be quite a fallacy. The objection is to making laws which cannot be enforced. How on earth could any guard or porter remember the faces of a whole trainful of excursionists, so as to be able to tell whether the same people were returning twelve hours afterwards? It rarely happens that any one taking a return ticket does not want it for himself; but when such an accident happens, I fear that he would seldom hesitate to give it away or sell it, if he chanced to meet a friend who wanted to go to town that evening, and then his moral nature would receive injury.

Minute and vexatious legislation is bad for many reasons, but principally because it habituates people to evasion. Protective duties, which encourage smuggling, are a very great evil on this account. People cannot see that it is wrong to cheat the Revenue; and when it is very easy to do so, they will. As for the income tax, a more immoral impost was never devised. It is a direct temptation to people to send in false returns, and there are so many excuses which calm the conscience. I am earning a thousand a year, say, and it is most unjust that I should pay as much as my neighbour,

who derives a similar income from money in the Funds, which will be paid to him well or ill, and will pass to his children after him; whereas, if I lose my health, I lose my income, so I must lay by part of it. If I die to-morrow, my family is beggared, if I do not insure my life. How unquitting to class us together! But if I return my income as five hundred only, matters are about equalised; for my lucky neighbour's tax is deducted from his dividends—he has no choice. Thousands and thousands argue and act in this manner; and as it is impossible to say, write, or intimate what is false without moral deterioration, the national honour must be seriously sapped every year by this impost.

However, we have got one great advantage in this country in the absence of political prisoners, for the necessity of shutting up a few homicidal rebels now and then is an exception which proves the rule. In countries where the government and the vast majority of the people are directly antagonistic, the attentions of the police are as much directed to the machinations of conspirators as to the repression of crime. The masses, therefore, learn to look upon the law and its agents with hostile feelings, and to sympathise with all who fall into the clutches of justice. A more insidious method of blunting the moral sense of the nation could not possibly be devised.

Serious moral obliquity is sometimes combined with high talents and amiable qualities. A great French author—I think it was Diderot—had a friend who was generally liked and esteemed, a most unselfish man, ready to do anything to oblige those about him. For instance, Diderot, in the composition of his philosophical works, was often in want of rare old books to refer to, and this friend never failed to procure and present them to him. At length, after the lapse of some years, the author happening to remark, in this kind friend's presence, that he was at a standstill for lack of some little-known work, the other cried—

"Ah, I am sorry I cannot get it for you as I did the others; but poor So-and-so is dead now."

"And who was So-and-so?" asked Diderot.

"A friend of mine who was a great collector of old books. All those you wanted I took from his library."

"Indeed! I am sure he was very kind."

"Kind! He would not have let one of them be taken off its shelf for worlds if he had known it."

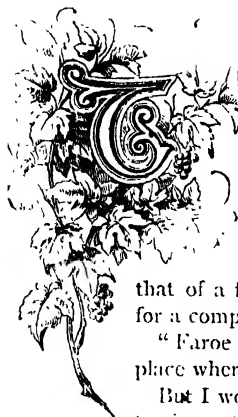
"What? You abstracted them to give to me without his knowledge?"

"Certainly; he did not want them, for he never read a line of any book at all, and you did want them. Where was the harm?"

And he could not be persuaded that he had done anything but a good and virtuous action in stealing the volumes.

LEWIS HOUGH.

A RUN TO THE FAROE ISLANDS.



HERE are certain places which every one seems to have a prescriptive right to know nothing about, and the Faroe group is one of them. I cannot say whether the general opinion about it be precisely that of a friend of mine, just entering for a competitive examination—

"Faroe Isles, eh? Was that the place where Pharaoh was drowned?"

But I would not mind wagering that to nine out of ten ordinary Englishmen the name would suggest only a dim phantasmagoria of cliffs, sea-birds, eternal winter, perpetual day (or night—it does not much matter which), and a fantastically attired man amusing himself by an apparently objectless see-saw at the end of a rope, half-way down an unfathomable precipice, with a brood of young eaglets in the crown of his hat, and the mother-bird making spasmodic dives at him from behind, like a boy knocking at a door and running away.

Nor is this to be wondered at. Iceland, remote as it is, attracts tourists both from Britain and America by its volcanic springs and unexplored pokulls, and rich stores of local tradition. Orkney and Shetland possess weekly communication with the British mainland: and in every corner of them one may find commercial travellers from Glasgow or Edinburgh, drinking whisky-toddy and cracking broad national jokes. But Faroe, possessing neither the physical and historical interest of the one, nor the easy access of the other, and connected with the world only by the flying visit of the Danish mail-boat on its way to Iceland, lies in a perpetual parenthesis.

No Alpine Club-men from our big city scale its precipices; no statisticians note down the number of stockings knitted and fish caught yearly. No flannel-clad tourists come to it to read or fish during the "Long." No omniscient guide-book devotes even half a page of its invaluable space to abusing the population, and giving a wrong idea of the country. Like an oasis in the desert, the little colony and its people lie apart from the surrounding whirl of life.

And this utter isolation reveals itself in our first glimpse of the hermit archipelago. It is about ten on a fine July morning when we sight Suderoe, the southernmost of the group; and all the rest of that day the grand procession of rocky islets defiles before us—one steep and massive as a cathedral dome, another tapering like a spire, a third blotting the bright sky with a great pyramid of purple, a

fourth hog-backed, and terminating in a huge spik like the outline of a gigantic rhinoceros. The low promontories of rock stretch out to right or left, and long ranges of dark green hill spread themselves against the sunset. But look where or will, there is neither tree nor shrub to be seen, neither sight nor sound of living thing to break the dreariness of the bare, bleak ridges, and dark uplands, and frowning masses of castellate rock.

Grey sky above, grey sea below: a vast, colourless desolation; an immense, crushing silence; a sense of remoteness from the living world—of being shut in by a region where man comes only as an intruder, venturing rashly under the destroying might of nature's tremendous inaction. It needs the jolly laughter and ceaseless chit-chat of our Icelandic passengers (with the bright, genial face of the Bishop of Faroe in their midst) to counteract the dreary spell; and it is a relief when at length, in the inmost hollow of the deep horse-shoe bay that forms the roadstead of Thorshavn, we descry the tiny wooden huts, and neat white church-tower, of the quaint little toy-town which represents the civilisation of Faroe.

The first thing that strikes one about Thorshavn is the thoroughly Swiss look of the whole place, as seen from a distance. The painted wooden houses, along the water's edge, the groups of peasants, chatting in front of them, the patriarchal little church standing sentinel in the background, the grey rocks cropping up through the green turf, the great shadow of the purple hills overhead—might all stand for some quiet little lake town in one of the remoter cantons, still untouched by the cockneyism of cheap excursion. But as we look closer, the great bleaching-grounds of dried fish, the utter absence of trees, the grass growing on the roofs of the houses, the light hair and splendidly clear complexion of the people, the causewayed streets just wide enough for two men abreast, the leaden grey-ness of the cold Northern sky—bring you back at once to the iron region that bred men whose whole life was one battle, and the symbols of whose faith were the flaming sword of Surtur and the destroying hammer of Thor.

Our first visit is to the postmaster, on the chance of a passing sailing-vessel being able to take our "letters from home" before the return of the Danish packet. The postmaster (a hale, hearty old fellow, whose healthy brown face emphatically contradicts the grey hair above it) welcomes us cordially into his one-storeyed log-house, where, to our amazement, we find a snug little parlour with a spotless floor, and a glass case of stuffed birds at one end of it.

On the walls hang large pictures of the Danish royal family, and the Exhibition of 1851, together with a few local photographs; and in the centre stands a round table covered with a smart cloth, upon which our hospitable host loses no time in setting a plate of biscuits and half a dozen wine-glasses—enlivening the reflection with some information respecting the islands.

"Ve haf got here ten thousand people altogether, and of dem one thousand are in Thorshavn. Dere are two representatives of us in de Danish Parliament—one to each House."

"I suppose you are all Lutherans here?" asks some one.

"Ju, ju—Lutherans all. Dere wass a Catholic chapel beyond de town—you shall see it as you go out—but now it is left quite forsaken, and next week it shall be sold to one farmer."

"Are the winters very severe here?"

"Ju, ju—hard, much hard. In the small islands, where few people are, must one haf fire burning all winter; for if it go out, and dey cannot get across to de oder islands for more fire, it will be ill wid dem."

"And what is there to see in the town?"

"Dere is de church, and also de school, and a few tings more; but you will have time for all before you shall go."

In order to verify this prophecy, we set off at once, though with unnecessary haste, for the whole town is a sight in itself. It is built along a narrow inlet, into which a little stream comes splashing and sparkling down the rocks; and all along the steep broken shore the little turf-thatched shanties cluster like limpets, one above another. Every now and then a man in a brown coat and wide-awake, with woollen stockings up to the knee, or a woman in a short-skirted dress of dark wadmaal, and the queer-looking pointed sandals of lamb-skin which are the general wear both here and in Iceland, squeeze themselves by us in the narrow street, saluting us politely as they pass. On the green hill-side above us stands a tiny fort, surmounted by a trim Danish flag (a white cross on a red ground); while below stretches the smooth dark sea, with our steamer lying motionless upon it, cutting the sky-line with her tapering masts, and looking (as one of our party spitefully remarks) ornamental for the first time since we joined her.

The temptation of seeing a real Faroese fort is too strong for us, and in a trice we are all scrambling up the hill as if for a wager; but to get there is not so easy as it looks. Here, as in Shetland, the soil has a marvellous power of turning itself into bog in the most unlikely situations; and on a ridge as steep as the side of a house you find your-

self plunging over ankles into a tapioca of rich brown mud, every step sounding like the drawing of a cork.

At length with patience you struggle up to a low stone wall, and rejoice at having got to something firm at last—when, lo! the uncemented stones give way on every side, and down you come in an avalanche of ruin, while a huge coping-stone plumps with mathematical accuracy right upon your tenderest corn. And so the game goes on—bog and loose wall, loose wall and bog, *ad infinitum*.

Through such difficulties do we finally make our way to a low square enclosure of green turf about the size of an average stable, in the side of which is a queer little wooden door, looking as if it might usher one into the presence of some dwarfish elf-king, "who dwelt within the hill." But instead of a black gnome-like head, surmounted by the pale splendour of that diadem "whose like man never saw," there looks over the gate a bold bluff visage, decorated with a braided cap and a pair of bushy black whiskers, and gruffly inquires our business.

We beg admittance, which the head declares to be impossible without the governor's leave (as if a passing peep at this little mole-hill could endanger the safety of Denmark!), but after some parley Cerberus relents, and opens the gate. On entering we find that we have already seen half the garrison, the other half consisting of a tall fair-haired lad in faded uniform, who points out to us, with just pride, four rusty guns (two mounted and two unmounted) on a grassy breastwork just big enough for two children to play leap-frog upon. The "interior" is completed by a barrack about the size of a store-closet, one corner of which is partitioned off into what our chaperon complacently calls "the prison-room," in which, I presume, one-half of the army occasionally puts the other half under arrest, by way of passing the time.

And now on board again, for it is close upon tea-time, and in this glorious fresh air we have the appetite of giants. Our boatman is a merry-faced little fellow, vastly proud of his few words of English, which are chiefly, I regret to say, of a very unparliamentary sort. The moment we push off, he strikes up the chorus of "O Susanna," which he keeps up with undiminished zest till we reach the steamer.

And this performance seems to act as a prelude; for our Danish and Icelandic fellow-passengers, who have just been concocting a mighty brew of punch, suddenly break into a series of toasts and songs, which goes on uproariously till nearly midnight.

"Who's for a swim to-morrow morning?"

"I'm ready, for one," shouts an English passenger, with characteristic readiness for anything like a bit of fun.

* Some of the best Icelandic legends turn on mishaps of this kind. There are two such in the *Gretla* Saga alone.

"And I—and I," chorus half a dozen more.

"Sharp eight, then, remember. Good night."

Accordingly, the next morning we seize the first boat that comes alongside, and, pulling across to a small bay below the town, lose no time in plunging in.

The water is bitterly cold, and very thick with tangled seaweed, while the shoals of stinging jellyfish that cruise about in every direction, opening and shutting their formidable valves with a *Noli me tangere* air, are unpleasantly suggestive; and it is a treat to see all the faces after the first plunge, and to watch their gallant but ineffectual attempts to look as if they liked it. But a good scrub with a rough towel speedily sets us all in a glow; and the "warming-up" is completed by a furious race across country in the direction of the town, to the amazement of the quiet inhabitants, who stand open-mouthed at the sight of half a dozen men rushing frantically along with no apparent object, yelling like so many demons as they go.

After all, is there anything like a good run over hill and dale on a morning like this, with the sun kindling the dark hill-tops, and the fresh wind stirring one's blood like the breath of life, till the mere sense of *living* is an enjoyment? In the glorious freshness of this pure sea-air, one can guess whence the old Saga-men drew their idea of the Apples of Immortality; and the clear, wholesome faces of these sturdy natives show that the specific has lost not a wit of its virtue. One and all salute us as we pass, with the simple, natural courtesy of an unspoiled race; and unspoiled indeed they are, in every way.

Small as most of them are, they are thoroughly sinewy and well-knit; while every now and then we chance upon a huge towering fellow, whose broad shoulders and long gaunt limbs would not have shamed one of Snorro Sturlason's Berserker.

The quaint little church, with its quiet circle of flower-planted graves, is soon disposed of; and now we come to the school—a tarred log-shanty of moderate size, in the midst of a small yard, along the front of which a row of gymnastic poles and ladders stand like soldiers on parade. A buzz of voices rises through the open window like the hum of swarming bees; and a heap of wooden clogs and tiny satchels lie piled in the porch as if in sample of the wares inside. I peep into one satchel, and find a neat copybook, inscribed in sturdy round-hand with "Christian Baerentsen."

The next wallet contains a spelling-book which is evidently seen service, and three slices of black bread, provided no doubt by the little fellow's careful mother, in case he should want a snack between eight and two, these being the regulation

school hours. The noise of our approach brings out the master, who politely ushers us into the room where some sixteen sturdy little fellows, with round healthy faces, are busily writing English on their slates.

"We teach them English and Danish," explains the preceptor, "with a little history, geography, and arithmetic. There are about twenty in the school now, and they generally remain with us till fourteen or fifteen. As for our books, we get them all from Denmark."

From the school we proceed to the shore, passing various characteristic objects *en route*—rams' horns nailed to house-doors; lambs browsing upon the roofs; hanging strips of jagged black leather, which turn out to be dried sheep's tongues; and some nondescript things which we take for lumps of very dirty wood, but which are in reality the bones of a defunct whale.

Our roundabout tour of inspection ends with the one bookshop of the town, a meek little list, unmarked by either sign-board or inscription, where we find Danish versions of "Gil Blas," "Robinson Crusoe," "Tom Thumb," Mr. Darwin, Munchausen, and many other old friends; and here I sit down for half an hour, while the proprietor cuts me out a pair of sandals of soft lambskin; and his daughter Sigridr, a pretty blue-eyed girl of twenty-one, displays her new sewing machine with a simple triumph that is worth seeing.

By noon we are on board again; and a few hours later the charming little colony is only a spot on the horizon.

But we are not done with Faroe yet, for now comes a view such as it would be difficult to match elsewhere.

We find that between the two main isles of Stromoe and Osteroe the channel is narrow as a canal, and walled in by vast precipices of basalt, split every here and there by black gorges, far down which you can see at times the white foam of a waterfall. Under the pale grey sky, with no sight or sound of life to break their grim repose, these great fortresses of nature assume shapes such as Gustave Doré would love to copy: here the square, frowning keep of a Norman castle; there the graceful spire of a cathedral; and farther on, the grand, stern arches of a Gothic gateway, side by side with the tall minarets and clustering domes of an Eastern mosque.

At length, towards nightfall (if night existed in this region of constant summer daylight) we pass between a mighty pinnacle of bare rock, like a twin-brother of the Matterhorn, and a vast square block several hundred feet high, cloven down to the very water-line by a gaping fissure; and leaving the narrow channel behind, we shoot away into the open sea once more.

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